

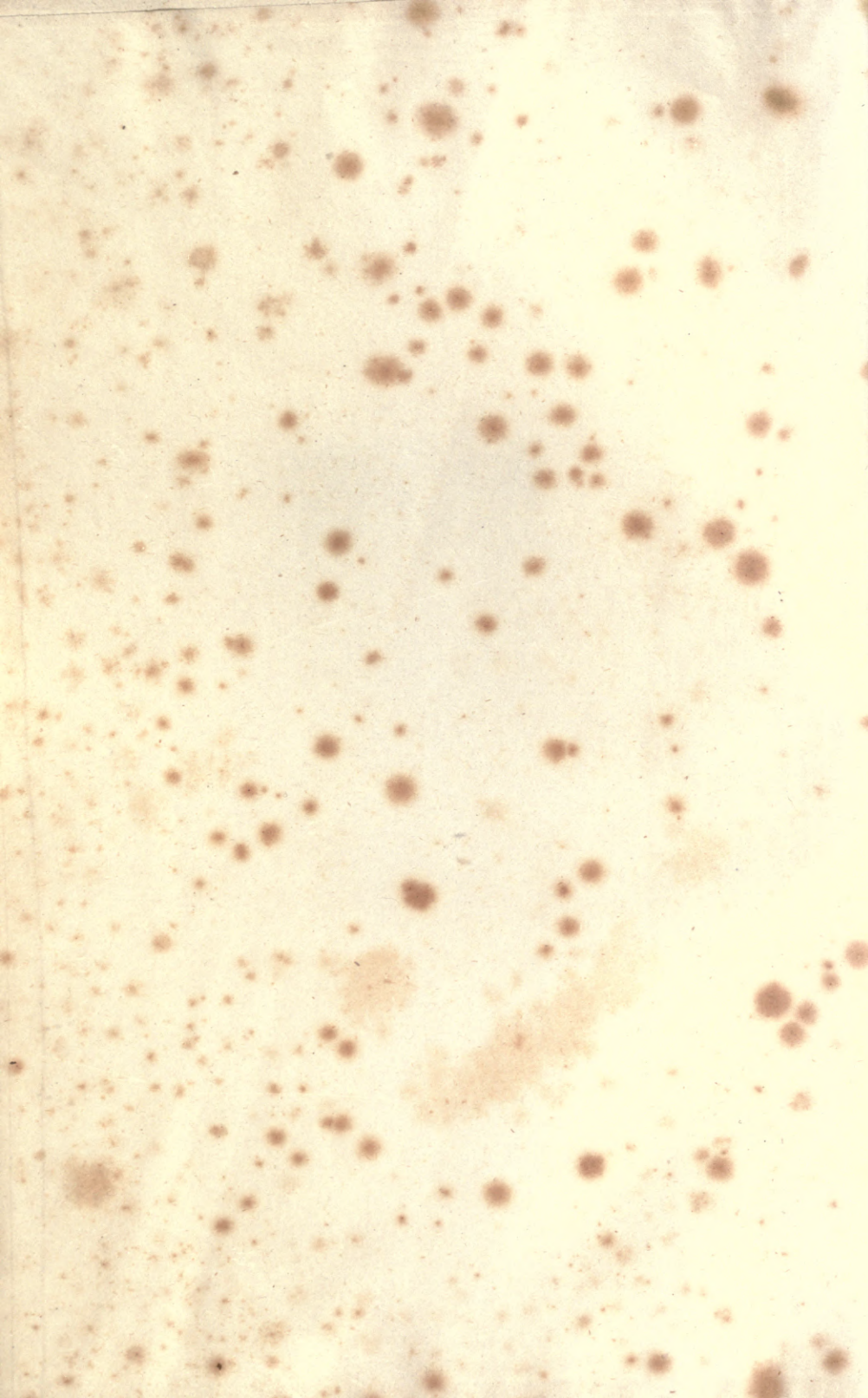


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MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE

VOL. XIX





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CONTENTS FOR APRIL, 1901

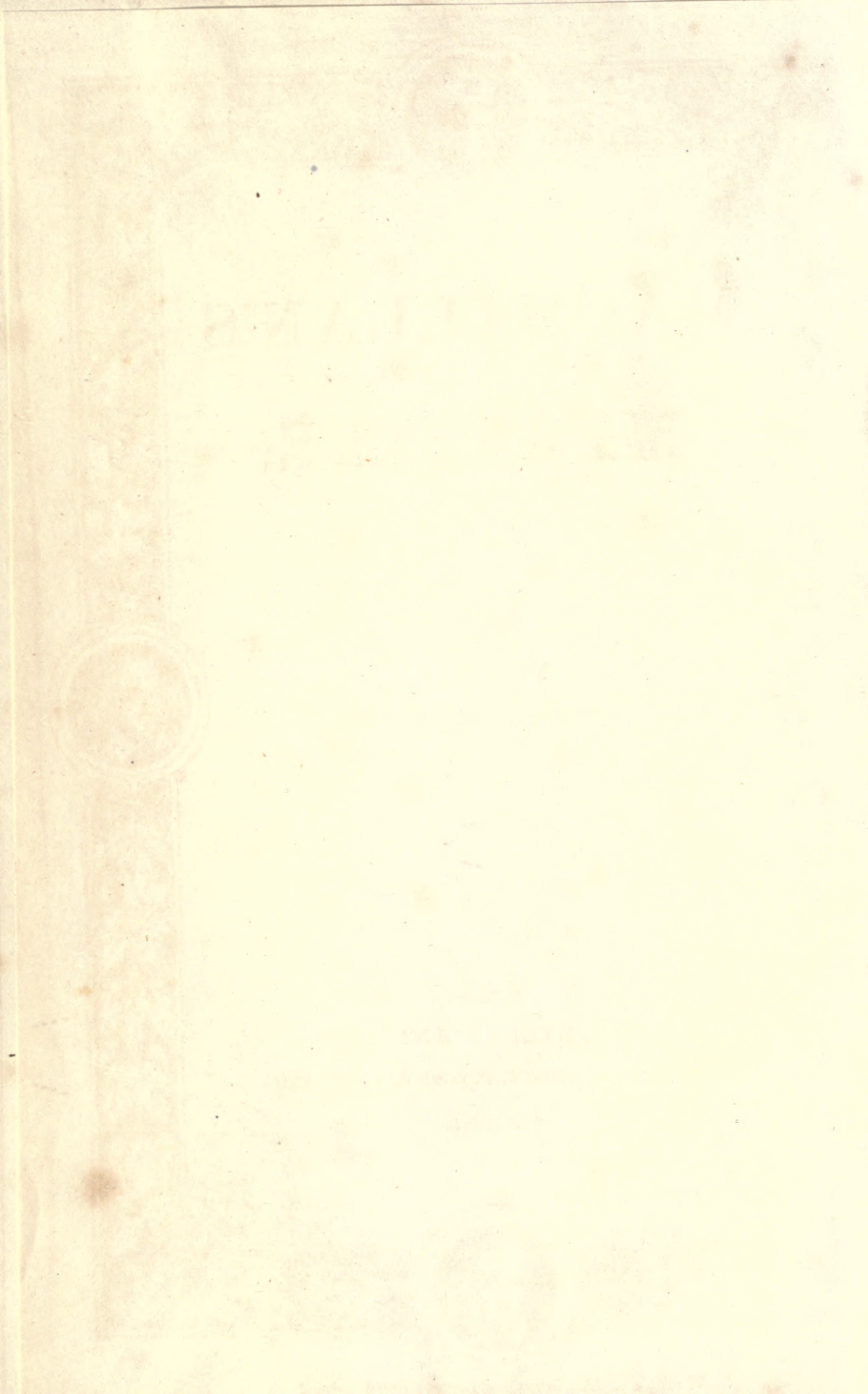
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## CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Autumn Violets. By CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI . . . . .	84
Baptist, St. John the. By FREDERIC W. H. MYERS . . . . .	315
Captain George and the Little Maid. By Mrs. BROTHERTON . . . . .	340, 432
Chaplet of Pearls, The; or, The White and Black Ribaumont. By the Author of "The Heir of Redclyffe:"—	
Chapters XXXVI.—XL. . . . .	55
"          XLI.—XLIV. . . . .	144
Christingles . . . . .	225
Christchurch Servitors in 1852. By ONE OF THEM . . . . .	49
Convent Question, Two Views of the . . . . .	534
Dean of St. Paul's, The late. By A. P. S. . . . .	178
Dies Iræ. By A. P. S. . . . .	167
Disestablishment and Disendowment. By W. D. HENDERSON, of Belfast . . . . .	357
Educational Endowments, The Worth of . . . . .	517
Estelle Russell :—	
Chapters I.—VI. . . . .	188
"          VII.—XI. . . . .	280
"          XII.—XV. . . . .	386
"          XVI.—XX. . . . .	480
European Situation, The . . . . .	219
Experiences, The, of a Russian Exile . . . . .	107
Food of the People, The. Part II. By HARRY CHESTER . . . . .	13
Fox Hunting at Rome. By FREDERIC A. EATON . . . . .	115
Gladstone's Biography. By a CLERGYMAN OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND . . . . .	273
Girls of the Period, Two :—	
1. The Upper Side. Our Offence, Our Defence, and Our Petition. By a BELGRAVIAN YOUNG LADY . . . . .	323
2. The Under Side. By AGNES T. HARRISON . . . . .	331
Hereditary Genius. The Judges of England. By FRANCIS GALTON, F.R.S. . . . .	424
Historical Forgeries and Kosciuszko's "Finis Poloniæ" . . . . .	164

	PAGE
Keble, John. By A. P. S. . . . .	455
Ladies' Cry, The, Nothing to do! . . . . .	451
Lectures, Local, for Women. By FREDERIC W. H. MYERS . . . . .	159
Literature, On the Modern Element in. By MATTHEW ARNOLD . . . . .	304
Little Sealskin. By E. KEARY . . . . .	44
Liverpool, Lord. By JOHN MORLEY . . . . .	263
Luther on Church and State, with some Considerations on the Irish Church. By the Rev. HENRY WACE . . . . .	170
Malayan Archipelago, The. By Sir JOHN LUBBOCK, Bart., F.R.S. . . . .	527
Meeting, The . . . . .	251
Milton's Poetry. By Professor SEELEY . . . . .	407
Modern Warfare, The Wounded Soldier in. By F. W. F. . . . .	87
Museums for the People. By ALFRED R. WALLACE . . . . .	244
Nelson's Captains, The Last of. By T. H. . . . .	353
Odds and Ends of Alpine Life. By Professor TYNDALL . . . . .	369, 465
Peel. By GOLDWIN SMITH . . . . .	97
Philology as One of the Sciences. By F. W. FARRAR, M.A., F.R.S. . . . .	252
Physical Education. By J. C. MORISON . . . . .	511
Queen Mary, Some New Facts in the History of. By PAUL FRIEDEMANN . . . . .	1
Realmah. By the Author of "Friends in Council" . . . . .	24
Rhine Frontier, The . . . . .	153
Ring and the Book, The. By JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS . . . . .	258
Ditto . . . . . By J. R. MOZLEY . . . . .	544
Solar Discoveries, Recent. By J. N. LOCKYER . . . . .	230
Stephen Archer. By GEORGE MACDONALD . . . . .	235
Strangford, Lord. An Elegy. By F. T. P. . . . .	355
Sun's Distance, The. By J. N. LOCKYER . . . . .	85
They desire a Better Country. By CHRISTINA ROSSETTI . . . . .	422
Two Sisters. By FREDERIC W. H. MYERS . . . . .	525
Voices of Nature, The. By F. T. PALGRAVE . . . . .	120



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# MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER, 1868.

## SOME NEW FACTS IN THE HISTORY OF QUEEN MARY.

BY PAUL FRIEDMANN.

In the Report which Mr. Duffus Hardy presented to the Master of the Rolls on his return from a mission to inspect the different repositories of State papers at Venice, we read the following paragraph :—" Preserved in the Archives of the Frari is a volume containing the despatches of Michiel, the Venetian Ambassador at the court of Queen Mary. Of these, about one-sixth part is written in a cipher that has hitherto baffled the skill of every one who has attempted to explain it. Several of these letters are only partially written in these secret characters ; the remaining portion is in the ordinary writing of the period. The context shows that many of the secret passages evidently relate to the release of the Earl of Devonshire from the Tower, and of the Princess Elizabeth from Woodstock. I should recommend that copies or photographs of these letters be sent to England in order that steps may be instantly taken to decipher them, which will in all probability throw light on the events of the reign of Queen Mary. That they are matters of great secrecy may be inferred from the fact that the despatches in cipher of the Venetian No. 109.—VOL. XIX.

" Ambassador from England are of very rare occurrence."<sup>1</sup>

This recommendation had its effect, and the Lords of the Treasury sanctioned Mr. Hardy's proposal. Accordingly, in the month of June following, Mr. Rawdon Brown, the editor of the Venetian State paper calendars, was commissioned to have the necessary photographs taken and sent to England. Several arrived in the month of September of the same year (1868), and were deposited at the Record Office, but all endeavours to have them deciphered for the English Government have hitherto proved unavailing.

But though these steps produced no direct result, they excited the curiosity of those who take an interest in the history of Queen Mary's reign; and thus it came to pass that whilst staying last April at Venice, I was led to examine the Michiel correspondence. I soon arrived at the conviction that the cipher was not one of extraordinary difficulty, that it was not always used with sufficient care, and that with a little labour the sense might be discovered. Accordingly, I set to work ; and was soon able

<sup>1</sup> Report to the Right Hon. the Master of the Rolls, &c. By T. D. Hardy. London. 1866.

to form a key by which I succeeded in reading the ciphered passages. This key consists of 374 signs, each formed by a combination of a letter of the alphabet with a number. The signs represent letters, syllables, entire words, and even phrases, and they lead to the conclusion that it is one of the characteristics of Venetian cipher of that period that all the signs have a signification.

Having read the ciphered despatches of Michiel, we ought to be able to judge whether Mr. Hardy's assumption is or is not correct, and whether they are really of very great interest. But here a difficulty arises as to the standard measure of the interest and value of an historical document. Ought it to be compared with the total sum of materials existin for the history of the period and country in question, accessible to historians but hitherto ignored by them? In that case, if we compare Michiel's correspondence with that of Philip and Charles V. of Noailles (of whose letters only a fourth part has been published), of Renart (who is in the same category), of Ruy Gomes, Erasso, Alba, Pole, Paget, or Gardiner, we must say that it forms only a small, and, in many respects, unimportant part of this extensive documentary evidence. But if, on the contrary, the documents be compared with such materials only as have been used for writing the history of the time, and have produced a certain impression, too often of an incorrect and incomplete nature, Michiel's correspondence is of considerable value. It will redress many errors, and fill many a gap in the narratives of Dr. Lingard and Mr. Froude, and in the calendar and reports of the Record office. We may, therefore, venture to give an account of its contents.

Giovanni Michiel came to England at a most critical period in public affairs. His predecessor, Soranzo, afraid, perhaps, of any augmentation of the power of Philip and Charles,<sup>1</sup> had from the beginning spoken openly against the

Spanish match. The ministers of Charles complained at Brussels, and also at Venice, of the conduct of Soranzo, and accordingly it was not countenanced by the Signory. But whether it was that he had secret instructions, or that his own passion carried him too far, it is certain that when the rebellion of Wyatt broke out, Soranzo assumed a decidedly hostile position towards the Queen. A Venetian carrack lay at anchor at that time at the mouth of the Thames, and furnished Wyatt's men with artillery and ammunition—with the consent, most probably, if not by the order, of the ambassador, who was again in London, condemning the folly of the Queen and prophesying success to the rebels. Such a course awoke the resentment of Charles, who complained in strong terms of the behaviour of the Venetian ambassador; and the Republic, once more giving way, recalled Soranzo and appointed Michiel in his place.<sup>1</sup> Francesco de Vargas, the imperial ambassador at Venice, describes him as a man of small experience in the affairs of England, who would be guided by his secretary, and who, being at heart as much a French partisan as his predecessor, might follow in his track.<sup>2</sup> As, with a few unimportant exceptions, Michiel's correspondence during the first eight months of his stay in England has been lost, we cannot say whether Vargas' description was then just. At a later period, however, we find that François and Gilles de Noailles accused him of being a violent imperialist.<sup>3</sup> But the Noailles were themselves so violent that their evidence is not to be accepted without reserve, the more so as, shortly after this accusation, François gave an account of a certain quarrel between Michiel and the Privy Council, in which the energy and firmness of the former triumphed over the determination of the latter.

<sup>1</sup> Vargas to Charles V. 28th of February. Simancas. Estado. Leg. 1322, fol. 246.

<sup>2</sup> Vargas to Charles V. 20th July, '54. Simancas. Estado. Leg. 1322, fol. 216, and 22nd March, '54, Leg. 1026, fol. 3.

<sup>3</sup> Avis au Roi, 19 Juillet, 1556. Paris. Aff. Est. Registres Angleterre, vol. xix.

<sup>1</sup> Charles V. to F. de Vargas, 1st April, '54. Simancas.—Est. Leg. 503, fol. 91, and Est. Leg. 1322, fol. 171.



It was in the summer of 1556. The Queen and Council, yielding to the importunities of the English merchants, who saw in prohibitive tariffs and regulations a gain to their trade, had issued an order forbidding foreign vessels to unload wine in London. A Venetian carrack, the captain of which did not know of this prohibition, had appeared at the mouth of the Thames, laden with Malmsey for England's annual supply. In accordance with the royal decree, the ship was ordered back to Southampton to unload there, but as the wind was blowing from that quarter it was found impossible to return. Michiel remonstrated with the Council, and asked to have the prohibitions removed for once. But he met with a refusal; and a renewed application having no better success, he became so irritated that he declared the ship should discharge its cargo in Flanders, and sent the necessary order to the captain. The members of the Council do not seem to have reckoned upon such a step. To have no Malmsey, or to have it only at a great expense, was a consideration which weighed much with them. The prohibition was cancelled, and a swift ship was sent in all haste to recall the Venetian carrack, which returned and sailed triumphantly up the Thames.<sup>1</sup> Such behaviour shows that Michiel was no absolute dependant of Spain. Nor does the tone of Michiel's letters show any violence or partiality. Their style is simple, the narrative is not interrupted by outbursts of passion, and the information, though sometimes incorrect, does not seem to have been purposely distorted. Michiel, we think, was a fair and impartial observer. Seeing and reporting the defects and errors of both sides, and disapproving of their violence, he was disliked both by the extreme imperialists and the extreme partisans of France. It is true that he was not always well informed. As ambassador of a secondary power in a country which had but few relations with Venice, he was not often a party

to the negotiations that were carried on; and it seldom occurred that he was thought of sufficient consequence to be made acquainted with what was passing in secret. Nor was it his paramount duty to report upon the internal affairs of England, since, except so far as they might affect Philip's position, they had no interest for Venice. Hence he never speaks, as did the Spanish and French ministers, from personal knowledge. Whatever information he got was second-hand, and concerning secret affairs he is too often incorrect or deficient. But his very difficulties give a particular character to his reports. He had to weigh and to criticise his information; and in order to do this, he had to acquaint himself with the character and views of the different actors on the political stage, with their wishes and aspirations, with those of the people of England, and, in short, with a number of details, which, in order to corroborate the information he sent to the Doge, he sometimes added to it. These little scraps of observation furnish us with curious particulars as to the persons of the Queen, Philip, Pole, and others, and form, we think one of the most valuable features of his correspondence. This merit it will retain even when the publication of the letters of other statesmen throws the scanty information of Michiel into the shade. But at present, in addition to its other merits, Michiel's correspondence has that of correcting many current errors. Thus, for instance, it is generally believed that Elizabeth's removal from Woodstock to Hampton Court was a release from prison.<sup>1</sup> Mr. Froude, we do not know upon what authority, puts this removal at the end of June, 1555, after all hope of Mary's having a child had died away.<sup>2</sup> From that moment, Mr. Froude states, Elizabeth was the rightful heir apparent, and would have only a few years to wait for her inheritance. It was not probable, therefore, that she would endanger it by any inconsiderate step. Her further detention,

<sup>1</sup> Noailles to the King of France, 3rd August, 1556. Paris. *Affaires Etrangères*. Reg. Anglet. vol. xix.

<sup>1</sup> Report by T. D. Hardy, p. 5.

<sup>2</sup> Froude's *History of England*, vol. vii. chap. 33.

under such circumstances, would have been both unnecessary and odious to the English people, who henceforward saw in her their future sovereign. What really occurred, however, was just the reverse. The removal of Elizabeth took place not in June, but at the end of April, at the very moment when the Queen was expected to be confined; and it took place on that very account. It was not a liberation from prison, but removal to a more secure incarceration. The reason of this is obvious enough. When the news spread through England that the queen was *enceinte*, and when these reports became so positive that those who had doubted at first were convinced, a feeling of depression entered the hearts of all such patriots as hated the interference of the Spaniards in the affairs of England. The Spanish match had not been accepted without a struggle. The people had done their best to weaken its consequences by reducing Philip's power almost to nothing. They had still a well-founded hope that the marriage would prove sterile; that after a short time even this small influence of the stranger would cease, and England return to a purely national government. The birth of a child to Philip and Mary would have destroyed this hope. If a line of Austro-Spanish princes had sat on the throne of England, the Spanish influence would have endured for ever, and perhaps have grown from year to year. This prospect exasperated the people. Riots became frequent. At Cambridge a violent outbreak was prepared, and was only discovered just in time to prevent it.<sup>1</sup> Another rising was to have taken place in Hampshire. Edward Courtenay and Elizabeth were to have been proclaimed king and queen.<sup>2</sup> The whole country was agitated, the Council was perplexed and divided, the Government in danger. To quiet the people, it was thought prudent to release a number of prisoners of small importance, while others were

to be sent to Flanders or Italy, so as to be out of the way during the next few critical weeks. The most marked of these was Edward Courtenay, Earl of Devonshire, who after the rebellion of Wyatt had been sent prisoner to Fotheringhay. A hint was probably thrown out to him that he might obtain his liberty. Accordingly he addressed a letter to Philip, in which he declared his devotion to him, and expressing a wish to enter either his or the Emperor's service, he implored his intercession with the Queen. When this letter was presented by a friend of Courtenay, Philip, perceiving that it was written in English, returned it to the bearer. "Tell the earl," he said, "that if his petition contains any secret he does not wish to be known to an interpreter, he must write another letter in French or Latin, and we will then read it without confiding its contents to any one."<sup>1</sup> The earl complied. A few days later another letter in French was delivered and graciously received; and on the 18th of April Michiel reported that Courtenay had been set free.<sup>2</sup> The aspect of things, however, was so threatening, that it was not thought safe to allow the earl to stay long at Court, especially as it had already been decided in the month of March<sup>3</sup> that the Princess Elizabeth should be removed to Hampton Court. At the moment when the Court thought it necessary to order the loyal lords secretly to call in and quarter their retainers near the royal residence; when cannon was brought up at night to the palace;<sup>4</sup> when Pembroke, who had been ordered to go to Calais, was recalled in order to take the command of the royal forces in case of any outbreak,<sup>5</sup> the presence of the

<sup>1</sup> Michiel to the Doge of Venice, cipher, March 26, 1555. Venice. *Inglaterra*, vol. i.

<sup>2</sup> Michiel to the Doge of Venice, cipher, April 8, 1555. Venice. *Inglaterra*, vol. i.

<sup>3</sup> Ruy Gomes de Silva to F. de Erasso, April 15, 1555. Simancas. *Est. Leg.* 809, fol. 130.

<sup>4</sup> Michiel to the Doge of Venice, cipher, April 29, 1555. Venice. *Inglaterra*, vol. i. p. 49.

<sup>5</sup> Michiel to the Doge of Venice, cipher, March 6, 1555. Venice. *Inglaterra*, vol. i. p. 53.

<sup>1</sup> Michiel to the Doge of Venice, 26th of March, 1555. Venice. *Inglaterra*, vol. i. p. 23

<sup>2</sup> *Papiers d'État du Car. de Granvelle*, tom. iv.



two chief pretenders to the crown at one and the same place was dangerous in the extreme. Besides, the Queen had scruples about propriety. When Courtenay and Elizabeth were to be proclaimed by the conspirators, it was stated that they were secretly married. Under such circumstances it would have been revolting to Mary to permit them to stay at Court together.<sup>1</sup> Courtenay was, therefore, informed that Philip and Charles had accepted his services, and that he must depart for Brussels in order, if war should break out again, to serve in the imperial army. The day of his departure being fixed, Elizabeth received orders to proceed under a strong escort to Hampton Court.<sup>2</sup> On the 29th April, Michiel wrote to the Doge about this affair, in the following terms:—"Your serenity must know that to-day or to-morrow she (Elizabeth) will certainly be here at Court with their Majesties, whence for good reasons she will not depart before the Queen's delivery. For it is said that in case of the death of the Queen (which God forbid) the safety and security of the King would depend more on her than on any other person. He might hope, with the help of many of the nobility, won over by his presents and favours, to marry her (Elizabeth) again, and thus succeed to the crown, the more so, as she, being informed of his character and conduct, might feel some inclination towards him. If this, however, should prove impossible in consequence of her resistance, or that of the English people, he would at all events have her in his power, and thus be secure against any revolt which otherwise might endanger his life or the lives of his retainers. Holding her in his power, he could depart safely and without peril."<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Ruy Gomes de Silva to F. de Erasso, April 15, 1555. Simancas. Est. Leg. 809, fol. 130.

<sup>2</sup> A. de Noailles to d'Oysel, April 27, 1555. Paris. Affaires Etrangères Registres Angleterre, vol. xi. p. 811.

<sup>3</sup> Michiel to the Doge of Venice, April 29, 1555, cipher. Venice. Inghilterra, vol. i. p. 29.

We cannot say whether Michiel is or is not correct in the first part of his conjecture, viz. that in 1555 Philip was already meditating a marriage with his wife's sister. We have no corroborative authority for it, and, so far as we know, nothing of the kind is mentioned in the papers of 1555 preserved at Simancas or Brussels. Still it is interesting to see that such a course seemed probable to Michiel, and that the possibility of a favourable result was admitted by so shrewd an observer. But, as to the second part of his supposition, Michiel is certainly right. The King and Queen had Elizabeth brought over from Woodstock, not with the intention of setting her at liberty, but in order to have her in their power. After the royal forces had been concentrated around Hampton Court, Woodstock was considered too far away. In case of an outbreak it might at any moment be cut off and attacked by a party of insurgents, in which contingency the fidelity of the garrison could not be depended upon. Thus Elizabeth was brought to Court, not, as Mr. Froude says, to be received by Lord William Howard and other courtiers, but to be led without seeing anybody to the apartment vacant by the departure of the Duke of Alba. There she remained for some time in close confinement. Only a few servants were allowed her, and she was not permitted either to leave her rooms or to receive any visitors except the Queen, who, as Michiel pretends, saw her secretly from time to time.<sup>1</sup> It was not before the beginning of June that the Princess, though she did not even then appear in public, was allowed to see her servants, and a few gentlemen of the Court; who, however, according to Michiel, availed themselves but sparingly of that permission.<sup>2</sup> At last, in the month of July, all restrictions were removed, and Elizabeth set entirely at liberty.

Michiel's letters are full of accounts of frequent riots, insurrections and con-

<sup>1</sup> Michiel to the Doge of Venice, March 6, 1555. Inghilterra, vol. i. p. 53.

<sup>2</sup> Michiel to the Doge of Venice, June 11, 1555. Inghilterra, vol. i. p. 89.

spiracies. Of one of the most interesting of these he writes, on the 1st of July, 1555, to the Doge:—"Since the Court came hither, many brawls and fights have taken place between the Spaniards and English, in which, on both sides, several persons were killed or wounded—the English generally getting the worst. Thus, a few days ago, on the day of the feast of Corpus Domini, a riot took place which nearly produced serious results. For the English, infuriated on account of certain wounds which one of them had received, though he certainly deserved them, all but entered the church where all the Spaniards and the nobility were assembled for the procession. They intended to maltreat them, and make a kind of Sicilian Vespers. At one time, so many of the English were collected before the church, that they were more than twice as numerous as the Spaniards. Their fury was only with great difficulty allayed by some of their number, who were less violent and more discreet than the others. In consequence of this occurrence, the king, who wishes to prevent all occasion for future brawls, published two days ago a proclamation to the effect that any Spaniard, who should dare to lay his hand on his sword, should have his hand cut off. At the same time he forbade them, under heavy penalties, whether on foot or on horseback, to carry arquebusses of any kind; and ordered that any one who, even in his defence, cried 'Spain to the rescue!' should be hanged by the neck. He does not wish that even in their defence, as is nearly always the case, they should engage in any fight out of which a riot or revolt may result; but rather insists on their submitting, as they do, to all insolence and persecution."<sup>1</sup>

The same letter contains a ludicrous account of the reception of the Polish ambassador, who had been sent to condole with the King and Queen on

<sup>1</sup> Michiel to the Doge of Venice, July 1, 1555, cipher. Venice. *Inglaterra*, vol. i. p. 107.

account of the death of Queen Juana of Castile, and to congratulate them on the birth of their child, which it was thought would have happened at the time of his arrival. During the whole journey he had studied a Latin oration, drawn up for the purpose. When he arrived in England, and was ushered into the royal presence, he forgot that no child had been born, and, with the greatest gravity, delivered the whole of his speech. The courtiers could not suppress their laughter, and all the more, perhaps, because they might have seen in it an involuntary irony upon those expectations which had been for ever blighted.

Many similar anecdotes may be gathered from Michiel's letters, and many errors of detail may be corrected by them. But this, as we have already remarked, is only a secondary merit—the principal consists in the delineations of character, which he gives unconsciously, and which are quite unlike the studied portraits of the Report he read in the Senate. It is true that they must be gathered from little remarks here and there, but it is just because they are given without forethought and intention, that we may rely upon their exactitude.

To the opinion of Mr. Froude that, in happier times, Mary might have been a worthy queen, Michiel would hardly have subscribed in his private letters. It has hitherto been the lot of this queen to have had her history written by party writers only, or by such as had gathered all their information from the works of partisans. Consequently, she comes out either as a saint, or as a cruel and wicked monster, if not as so strange a mixture of both, that to explain her behaviour she is declared to have been mad. In the eyes of the writers of the Catholic party, she is the last Catholic queen of England, the zealous champion of their faith. They therefore extol and magnify her virtues; they gloss over her faults, and depict things in as bright colours as possible. Whenever a fact cannot be explained away, they throw the blame on her councillors, or on that

universal scapegoat, Philip II. The ultra-Protestants, on the contrary, see in her nothing but the persecutor of their brethren who burnt 280 Dissenters during her reign, and the indignation raised thereby in their breasts is so strong as to make them blind to anything else. They forget the sufferings of the nation at large. As to the impartial, but ill-informed historians, they mix up both accounts, rebuking her for her fanaticism and cruelty; and yet, finding the praises of her honesty, zeal for justice, tenderness of heart, application to her duties, her learning and capacity nowhere sufficiently contradicted, they credit her with all these virtues.

These different portraits are equally false. When stripped of her imaginary qualities, she is neither the bloody Mary of Foxe, nor the saintly Mary of Lingard, nor the madwoman of Froude. She was a woman of small capacity and intelligence, with scarcely any judgment, and great violence of temper. She had, moreover, been brought up in a strange fashion, and under unfavourable circumstances. Nearly from her childhood she had lived in an unnatural position, stigmatized by her father as a bastard, and yet recognised as his heiress. After his death, she was in constant opposition to the government of her brother. At last, at the age of thirty-seven, she became Queen of England. Like most persons of feeble intellect, who know that they are heirs to a crown, but are studiously debarred from the transaction of business, she had created in her mind an imaginary world. She had for many a year cherished plans which she thought to realize after her accession, without being aware of the means to be employed, or the difficulties to be encountered. Headstrong and violent, she plunged into a course beset with dangers, of which she became aware only when it was too late to avoid them. The violent measures on which she was bent would have necessitated courage, application, decision, and clear judgment. She had none of these qualities; above all, she had not the

habit of business. She had constant scruples about the legality of the means she employed. She was slow to understand the arguments of her councillors, and whilst feeling, very naturally, a strong distrust towards her former enemies, she too often refused to listen to their good advice. When she ascended the throne, circumstances were most favourable to her and to the ends she had in view. The restoration of England to the Catholic faith, her one great object, took place, we may say, in spite of her interference, and that of her friends. But with that strange want of judgment which characterised her, she thought that because all the English Lords had at one time or other been conniving at the heresies of her predecessors, she ought not to marry any of them, lest the kingdom should by their influence revert to its former errors.<sup>1</sup> Having made up her mind to marry a foreign prince, she set her heart upon Philip, who of all his contemporaries had the least chance of assisting her effectually in what she was bent on carrying out. His power, and the well-known ambition of the Emperor, his father, awakened a natural suspicion in the English mind that he sought to marry the Queen for no other purpose than to annex England to Spain, as Milan and Navarre had been, and as Portugal was to be. That the opposition would be violent, Mary, who was not a child, might have known, and before making her intention public, she ought to have provided the means of subduing it at once. That she was in a position to do so, can scarcely be doubted by any one who knows how tired the great mass of the people was of incessant revolts. They longed for a firm and regular government. Mary was not unpopular at the beginning of her reign. Relying on the loyalty of the country, she might, with a little energy and talent, have ruled her Council instead of being ruled by them. She might have formed—what never existed during her reign—a

<sup>1</sup> François de Noailles to the King, Sept. 15, 1556. Paris. Aff. Estr. Reg. Angleterre, vol. xix



body of trustworthy and obedient counsellors and officials, who would have relieved her from the necessity of relying on those who had their personal ends constantly in view. She might have re-organized her guards, who were in a deplorable condition, and have drilled, disciplined, and augmented her army under the pretext of the danger of a war with France and Scotland. Thus she might have gained the power necessary to overawe the opposition, have carried out her plans, and vanquished her enemies. Happily for England, she was incapable of following such a course. Her small administrative capacity, her want of application, or of foresight and discretion, prevented her wielding her power when she was in a position to do so. Utterly unprepared for the emergency, she nevertheless disclosed her intentions, and thereby roused the jealousy of the Lords and of the rest of her people ere she was well seated on the throne. Thus her reign was a series of unavailing struggles which caused both her and her subjects the most cruel misery. Mary's greatest fault was certainly not her persecution of the Reformers, however great that may have been. Such persecutions were in harmony with the spirit of the age: under every government in every country heretics were then burnt. Mary only did what Henry VIII. or Edward VI. had done, though, under strong provocation, she repeated it oftener. What distinguished her reign from those of her predecessors was not that a few hundred persons suffered death at the stake, but that the whole people—her most loyal servants not excepted—were almost ruined. The Lords of her Council and Parliament refused her the means of forming a strong government, from a fear that she would misuse it for installing Philip on the English throne, and thus she was deprived of the power to establish an effective police and to punish robbers and brigands. England was kept in a state of anarchy and continual unrest. The country swarmed with robbers, the roads were unsafe, trade rendered nearly impossible. So,

for instance, Noailles reckons it a great feat to have gone with about thirty servants clad in good steel harness and well armed, from London to the fair at Cambridge. He had to swim several rivers, the bridges being broken, and did not find his escort superfluous; for only the day before, twenty-two London merchants, who with their servants had travelled the same road, were waylaid, several of them killed, and the rest robbed of 1,000*l.*<sup>1</sup> During the whole summer London itself was not safe. The citizens, to meet the danger, organized an extraordinary watch which after dark patrolled the streets, but so great was the number of reckless people who flocked together in the hope of rapine and spoil that it proved insufficient.<sup>2</sup> Murder and theft were common, and houses were from time to time entered by force and sacked. At sea things were as bad as on land. The refugees had in great numbers taken to piracy. They were favoured by France. Cruising in the Channel, they plundered the Flemish and Spanish vessels. But soon these nice distinctions of hostile flags were abandoned, and they began to attack English ships as well. Thus the Killergrews, when finally brought up by Winter's squadron, had taken a good number of English ships, and even plundered the French who were their secret allies. The English trade of course suffered under this insecurity, and the wealth of the country diminished more and more.

Had Mary not continued to feed the jealousy of the people by incessant attempts to have Philip crowned and Elizabeth put out of the way at a time when all chance of attaining her ends had vanished, something would have been done to end this intolerable state of things. Sometimes, indeed, robbers and pirates were hanged by scores, but the action of the Government soon stopped,

<sup>1</sup> Antoine de Noailles to François de Noailles. Paris. Aff. Estr. Registres. Angleterre, vol. xi. p. 1020.

<sup>2</sup> Michiel to the Doge of Venice, April 29, 1555, cipher. Venice. Inglaterra, vol. i. fol. 49.

and robbery began afresh. Moreover, there was a bad harvest. The summer of 1555 had been particularly wet, the corn was destroyed in the fields, a malady broke out amongst the sheep, and fodder was scarce for the portion which survived.<sup>1</sup> The rents of houses had risen on account of the great influx of strangers; and though this was advantageous to the rich, it added to the misery of the poor.<sup>2</sup> Philip understood long before the Queen how little hope he had of gaining a footing in England. He had, more than she did, taken to heart the unhappy state of the realm. As his presence could no longer be of use, after a year's stay he departed. Whilst he lived with the Queen he had exerted a wholesome influence upon her, checking her violence, and rousing her from apathy. When he was gone, her temper grew worse every day; the leading feature of her character became extreme jealousy, and she was seized with a violent desire to see her husband again. That this was unreasonable is clear enough. When the marriage took place the Queen had made secret promises which were never fulfilled. Philip, she said, notwithstanding the treaty, would be King, as she would obey him in everything, and see that he should be obeyed by her subjects.<sup>3</sup> Though she may not have intended to deceive him, she was never able to redeem her promise. Philip remained titular King, with little influence and power, opposed even by the Queen's ministers. When all hope of his marriage producing issue had died away, was it still his duty to remain with the Queen, exposed to the insults of her subjects, and in constant fear of his life? Was it not rather his duty to govern those countries of which he really was the sovereign,—Spain and the Low Countries, Naples and Milan? We think the Queen was wrong in not understanding this, and we think the same of all

<sup>1</sup> Michiel to the Doge of Venice, Oct. 27, 1555. Venice. *Inglaterra*, vol. i. p. 159.

<sup>2</sup> Michiel to the Doge of Venice, June 11, 1555. Venice. *Inglaterra*, vol. i. p. 89.

<sup>3</sup> Charles V. to Philip, January 19, 1554. *Simancas*. *Est. Leg.* 508, fol. 14.

those who accuse Philip of having treated Mary with neglect and harshness. It was rather she who was not of an amiable temper. On one occasion, having received a dilatory answer to an impatient request for Philip's return, her fury rose to such a point that she ran to the room where his portrait was hanging, and flying at it scratched the face with her nails.<sup>1</sup> So violent was her language, so gross the abuse she lavished in such moments upon her husband, that Gilles de Noailles hinted to the French King the possibility of persuading her to a divorce, and of making her an irreconcilable enemy of Spain.<sup>2</sup> At other moments when she thought Philip in danger or trouble, love and intense anxiety for his welfare drove her into opposite courses equally violent. In the month of June, 1556, for instance, the Queen had received news that Philip was ill. She sent over one Master Kemp, a confidential servant of hers, to make an exact report of the state of her husband's health. Whether from his negligence, or that contrary winds kept back the courier, for ten days no news came. The Queen grew alarmed, and visions of her husband dying for want of care were constantly floating before her mind. Philip, when crossing to Flanders, had left an old physician of his behind, because the poor man could not well bear the journey. Upon him the Queen pounced at once. What was he doing in London when his master was ill? He must go to Brussels with all haste. Vainly did the poor doctor represent that there was no certainty of the King being seriously ill, and that even in such a case he, the doctor, gouty and infirm as he was, would arrive too late to cure him, if he arrived at all. No excuse was admitted, and the Queen sent a servant to fetch him, and to conduct him forthwith to Flanders. Happily for the doctor, Kemp and a courier from Philip arrived at that moment and dispelled the Queen's anxiety, thus preserving the

<sup>1</sup> Avis au Roy. June, 1556. Paris. *Aff. Estr. Registres Angleterre*, vol. xix.

<sup>2</sup> Avis au Roy. July 8, 1556. Paris. *Aff. Estr. Registres Angleterre*, vol. xix.



poor doctor's health, and perhaps his life.<sup>1</sup>

When Gardiner died, Reginald Pole stood in close relations with the Queen, and was her chief councillor. His great and, perhaps, his only talent was the facility with which he knew how to write his own eulogium. If we draw his picture from the descriptions he gives in his letters of himself, or let ourselves be won by the beautiful phrases with which he covers acts of very doubtful morality, or listen to the panegyric of his servants and dependents, we may think him a saint. But when we follow his negotiations and intrigues, when we read the judgment of the ablest statesmen of every party, we turn away with contempt from a man who was wanting in judgment, and application, and whose characteristic qualities were ambition, conceit, and selfishness.

When he set out for England on the accession of Mary, he may for a time have harboured the idea of becoming the Queen's husband. But the behaviour of Charles V., who ordered him to be arrested at Dillingen, and of Mary, who refused him admittance, must soon have opened his eyes to his true position. From that time his ambition took another direction. As Wolsey had been chief minister to Henry VIII., so Pole wished to be Mary's guide and adviser, and virtually to govern the kingdom. As Wolsey in 1520 had been, in appearance at least, the umpire between the Emperor and the King of France, so would he reconcile enemies, and restore peace to admiring and grateful Christendom. He tried in 1554 to bring about a negotiation between Charles V. and Henry II.; but the result was a failure. Henry and the Constable of Montmorency treated him with outward distinction, but gave him nothing beyond fair words. Charles V. rebuked him violently, and complained at Rome of his indiscretion and folly.<sup>2</sup>

When at a later period he came to

England, prompted by his confidential adviser, the abbot of San Saluto, and found an echo to his sentiments in the feelings of the Queen, he made a fresh effort. The time was more favourable than at his first attempt. As long as Mary's marriage had not been actually concluded, the King of France, who still hoped to prevent it, and the Emperor, who hoped to draw extraordinary advantages from it, were both alike averse from peace. Things, however, had changed. Both parties had been baffled. The marriage had taken place, but in such a way as to strengthen but little the imperial power. Both parties were therefore willing to treat, and the French ambassador in England, Antoine de Noailles, solicited the mediation of the Queen and of Pole as Legate. After some months of preliminary negotiations, in the month of May, 1555, a meeting took place at Mark, in the English pale. The ceremonial of 1520 was copied as much as possible. Pole had set out with the best hopes of doing great things, and indeed, if fine speeches could have accomplished anything, peace would have been concluded. Unhappily, however, it is infinitely more difficult to make old enemies friends than to set people at variance. Pole failed, and returned to England mortified and crestfallen, to find the Queen in no very amiable mood, the hopes he had fostered in her being so cruelly disappointed.<sup>1</sup> Still the negotiations were continued during the remainder of the year. In December, commissioners met again at Vauxelles to treat of an exchange of prisoners. Soon there was a talk of peace. The Spanish proposed to renew the negotiations of Mark, but the French flatly refused. To take Cardinal Pole as mediator, they said, would only tend to delay the conclusion and to produce constant difficulties. They had two reasons for this refusal: the one which was openly avowed, was the incapacity

<sup>1</sup> Michiel to the Doge of Venice, June 23, 1556. Venice. *Inglaterra*, vol. i. p. 281.

<sup>2</sup> Granvella to T. M. de Lara, April 24, 1554. Simancas. *Estado*. Leg. 508, fol. 121.

<sup>1</sup> Michiel to the Doge of Venice, June 11, 1555, cipher. Venice. *Inglaterra*, vol. i. p. 89; and same to same, July 9, 1555, cipher. *Fiandria et Spagna*, vol. i.

of the Cardinal—the other, which was kept secret, was that, having concluded an offensive league with Pope Paul IV. against Philip, they durst not rely upon Pole. The Spanish commissioners replied that not to ask for the mediation of England would be an insult to the Queen, who had all this time laboured to procure a peace; but finding the French obstinate, they gave way, and contented themselves, in February, 1556, with concluding a truce for five years. The Cardinal had all this time been studiously kept in the dark by everybody. The Pope, who feared Pole's indiscretion if he were to know of the secret treaty, had sent him a message by the Bishop of St. Asaph, exhorting him to continue his exertions for peace, and giving him full authority to act as mediator,<sup>1</sup> whilst the nuncios at Paris and at Brussels had orders to counteract all attempts with this object.<sup>2</sup> The French and Spanish kept up mock negotiations; and thus it was not until the truce was concluded that Pole knew of it. He could not hide his grief.<sup>3</sup> The abbot of San Saluto was dismissed; and thenceforward Pole devoted the whole of his energy to the discharge of his legative functions and to the administration of his diocese. A few months before, overtures had been made to him respecting his succession to Gardiner's office of Chancellor; but he had refused—a certain sign, many think, that Pole had none of that inordinate ambition we accuse him of. But Michiel's letters disclose part of the reasons which induced Pole to withdraw from political life, and which render it but too probable that his refusal was not quite voluntary. The ambassador wrote indeed on the 18th November: "Many think that it (the Chancellorship) might finally fall to his Right Reverend Lordship, who has been asked by

"the King and Queen to accept it on account of the necessity of obtaining for such an office a person thoroughly honest and true. And though this office entails much work, and is therefore most distasteful to the Cardinal, still with the help of many inferior ministers, he would be able to discharge it."<sup>1</sup> But a week later he informed the Doge: "I hear that the said Right Reverend Legate has had letters from Rome written by order of our Lord (the Pope), in which he is told that his Holiness has heard that their Majesties had given him charge to attend to the business and government of this kingdom as one of their chief councillors. His Holiness will think and consider how far and in what kind of affairs the Cardinal might take part. For as he, being Legate, represents the person of His Holiness, it does not appear becoming for him to take so much concern in matters belonging to the government of these princes. If he does not renounce his new position, by which he becomes as it were a minister and dependent, he can no longer discharge his office as Legate, since His Holiness must, according to occurrences and events, rely in every respect upon him."<sup>2</sup>

It seems that Pole continued to meddle with the political affairs of England, and that a second and sharper admonition followed, which caused his resignation. It is, however, not impossible that it may have been accelerated by disputes between him and the Council. The Lords complained, not without reason, that Pole carried on business behind their backs, and altercations ensued, in which Pole was obliged to give way.<sup>3</sup> That he did so unwillingly, we feel certain.

We have hitherto had but little good to say of anybody. In order, therefore,

<sup>1</sup> Michiel to the Doge of Venice, Dec. 23, 1555, cipher. Venice. Ingleterra, vol. i. p. 197.

<sup>2</sup> Cardinal Caraffa to the Duke of Somma, Feb. 6, 1555. Madrid. Bibl. Nac. E 127, fol. 58.

<sup>3</sup> Cardinal Pole to Cardinal Caraffa, Feb. 19, 1555. Simancas. Est. Leg. 2007, fol. 77.

<sup>1</sup> Michiel to the Doge of Venice, Nov. 18, 1555, cipher. Venice. Ingleterra, vol. i. p. 171.

<sup>2</sup> Michiel to the Doge of Venice, Nov. 25, 1556. Venice. Ingleterra, vol. i. p. 175.

<sup>3</sup> Michiel to the Doge of Venice, Jan. 27, 1556. Venice. Ingleterra, vol. i. p. 217.



not to close with disparaging criticism, we venture, finally, to speak of Stephen Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, and Chancellor of England. To his energy, zeal, and talents, Michiel bears ample testimony. At the interview at Mark, it was he alone who, according to Michiel, acted with firmness and energy, and who seriously laboured to bring about an understanding.<sup>1</sup> As to his zeal and knowledge of home affairs, we read the following paragraph in Michiel's letters, written at the time of Gardiner's death :—

“ Their (the Commons') licentiousness  
“ grows every day worse, especially as the  
“ death of the Chancellor, who had  
“ been feared and respected in an extra-  
“ ordinary degree by everybody, in-  
“ duces them, so to say, to feel secure.  
“ For it seems to them as though there  
“ remains no longer any one who

“ knows how to exercise authority in  
“ such a way as he did, nor with know-  
“ ledge so extensive and minute, both  
“ of the business and of all the persons  
“ of any account in this kingdom, and  
“ also of the time and means by which  
“ to please and flatter, or to overawe  
“ and punish them, and thereby to keep  
“ them always in hand, and to suppress  
“ the insolence towards which they are  
“ naturally inclined.”<sup>1</sup>

Thus far these abstracts. Perhaps the whole of the Michiel correspondence may shortly be laid before the public. It will then be possible to judge whether our opinion as to its value has been right. Perhaps, too, other correspondence and documents will be brought forward, and a real and sufficient light be thrown on the events of Queen Mary's reign, so little known up to the present time.

<sup>1</sup> Michiel to the Doge of Venice, Jan. 27, 1556. Venice. Inglaterra, vol. i. p. 217.

<sup>1</sup> Michiel to the Doge of Venice, Nov. 18 1555, cipher. Venice. Inglaterra, vol. i. p. 171.

## THE FOOD OF THE PEOPLE.

BY HARRY CHESTER.

## PART II.

[SINCE the first portion of this paper was published, its author has ceased to be amongst us. Mr. Chester died, almost suddenly, on the 5th October, having just completed his sixty-second year, deeply regretted by all who had the happiness to possess his personal acquaintance. He could hardly have performed a more characteristic last act than writing these papers; for if ever a man was unselfish and devoted to the interests of those around him, and indefatigable in doing what he thought right, he was that man. These articles furnish a hundred instances of the kindly eye and the cheery genial manner which so eminently distinguished him. He will be missed in many a circle of action, of which he was the life and soul, and in none more than the Society of Arts, of which he had been long a Vice-President, and where he originated the Union of Institutions connected with the Society, and the system of examinations for students in them; as well as, more recently, the Food Committee.]

THE great question of feeding the people cannot be fully considered apart from the home and the education of the people; but neither of these can be here treated in full. Suffice it to say that, while ignorance is the main cause of our great national deficiencies in respect of food, the ignorance of the working classes is the sole cause of the extraordinarily bad use which they make of such elements of food as lie within their power; and no one can hope for any effectual improvement of their condition until there is a radical improvement in their homes. No house, or part of a house, unfit for human habitation, unprovided with good water, and the ordi-

nary means of decency, and a suitable stove for warmth and cooking, should be permitted by law to exist; and public officers should be constantly employed in the inspection of dwellings in every part of the kingdom, with instructions to report all cases which require amendment to the central authority in order that the offending premises may be improved by summary process.<sup>1</sup>

The time appears to be approaching when the past trifling with the general education of the people will give place to vigorous action. The Food Committee has called attention to the importance of teaching the children in poor schools to cook; and this suggestion deserves to be followed up in detail. It is not only the children, however, who ought to receive such instruction. Cooking schools for adults should be opened; and, certificates and prizes should be awarded to proficient. The Food Museum at South Kensington has not been kept up with the vigour which does credit to other parts of that establishment; and the illustrations of food can scarcely be thought to represent the existing state of knowledge as to what we should eat, drink, and avoid. It is said to be the intention of the Government to remove the Food Museum to Bethnal Green; but while it is highly desirable to have a good exhibition of food collections in that quarter, they ought to be in addition to those at South Kensington, not in substitution for them. At Bethnal Green the Museum will be largely available for the working-

<sup>1</sup> To build good cottages, at a cost that would enable a landlord to obtain a fair profit from a reasonable amount of rent, has hitherto seemed to be impossible; but Mr. Tall's excellent patented invention for building in concrete, or conglomerate, affords an admirable means of overcoming this difficulty.



classes, but comparatively useless to many others; and for the higher classes, and for medical men and others whose co-operation is essential, a Food Museum at the West-end will still be required.

The system of cottage gardens and allotments, which has happily commended itself to the practical experience of country gentlemen, has an important bearing on the question of food. The farmers are too often unfriendly to this system, not seeing how important it is to their own interests that the labourers and their families should be well fed, in good condition, and in the enjoyment of property. The farmer fears that the labourer, who has a garden, may waste on his own ground a portion of that strength which he ought to devote to his employer; and this may be the case when the garden is large. But the land allotted to a working man, except in those rare cases in which he grows wheat for his family's bread, should not be more than he and his family can thoroughly cultivate, without any disparagement of his master's interests. A small garden thoroughly cultivated is in every way better than a large plot imperfectly cultivated. There are less rent to be paid, and less manure to be provided, for the smaller plot; while its produce may be not only by comparison, but in actual quantity, greater than that of the larger allotment to which justice cannot be done by a working man; and the moral effect of the superior cultivation which the small area allows, if it does not necessitate, is proved by experience to be very striking.

The "Cottage Gardens" at Highgate, so elaborately described by Dr. Charles Mackay, a few years ago, in the *Morning Chronicle*, appear to be successful examples of small allotments. The largest does not exceed ten poles, *i.e.* one-sixteenth of an acre. The quantity of vegetables, fruit, and flowers is wonderful; and if the land of the United Kingdom in general were but half as well tilled, there would be an abundance, not a deficiency, of food for the people. Dr. Mackay reported that the allotments were large enough for the

wants of the tenants, and that they had no desire for larger holdings.

In some of the smallest gardens at Highgate the following crops have been noticed, *viz.*: potatoes, onions, and leeks; carrots, parsnips, turnips, beets, cabbages, brocolis, beans, peas, runners, marrows, and pumpkins; spinach, lettuces, celery, radishes, and all kinds of potherbs, as well as rhubarb, gooseberries, currants, and strawberries, and flowers. Every gardener knows that where various crops are regularly intermingled, there the plants may be placed closer together than when they are all of the same sort, and that the produce will be considerably greater.

In the rural districts of most parts of England the cottagers have now the advantage of gardens; but the dwellers in towns are not so well off. At Highgate not a few of the tenants were men living in London—some of them artisans, and others tradesmen in a small way of business. The gardens appeared to be especially appreciated by these denizens of the town. They were seen on a summer's evening, after business was over, working vigorously: their wives and children, in many cases, working with them, or watering the crops, or gathering the fruits and vegetables for the family meal, or selecting flowers for the parlour bowpot. Enjoying the fresh air and the healthy labour, these *fortunati* of Highgate presented an example which might with advantage be emulated by other towns. The gain to health, happiness, and contentment is immense. Immense also is the increase of food.

The thing is not difficult to be done. The gardens should be as near as possible to the homes of the population. The municipality of the town, or the squire, or the parson, or one or two benevolent individuals, should appropriate a field to this object. The land may be hired in one piece, and re-let in the requisite small pieces. A broad walk should run from end to end, and every allotment should abut on that walk; for no garden which is not easily visible by the public is likely to be as well cultivated as those more favourably

placed. A narrow path must be left, as a dividing line, between the adjoining plots to avoid disputes. The area should be clear of the paths; and the rent per pole should be just high enough to cover the loss which they involve. In a word, the rent received from the whole of the tenants must cover the whole of the expenses; and must invariably be paid in advance. No tenant must ever be allowed to get into arrears on any plea whatever, or to underlet his garden.

A label, bearing the number and name of the tenant, may with advantage be placed in the front; and all reasonable encouragement should be given to the men to keep their plots neat and beautiful. A strip of flowers along each side of the main walk makes a bright floral border to the Highgate gardens, which serve in some degree the purposes of a people's park, and are much resorted to by the neighbourhood.

It is not well to vex the tenants with many rules; few, short, and simple, they should be printed on the agreement which each man signs when admitted as a tenant. They should be at liberty to get their vegetables, but not to do the ordinary work of their gardens, on the Lord's day. They should be restrained from all acts tending to injure their neighbours' crops by shading them with lofty growths, or by the seeding of weeds. It is well to have annual competitions for prizes, not only for the best specimens of particular vegetables, fruits, and flowers, but especially for the "best cultivation;" and if the squire and the parson will occasionally visit the ground, more particularly on a Sunday afternoon, not to find fault, but to encourage, to show their interest in the gardens, and to commend what is good and beautiful, they will produce beneficial results, not only on the face of the gardens, but on the feelings of the men and their families.

In connexion with this subject of cottage gardens it is important to bear in mind how much good might be done, how much the supplies of food might be increased, if the country gentlemen and the clergy would encourage the dwellers

in cottages, villas, and farms, to cover the walls, of their buildings with fruit-bearing trees. Where it is undesirable to drive nails into walls the French system of training the branches to wires fixed to the walls may be used. It costs no more to train a good apricot, plum, pear, or apple, than one whose fruit is worthless; but the good sort would be valuable food, while the inferior sort is valueless. The same thing must be said of all the bushes and plants of the garden. They are too commonly of inferior kinds. The French *cordon* system of training is peculiarly applicable to small gardens, and the local societies might exert themselves to make it known.<sup>1</sup>

They might also distribute grafts of the best sorts of fruit trees, and packets of the best vegetable and fruit seeds. A packet of grafts and seeds might be included in each award of a prize to cottagers; and skilled gardeners might be employed to visit the cottage gardens, not to dictate to the owners, but to give advice and assistance. A good gardener, by a little skilful pruning, might add immensely to the quantity and quality of the fruit.

Wherever there are gardens pigs should be kept to consume vegetable refuse; but here, again, it is important to bear in mind that there are pigs and pigs, and that it is only an animal of a good breed that is profitable. Let the country gentlemen, therefore, and the farmers, look to it that the cottagers in their neighbourhood have opportunities for the purchase of well-bred pigs.

Rabbits also may be kept with advantage—that is, with a profit—by the cottagers who have gardens; and Mr. Brooke was wise as well as kind when he told the Society of Arts that, where such animals are kept by a poor man, they are a source of interest and pleasure to him and his children; and nothing is so likely to repress habits of cruelty as being accustomed to animals, and being charged with the care of them, in childhood.

<sup>1</sup> Consult Robinson's "Gleanings from French Gardens." Warne. 1868.



It has been suggested that all available walls should be utilized for the production of fruit; but why should not fruit trees be grown everywhere, in hedgerows, in fields, by the roadside? It will be answered that the fruit would be stolen; and this is true, if a single tree were planted in an unguarded place. But in those districts where it is customary, as in Worcestershire and Herefordshire, to expose great quantities of fruit, and in France, Italy, Germany, and other foreign countries, there are no complaints of theft. Near Malvern, apples and pears grow in profusion in places open to all the world; not only in the orchards and fields, but in the hedgerows which bound turnpike roads, and on the strips of waste which border them. "Is this fruit never stolen?" was a question put to a native of the place. "Oh no, sir," he answered; "it is very plentiful." Make it "plentiful," accustom the people to see it exposed, encourage them to expose their own fruit in a similar way, give them,—that is, give to individuals of them,—if necessary, a charge over a certain quantity of trees, and a share in the profits which accrue from them, or some of them, and you need have no fear that your fruit will be plundered. On the contrary, you will foster habits of honesty in your neighbours, you will strengthen their respect for property, and accustom them to resist temptation.

When, in 1836, a few gentlemen began to stock the lake in St. James's Park with waterfowl, the rough frequenters of the park—men and women as well as children—startled at the unaccustomed sight of the birds, destroyed them in immense numbers; and if any one more rare and curious than the rest appeared on the water, he was immediately made a special *cockshy* for stones, and killed. A male snew (*mergus albellus*) the first that was known within the memory of man to come alive into the London market, was bought one day in 1837, and turned out upon the lake. He went rushing up and down, now diving, now erecting his crest and shaking his wings, till he attracted a great crowd; but, alas! they perse-

veringly pelted him with stones till he died, within an hour of his first appearance on that watery stage. The Ornithological Society was formed, and once a week the committee received lists of the birds killed and wounded by missiles during the preceding se'night. The losses were so numerous, and the expense of replacing them so difficult to be met, that it was seriously debated whether the Society should not give up its enterprise, on account of what seemed to be the incorrigible habits of cruelty and mischief of the people. Happily, it was resolved to persevere, in the hope that, after a while, the public would become interested in the birds and no longer persecute and kill them. Every one knows that this hope has been completely realized. The Ornithological Society has stocked all the waters in the parks with waterfowl; not only St. James's, but Hyde Park, the Regent's, Victoria, and Battersea Parks; and nothing is more rare than any injury wilfully done to the birds. Seeing how the public were beginning to appreciate the waterfowl, an intelligent official of the Woods and Forests commenced experimentally to sow the seeds of a few flowers in St. James's Park. The first that came up were destroyed; but he persevered, and all the parks of London are now beautiful exceedingly with ornamental shrubs and flowers, which the people enjoy and no one injures. The same results would follow a general and "plentiful" exhibition of fruit trees in exposed places. At first a little of the fruit might be stolen; but in a short time the practice of pilfering would die out, and by the daily exercise of self-control, and abstinence from breaches of the law of *meum* and *tuum*, the moral sense of the people would be strengthened.

In the spring, when decked in their beautiful blossoms, and in the end of summer, when bearing their still more beautiful fruits, the pear, apple, and quince are glorious trees; and any one who knows Herefordshire or Worcestershire, with their apple and pear orchards, or Kent, with its cherries and plums,



knows how greatly our landscapes would be improved if these trees were generally planted. Imagine also the pleasant and wholesome food that would be enjoyed in the apple and quince marmalades, the stewed pears, the apricot jam, and the plum jelly, that would cheaply abound, if these visions of the general planting of fruit trees were realized? The expenses of maintaining the roads in good order might be met to some extent by the sale of the fruit grown on their borders. Wherever a road has been sunk and there is a high bank facing southwards, the peach might be grown *en cordon*; and the cultivation of these wayside strips of land would be attended by the advantages that the masses of weeds which now border all the roads in the kingdom, and shed their seeds over the whole region round about, would be extirpated; and also that the care of valuable fruit trees would tend to raise the cultivators from unskilled to skilled labourers.

The Food Committee, having taken much evidence respecting fish and molluscs, has come to the conclusion that the subject is important enough to be dealt with by a "Standing Committee for the promotion of Pisciculture." The Society of Arts has resolved to appoint that committee, and seeks the co-operation of the Worshipful Company of Fishmongers.

In connexion with the most important of all branches of pisciculture—that of salmon—it is of great moment to try experiments with the various "passes" and "salmon-ladders" which have been devised to reconcile mill-rights with fish-rights. A very moderate grant may enable parties to try useful experiments which the want of such means now prevents them from trying; and, when sufficient experience has been gained, but not sooner, the Legislature may with advantage interpose to remove the serious difficulties which embarrass this subject. It is contended that, by certain ingenious contrivances, the claims of the owners of mill-weirs may be reconciled with those of the owners of

the banks of salmon streams; and, if this be so, well and good—there should be no unnecessary interference with water-mills; but, if this reconciliation of opposing interests be found to be unattainable, one party must give way to the other, and there can be no hesitation in saying that, if salmon-rivers must choose between the dearth of salmon and the abolition of mill-weirs, mill-weirs must be abolished. The claims of the fish predominate; and this on the obvious ground that, while the mills might be more efficiently worked by the power of steam than by the river, the fish cannot be had at all if the weirs remain. In many cases a destructive mill-weir might be got rid of by a small outlay; and the outlay might be recovered tenfold in the value of the salmon that would pass upwards to breed. The whole subject of rights in relation to salmon rivers is, however, in sad confusion; and until the conflicting rights of the upper and lower owners are adjusted, and their interests are equitably combined, these magnificent storehouses of wealth and food must remain comparatively in abeyance.

Much has been learned of late years in England on the subject of the natural history of the salmon; but our ignorance respecting other fish is marvellously great. Nothing is known respecting the times, places, and modes of spawning of some of the most useful fish. The ancient controversies respecting the whitebait, anchovy, sardine, sprat, herring, and shad, are to this day as unsettled as when William Yarrell conceived that he had solved all doubts in respect, at least, of the whitebait. He pronounced it to be a mature fish of a distinct species (*Clupea alba*), and not the immature fry of various species: but it appears now that, in pronouncing this comfortable judgment, the excellent author of "British Fishes" was mistaken. Dr. Günther declares that the whitebaits are young herrings; and many competent authorities protest that the annual consumption of immense masses of small fish, especially whitebait and sardines, is a wasteful anticipation of future supplies which

could only be paralleled by a general consumption of veal and lamb. Be this as it may, a total abstinence from the pleasant whitebait is not to be thought of, unless it can be proved to be necessary; and without any further loss of time the facts should be cleared up by experiment. In accordance with Mr. Frank Buckland's suggestion, let the Board of Trade employ competent naturalists to collect the requisite data, by going to sea with the fishermen, and making observations; let fresh water and salt water aquaria be established, as the Food Committee has suggested, on a scale large enough to do justice to the health of the fish, and let it be seen, by actual observation, whether whitebait are to be found at any season in the state of maturity, having milt or roe; whether they ever turn into sprats or herrings; whether sprats remain always sprats; and so on. On the delicate subject of lobster-sauce, the Food Committee holds, with Mr. Frank Buckland, that this luxury ought not to be improved by "berried hens," that is, by female lobsters full of eggs. Let no fishmonger be allowed to offer such animals for sale, nor any cook to buy them.

Billingsgate Market is far too small, and its position inconvenient. Each year sees more and more fish brought to London by rail, and less and less by boat.

It is in contemplation to establish, in substitution for Billingsgate, a new central fish-market in connexion with the new dead-meat and poultry market at Smithfield; and as this measure is thought likely to conduce to the interests of the city, a genuine attempt to carry it out may be made.

In Ireland, the great desiderata appear to be more enterprise, and a better organization, among the people of the maritime counties, especially on the western coast. If effective arrangements were made to convey and distribute all fish caught on the coasts, purchasers would speedily be found; and increased demand would be followed by increased supply. The state of Ireland

is unhappily such that its industries require to be organized, and until this has been done they cannot well be left to the ordinary course of trade, and to the natural laws of demand and supply. In Scotland and England the capture and distribution of fish are conducted with energy. Apart from the grave objections that nearly all the fish which arrives in London is carried to the distant and overcrowded Billingsgate—and that by the contrivance of the great West-end fishmongers their customers never feel the benefit of a glut of fish, but pay the same, or nearly the same, prices whether it be abundant or scarce—the distribution of fish in London is well managed. The costermongers, in great numbers, attend at Billingsgate, and pounce upon all the cheaper kinds. It is a mistake to suppose that the fish of the costermongers is stale. It is always fresh, for, having no ice-wells in which to keep it, they must sell it for what it will fetch before the day is out. The costermonger does not buy red mullets and dories, nor such turbot and Severn salmon as fall to the lot of the great men in Arabella Row and Charing Cross; but his soles, whittings, and other ordinary fish, are as good as theirs, and much cheaper.

It is not only with the produce of the seas, however, that the Committee on Pisciculture can with advantage concern itself. The art of pisciculture was practised, centuries ago, by those who are despised as barbarians; and enough is now known to make it easy for any owner of land to add greatly to its value by stocking its waters with useful fish. The whole of the inland waters, large and small streams, lakes and ponds, even those unsightly places filled with water by the sides of railways,—should be thus stocked. The whole of them might be made to produce excellent food; and it is wonderful how these natural receptacles for fish are neglected, and how the grossest abominations are permitted to pollute the waters.

It is not only salmon and trout that are worth cultivation. In running the



eye over the list of native fresh-water fish, it is evident that there is no kind of water which, fairly treated, is not well suited to produce valuable fish. The perch is the best of all fish for the water *souche*; the carp is a grand resource, winter and summer, for the hospitable hostess on whom distant fish-mongers fail to call; the gudgeon is an improved version of the fashionable smelt; while the small silver eel, highly nutritious, is fit to be eaten by gods and goddesses at their wedding-breakfasts in Olympus. The breeding, fattening, and curing of eels for exportation are carried on with great energy and success in Italy, even in the Papal States, where the eel trade forms a very important branch of commerce; and there seems to be no reason why we should not also be large exporters as well as consumers of eels. The two main points to be kept in view are, 1st, that injurious and useless sorts of fishes should be extirpated; and 2d, that the useful sorts should be encouraged in appropriate positions.

It is, however, not only with reference to fish that the condition of the waters of the United Kingdom requires attention. The water supply in this country is almost everywhere disgraceful. In no other civilized land is this great necessary of life so shamefully treated. Abundance of pure water falls from the skies, but it is suffered to be spoilt and lost for the want of a little care and labour. Villages may be seen where cottagers, horses, and cows, resort to the same ponds for drink. The ponds by the roadside receive all the drainage from the roads and fields, and are saturated with active vegetable poisons given out by the rotting leaves of the overhanging trees; and the befouled liquid becomes infinitely more horrible by being left open to all the animals in the parish. The cows are allowed, and the horses are compelled, to enter the water, where they stir up all the filth that has settled to the bottom, and add to it such abominations as are too disgusting to be named. And this is the beverage, full of vegetable and animal poisons, which both cattle and cottagers must of necessity

drink. In a village in Hertfordshire, in 1864, the poor people were seen carrying home to their cottages, for all domestic purposes, including the making of tea, such water as one might hesitate to apply as liquid manure, undiluted, to a delicate plant of value.

This frightful evil of bad water is the more inexcusable because it might so easily be removed. The earth is an admirable filter; and, wherever the people are dependant on one of these open ponds for their drinking, a shallow well should be built by the side of the pond, or a "Norton's tube" should be sunk, for the purpose of drawing the water purified by filtration through the soil; and this improved liquid might be further improved by the use of a half-crown filter, which ought to be in every cottage.

Mr. Baily Denton has perseveringly endeavoured to arouse attention to the great importance of storing the storm waters, in times of superfluity, for subsequent use in times of drought; and, on a moderate computation of the resisting influences of British prejudice, it may be hoped that not more than one other half-century will pass away before his advice is acted on. Meanwhile let the voices of wisdom be raised in favour of water reform. The supply of water ought never to be left in dependance upon private rights, or the powers of trading companies. Everywhere the right to water should be defined by law, and administered by public authority. The first step towards a reform would be to have a water survey for the whole kingdom; and then all the waters, great and small, being regarded as of public cognizance and public concern, the necessary local authorities should be everywhere established with powers of conservation and improvement. Inspectors should visit and test the waters; and a serious penalty should be inflicted, not only on all who pollute them, but also on all owners of unwholesome water.

The necessary improvements would be costly but highly reproductive. The cost of bad water is enormous. It



is no exaggeration to assume that the health of three-fourths of the animals of England, including the human animals, is subject to deterioration from impure water; and he would be a bold arithmetician who should attempt to calculate the pecuniary gain to the country if this costly evil were abated.

The subject of food markets has been discussed at several meetings of the committee, but seems to lack more elucidation. The evidence is for the most part in favour of a single central market, with which some are willing that smaller depôts should be connected. This advocacy of a central market, or rather of the existing market, has always been found in the majority of interested witnesses. The great tradesmen are stout advocates for keeping things as they are. The smaller tradesmen are less conservative of their positions. But the question for the public is *What is best for the public?* It is a significant fact that the assurances of coming ruin which the great tradesmen, having the command of existing markets, have always indulged in, when any innovations were proposed, have had little effect in preventing them. Committees and commissions have turned deaf ears to the cry, "Let us alone; our business cannot be carried on if any new market is established." This was the tone adopted by the principal butchers and salesmen when it was proposed to abolish the abominable old Smithfield market, and to replace it by the improved market in Copenhagen Fields; and this will continue to be their tone to the end of time.

The Norwegian felted boxes, now on sale in Duke Street, Grosvenor Square, deserve notice. When a leg of mutton is to be boiled, instead of its being kept on the fire for three or four hours (on the good old English method, which wastes fuel and hardens the meat), it is sufficient to keep it boiling for only ten minutes; and when it has been boiled for that time, the fire is no longer needed, but the saucepan containing the meat

is to be enclosed in the felted box till three or four hours later, when dinner-time arrives. The heat in the saucepan is prevented from escaping, as it cannot pass through the non-conducting felt, and the process of cooking therefore goes on gently for hours with no new application of heat. A leg of mutton eaten by the Food Committee is stated to have been quite hot three hours and a half after it was taken from the fire and inclosed in the box, and something was said of another leg which was brought from Paris to London in a Norwegian box without getting cold on the journey.

Such boxes are coming into use for the luncheons of shooting parties and picnics, and of persons engaged in business. A gentleman takes with him to his office a small box which looks like an ordinary despatch-box, but it is a Norwegian felted box, which he opens at the time of his meal, and finds to contain hot food. This ingenious contrivance is admirably suited to the wants of the poor. Every poor woman makes a fire in the morning to boil the water for breakfast. That same fire may suffice to commence the cooking of the goodman's dinner, and it may be kept hot for him, in one of these cheap boxes, under the hedge, while he attends to his work, till the hour for his meal arrives. Hot food is not only more palatable, but far more strengthening than cold food.

Captain Warren's "Cooker," which is patented by Messrs. Adams, of the Haymarket, is an admirable contrivance. The food in the patent saucepan, or "Cooker," is cooked by the heat of steam, but without any contact with it. There is therefore no dilution whatever, nor any waste. When the meat is done, the meat and the gravy together are the exact weight of the raw joint. It is cooked in its own juices, so that its full flavour is retained, and as the temperature does not rise quite to the boiling point, the fibre is not rendered hard and indigestible by excessive heat.

The committee will doubtless use great care and patience before judgment

is pronounced respecting "the methods of cooking in use among the working classes," for the problem is not how to denounce them as wasteful and bad, but how best to improve them. How can the poor be provided with tolerable fire-places and implements of cooking? One gentleman proposes that a society should be established to distribute iron pots among the poor; but though it would be a happy day that should introduce the French *pot au feu* to the English poor, it is to be feared that education must advance much further among all classes before such a consummation can be accomplished.

The system of "cooking depôts," or dining halls, has been successfully invented by Mr. Corbett at Glasgow, and naturalized at Manchester and other towns, but has hitherto no counterpart in London. The metropolis is scandalously ill-fed, and there are no reasons but those disreputable bugbears ignorance and sloth, why not only Paris, but even Glasgow and Manchester, are better off than London in respect of arrangements for feeding the people.

It is not the "working classes" alone that need commissariat reforms: the feeding of the whole tribe of middle class tradespeople and small professionals is deplorable; and Mr. Riddle's proposal that cooked food, hot, in metal cases, should be delivered by express carts daily at houses where the cooking arrangements might not be of the best, and the time of *materfamilias* is engrossed by the children or the shop, though not yet carried out, must have made many mouths water.

Before any improvement can be effected, it is necessary to let people know what better things have been found possible elsewhere, and it may be doubted whether the Society of Arts was ever more usefully employed than when, last year, it sent eighty-three intelligent artizans to visit the Exhibition at Paris, and to report what they heard and saw in that capital.

The volume containing their reports is out of print, the edition of 1,500 copies having been sold almost as soon

as it was published. It was republished in French by the desire of the Emperor, and is a curious and interesting book. In these reports the artizan is not painted by others *en rose* or *en noir*: he speaks for himself, is seen as he really is, and the picture is reassuring.

The extracts from his Parisian experiences, which are now to be given, relate to food, and draw attention in a striking manner to the superiority of the arrangements for the commissariat of the working classes in Paris in comparison with those of London.

Mr. Hooper, a London cabinetmaker, says, speaking of dining halls, "I visited several in Paris, only to be astonished, and to admire the manner in which they were conducted. Mons. Duval, the proprietor, has a number of elegant cafés, called 'Etablissements de Bouillon,' fittings like a palace, light, cheerful, and airy. I did not detect any worse smell than that of fruit and flowers. Neat, modest-looking young women waited on you, presenting you with a clean napkin, nicely folded; then came first *bouillon* or *vermicelli potage*, next *veau*, or *mouton*, or *bœuf rotis*, with *pomme de terre* or *légumes*, and a *demi-bouteille de vin ordinaire* or a *vin le carafon*. In plain English, you could have soup, bread, roast veal, mutton, or beef, and vegetables, with a tumbler or half a bottle of ordinary wine. You could dine in state, and fancy yourself a lord, for one shilling. M. Duval's butcher's shop, near the Madeleine,—for he kills his own meat, and it is of the best beef, mutton, and veal, not horseflesh,—is fitted up in the most artistic manner that only a Frenchman can devise."

Mr. Randall, china painter, says: "We did not see one single case of drunkenness, or one Frenchman quarrelling with another, and we heard the same remark made by a dozen others at least. We believe that the working men of Paris and their wives dress more plainly, live less expensively, yet enjoy life more than working men in England; and we attribute

“much of this to the superior education they receive.”

Mr. Kay says of the French joiner : “Usually he partakes of coffee and bread and butter in the early morning, from five A.M. to six A.M.; from nine to ten he takes breakfast. His breakfast may be *bouillon*, beef-steak, vegetables, *une demi-bouteille de vin et pain*; in all 1 franc. Dinner : *Bouillon*, veal and tomato sauce, mashed potatoes, *oseille*, boiled cream, half-pint of wine; 1fr. 20c. In most places they serve the customer with table napkins, for which they charge 10c. (*1d.*); but many a French joiner dines for 70c. (about *7d.*) I observed beautiful potatoes cooked at 15c. (*1½d.*) the kilo (*i.e.* rather less than  $\frac{3}{4}$ *d.* the lb.), in one of the streets. Many a French workman dines there on a basin of soup—whether made of frogs or not, it is really good, far superior to the mess of stuff used in London as soup in the workmen’s dining halls—with vegetables, bread, and about a half-pint of wine, and this is found to support the frame well.”

Mr. Berry, engraver, says, “I visited many places of entertainment. In most cases the men appeared to have their wives with them.”

Mr. Sinclair says of the tailors in Paris : “They are far more temperate than in London; they go to their food from about eleven o’clock to twelve in the morning, eat comfortably (quite the reverse of a London shop), partake of plenty of food, with their pint of wine and a good taste of fruit, finishing with a cup of coffee and a cigar : he has two such meals a day. The west-end of London tailor’s dinner generally consists of a half pound of steak, often hard and badly cooked, a halfpenny-worth of bread, two potatoes for a penny, a pennyworth of greens, a thimbleful, and a dirty pint of porter. He has scarcely time to eat this in the workshop, and in most cases this is the only meal a London tailor gets for the day, with meat.”

Mr. Stanton, gardener, says : “In walking through the market, it is

“noticeable what an enormous quantity of vegetables are grown for salads —lettuce and endive particularly. Chicory and dandelions are also much grown. Good salads may always be had at all, even the commonest, restaurants in Paris. Kidney or haricot-beans are very extensively cultivated. They are eaten in a green state, pods and all, as we have them in England; and also are shelled and eaten like green peas, or preserved for winter use. Globe artichokes are very common; they are used both in a green state and cooked. Cardoons are also largely grown. Celery is well cultivated; mostly in beds five or six feet wide. It grows to a large size, but is not particularly well blanched. Cauliflower was remarkably fine, as were all other vegetables of the cabbage tribe. Sorrel appears to be grown as extensively as spinach is in England. Lentils were also in great abundance. Tomatoes were magnificent, and far superior in size and colour to English-grown. The fruit of the egg-plant (*aubergines*) were peculiar, and common in the markets. Leeks are grown in enormous crops.”

Mr. Whiteing, in his special report, says : “The lower class of labourers live much in the same way as our own; they commonly carry some cold provisions from home with them in the morning, or buy a large piece of bread, and make a dinner of that and a piece of cheese, an onion, or a little fruit, and a glass of wine.

“In the evening, when work is done, they take their share in the *pot au feu*, generally a little savoury stew, prepared by the wife against their return. The better class of workmen take their meals at the restaurant, their wives with them, or, more commonly, send out and buy cooked provisions at the restaurant, and eat them at home. This would at first appear a somewhat extravagant way of living, but it must be considered that the principle of co-operation is as sound in its application to the cooking of dinners as to everything else; and such is the enor-



“mous price of fuel in Paris (very in-  
“different coals are 60s. a ton, and wood  
“is dearer still) that it is found much  
“more economical to take a dinner from  
“an eating-house keeper, who makes  
“one fire serve for the cooking of many  
“meals, than to kindle a fire simply for  
“the cooking of one meal at home.  
“Enough has been said elsewhere on  
“the very superior system to our own  
“on which the French eating-houses  
“are conducted, to make any lengthened  
“remarks on this subject necessary here.  
“It is not that a given quantity of food  
“costs very much less in Paris than in  
“London; but one can have a much  
“greater variety of well-cooked dishes  
“for the money; and the list of things  
“to eat is so nicely adjusted to the  
“length of each pocket, that a man  
“may dine for eightpence, or for six  
“times that sum, in the same establish-  
“ment, and in each case get what de-  
“serves to be called a dinner. It is  
“this that constitutes the chief excel-  
“lence of the restaurants. Taken one  
“with another, there is a wonderfully  
“graduated scale of prices in them,  
“unknown here, where there are only  
“two or three classes of public eating-  
“houses; and if you are too poor for  
“the one, you are very probably too  
“dainty for the other. There is the  
“‘Trois Frères,’ for example, where your  
“bill has almost always to be settled  
“with bank notes; and there is the  
“‘Californie,’ where, eat as much as  
“you like, and as long as you like, you  
“will find great difficulty in spending  
“more than sixpence. ‘Californie’ is  
“one of the monster restaurants for the  
“very poor, for the labourers, street-  
“sweepers, rag-pickers, &c., situated  
“right out by the Barrière du Maine,  
“in a remote corner of Paris; and  
“its dimensions strikingly illustrate the  
“French faculty for organization. The  
“proprietor, living in the midst of a very  
“poor population, had the sense to per-  
“ceive that, if all the little restaurants  
“which supplied their wants were  
“thrown into one, that one could effect  
“a considerable saving in the purchase

“of fuel, provisions, &c., and could thus  
“afford to sell food, cooked, at a very  
“slight advance on wholesale prices,  
“and at hardly any advance at all on  
“the retail cost. He tried the experi-  
“ment, and it succeeded beyond his  
“expectations. In the course of a few  
“years the whole neighbourhood sup-  
“plied itself from ‘La Californie,’ and  
“now as many as 900 persons can dine  
“there at one time. An ox and two  
“barrels of wine, bread, vegetables, &c.,  
“in proportion, are consumed every day.  
“It is chiefly owing to ‘La Californie’  
“that many of the poor of the neigh-  
“bourhood have abandoned their prac-  
“tice of dining at home, and now take  
“a cheaper meal out of doors. In the  
“evening, when all the long tables,  
“both in the halls and in the garden,  
“are filled, the sight is most picturesque.  
“Every man waits upon himself, and  
“on entering walks up to a large semi-  
“circular counter, obtains his plate of  
“meat and vegetables (and there are  
“half a dozen different kinds of each), a  
“half litre of wine, and a piece of bread,  
“for about eleven sous,  $5\frac{1}{2}d.$  in all. He  
“then has a knife and fork given him,  
“and himself carries his dinner to table.  
“After dinner many take a cup of  
“coffee, which can be had for two or  
“three sous. Notwithstanding the ex-  
“traordinary moderation of his charges,  
“the proprietor can afford to be gene-  
“rous to the poor; every morning be-  
“fore seven o’clock a great quantity of  
“broken victuals is given away.”

To those who are best acquainted with Paris, it will be evident that these portraits which the artizans have drawn, showing the superiority of the French public commissariat to that of England, though they are painted in novel and striking colours, are not overcharged; and the inferiority of the English arrangements ought to excite, not only feelings of shame, but a determination to do whatever may be necessary to place England at least on an equality with her neighbour in respect of the feeding of the people.

## R E A L M A H.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FRIENDS IN COUNCIL."

## CHAPTER XVII.

THE holidays were coming to an end, a melancholy fact which, as may be imagined, we did not at all like to contemplate.

It was breakfast time on the Monday-morning preceding that on which we should have to return to town. After we had sat down, Sir John, as usual, was the first to begin talking.

*Ellesmere.* Oh dear, dear! 'Tis sad to think that, after one more revolving week, I shall have to go back to town with Lady Ellesmere, to be entrusted to her tender mercies, and to take leave of Fairy and of the water-rats, of whose bright little eyes and inquiring countenances I see so much when I go fishing; and of Milverton, too, and of all the other intelligent creatures with whom I am at present domiciled. Let us make the most of this week.

*Milverton.* I am preparing, at Sir Arthur's particular desire, an essay for you for next Saturday.

*Ellesmere.* And that is what the fellow calls "making the most of this week." However, it is all right. The blackness of Black Monday is greatly diminished in intensity when the preceding Saturday is made of a dark brown colour by having to listen to an essay.

*Milverton.* But this will be an essay that you will like, I think.

*Ellesmere.* That is what you always hold out. The particular thing that you are at work upon is always to give life a new savour. It is the one subject which mankind is pining to hear discussed.

*Milverton.* It is to be an abrupt, disjointed essay. It is to sum up, as it were, our discussion, of late, of many subjects. There will be much that is commonplace in it; much that you have often heard me talk about before; much that you yourselves have said; and, perhaps, there will be a few new things. I really believe it will be the last I shall ever write.

Hereupon Sir John muttered something which sounded very like a grace after meat; but Lady Ellesmere put her hand upon his mouth and stopped his muttering. When she removed it, however, he began talking.

*Ellesmere.* No: I don't believe it. Placards up! "Signor Doncatelli, or Herr von Klinkel, has consented, at the urgent request of his many friends and admirers, to give one more representation, in which he will appear in his well-known part of, &c. &c."

No one seems to know when to leave off. Poor dear Sir Walter Scott! even he, shrewd man though he was, must write "Count Robert of Paris."

Pooh! don't tell me. I know but too well the nature of all you fellows who are accustomed to exhibit, and to be pointed out as monsters by the finger of the passers-by (*monstrari digito pratereruntium*), whether you are statesmen, actors, or authors. You never can be quiet unless you are upon your stage. There will no more be a last essay by Milverton, while he is alive, than there will be a last muffin baked as long as there are people who have the rude digestion to consume muffins. Don't hold out false hopes: there is nothing more cruel.

*Milverton.* I shall not reply to Ellesmere's sneers. He will be sure, after all, to take a box for Lady Ellesmere and himself, to hear Doncatelli.

What I want, however, to consult you about—for I am very much puzzled myself about it—is, what title we shall take. The essay will consist of endeavours to show how human life may be improved. I do not for a moment agree with Mauleverer that we are at a stand-point of misery, as he imagines; but, no doubt, there is a great deal that is very miserable in the world, and within our power, I think, to ameliorate.

*Cranmer.* What should you say to this for a title?—"On the improvement of things in general."

*Milverton.* Too vague, Mr. Cranmer.

*Sir Arthur.* "On the improvement of the human race"?

*Ellesmere.* That's right ; lug in " the human race : " that is sure to please Milverton. What says Sandy ?

*Johnson.* " On physical and mental development, with a view to the future welfare of the world."

*Ellesmere.* Oh, you pedantic Scotch boy ! we can't have that.

*Mauleverer.* " On the possible, but very far from probable, diminution of the extreme wretchedness of mankind."

*Milverton.* No. I can't accept that ; I do not begin by looking at things from your point of view, Mauleverer.

*Mrs. Milverton.* " On consolation."

*Ellesmere.* Pour out a cup of tea for me directly, please, Mrs. Milverton. She will well water the teapot, I know, to spite me, if I say what I think of her title before my cup is poured out.

My dear woman, it is *not* " consolation " that we are going to write about. It is to prevent the necessity for your rubbishing consolation. We all know that you women think you are such " dabs," as we used to say at Eton, at consoling. It is not bolts and bars for the stable door that we are going to provide, after the donkey has been stolen ; but we are here assembled, or rather shall be next Saturday, to prevent the stealing of donkeys.

And now, Lady Ellesmere, what wise suggestion are you going to make for a title ?

*Lady Ellesmere.* " On mankind being made less provoking."

*Ellesmere.* What would that do for the solace of the world, if womankind were left as they are ? For surely the art of provoking is their own.

I see you will have to come to me for a title. I boldly suggest this one : " On the art of making men comfortable."

In this Act of Parliament, or if you like it, essay, the word " men " shall include men, women, dogs, horses, cows, water-rats, black beetles, and all other animals and insects.

*Milverton.* Your title is rather long, Ellesmere, especially if your interpretation of the word " men " be added to it.

*Ellesmere.* Not a bit too long. The Act, I mean the essay, shall always be referred to as " The Comfortable." That will please Sir Arthur.

*Sir Arthur.* It will show what a forgiving disposition I have, and how fond I am of " The Magnanimous," that I confess I agree with Ellesmere, and am quite content that his title, in its full length, should be adopted.

*Milverton.* So be it then ; and Mr. Johnson and I will do our best to get ready by next Saturday. I shall want a good deal of indulgence from you.

*Ellesmere* (tapping his breast). This is the shop, as Mr. Squeers would say, to come to for indulgence.

Here the conversation about the essay ended. Mr. Milverton and I worked very hard during the whole week, and succeeded in getting our materials ready by Saturday.

That Saturday was a lovely day. Indeed, it was one of those calm, warm, bright days, which we sometimes have in England, and in which are combined almost all the beauties of summer and winter. There had been a frost in the early morning ; and a white rime was still upon the trees, marking out each spray and twig most beautifully. We took our places in the summer-house in the garden that overlooks a vast expanse of country. Sir John Ellesmere thus began :—

*Ellesmere.* Who shall say we understand anything about " The Comfortable," when we take our places in this summer-house to listen to a shivering essay which might have been delivered to us in a comfortable study ?

*Milverton.* Shall we go back then ?

*Ellesmere.* Oh, by no means !

*Lady Ellesmere.* That is so like John. He will object to anything, even when he likes it himself, merely for the sake of making, or, as he calls it, taking, an objection.

*Ellesmere.* Don't interrupt, Lady Ellesmere, and waste time. Don't you see that Milverton is wild to begin, and that there is an alarming mass of paper in his hands to be got through before we shall have any comfort ?

Mr. Milverton commenced reading : " On the Art of making Men Comfortable ; the word ' Men ' to include Men, Women, Dogs, Horses, Cows, Water-rats, Black-beetles, and all other animals and insects."

*Milverton.* You see I have adopted your title literally, for so you willed that I should. And now, first, I am not going to read an essay, but to make a speech. I shall speak to you in a most familiar way ; and, moreover, shall consider that you recollect a great deal that I have already said, so that I may merely have to deal with it by allusion.



It is a very great difficulty to introduce anything like method into this vast and complicated subject. What I shall do is this: I shall first consider all the main points which bear upon a man from without: I shall then take him to his home and see how he is to be made comfortable there: afterwards, I shall conclude with several general reflections, which will have for their tendency to show how man and other animals (I do not neglect Ellesmere's "rider") should be made more comfortable.

[Here Mr. Milverton spoke upon the topics of Government, Education, Religion, War, and Railway Management. I omit all that he said upon these subjects, because otherwise the essay, or rather the speech, would stretch to an immoderate length. He spoke for nearly forty minutes; and, as he speaks very rapidly, the speech contained a great deal of matter which it is quite impossible for me to give now. At a future time I may take some opportunity of doing so. He then proceeded, and said as follows:—]

I descend now to questions that may be considered of lower importance than those I have discussed, but which are nevertheless of great importance as regards the comfort of mankind.

I go first to the consideration of their dwellings. These are at present deplorable. We have not made any advance (indeed I think our movement has been retrograde in this respect) since the time of the Romans. The main objects are for the most part neglected. How dampness should be avoided? how noise should be subdued? how fresh air should be provided? how smoke should be carried off? seem to be unimportant questions, so that the exterior is kept according to the style most in favour with the architect.

The waste that there is in this matter is most surprising. If houses were well built, there would be very little expense for repairs, for painting, and, perhaps, for fire insurance. We have excellent materials; we make hardly any use of

them: and there is scarcely a house in which any provision is made for the exceptional events, either festive or calamitous, which are sure to occur, at some time or other, in every household.

Then look at the waste in decoration, in furniture, in knick-knacks of all kinds. I often take an individual room, and I say to myself, "If I had the money which that foolish cornice has cost, which that hideous centre-piece in the ceiling has cost, which that painful furniture, constructed so as to retain the utmost amount of dust, has cost, which those knick-knacks, which amuse one for two or three minutes and are a trouble ever afterwards, have cost, the room could be so enlarged and improved that the people who inhabit it would be far more "comfortable."

The last thing architects and builders generally seem to consider is, that the room is really to be inhabited. I have seen the whole wing of a great palace or castle so spoilt for the want of a little additional space, that there was not sufficient room for the furniture which would be imperatively required in the twenty or thirty apartments of that wing. There has been no space in these rooms (which people are not only supposed to sleep in by night, but to live in by day) for a sofa, and for a writing-table.

Again, no attention has been paid to climate. It has been forgotten that there are a good many rainy days in Great Britain in the course of the year, and that the British spring is not altogether a balmy season. In this respect our ancestors were much wiser than we are, and understood what is called "Gardenesque architecture." Now, one often sees a great white staring house situated in the midst of a great park. Nobody seems ever to have considered that people might like to have some walking exercise or to breathe some fresh air without being exposed to inclement weather in that spacious park. I have often seen that the needless, foolish, and ugly decorations of two or three of the principal rooms would have provided a beautiful colonnade like

our cloisters at Trinity, in which the sickly and the young might enjoy the sun, and have the advantage of fresh air and exercise throughout the winter days.

The above are trifling things to speak of; but, while we are discussing "The Comfortable," they are scarcely out of place.

As to the cottages of the poor, they are outrageous. Often constructed without the means of drainage—the walls in some instances being built up against the earth, the outlets being exposed without any protection against the east winds—they are really nothing better than nests for fever, and well-devised traps for rheumatism and consumption.

Here comes in that sad neglect of admirable materials for building which I have before commented upon. Terracotta, slates, and tiles might be used with the greatest advantage in such constructions. In fact, a house, and still more a cottage, ought to be impregnable to damp throughout, and capable of thorough ventilation. Will you have the kindness to show me any such constructions from the highest to the lowest class of buildings?

And now look at our buildings in London! I am very sensitive, I acknowledge, to noise; but I do not believe I am altogether singular in this respect. Now, you know, one is absolutely dependent upon one's neighbour to the right and to the left. We enjoy smoke from their chimneys. We have the pleasure of listening to their daughters practising their first scales in music; we partake, uninvited, of the clamour, if not of the enjoyment, of their feasts.

But I must not dwell much more on this subject: all I wish is that when people are building houses they would not forget that these houses are to be inhabited, and would act accordingly. If half the thought which is given to obscure questions in theology or metaphysics had been given to the question of making men more comfortable by building better habitations for them, what a much happier and more endurable world it would have been.

When Sir Walter Scott died, and critics were commenting upon his works, one of the best criticisms was to this effect:—"Shakspeare builds up his characters from within to without. Their coats, dresses, and external paraphernalia of any kind are the last things about which he gives any indication; whereas Sir Walter commences from without, and his heroes or heroines are greatly connected in your mind with their outside paraphernalia." There was some little truth in this, though I think it was much too severe on Sir Walter; but I have often thought that we mostly do what was complained of in Sir Walter, and nearly always attend to the outside first. There is charming Gothic architecture, as seen from the outside, in which the Gothic architect, neglecting the improvements which have taken place in materials since the time of the Goths, gives you foolish windows and dark passages, and every evil with which the Goths were contented—as indeed they were by their ignorance obliged to be contented—to endure.

The same error is to be found in those men who live for the outer world instead of for home. This brings me naturally to the subject of ostentation, the direst enemy of comfort. No, I will not put it down exactly as ostentation, but as the doing of things because others do them, whether you like them or not, and whether they are suitable, or not, to you or your means. I think I will call it imitation, and say that imitation is the direst enemy of comfort. Women, I am sorry to say, are greatly to blame in this matter. It is always an unanswerable argument in their minds that other people do anything. In fact, women are the only real and sound Conservatives, or rather Tories, in the world; and one great end that we shall gain from their education, if ever a better education is given to them, is this, that we shall have much less conventionalism to contend with.

Now I proceed to the next point, viz., as to what should be done inside a house to make it a happy and comfortable



home. Of course, the great danger, the pressing danger, of domestic life is its familiarity—mark you, there is immense pleasure in this familiarity, but I think we might have all the pleasure without the mischief. I recur to a few of the points which I have often dwelt upon before. Never scold for little things and for things in which there is no intention to do wrong: people don't mean to break glass or china, or to spill the grease; and yet you often hear a child or a servant reproved for some accident as if it had been done out of *malice prepense*.

Never ridicule other people's tastes, especially the tastes of those who live with you, or any of your neighbours' tastes, unless those tastes are absolutely noxious and mischievous.

Cultivate the great art of leaving people alone, even those whom you think you have a right to direct in the minutest particular.

Now here I am going to say a most important thing, and I beg your attention to it.

Praise those with whom you live, if they really deserve it. Do not be silent upon their merits, for you should cultivate their reasonable self-esteem. If they have merits, other people—strangers—will tell them of it, and they think it is unkind of you who have lived with them, and ought to love them, not to have recognised their merits. A person shall live with a person his junior, and during the whole of his life shall never have told that junior of his good qualities or his merits; and it is only perhaps when that first person dies, that the other finds out that, during the time, they had lived together he had been thoroughly appreciated; but, unfortunately, it has been a silent appreciation.

Domestic comfort is the very core of happy life. Now what perfection it would be if, in domestic life, the courtesy and civility which strangers show to us were combined with the affection and the absence of restraint which belong to domesticity!

Now I am going to insist upon a point

which might be thought very trivial, but which yet has something in it. Do not merely endeavour to be joyous and pleasant with those with whom you live, but even to be agreeable to look at; in fact, I say it boldly, although you may laugh at me, try and look your best for your own people as well as for the stranger.

[Here there came in a somewhat long statement about communism, which I am sure would not be very interesting to most people, and which I omit. Then the subject of wealth was introduced by Sir Arthur. Mr. Milverton proceeded:—]

Riches! In any discourse about human happiness, something must be said upon this subject. Everybody admits that money is the source of all evil, and everybody tries to get as much money as he or she can. Of course, seriously speaking, wealth is a good thing. That we should have plenty of corn, of coal, of wool, of cotton, and of cattle, is before all things necessary if we are to be comfortable; but what is a bad thing is, that too much respect should be paid, and too much honour given, to merely wealthy people.

“The learned pate ducks to the golden fool:  
All is oblique.”

Now instead of its being a thing which is *primâ facie* for a man, it may be argued that it is rather *primâ facie* against him, that he is rich: it is a fact which he has to account for, and often the account he may have to give is anything but creditable to him. What may be called the legitimate influence of riches is surely enough. That a rich man has the services of other men and animals in every way at his command is surely power enough. You have, doubtless, heard me tell the story of a dignitary in the Romish Church, one of the most actively benevolent of men—a sort of Borromeo; and he was descanting among his friends about the worthlessness of worldly goods, and he concluded by saying, “All, all, is vanity—except a

carriage." Doubtless the good man had often found, in his career of active benevolence, the advantage of rapid locomotion.

Well, let the rich have their carriages, and make good use of them.

*Ellesmere.* Only one word! I won't interrupt again. Let them take care to send their carriages to the railway station to meet their poor friends who come to visit them.

But you will say, give us instances of the illegitimate influence of wealth. There is one that occurs to me directly. I say it is iniquitous, it is monstrous, that a man should be raised to the peerage merely because he is a rich man, and can—to use the cant phrase—afford to support the dignity of the peerage. That dignity of the peerage would be easily supported, if only those persons were made peers who had, by public service and distinguished merit, deserved the honour.

If it were universally recognised that there were great objects in human life, such as social distinctions, over which riches had no influence whatever, riches would be less unreasonably, and less immoderately pursued. Again, I object strongly to a man's power of voting, in any capacity, being augmented by his wealth. I do not care about your telling me that this is sheer Radicalism, and talking to me about stakes in the country: that betting phrase has no weight with me. The judgment of men who have devoted themselves to the getting, the saving, or the enjoying of riches, may be as much warped by those employments as the poor man's judgment may be by his poverty. I beg to ask you one question: do you think the railways would have been worse managed if the qualifications for directorship had been lowered, or had been abandoned altogether?

However, all that I contend is, do no honour to a rich man merely because he is rich. If this maxim were adopted, riches would be robbed of half their mischief.

I now pass to quite another subject, which, however, is not unconnected with

the foregoing. I maintain that now life goes too fast, too fussily, and too anxiously, to admit of much comfort, at least for those who have any prominent part to play in life. All our swiftness of locomotion, our promptitude of communication, tends to promote this fussiness. Here, again, I am merely talking after Ellesmere. I must own I am very much puzzled as to how to suggest any remedy for this state of things. I have tried to think over it deeply, and the only thing that has occurred to me, as a remedy, is this,—that more persons should be taken into partnership with those who have to bear the arduous parts in life, and who would then have more time for thinking. The general complaint now is, which I have heard uttered dozens of times, that those who have anything to do, have generally too much to do, while there remains a number of intelligent and active-minded people who have nothing to do—unless, indeed, the shooting at hares and pheasants be considered something to do.

Now, I want to put before you a dilemma: either this increase of work is profitable to the community, or it is not; if it is not, let us drop it; but if it is, then the benefit to the public will pay for the employment of additional heads and hands.

I mean this to apply to Government, and to all public services useful to the community. But I will illustrate my meaning by an example taken from Government.

[Here Mr. Milverton gave an account, which would not interest my readers much, of the labours and duties of the Secretary of State for the Home Department, and strongly urged the division of the work of that office into two branches, with a new Minister.]

I pass now to another subject,—recreation. I do not advocate recreation exactly upon the same grounds as those upon which it has often been argued for. I say this—I say that men—

*Ellesmere.* Yes, and women too. Oh, dear! I ought not to have interrupted.



—that men are such mischievous animals that you can hardly take too much pains to occupy their spare moments innocently. Oh, if we could have put down frequently to a game at whist Attila, Charlemagne, Genghis Khan, and the first Napoleon! I am afraid that there would be chronological difficulties in the way of this arrangement; but you know what I mean.

As to recreation for the poor, I agree with Ellesmere, that that man will be one of the greatest benefactors to his species, and will fulfil the functions of a great statesman, who contrives that the poor man shall take a little longer time than he does at present to consume his pot of beer. Remember there is but standing-room in those bright and odious gin-palaces; and one “go”—I believe that is the word—is swallowed hastily after another, because the poor man has nothing else to amuse him, or to do.

Now I do not care what amusement you provide for him, so that it is tolerably innocent,—whether, following the humble Milverton, he sits quietly down to draughts and dominoes, like a French peasant; or whether, imitating the ambitious Ellesmere, he makes “ducks and drakes” with a flat stone upon a pond; or whether, partaking the poetic nature of Sir Arthur, he devotes his spare energies to the beautiful accomplishment of dancing; or whether, following the example of the solid Mauleverer, he plays at bowls and quoits (for those I know are your favourite games, Mauleverer); or whether (to please you, Johnson) he indulges in golf and cricket; or whether, to the delight of the wise and fact-loving Cranmer, he plays at the game of Mechanics’ Institutes—it is all one to me, so only that he is amused, and does not drink off his gin or his beer quite so quickly.

Why is it, by the way, that women are so much better than men—less given to drunkenness, or any similar excess? Simply because they have a thousand little occupations. A woman, who is not oppressed by much riches and many

servants, always finds plenty to do about her house, and, in that, finds her chief occupation in life and often her chief happiness. And if Sir Arthur’s plans<sup>1</sup> are adopted, women must also, of necessity, partake in the recreation provided for men. Now all the feminine species love dancing, either as actors or spectators. The other day, in a hideous back street, an organ-grinder came down the street while I was passing, and six or eight young ragamuffinesses, who seemed to spring from the gutters, began to dance to the polka which the organ-man was grinding out. They danced capitally, keeping the right time, while their rags fluttered in the wind. Their little grimy faces were suffused with joy, and their bright teeth shone all the more brightly from the contrast with the general dirt of the countenance. Their mothers came out to see them. One or two slouching men lounged to the doors and looked on complacently. For the moment that wretched street was quite lit up with festivity.

You may think me a foolish man, overmuch given to sentimentality; but I could have sat down, if there had been any clean place to sit upon, and cried, though crying is not much in my way. But it did grieve me to think how few opportunities for recreation these poor little wretches had; and I pictured to myself a scene which I have often beheld near Dresden, where, in some tea-garden near to the town, I have seen the artisan and his wife and his children all making themselves supremely happy (at an expense which is often consumed in one or two “goes” at a gin-palace, swallowed in a few minutes’ time by the respectable father of a family in England), dancing being the principal amusement, and eating and drinking only secondary.

I pass on to other topics connected with the great subject of promoting the comfort of mankind. These topics will be of a general character. The main enemies to human comfort are—intolerance, denigration, unjustifiable repeti-

<sup>1</sup> This alludes to some views of Sir Arthur’s given in a conversation which I have not recorded.

tion, unjust criticism, uncalled-for publicity, pedantry, irrational conservatism, and the cultivation of hardness of character.

It would be like giving out one of Blair's sermons, just such as we used to have at Eton from Dr. Keate, and which we called "Second-prose"—a juvenile corruption for "Second-prayers"—to dilate much upon these topics; but I shall say a word or two upon each.

Touching intolerance, it is comparatively easy for men of large and tolerant nature to be tolerant, generally speaking. Their difficulty will ever be to be tolerant of intolerant people. Let them remember that intolerance is the twin sister of ignorance, and that they do not understand nor appreciate these intolerant people if they cannot tolerate them.

Denigration. It may be very stupid in me, but I cannot understand the pleasure which people take in blackening each other. In the first place, it is such an easy thing to do. The clever thing to do, is to find out people's merits. I do not say this satirically; but it is often the outer points of men's characters—little foolish habits, modes of talk that are not agreeable, tiresome ways, unpleasant roughness on the surface, all which afford such easy opportunities for denigration, while, to discern the sterling worth and merit and kindness which there are in so many human beings (I believe in nearly all) does require nice observation, guided by a kindly imagination.

I should not care so much about this denigration, if there were not always people ready to repeat to the person blackened all the dark and unpleasant things which others have said about him or her.

Touching unjustifiable repetition, which makes so much mischief and destroys so much comfort in the world, I would only quote that good man, Thomas à Kempis, whom I have quoted before, and who says, "Do not hasten to repeat even those things which you believe" (*"Nec audita, vel credita, mox ad aliorum aures effundere"*).

With respect to unjust criticism. The world is full of this, and the critics little know what pain they occasion. I do not say that critics should be able to do the work they criticise, but really they ought to sympathise to some extent with whatever they criticise. Do they ever think how difficult it is to do anything? It is lucky that we come upon the fruits of other men's work in former generations, when there was less criticism, for there is no knowing what good work might not have been stifled, if it had been subjected to the same ordeal of criticism which abounds in the present day. If we do not take care we shall enter into a Byzantine period of the world's history, in which there is endless comment, and little or no original production.

Now, for pedantry. This is one of the greatest enemies, in a small way, to human comfort; it pervades every class of society. Scholars and official men are especially accused of it; but they are not more guilty than other people. How dreadfully pedantic doctors are, and railway officials, and, above all, servants. A doctor would see his dearest friend die rather than interfere with another doctor, or presume to say that the treatment is not quite judicious. And I believe if a superior being, who had only observed our world from a distance, were obliged to come down and live amongst us, he would not be surprised at our stupidities and our cruelties—our wars for example—so much as he would be by all the pedantries, vanities, and conventionalities, by which we create so much discomfort. The utterances that would astonish him, until he became familiar with them, would be, "It is not my place to do this." "It is not your place to do that." "I think I ought to have been consulted." "It seems I am nobody now," and the like. He would say to himself, "They are always tormenting themselves about trifles. They do not look at the substance. They do not consider what things should be done; but rather, how these things should be done according to certain narrow formularies."



Now, for irrational conservatism. I am sure that I am fully alive to the advantages of conservatism. It is a grand thing, as some one has said, that in England we never wake up some fine morning and find from the newspapers that everything has changed, and that we are about to live under quite a new dynasty. But there is such a thing as irrational conservatism. An evil is fully proved to be an evil, and an obvious remedy is suggested to counteract it. You say to yourself, paraphrasing Shakespeare—

“The times have been,  
That, when the brains were out, the  
*thing* would die,  
And there an end.”

But no, it won't die. It goes on spasmodically without brains, and continues to cause a great deal of practical discomfort. All this is the result of an irrational conservatism, prone to reject every new thing merely because it is new.

Now I come to unreasonable publicity. Publicity in these days is too rapid, and not inquiring enough. There comes out a flaming attack against some poor man, based upon certain statements. In a day or two, the man generally contradicts some of these statements, and apparently with truth. But the mischief has been done. The accused person has been made very uncomfortable, for people are always in a great rage at being accused in any respect wrongfully. Now it occurs to me to ask, Why could not the accusing writer have made a little more investigation before he wrote the accusing article? I suppose the answer will be, that he must write to live, and he cannot make a living out of it if he is to take all this trouble in investigation. All I can say is, that as there seems to be a likelihood of publicity increasing greatly, an immense amount of discomfort will be caused, both to public and to private individuals, by rash and injurious publications.

I am now going to touch upon another subject, not before alluded to by me, and which I daresay you will take to be very fanciful in me, and somewhat effeminate. Is there not a certain hardness

in the English character which, instead of being repressed, is much cultivated in modern times? I scarcely know how to describe it—whether to class it as stoicism or cynicism, or any other ism; but I perceive it, and feel it. No young man likes to show that he feels anything very much, or cares for anybody very much. Now you see from the literature of former ages that people then were not so reticent. I admit that there is something grand in the Spartan-like endurance which enables you to let the fox gnaw you, without your making any unpolite allusion to the pain you suffer. But there is a wide distinction between this endurance and the reticence to which I have referred. If you constantly repress the expression of feelings, you will gradually cease to have these feelings. Now, for the comfort of the world—and it is that which I am advocating—it is desirable that we should know more of the better and more amiable parts of each other's characters, and that amiability should not be diminished by the constant avoidance of the manifestation of it. Do you hear, Sir John?

[Ellesmere nodded.]

I am afraid I have hitherto neglected to comment upon the rider which Sir John Ellesmere was good enough, with the consent of the company, to add to the title of my essay. I can only say that I shall never be happy or comfortable in this world while the lower animals are treated as they are; and I believe that mine is not an exceptional case, but that there are tens of thousands of human beings who feel exactly as I do. If you were to amend all other evils, and yet resolve to leave this untouched, we should not be satisfied. It is an immense responsibility that Providence has thrown upon us, in subjecting these sensitive creatures to our complete sway; and I tremble at the thought of how poor an answer we shall have to give when asked the question how we have made use of the power entrusted to us over the brute creation.



*Ellesmere.* According to Milverton, in order to make people comfortable, we are to praise them when they deserve it, even though we have the misfortune to live with them. Don't pinch my arm, Lady Ellesmere! I praised you so much before we were married, that there is an immense balance of praise, still unaccounted for, that will never be deserved on your part. But I have not indulged Milverton to this extent, and therefore I can afford to say now that the essay is not despicable. Useful, too, it is. People come bothering me, even in court, and saying, "How I wish I were you, having the pleasure of assisting at those essays and conversations which take place at Worth-Ashton." And these people are wonderfully suggestive too, telling me what you should write about, and what I should talk about. Now I can answer them, "My good fellows, only read his last essay, the very last that ever is to be, together with my talk upon it, and then you need not read any more, and need not bother me any more, for you will know exactly what we think upon every subject."

Now I will at once point out the things I agree with. I agree with what you say about government and education; also about riches and religion. Indeed, what you said about riches and education was chiefly derived from me.

By the way, with respect to religion, could you not have said something more about sermons? I have only heard three sermons in my life upon what may be called the daily topics of common life. Kindness to animals, gentleness and tolerance in domestic life, not ridiculing the young, not hurrying to repeat everything you hear, and several other topics that you dwelt upon, would make excellent subjects for sermons. Only the sermons must not be vague; they must not be Blairish; they must condescend to details. The preacher must sometimes say, "I saw this or that the other day, and I must protest against it." He must not be afraid of using common words, and must call a spade a spade, and not an agricultural implement. If he is going to speak against bribery at an election, he must use the word "bribe" pretty plainly.

"It is no doubt, my Christian brethren, a thing to be greatly reprehended that when a person is admitted to exercise the privilege connected with a great trust, held for the good of the community at large, and for the welfare of our holy religion, he should, in an unseemly manner, betray that trust for the sake of any creature comfort, or endanger his soul by yielding to the desire of the natural man for filthy lucre, when

lucre of any kind cannot be honourably or virtuously conjoined with the due exercise of this important privilege."

What poor man discerns in that sentence any allusion to pots of beer and five-pound notes for his vote? He perceives that somebody has done wrong, or will do wrong. Naturally he thinks it is the squire, and he goes away saying, "Parson have a-been giving of it to the squire this morning, he have."

*Sir Arthur.* I perceive a great opening for "filthy lucre" to be gained by Sir John Ellesmere, if he would but write a series of skeleton sermons.

*Ellesmere.* I will do it when I have time, and you shall have a presentation copy, Sir Arthur. I think they might even be of use to you when you are composing sonnets.

There is one thing you have omitted, Milverton, as regards the art of making men comfortable. I shan't be comfortable until you give me some good plays to go to, played by great players. It is true there is always the House of Commons, which Charles II. said was as good as a play; but I want something beyond that.

*Mauleverer.* Yes; I like a good play. It is the only time one thoroughly forgets one's private miseries.

*Cranmer.* I don't care much about plays.

*Mrs. Milverton.* I think they are the most enjoyable things in the world.

*Milverton.* I will tell you a very foolish thing that is often said, even by very clever men, about playgoing. They say, "Why care to go and see Shakspeare acted? Can't you read it in your closet?" Now this appears to me such nonsense.

*Ellesmere.* Yes, it is. I don't believe that anybody thoroughly understands a great play until he has seen it acted.

*Milverton.* If there is anything in the world that I think I know well, it is *Macbeth*. I knew it when I was six years old, for my mother used to spend hour after hour, and day after day, in teaching it to me, and making me play it with her; but when I came to see a great actress in Lady Macbeth's part—Helen Faucit—new lights burst in upon me, and I saw what a delicate and refined fiend Lady Macbeth could be.

*Ellesmere.* Yes, I know, Milverton, that is a theory of yours, that "*Lady Macbeth*" is her best part; but I differ from you, and think that in "*Rosalind*" is her greatest triumph. Now I will tell you what I think is one of that lady's greatest merits as an actress. It is that she is not always quite the same. Of course her main conception of the part does not much vary; but there

will be particular touches—new felicities—evolved in each representation. She gives me the notion of one to whom her part is always fresh, because, like the characters of all persons who are good for anything, it is, in fact, an inexhaustible subject of study.

*Sir Arthur.* Well, now, I like her in the *Lady of Lyons*. She it was who made the Pauline. I remember seeing her act with Macready in that play, and I never was more delighted in my life.

*Ellesmere.* You see now what a pleasure is lost to us if we neglect the drama. I shan't be comfortable, Milverton, until you have the kindness to restore that to us—an easy matter, of course, for such a genius as you are.

But to revert to Milverton's speech. I quite agree with what he said about the iniquity of adding undeserved honours to riches. Riches ought to have no effect over the distribution of honours and dignities. All merit throughout the world receives an insult and a discouragement when a rich man receives an honour on account of his riches.

*Sir Arthur.* As to discouragement, I differ from you.

*Milverton.* And so do I.

*Sir Arthur.* The men who do anything that is worth doing, seldom think about reward of any kind. You can get their best work from them, whether you treat them well or ill.

*Milverton.* Quite true, Sir Arthur. We should confer honours upon them, not so much for their sakes as for ours. And not for ours in a worldly or acquisitive point of view, for, as you say, we shall get their best work from them, whether we reward them or not.

*Cranmer.* I don't know. They knock pretty hard at the doors of the Treasury sometimes.

*Mauleverer.* Yes; after their work is done.

*Ellesmere.* Let us proceed with the discussion on the essay. How severe Milverton was upon our present mode of building and decorating. I think some general principles might have been enounced there—such as that celebrated one of Pugin's, "Do not conceal the construction." The mischief that is done by concealing the construction is immense.

Let us each invent a maxim. Of course it will only be partially true, as all maxims are. Let us be silent for five minutes. Walk about if you like (my locomotive thoughts are always best), and then each of us shall propound his or her nostrum in the form of a maxim.

[We agreed to do so, and in five

minutes were re-seated and ready to produce our maxims.]

*Ellesmere.* Of course I am ready first, and mine will be the wisest maxim. *Never mind the outside.*

*Lady Ellesmere.* *Avoid uniformity.*

*Ellesmere.* Very good. What an advantage it is to live with clever people: how it sharpens the wits! I almost think I shall change my maxim into, *Find out clever people, and insist upon living with them.*

*Lady Ellesmere.* One would think I had followed John about before we were married, and had implored him to allow me to live in the light of his sagacity, and to sun myself in the warmth of his tender nature.

*Ellesmere.* You gave clear proof of your good sense in doing it. Why deny it? What do you say, Mauleverer? What is your maxim?

*Mauleverer.* *No artificial surfaces of any kind.*

*Ellesmere.* That is grand, but there must be many exceptions—gilding, for instance.

*Cranmer.* *No house to be built on leasehold property.*

*Ellesmere.* Tyrannous, and inadmissible I fear; but very suggestive. What do you say, Milverton? We expect something very good from you, as it is your especial subject.

*Milverton.* *Never do anything in building which cannot give a good account of itself.*

*Ellesmere.* A splendid moral maxim! but is it not a little remote from bricklaying and plastering?

*Milverton.* I really do not know how to sum up what I mean in one maxim, but I will endeavour to explain.

The other day, before we left London, I took a walk. I came upon some masons busily chipping holes in some blocks of stone at the basement of a grand house; making, in short, little dust-pans for the London dirt to accumulate in. This was done, I believe, because at the Pitti Palace, in Florence, the architect had, doubtless to save trouble, used rough and indented blocks of stone. Now what account could these little dust-pans give of themselves?

Then I saw a house with three huge brick pilasters rising nearly to the roof, but not quite, and all that they supported was a beam of wood fantastically and ridiculously ornamented. What account could those pilasters give of themselves?

Then I paid a visit, and was shown into a fine room with a coved ceiling. There

were seventy-eight half-brackets, which, if they had been completed, would have had to support four beams of wood, which had manifestly other support. These semi-brackets were elaborately carved, and abounded in leaves. They were splendid receptacles for dust and dirt. The only account they could give of themselves would be that they were put up to accommodate spiders. Indeed the benevolent attention paid in house decorations to the judicious lodgment of spiders is quite marvellous. I wish people, when they were building, provided as carefully for the accommodation of servants.

*Ellesmere.* The illustrations are good, but the maxim remains somewhat vague and obscure, according to my judgment. What do you say, Sandy?

*Johnson.* Let every house in the country, and, where possible, in London, have a good large playroom, separated from the house by a passage having double doors at each end of it.

*Ellesmere.* Elevate Sandy upon a tub, send at once for Theed or Woolner, and have a statue made of Sandy, with a battledore in his hand. It is a most judicious suggestion that he has contributed.

What a place that room would be to send children to on rainy days, and whenever their irrepressible animal spirits keep the nerves of the elder people in a state of anxious quivering!

N.B. (and this would make that playroom an earthly paradise) it should be an understood thing that the family are not "at home" to visitors, when they are in the playroom.

*Sir Arthur.* What a place for private theatricals, without upsetting the rest of the house!

*Ellesmere.* No foolish flowers to be put there to take up room. It should be big enough for croquet, while battledore and shuttlecock and children's hoops should revel in it.

*Milverton.* What a place it would be for a good jovial dinner to one's poor neighbours after a cricket-match or an archery-meeting!

*Lady Ellesmere.* What a place to practise archery in!

*Milverton.* I will engage to build it out of the expensive and ugly follies—

*Ellesmere.* Which would, of course, be committed, if you were not entrusted with the building of the house.

*Sir Arthur.* Another good point is that there would be much less space required in the ordinary reception rooms, if one had such a room as this for extraordinary occasions.

*Ellesmere.* You are all going into too much grandeur. Sandy and I mean this room to be roughly constructed and attached to houses of very moderate calibre; and, if we were left alone for a fortnight, without being bothered with essays, and had one carpenter attached to us, we would knock up something of the kind here.

Now, Mrs. Milverton, what is your maxim?

*Mrs. Milverton.* I will give up the playroom, though with great regret, if you will only give me two rooms, separated, in a similar manner to that which Mr. Johnson proposes, from the house, to be used in case of illness, and especially in case of infectious illness.

*Ellesmere.* An excellent idea! But you must put it in the form of a maxim.

*Mrs. Milverton.* Leonard, do put it for me. You know I am not clever in putting things.

*Milverton.* Mrs. Milverton wishes to say that *Every house should be so arranged as to contain a domestic infirmary.*

*Ellesmere.* Well, you are all very clever! and have offered a heap of good suggestions.

As I proposed the game, I think I ought to be allowed to have another turn.

[We all assented.]

Then I say, *When you are building, think of the comfort of your servants, even before you think of your own.*

["Hear, hear," from Mr. Milverton and Sir Arthur.]

My first maxim, however, was the great one. I really am proud of it. I should like it to be commemorated in my epitaph. By the way, as this is Milverton's last essay, it would be a very appropriate thing if I were to give you a sketch of what my epitaph should be. I think it should run thus. Give me your pencil, Sandy; let me write it out:—

He was a sound lawyer;

And, by a peculiar felicity,

Not uncommon to great advocates,

The side on which he argued

Happened always to be

The side of justice and of truth.

He never beat his wife, though she was often

Very provoking.

He was an endurable friend,

And, in a dull country house,

Was worth a deal of money

As a guest.

He was a good master to his dogs,

A persevering fisherman,

A powerful singer;



And when he borrowed books, he always  
Took care to return them.

The grand maxim,  
NEVER MIND THE OUTSIDE,  
Which has improved the Art of Building  
Throughout the world,  
And which has tended to dignify and purify  
All other departments in human life,  
Was his'n.

*Sir Arthur.* Excellent! But there must  
be a Latin quotation somewhere.

*Ellesmere.* Oh, ah! Latin. Yes, I have it.  
"Quis tulerit Gracchos de seditione que-  
rentes."

*Sir Arthur.* I must be very stupid, I  
suppose; but I do not see the appropriate-  
ness.

*Mauleverer.* Nor I.

*Ellesmere.* Nor I; but it will set people  
thinking. They will say I used it in some  
great speech, and that, as it had never been  
heard in the House of Commons before, it  
completely crushed Mr. Disraeli, or Mr.  
Gladstone.

*Sir Arthur.* No: say something of which  
nobody can make any meaning, such as  
"*Sed memor quia immemor*" ("But mindful,  
because unmindful," ladies).

*Milverton.* No: turn it this way, "*Im-  
memor quia memor*" ("Unmindful because  
mindful"), and then a very subtle interpre-  
tation might be given. Don't you know that,  
when you know a person very well, and  
love him or her very much, you have more  
difficulty in recalling his or her countenance  
than that of any ordinary person?

*Ellesmere.* That is too fine-drawn. I  
stick to my Gracchi.

But is not my epitaph modest and touch-  
ing? I could almost myself shed tears for  
the loss of such a man. I do not say that  
I was a perfect friend, but only an *endurable*  
one. And then how exquisitely my honesty,  
carefulness, and general propriety of con-  
duct are indicated in what is said about the  
returning of borrowed books! Some people  
might think there is a little flattery in the  
words "powerful singer," but I know that  
Lady Ellesmere always goes out of the room  
when I begin to sing, and I conclude that  
her exit is from an excess of pleasure that  
requires solitude to moderate it.

[I observed that Lady Ellesmere did  
not say anything, and looked grave.  
Women do not like this kind of jesting  
about serious subjects, such as epitaphs.  
Sir John saw this too, and immediately  
turned into another branch of the subject.]

*Ellesmere.* What you said about pedantry,

Milverton, was not bad, but I think it was  
muddled up in your mind with other things,  
and, if you examined the matter, you would  
find that what you disapproved of, was a  
mixture of pedantry and insolence.

*Sir Arthur.* Resulting in disobligingness,  
which is but too common everywhere.

*Ellesmere.* Everybody knows, and Lady  
Ellesmere better than anybody, that I am  
the least offendable of mortal men. But I  
have been offended thrice in my life, and in  
each case it was by an official personage.  
Mark you that, Sir Arthur and Mr. Cran-  
mer.

*Milverton.* Let us hear all about it. I  
can hardly imagine your being offended with  
anybody.

*Ellesmere.* The guilty official personages  
were the croupier of a gaming-table, a  
young woman in a refreshment-room at a  
railway-station, and an Under-Secretary of  
State.

*Mauleverer.* How came you to be on  
such terms with a croupier as to be offended?

*Ellesmere.* Don't be alarmed! I never  
lost a penny at a gaming-table in my life.  
When once I am convinced that the odds,  
in however small a degree, are against me,  
not a thaler would I venture. But I met  
this fellow in some reading-room, and I asked  
him to do me some little service, such  
as one man may reasonably ask another,  
to show me where the bell was, or to be  
good enough to indicate to me the way to  
the hotel of the Three Knives, or to allow  
me to have the *Kölnischer Zeitung* when he  
had done with it.

He intimated to me that people mustn't  
speak to people if people had not been  
introduced to people, and snubbed me en-  
tirely. He was the most insolent of the  
three.

She was the haughtiest. I was foolish  
and tiresome enough, seeing a largely-spread  
board, to wish for something to eat and to  
drink. The young lady was apparently  
absorbed in writing an epic poem. She  
looked over my head, as Dickens describes,  
"into the far distance," and yet I felt she  
saw this tiresome person. I never was cut  
so dead in my life. I went away hungry  
and thirsty; but I found another damsel  
who was gracious and kind to me, and gave  
me a bun, from the stifling effect of which I  
have not yet fully recovered. Oh, she was  
haughty, I can tell you, that first young  
woman!

Now for my third snubbing. My time is  
too highly appreciated for me to bestow it  
unnecessarily; but I had to represent some  
grievance—I think it was for some consti-  
tuents—to the — Office.

I made my way, not without difficulty, to the Under-Secretary—not without difficulty too, from the many interruptions, did I contrive to state my case. Then he commenced snubbing me fearfully. You will think I was in a rage. Nothing of the kind. An odd idea struck me while he was talking, that amused me all the time.

Did you ever hear the story of Mrs. Sidons, "How gat he there?" You don't know it? Well, she heard some one say of a Frenchman that he was in his bureau. Her ideas of a bureau were not of a room, but of a piece of furniture, and so the great tragic actress naturally exclaimed, "How gat he there?"

And so, too, all the time I was listening to this gentleman's objurgations, I was saying to myself, "How gat you there? What Minister originally took you out of the ruck of men?" I say originally, because when once a man has got anything, he rises afterwards by a kind of routine, in parliamentary official life, as well as in the permanent civil service.

And then I thought of Milverton. He once wrote a story—the best thing he ever did write, to my mind. By the way, he will not live in future days by anything he has written that the public has read as his; but if he does survive in men's minds it will be by some obscure thing he has written, which neither he nor the public has taken any account of.

*Milverton.* Thank you, Ellesmere!

*Ellesmere.* Oh, where was I?

*Milverton.* That's so like Ellesmere; he has often so many persons on his hands to attack—in this case the croupier, the refreshment girl, the Under-Secretary, the Minister who first noticed him, and my unfortunate self—that he hardly knows where he is, and whom he is mauling.

*Ellesmere.* Oh, yes: I know where I was. Milverton wrote a story about some people who were always obliged to speak the truth when it was dark. I began to fear that I was one of these people. It was a November day when I saw the Under-Secretary, and, though only four o'clock (I was on my way to the House) the shades of evening were coming on. A nervous dread seized me lest I should be obliged to tell my thoughts, and ask the Under-Secretary, "How gat you there?" I hurriedly took my departure.

That man was the rudest of the three.

But, seriously speaking—for I mean that all my stories should bear closely on the subject—this illustrates what I mean.

These three people were probably pedants. The croupier had a pedantic idea of acquaint-

anceship—the Under-Secretary of official work—the refreshment-girl about giving refreshments. I have no doubt I did something that was out of due course: asked for coffee at a wrong time, or committed some solecism in refreshment manners. I daresay they were all pedants, but they were ill-conditioned people too. Pedantry is not so harmful as you would make out; and besides, you often mistake a necessary preciseness, or an inevitable division of labour, for mere pedantry.

*Sir Arthur.* I really think that, when a man has written his own epitaph, it indicates a great desire on his part for rest and quietness. I am sure, therefore, that Sir John will be very much obliged to me if I take up the running in his stead, and offer what few objections occur to me.

I think you are all too much inclined to look at what is physical. What you have said about houses is very good; but, really, man is too great a creature to be made very comfortable merely by comfortable houses. I like best what Milverton said about social and domestic intercourse.

How many human beings, Mr. Cranmer, were there found to be in the British Islands on the occasion of the last census?

*Cranmer.* 29,423,628; I know you will believe in my odd figures.

*Sir Arthur.* Divide that number roughly by four, and it will come to something like 7,000,000. I have no doubt, then, that there are, at this moment, 7,000,000 of misunderstandings in the British Isles. You know what I mean by misunderstandings;—that A thinks that he has reason to think that B thinks meanly of him; and that B thinks that C said something very unkind about him behind his back; and that E is sure that F has prejudiced G against him, for G has never been so friendly with him since he (G) made F's acquaintance; and so it goes on, through innumerable alphabets. Now this habit of self-tormenting might be considerably diminished by judicious education. Here is a thing, too, for preachers to preach against.

*Milverton.* The mischief chiefly arises from a kind of modesty—from a keen sense in most people of their own shortcomings and deficiencies. If people would only exercise their imagination in imagining that others think as well and as kindly of them (and this is surely not a great stretch of imagination) as they do of these others, the world would be a much more comfortable place to live in. The agonies that sensitive people invent—no, absolutely create—for themselves are as astounding in magnitude as they are inge-

nious in conception. I have seen the tears start into the eyes of a child on its being called by some new name of affection which it did not understand. Now, though a very humble, what a striking instance this is of the misery of misunderstanding.

*Sir Arthur.* A great French writer, I think it was Eugène Sue, said, "*Tout pardonner, c'est tout comprendre.*" I would rather he had turned it the other way, and had said, "*Tout comprendre, c'est tout pardonner.*" For, in truth, one would never be angry with anybody, if one understood him or her thoroughly. Now there is not time to understand them thoroughly. One must trust a great deal to the imagination: and therefore, I say, educate the imagination to believe that people are saying many favourable things of John behind his back.<sup>1</sup>

*Ellesmere.* I know a John who never indulges in this fond imagination, and yet does not make himself very miserable by fretting over what he imagines people may be saying of him.

*Sir Arthur.* I was going on to say that we do not make enough of, or give sufficient encouragement to, pleasantness in people. I know I am only saying here what Milverton would say, and indeed what he has said elsewhere; but I do not think he gave the just weight to such topics in his speech, and that he, like the rest of you, dwelt too much on material comforts. He led you from the senate or the school to the social circle and the home; but I want to deal with the man himself, and with his modes of thought, if I am to make him "comfortable." And I believe that a great deal can be done by training, especially by early training, to habituate our minds to "comfortable" modes of thought.

To illustrate how rare a thing is pleasantness of demeanour. I knew a lady who received, as it is called, London society very extensively. This lady was a comely, cozy woman, "fair, fat, and forty," and one of those persons in whom others inevitably confide, and to whom they come and tell their grievances.

One day I was alone with her, when she began to talk of her experience of the world. I listened very attentively.

"Now, as regards you men," she said, "what a number of clever and intelligent men there are! A clever man is no rarity! Also, what a number of good people there

are; people (perhaps of rough, queer, awkward exterior) who give no sign of their goodness and kindheartedness, but who, on the contrary, "from the cradle to the grave," are misunderstood; and who are very cross, too, at being misunderstood, when it is really their own fault, or rather the fault of their training. But if you want to know what is a rarity among men, it is a pleasant man—one who is safe, who never makes, nor takes, needless offence; who brings out the best points of other people. I assure you, Sir Arthur, when one has to give many parties, one learns to value such persons very much, and to discern that they are highly gifted."

I never forgot this conversation, and have ever since been looking about for pleasant people. The lady was quite right: they are the rarities. Double their number, and the world would be much more "comfortable."

Now, don't come down upon me by saying that a man must be somewhat false, or too much given to assent to everything that everybody says, in order to be a pleasant companion. Falseness, or insincere assent, is immediately perceived, and destroys pleasantness of intercourse, instead of creating it. But a pleasant man can dissent from you heartily and earnestly, without giving the least cause for offence. Of course no man is pleasant who is not truthful. Now a disagreeable man will often dissent from you from the mere love of opposition, and you do not call that untruthful, whereas it is the essence of falsehood, and you never know what the man's opinions really are, because he is so given to object to everything that anybody else says.

*Milverton.* I agree with every word you say, Sir Arthur; but do not blame me for not having introduced all these things into my speech; if I had done so, I should have spoken from breakfast-time till dinner-time.

*Ellesmere.* I must revive, and return to this dull earth; for I have something very good to say. I object to a species of ill-natured ridicule which is very rife in these days, and which goes by the vulgar name of "chaff." I have heard the most ill-natured things said chaffingly.

*Mauleverer.* Well! If I ever!

*Sir Arthur.* Upon my word, Ellesmere, we must revert to the Latin of your epitaph, and exclaim:—" *Quis tulerit Ellesmere, de chaffatione querentem.*"

*Ellesmere.* And I must revert to what you say about misunderstandings. I will knock off, at once, some four or five units from your seven millions of misunderstandings, for I dare say there are four or five foolish people who misunderstand me. Cranmer

<sup>1</sup> I did not understand this expression, but afterwards found out that it was anciently a way by which a man delicately alluded to favourable things that had been said about himself, "*Dicebant multa favorabilia de Johanne.*"



did, for one; but that's all over. I never say anything that can hurt anybody of any sense. Half an hour ago, I said something to Milverton about his works which might be taken to be an unpleasant saying, whereas it was a high compliment; delicately veiled, I admit, but still a high compliment. Other people valued his well-known works; I, for my part, delight most in those which are at present obscure. All my displiments (if I may coin a word for the occasion) are (when unmasked) highly complimentary.

*Lady Ellesmere.* There never were masks, then, so like real flesh and blood.

*Ellesmere.* It is very kind of you, my lady, to point out how well the thing is done, and that the deception is so like real life; and yet, as I contend, it does not deceive anybody. The birds do not come and peck at my picture: they merely say to one another, "How well Sir John paints his cherries! It is quite a treat to look at them."

Now, for goodness' sake do admit that there is a gulf so wide between fun and ill-nature that no Curtius can fill it up. Don't think you are going to make men comfortable by making them dull.

*Mauleverer.* I am going to have my "innings" now, and I shall presume to take you back to a very grave part of the subject. You may try to improve individual men as much as you like, but I can tell you that they will always be little, spiteful, vain, sensitive, backbiting creatures.

Now I think you may possibly do something to make governments wiser, and so improve the comfort of mankind. I do not wish to be censorious, but the statesmen of modern days do not seem to me to be well-educated for statesmanship—to be well-grounded in the things it most behoves them to know. A signal proof of this seems to me to be, that all great measures are carried by the very men who began by opposing them. I will not use the ugly words "renegades" and "apostates;" but, to use parliamentary language, I will say that the best measures are carried by gentlemen "who have seen reason, and are not ashamed to own it, for greatly modifying their opinions on this important subject," which generally means that they have come right round.

I know full well that to make too much of mere consistency is a great mistake; but it does occur to me as a subject of regret that statesmen should not have apprehended the drift of certain main lines of policy. Now I must speak a little egotistically, but it will illustrate what I mean. When I was a young man, and thought it likely that I

should some day or other be in parliament, the great noise was beginning to be made about Free-trade and the Corn-laws. I said to myself, I will study these questions for myself: and I did study them carefully. I came to the conclusion, which was not particularly welcome to me, that the principles of Free-trade must prevail, and that the Corn-laws must be abolished. Now, really, I cannot help giving myself, and others who did as I did, more credit for statesmanlike views than those men who filled a much greater place in the world, but who seemed to be very deaf to sound reasoning, and never to have looked into things for themselves. I cannot respect them so much for their inconsistency, whatever merit it may have, as I should have done for their sagacity, if they had been consistently right from the first.

Another point has struck me about statesmen. Sometimes they do not seem to be equal to the clever men outside, or even to the general body of ordinary men, for that is the point. A Cabinet, perhaps consisting of really clever men, puts forth something which gods, men, and omnibus-drivers protest against, not only as a thing bad in itself, but which has also this disadvantage, that it cannot possibly be carried. That good sense which forms the best part of what we call "the public mind" seems sometimes to have no representative amongst even first-class statesmen. This has really puzzled me. I am not speaking satirically at all, but very earnestly, and I hope humbly. Do explain this phenomenon to me.

*Cranmer.* Let me answer him. You seem to forget, Mauleverer, that these things you object to, which are put forth by statesmen, and which, as you say, are discovered to be foolish, even by common-place persons, are the results of compromise. Now, every compromise is easily attackable. Your common-place man has nobody whom he is obliged to consult. His views are therefore uncompromising and clear. You would see what modifications he would have to make if he had to act with others, instead of merely talking out his own views, upon his own responsibility alone.

*Sir Arthur.* It seems but fair to consider this.

*Milverton.* Still, does there not remain an important residuum of truth in what Mr. Mauleverer has stated?

*Sir Arthur.* Perhaps; but much less, I think, than you imagine.

*Lady Ellesmere.* Now may I not take up the running, or have the innings, to use the elegant phrases which you gentlemen adopt, and make my comment upon the speech?

How was it, Leonard, that you did not say anything about marriage, upon which, surely, so much of comfort or discomfort depends?

*Milverton.* My dear Mildred, are you going to be unreasonable too, like the rest of them? To discourse properly on such a subject would have required a long speech, and who is to make such a speech? An unmarried man cannot, for want of experience, and a married man will not; consequently there has been very little written or said about marriage, if we except Jeremy Taylor's celebrated sermon, which is worth listening to.

I will tell you something which occurs to me, but it has reference to love-making rather than to marriage. I think that some of you women make a point of being too reserved and too reticent in the expression of your feelings, or rather of neglecting to give any intimation of what those feelings might be, and so, many a marriage, that might have proved very happy, has been prevented.

*Ellesmere.* I quite agree with *Milverton* that, considering the greater natural modesty and timidity of men, women should make more of an advance than they do. What would have become of me if Mildred had not been somewhat different from the rest of her sex? You know how it all happened?

"Johnny!" she said (I did think that a little familiar, and that she might have contented herself with "John"), "Johnny! you are intolerable to most men, and nearly to all women; but you are not so very intolerable to me. I don't mind, if you don't. Pegotty is willing."

What could I do, but close at once with the proposition, and say, "Barkis is willing, and has been for many a long day"? And so it ended; no, it didn't end there; I always do what the books tell me to do—I believe in books—and so down I knelt and kissed her hand. And here we are, not more miserable than other married people. Oh, it's a capital instance of the advantage of women coming forward. Speaking on the part of men, having received a "brief," marked with a large fee, and intituled "Mankind in general v. Mauleverer and Others," I say we should not mind at all if women would take the leading part in love affairs.

*Lady Ellesmere.* I think I need not contradict this statement. The Court is too well aware of my learned friend's power of statement, which is nearly equal in truth and accuracy to his "powerful singing." Johnny's audacity (I suppose I may call him Johnny now) is too well known for it to be supposed that it was wanting to him on any

occasion. Their lordships, I am sure, are so far with me.

*Milverton.* Have you anything to say, Johnson? for, if not, I shall commence my speech in reply.

*Johnson.* I have something to say, but it is not quite relevant to the subject.

*Ellesmere.* Say it, Sandy. Hang relevancy and consistency, and all other strait-laced inventions for tying up the tongues of men.

*Johnson.* No, I shall postpone it to another time.

*Milverton.* Have you anything you wish to say, Blanche?

*Mrs. Milverton.* No, dear; I agree, chiefly, with what Sir Arthur has said.

*Milverton.* Then, I suppose, I may commence my reply.

In the first place, *Ellesmere* sneered at me about repetition.

[I did not hear Sir John say anything of the kind: I suppose it was an aside.]

I shall begin with a story.

I was travelling with one of the leading men of the extreme Liberal party in Ireland, a man of great eloquence, and it was at a time when O'Connell was in full force, and creating immense agitation for repeal. "What a great man he is!" said my friend. "Is there any man who can repeat the same thing over and over again in the way that he does? You do not see the greatness that there is in that. If you or I, poor creatures, were to have said the same thing once or twice, however appropriate, should we not be too shamefaced to say it again?—

'Hereditary bondsmen, know ye not,

Who would be free, themselves must strike the blow?'

Now could you 'hereditary bondsmen' them more than once or twice in your life? You know you couldn't. Whereas O'Connell can and will do so a hundred times. Those lines exactly convey his meaning, and he is not going to waste his time in searching for what would be sure to do not quite so well."

What my Irish friend said made a deep impression upon me, and when I am drawing back from a word, or a phrase, or a sentiment, merely because I have said it once or twice before, I mutter to myself, "Hereditary bondsmen, know ye not," and on I go with my word or my phrase, which happens to suit me now as it suited me before. Have I not answered you, Master *Ellesmere*?

[*Ellesmere* made a shrug of negation, but said nothing.]

I should like now to add a few words in explanation of my speech. I do not think I made very clear what I meant by unreasonable conservatism. I will give an instance. A man who has given considerable attention to the poor, and has been noted for benevolence, tells me that it would be an immense advantage if wages were paid in the middle of the week instead of at the end. I thought I knew something about this matter, but when I came to talk with this man, I found there were advantages, in the plan he proposed, that had entirely escaped me. Look, for instance, how much longer time the poor woman would have for laying out her husband's wages to advantage. Whereas, under the present system of paying on a Saturday, she has scarcely any choice given her; for recollect that Sunday is the feast day: the day for which meat is bought.

Then another thing that you would never have thought of is, that no extra blaze of gas would be brought on, like there now is on a Saturday night, for the purpose of selling an inferior article under the deceiving influence of that extra light. Well, this man had two great establishments; one in town, and one in the country. At one he succeeded, but at the other conservatism, as he told me, was too strong for him.

Now, take another instance,—the locking of the doors of railway carriages. I never met with a man who could give me valid reasons for the continuance of that practice that almost everybody wishes to be discontinued. I believe that the reason mainly adduced for the practice is, that some madman might jump out while the train is in motion. But what a one-sided madman he must be, for the doors are only locked on one side. Bring the people of England to the poll on this question, and not one in one hundred thousand would vote for this locking up—except, perhaps, the madmen. They might naturally enough vote with the directors.

But the thing having been done once, irrational conservatism comes in, and years pass away before the thing can be undone.

Take another instance,—we mend our roads with rough stones, and omit to press them down properly. This injures our horses, spoils our carriage-wheels, and annoys ourselves; and, moreover, is a great detriment to the road. But to bring a heavy roller over these stones would be a Whig-Radical device, and irrational conservatism shudders at it.

Now I come to Sir Arthur's remarks. Of course, if it had been an essay or a speech chiefly directed to the government of the

man's own mind, I should have dwelt much more upon the art of making men more comfortable in their minds. I should have mentioned, for instance, what I have said before, about the folly of hating, and of imagining evils for, others, upon this ground alone, that, exercise your imagination as much as you will, you cannot imagine anything which 'is sure to do your enemy, if you are stupid enough and extravagant enough to indulge in such a luxury as an enemy, any harm.

I should have endeavoured to deal with envy and jealousy in a similar way: but I was not speaking about the passions, but about the possible comforts of mankind.

Finally, I should like to say something more about communism. I fear I shall be misunderstood in what I said about that. I do certainly think that some of the advantages which communists aim at might be gained by central government, which, in my judgment, is bound to undertake that good for individuals which they cannot possibly compass by individual exertion.

But now, following the line of Sir Arthur, I will show that there is a much larger and higher communism in my mind—the communism of sympathy that should pervade all classes.

What is the great misery of each individual man? Isolation. "No losses but of my making, no tears but of my shedding," says Shylock, being himself, partly from his own fault, and partly from the fault of cruel prejudices, one of the most isolated of beings.

You all know those words in the "Flauto Magico" which I admire so much. I have often repeated them to you, and ("Hereditary bondsmen, know ye not?") I shall repeat them again. The words which please me most are—

"Fra noi ciascuno divide  
L'affanno ed il piacer."

What a comfort it would be to human life if men felt they could divide their sorrows with other men, and how willingly they would then allow those others to partake their joys! Of course, I know that, upon this earth, such a state of things is impossible. The only approach that can be made to it is by sympathy, and sympathy must grow with knowledge. Changing and enlarging a little your French proverb, I would say—*"Tout comprendre ec'est tout aimer."*

We dined together, and everybody tried, at least everybody except Sir



John Ellesmere, to make the evening go off cheerfully; but it was manifestly an effort, and the wheels "drave heavily." It was in vain that Mr. Milverton, playing the part of a good host, threw out topics of conversation, chiefly political. Sir John gave short, snappish answers, which led to nothing.

When we had left the table, and had drawn round the fire, there was a heavy silence for a minute or two, which was at last broken by Sir John.

*Ellesmere.* No, I will not come again; it is such a detestable thing, the breaking-up. Nothing is worth it.

I will come and see you, Milverton, if you are in trouble or ill, but I will not assist any more at these pleasant meetings.

What did Dr. Johnson say when he went over Garrick's cheerful house, and saw Garrick's pleasant, comely wife, and Garrick's well-chosen furniture? It was something of this sort:—"Oh, Davy, Davy, these are the things which make it so terrible to die!"—and parting is a kind of death.

Now there is Sir Arthur. I knew him to be a great writer and a great politician, but I did not know that he was such a good fellow, and that he would endure the impertinences of a certain flippant lawyer, presuming to chaff him (shall I admit the word "chaff"?) about "The True," "The Good," and "The Beautiful."

And then there is Cranmer. Who would have thought that an ex-Secretary of the Treasury would be so tolerant of such an unofficial-minded man as I am? And then, Mauleverer,—I now know that he has a large soul, and am sure that he likes me better than any turtle;—and Sandy, there; what a clever boy he is! Have I not taught him many athletic sports—such as fishing and making ducks and drakes on the water? And I am very sorry to part from him, too. I hate parting, that's a fact! and I am not such a hypocrite and impostor as, like the rest of you, to pretend to be very cheerful this evening.

By the way, having mentioned Garrick's wife reminds me of something. With my fear of any great felicity in this world, and my horror of having to part from it, I almost wish I had never seen Mildred. She has made life too agreeable to me. Now then, dear, have I not said a thing which compensates for all rude speeches, past, present, and to come?

[It is always very difficult to know

how far Sir John is in earnest. I think there was a touch of earnestness in that last sentence of his. Lady Ellesmere evidently thought so too. In that beautiful woman's eyes there came that mist which rises before tears, or upon the conquest and suppression of tears, and which gives the deepest and tenderest expression to a face. She stole her hand into his; but said nothing. Sir John continued :—]

Talking of "The Comfortable," there is one comfort in having a wife, that one can throw one's packing upon her; and, as no true woman can refuse a good opportunity for making a fuss, she is sure to delight in it. To-morrow is Sunday, and we start early on Monday; so, my dear, you really must set to work now. Remember to return those books of Milverton's that we have carried off into our room, or my epi— Don't look so reproachful, my dear. Do you know, Milverton, our wives are angry with us: yours because you said it was your last essay; and mine, because I wrote a posthumous account of myself. You silly thing! it does not make one die a bit the sooner; and as for you, Blanche, Milverton's threat of its being the last essay is merely a sign of increased liveliness, and a decent way of informing us that he is coming out next season with renewed vigour. Do Ministers always mean to resign when they threaten to do so?

No, don't go just yet. I will give you a good winding up of all our writing and talking. Do you remember the concluding chapter of *Rasselas*, "in which nothing is concluded"? I will give you my version of it as applicable to ourselves. It is as follows :—

It rained incessantly (that is, it did yesterday), and the Friends in Council were confined to the house. A juicy day in the country promotes meditation of the most serious kind; and they had ample time to think over and to communicate to each other the various schemes of happiness which each of them had formed.

Mr. Cranmer thought that, of all sub-lunary things, taxation was the prettiest. He desired to found a state where the people would pay their taxes gladly, and where financial statements made by the Government would be universally believed in.

Mr. Mauleverer sought to enrol himself in a community where every man, woman, and child should know how thoroughly and

hopelessly miserable he or she is, and where a joke should be a crime punishable by instant death.

Sir Arthur maintained that a perception of "The Beautiful" would, of itself, render all people sufficiently happy; but his wanderings from Mesopotamia to Yucatan had only brought him in contact with coarse people, who seemed more intent upon "The Beefy" than "The Beautiful."

Mr. Milverton desired a kingdom in which right reason—that is to say, his own ideas—should always prevail. He had carefully fixed the limits of this kingdom; but could never find anybody worthy to be an inhabitant of it except himself and his private secretary, Sandy Johnson.

Mr. Alexander Johnson thought that literature was the salt of life, and that any man who had written a book must be very wise and very good. Some converse, however, with men who had written books, induced him greatly to modify this opinion; and he was now inclined to maintain that the northern part of each community contained all the worth, and wit, and wisdom of the land, and that the universe, to be well governed, should chiefly be ruled over by Scotchmen.

Mrs. Milverton desired to find—that greatest of household treasures—a good cook, with a good temper.

Lady Ellesmere proposed to form a female community, herself to be the head of it, where, freed from the turbulence of men, gentle means should be employed for the attainment of generous ends, and where rationality of enjoyment should be the just reward of perspicuity of design; but, never having been for any ten minutes alone with other women, without finding their society rather dull, she was beginning to conclude that men, as well as wasps, must have their place in creation (though she could not quite see why) and must be endured as necessary evils.

Sir John Ellesmere was contented to be driven along the stream of life without expecting to find anybody much wiser, more judicious, or less unreasonable than himself.

Of the many discussions and deliberations in which the "Friends" had been involved, they were now aware that some of them

were wise, and that some of them were inept. Of the opinions they had pronounced, the precepts they had urged, the suggestions they had presumed to offer for the benefit—as they had been pleased to fancy—of mankind, reflection taught them that those which were the utterances of folly would be readily adopted by the common nonsense of their fellow-men, while such—alas, but few!—as were the dictates of sound wisdom would mostly be devoid of growth in the shallow soil upon which such seeds are, of necessity, scattered by the sower. Rejoicing in the thought that, if their lucubrations would do no good, at any rate they would cause but little harm—for the world is so full of foolishness that if a new folly is introduced it must perforce expel some other folly—the Friends in Council resolved, if the train should not break down, to return to their smoke-stained habitations in the "unlovely" precincts of modern Babylon.

After this there was much humorous conversation, everybody, except Mrs. Milverton and Mr. Cranmer, protesting that their views and hopes had been grossly misrepresented by Sir John Ellesmere. We then separated for the night: and I have nothing further to relate respecting our sojourn during the holidays at Worth-Ashton.

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And now I must say a word or two for myself. I may not always have set forth accurately the conversations which I have undertaken to record. I may not even have chosen the most interesting of them. I am very young, but I think I am not unobservant; and the love I have had from my childhood for investigating character may have been useful to me in this instance. I hope it may have been so. But, at any rate, I have done my best, and can only hope that what I have done will not be received with disfavour by the public.

## LITTLE SEAL-SKIN.

THE Fisherman walked up the hill,  
 His boat lay on the sand,  
 His net was on his shoulder still,  
 His home a mile inland.  
 And as he walked amongst the whin  
 He saw a little white seal-skin,  
 Which he took up in his hand.  
 Then "How," said he, "can this thing be?  
 "A seal-skin, and no seal within?"  
 Thus pondered he,  
 Partly in fear,  
 Till he remembered what he'd heard  
 Of creatures in the sea,—  
 Sea-men and women, who are stirred  
 One day in every year,  
 To drop their seal-skins on the sand,  
 To leave the sea and seek the land  
 For twelve long hours,  
 Playing about in sweet sunshine,  
 Amongst the cornfields, with corn-flowers,  
 Wild roses and woodbine:  
 Till night comes on, and then they flit  
 Adown the fields, and sit  
 Upon the shore and put their seal-skins on,  
 And slip into the sea, and they are gone.

The Fisherman stroked the fur  
 Of the little white seal-skin,  
 Soft as silk, and white as snow.  
 And he said to himself, "I know  
 "That some little sea-woman lived in  
 "This seal-skin, perhaps not long ago.  
 "I wonder what has become of her!  
 "And why she left this on the whin,  
 "Instead of slipping it on again,  
 "When all the little sea-women and men  
 "Went hurrying down to the sea!  
 "Ah! well, she never meant  
 "It for me,  
 "That I should take it. But I will,  
 "Home to my house upon the hill,"  
 Said the Fisherman, and home he went.

The Fisher dozed before his fire,  
 The night was cold outside,  
 The bright full moon was rising higher,  
 Above the swelling tide.



And the wind brought the sound of breakers nigher,  
Even to the hill-side,  
When suddenly  
Something broke at the cottage-door,  
Like the plash  
Of a little wave on a pebbly shore,  
And as water frets in the backward drain  
Of the wave, seeming to fall in pain,  
There came a wailing after the plash.—  
The Fisherman woke, and said, "Is it rain?"  
Then he rose from his seat,  
And opened his door a little way,  
But soon shut it again,  
With a kind of awe;  
For the prettiest little sea-woman lay  
On the grass at his feet  
That you ever saw:  
She began to sob and to say,  
"Who has stolen my skin from me?  
"And who is there will take me in?  
"For I have lost my little seal-skin,  
"And I can't get back to the sea."

The Fisherman stroked the fur  
Of the downy white seal-skin,  
And he said, "Shall I give it her?  
"But then she would get in,  
"And hurry away to the sea,  
"And not come back to me,  
"And I should be sorry all my life,  
"I want her so for my little wife."  
The Fisherman thought for a minute,  
Then he carried the seal-skin to  
A secret hole in the thatch,  
Where he hid it cleverly, so  
That a sharp-sighted person might go  
In front of the hole and not catch  
A glimpse of the seal-skin within it.  
After this he lifted the latch  
Of his door once more,  
But the night was darker, for  
The moon was swimming under a cloud,  
So the Fisherman couldn't see  
The little sea-woman plainly,  
Seeing a fleck of white foam only,  
That was sobbing aloud  
As before.  
"Little sea-woman," said the Fisherman,  
"Will you come home to me,  
"Will you help me to work and help me to save,  
"Care for my house and me,  
"And the little children that we shall have?"  
"Yes, Fisherman," said she.

So the Fisherman had his way,  
 And seven years of life  
 Passed by him like one happy day ;  
 But, as for his sea wife,  
 She sorrowed for the sea always,  
 And loved not her land life.  
 Morning, and evening, and all day,  
 She would say  
 To herself—"The sea! the sea!"  
 And at night, when, dreaming,  
 She stretched her arms about her, seeming  
 To seek little Willie,  
 It was the sea  
 She would have clasped, not he—  
 The great sea's purple water,  
 Dearer to her than little son or daughter.  
 Yet she was kind  
 To her children three,  
 Harry, fair Alice, and baby Willie ;  
 And set her mind  
 To keep things orderly.  
 "Only," thought she,  
 "If I *could* but find  
 "That little seal-skin I lost one day.  
 She didn't know  
 That her husband had it hidden away ;  
 Nor he,  
 That she long'd for it so.

Until

One evening, as he climbed the hill,  
 The Fisherman found her amongst the whin,  
 Sobbing, saying, "My little seal-skin—  
 "Who has stolen my skin from me?  
 "How shall I find it, and get in,  
 "And hurry away to the sea?"  
 Then "She shall have her will,"  
 Said he.

So

Next morning, when he rose to go  
 A fishing, and his wife still slept,  
 He stole  
 The seal-skin from that secret hole  
 Where he had kept  
 It, and flung it on a chair,  
 Saying, "She will be glad to find it there  
 "To-day  
 "When I am gone,  
 And yet  
 "Perhaps she will not put it on,"  
 He said, "Nor go away."

In sleeping his wife wept;  
Then the Fisherman took his net,  
    And crept  
    Into the chill air.

The night drew on—the air was still,  
Homeward the Fisher climbed the hill.  
All day he'd thought, "She will not go;"  
And now "She has not," pondered he.  
"She is not gone," he said. "I know  
"There is a lamp in our window,  
    "Put ready on the sill  
"To guide me home, and I shall see  
"The dear light glimmering presently,  
    "Just as I round the hill."

But when he turned, there was no light  
To guide him homeward through the night.

    Then "I am late," he said,  
    "    And, maybe, she was weary  
    "Looking so long for me.  
    "    She lays the little ones in bed  
    "    Well content,  
"In the inner room, where I shall find her;  
    "    And where she went,  
"Forgetting to leave the light behind her."

    So he came to his cottage door,  
    And threw it open wide;  
    But stood a breathing space, before  
    He dared to look inside.  
    No fire was in the fireplace, nor  
    A light on any side;  
    But a little heap lay on the floor,  
    And the voice of a baby cried.  
    Rocking and moaning on the floor,  
    That little heap  
    Was the children, tired with crying,  
    Trying to sleep,  
    Moaning and rocking to and fro;  
    But Baby Willie hindered the trying  
    By wailing so.

Then "Wife! wife!" said the Fisherman,  
    "Come from the inner room."  
There was no answer, and he ran  
    Searching into the gloom.  
"Wife! wife! why don't you come?  
"The children want you, and I've come home?"  
    "Mammy's gone, Daddy," said Harry—  
    "    Gone into the sea;  
    "    She'll never come back to carry  
    "    Tired Baby Willie.  
"It's no use now, Daddy, looking about;  
"I can tell you just how it all fell out.



*Little Seal-Skin.*

"There was a seal-skin  
 "In the kitchen—  
 "A little crumpled thing;  
 "I can't think how it came there;  
 "But this morning  
 "Mammy found it on a chair,  
 "And when she began  
 "To feel it, she dropped  
 "It on the floor—  
 "But snatched it up again and ran  
 "Straight out at the door,  
 "And never stopped  
 "Till she reached the shore.

"Then we three, Daddy,  
 "Ran after, crying, 'Take us to the sea!  
 "Wait for us, Mammy, we are coming too!  
 "Here's Alice, Willie, can't keep up with you!  
 "Mammy, stop—just for a minute or two!'

"But Alice said, 'Maybe  
 "She's making us a boat  
 "Out of the seal-skin cleverly,  
 "And by and by she'll float  
 "It on the water from the sands  
 "For us.' Then Willie clapt his hands  
 "And shouted, 'Run on, Mammy, to the sea,  
 "And we are coming. Willie understands.'

"At last we came to where the hill  
 "Slopes straight down to the beach,  
 "And there we all stood breathless, still,  
 "Fast clinging each to each.  
 "We saw her sitting upon a stone,  
 "Putting the little seal-skin on.  
 "Oh! Mammy! Mammy!  
 "She never said good-bye, Daddy,  
 "She didn't kiss us three;  
 "She just put the little seal-skin on  
 "And slipped into the sea!  
 "Oh! Mammy's gone, Daddy—Mammy's gone!  
 "She slipped into the sea!"

E. KEARY.

## CHRIST CHURCH SERVITORS IN 1852.

BY ONE OF THEM.

How late the life of one age may last over into another is well known; but we generally find this to be the case in rustic neighbourhoods rather than in the seats of culture and learning. No Act of Parliament would avail to put down the Devonshire pixies, and the progress of social refinement has not as yet banished some of the grossest concomitants of wakes and fairs. The prize-ring still exists in some shabby ghost of its former burly self; and only the other day, when the *Spectator* associated the words "bishop" and "goose," many people in the more remote parishes felt shocked.

But it is not so generally known how a fragment of old manners may get stuck in the very midst of change and improvement; how, for instance, a genuine bit of seventeenth-century life lingered in Oxford until the middle of the nineteenth. I allude to the institution of Servitors. Mr. Hughes will, I am sure, pardon me, if I say that the servitor in his "Tom Brown at Oxford" is an utter impossibility: in fact he is the Cambridge sizar transferred to Oxford. "What then is a servitor?" the reader asks. That is the question I asked when it was proposed by the Bishop of — that I should become a servitor. "Oh, a servitor! why much the same as a Cambridge sizar; some few little drawbacks, you know; but in this country why of course the path of promotion and distinction is open to all." These were fine phrases, and I swallowed them. Many of my old schoolfellows were sizars; I had never heard them complain. Why should not I be a servitor? It would be impossible to describe the dismay with which I found out the reality. First came dismay, then indignation, and then a smouldering disgust and hatred.

This is what I found out.

The servitors were about a dozen or so  
No. 109.—VOL. XIX.

in number. The nucleus of the group was supplied by boys who had been choristers of Christ Church Cathedral. As these choristers were generally the sons of Oxford tradesmen of the lower class, the constant element in our compound was not encouraging. To these were added, from time to time, unwary beings like myself, sons of professional men, picked up here and there all over the country. I scarcely know how we were picked up. An old Christ Church tutor got hold of a promising lad whose parents were poor, or was worried by the poor parents of a lad who was not by any means promising, and wrote up to the dean. We came, a motley crew: there was no examination, and good scholars settled down in the common sty with the most ludicrous "mistakes" and portents of University men that can be conceived. Let me see. I was a parson's son; there were, I think, two others of that illustrious caste. Then we had one lawyer's son, one of whom we spoke deferentially, although he was a very decided *mauvais sujet*, as the "son of a country gentleman." The rest were, I believe, almost entirely sons of tradesmen, either in Oxford or elsewhere. One was the son of a shoemaker near Manchester. Now this seems excellent. Here, if anywhere, at Christ Church in the University of Oxford, was realized the very ideal of liberalism; no wretched distinctions of rank,—the son of the shoemaker side by side with the son of the country gentleman! Miserable, unutterable parody! Pray imagine these twelve wretched lads at the bottom of a hopeless depth, and above them, not drawing them up into itself, but crushing them down under the dead weight of an almost absolute unconsciousness of their presence, the whole fabric of that numerous and aristocratic society.

I have never since asked a Christ

Church commoner whether he knew there were such beings as servitors. But I believe some of them did, and that they called the servitors *scribs*, a term which I shall have occasion to explain further on.

Of course no commoner of Christ Church ever called on a servitor, or would have been seen speaking to one for the world. This line was most intense. I never knew of its being crossed, though I don't say it may not possibly have been crossed in a few instances, secretly, and with much terror of consequences.

Boys have come up from the same school, friends, and at the gate of Christ Church have looked their last look and smiled their last smile of recognition in this world.

Now what did this? Young Englishmen are surely manly fellows, independent, self-asserting? Yes! but God only knows what your young Englishman can do under the influence of a tradition! What did your manly young Englishman see that made him shrink with terror and loathing from the servitor, the poor scholar, the representative of "old mediæval" liberality, good neighbourhood, and brotherly love? He saw what I doubt not he could not understand. He saw some twelve lads of his own age attending the same lectures, going in for the same examinations. But in the first place he saw that these men did not dine at the same time with the rest of the college. To outsiders this may seem a small matter, but not so to the Christ Church undergraduate.

How vividly it all comes back! The college dined at five. The servitors crept in (it really is not an exaggeration) at a quarter to six. Just inside of the hall, and no more; just in the left-hand bottom corner, our table was laid. I don't think we had the leavings of the other tables, and what we had we had for nothing: so far I try to be grateful at the recollection. If it was winter, most of the lights in the hall had by this time been put out. Generally one table would still be occupied by commoners or stu-

dents. I shall never forget their look as they passed us, slowly sauntering out of the hall. The marked and studied way in which I must say most of the men tried to look anywhere rather than at us showed the good-breeding which I fear they scarcely thought any of us could appreciate. But on the other hand the giggle of some inane gentleman-commoner, or the amused stare of some recent importation from Westminster, has often proved how demoralizing this spectacle of "the animals feeding" was to the sons of English gentlemen. And here I hope all honest *alumni* of Westminster will pardon me if I say that we servitors did most cordially detest Westminster men. I don't know exactly why; but the pressure under which we lived tended to produce irrational dislikes and instinctive hatreds of a brute and grovelling nature. At least, if this does not account for the fact, I am driven to suppose, and old half-forgotten occurrences almost incline me to believe, that the Westminster man of the period was a bad sort of person. However, be this as it may, it was a servitorial tradition (we *Cagots* even had our traditions!) to hate Westminster men.

At dinner, more than at any other time, we had opportunities of noticing how utterly contemptible we were in the eyes of the college servants. The moment the hall was clear of the "gentlemen," the servants were at high jinks. Flirtations of the most vigorous kind between the male and female servants, loud laughter, and even swearing were the order of the day. Amidst the Saturnalia of a vulgar audacity which was consciously endeavouring to carry our humiliation as far as it could safely be carried, we ate and drank, and, such is the vitality of young Britons, even joked and "sconced" one another.

So much for dinner: in chapel we had what we called, possibly every one called, the "Den." The Den was a kind of horse-box railed off from the chapel, and was placed immediately behind one censor and directly in front of the other. The fixed belief



among us was that this arrangement arose from a distrust of our capacity, or at any rate our willingness, to behave decently at the service: hence the necessity of the ever-present censorial eye. Of course, therefore, many men behaved abominably. The screen was a tolerably close one, and men frequently read newspapers or novels. One man, I remember, used to create much amusement by producing his pipe, and by simple pantomime indicating his desire to have a smoke. It is very difficult for me to imagine what the *gentlemen* (the name by which the other members of the College were invariably designated by the servants when speaking to servitors) thought of this. What they may have seen besides a row of anonymous faces glowering through the screen would not tend to raise their opinion of us. In fact—it's no use disguising it—to them we were a set of "cads;" the whole system told them so, the whole system tended to make us so. The tutors did nothing to obviate this. Bound by the iron links of tradition, smothering in their souls the higher instincts that must have been there, though chidden and mostly mute beneath the shadow of conventionalism, the best of them kept us afar off. But the lower natures! Well, let me not speak of them; but they *were* low. My own tutor, good, kind, genial S., radiant with his own happy innocence, sweet, loving, and beloved! But S. would never have dreamt of having me to dine and meet men at his rooms. During the whole of my residence at Christ Church I never as much as heard of a servitor being asked to dine with his tutor, or in any way meet other men except at the usual lectures. If a servitor, having taken a good degree, got a fellowship at another college, then it was different. He was actually asked into the Christ Church common room! I well remember, when one of our body got a fellowship at —, and upon one occasion was crossing Peckwater dressed for dinner, how a Westminster student, lounging on the library steps, exclaimed to his admiring companions, "Quantum

mutatus ab illo!" Nor can I forget how, when this same servitor got his first, and many servitors had gathered in his rooms to congratulate him, and had, I think, ventured upon a sort of cheer down in the cellar where B. lived, a gorgeous specimen of the "student" called to his scout to know "what that d——d row was about," and, being told, remarked, "Oh, then, it's only a d——d scrib that's got some d——d class." To show the delightful relation existing between the servitors and the servants, I think I ought to mention another circumstance. On the same occasion a scout, waiting at the servitors' table, an old man and a kindly, was told that he was to have some beer to drink Mr. —'s health. "By G——," said he, "I thought as — was a fool, but I don't mind drinking his jolly good health."

So far of scouts and Westminster students. But I can hardly expect people nowadays readily to believe the following fact, for the truth of which I can vouch. A servitor who had obtained a fellowship was invited to dinner by one of the Christ Church tutors. The dinner took place in the tutor's own rooms. There were present some eight men, among others a young clergyman, a Christ Church man. Upon some fancied provocation, this extraordinary person actually launched out into a violent and abusive attack upon the quondam servitor who sat next him; and the attack, which was of the coarsest and most vulgar kind, was based upon the fact that his fellow-guest had been a servitor. It may be imagined how the unhappy host tried to hush this outburst of, I must say, almost unparalleled insolence. Now I don't mean for one instant to say that the society of Christ Church would have accepted the Rev. — as the representation of what among them was gentlemanly, refined, or even commonly intelligent; still the possibility of such a scene may at least enable the Christ Church of the present to measure the progress it has made since 1854.

It will easily be seen that a servitor

had no society whatever within the pale of Christ Church except that of his brother servitors. But it might be supposed that a servitor could have worked out into the general society of the university. This he decidedly could not do. In the first place there were no servitors except at Christ Church. I used to hear dark surmises of some such institution at Jesus. But the obscurity of these poor sufferers was lost in the general obscurity of that college. Then there was the distinctive dress. The Oxford undergraduate's gown has two strings behind, the upper part of which is plaited. The servitor's gown had the strings, but they were not plaited. Again, the servitor's caps had no tassel. Besides, if any out-college man came to our Sunday chapel, he must have noticed that we never wore surplices. It almost amuses me now to think how this miserable matter exercised the much-tortured mind of the poor servitor. But I ought not to be amused. They were boys, remember, after all; and I can bear testimony to the fact that a more ingenious method of torture could hardly have been devised. Some men could manage the unplaited strings; at the worst they could draw them inward through the arm-holes; but the tassel! To get over this, an ingenious servitor, of whose *floruit* I am ignorant, contrived a tassel which lay concealed in the lining of the cap, and could be protruded through a slit in the board or withdrawn by the same channel, as occasion asked. This moveable tassel was not unfrequently used in my time, and was called a "bosh." It is creditable to the strength which may reside in young and friendless hearts that many of the servitors considered this a deceit, and scorned it. Indeed, I am justified in saying that there were some of our body who honestly strove to think that the whole affair was "all right;" lads who thoroughly understood, and were prepared gratefully to accept, an eleemosynary position; nay, some who even idealized it, and fancied they saw something noble and "medieval" in it.

These men set their faces like flints, and determined not to be ashamed, determined to act out thoroughly on their side the spirit and the letter of the institution. But there was no one to help them. We have already seen that Christ Church did nothing but throw them a bone, and kick them as they mumbled it. Christ Church did nothing to fan this generous flame of gratitude, and proud indebted humility. Outside it was almost as bad; so bad, indeed, as to make a man with any self-respect shrink back into such sorry society as was open to him inside. I had an old schoolfellow and most intimate friend at ———. He was good, but not bold. I don't know what he might have done if he had possessed more of the latter quality. But I tried him. I went once or twice to his rooms, of course scrupulously servitorial in my dress. I saw he did not like it:— I saw it frightened him. I noticed his anxiety that I should come at appointed times: when I went he was always alone. Twice, I think, but late at night, he came to my cellar in Canterbury Quad. Then of course the unnatural effort made us unnatural, made me vehemently and morbidly suspicious. Why say more? Such relations cannot last; they become to both parties intolerable.

I know some people will smile at this dress question; but I am strictly within the limits of sober fact when I say that it was to us a veritable curse and woe.

Who was to take us by the hand? We could not be members of the Union; I never heard of a servitor being even proposed. I am quite sure that, if he had been proposed, he would have been blackballed by the Christ Church members. But the thing was never dreamt of. I don't think it ever crossed my mind to conceive myself a member of the Union. I well remember how, after I had taken my degree, a member showed me over the Union. I might have been a Cambridge man, or a graduate of Yale College, Massachusetts, being lionized over Oxford. I was a stranger in a strange land.

So of boating. We could not be members of the Christ Church Club, nor of any club. The same remark applies to cricket. In fact, this tyranny of conventionalism was more oppressive than the inconveniences of our academic status. It coiled around us wherever we moved, a chain fettering all free expansion of our youthful energies, dwarfing and distorting the growth of all manliness, all social power, and grace of mutual adaptation.

The whole thing was fearfully demoralizing. Some men can make a shift to do without society. At much cost, throwing overboard much that they deem most precious for their lives, under reefed and double-reefed canvas, or absolute bare poles, they will work on to their haven. This they will do; but as long as they live they will feel the consequences in a want of social strength, in a tendency to suspicion, to isolation, in an exaggerated self-reliance, which with them is scarcely more than self-denial, in a love of solitude which, unless the heart-springs are very full, must come to be little better than moping. On the background of almost any society they will stand out in a sort of haggard relief, strong, but "unclubbable." But some men must have society. My experience of the servitors is that most of them absolutely needed it. I will not say where they sought it, but the end was, in most instances, utter ruin. I am quite certain that men of very good abilities were driven to utter recklessness. A servitor—by many considered the best man of his year at Christ Church—after some desperate efforts to subsist upon the diet of his own keen, splendid intellect, left Oxford in utter disgust, and went to the Australian gold-diggings. I mention this case as a genuine product of the situation.

Of course I know of servitors enlisting, of servitors "coming to grief" in other ways; but this is not peculiar to them: all fast and foolish men are liable to such ends. But E. was neither fast nor foolish. Physically he was a magnificent man; morally he was stainless; and I have already intimated how

high an opinion was entertained of his intellectual powers. In fact, he was precisely the man who, under any rational system, must have done honour to himself and to his college.

I have mentioned the word "scrib," the term by which we were known to our more fortunate contemporaries. This term I take to be very old slang, and to allude to the miserable expedient by which some of the servitors tried to gain a few shillings, namely, by writing "impositions" for the "gen'lmen." This was done in my time, though I believe only by the most degraded amongst us. A stationer in Oriel Street was the medium of communication between the "scrib" and his employer. Most Christ Church men will remember "Old Bodd." I believe the pay was 2s. 6d. per 100 lines. Had the censors any notion how their impositions were written? I ought not, however, to suppress the fact that I know of the same disgraceful traffic having been embarked in by a Bible-clerk of St. John's.

Who was to take us by the hand?

Men who had been servitors, and had "got on"? I think they ought to have done something; but, so far as I know, they did not. They were very few. There is, perhaps, no indelicacy now in saying of a man that he was once a servitor. Fifteen years ago it would have been a social outrage to have said so. They never recognised us. The chaplains might have done something for us. They had been servitors, they were clergymen—clergymen for the most part without cures. What a field our society might have been for a good and enthusiastic man! During the whole period of my undergraduate course, I never knew a chaplain; after I had gained a fellowship, I knew several. I might charge it upon these men that, knowing our misery and danger, they never moved a finger to help us. But the charge would be futile. They had been servitors, and that was enough. For the most part, men of average magnanimity, they shrank with horror from returning to the desolation from which they had emerged into another



desolation as dreary, perhaps, but more tolerable, involving, I think, better dinner arrangements, and a quasi-admission to the common room. What escape was there for us? Scholarships at other colleges? I will say this, that the fact of a man being a servitor would have been no drawback whatever in standing for a scholarship elsewhere. But all men cannot get scholarships. How about the great majority, for that matter, who must have failed for scholarships? Besides, surely, it is miserable, immediately upon entering a college, to feel that you must for your life struggle to get away from it.

And what was the chance of promotion in Christ Church itself? Absolutely there was none. A servitor could not become a student.<sup>1</sup> The question was actually tested in my time. A servitor who had gained two first classes in the final schools, was thought by one of the canons, and some of the tutors, not undeserving of a studentship. Application was made to Dean Gaisford. His reply was: "A servitor never has been made, and never can be made, a student." It would be an entire mistake to suppose that Dean Gaisford was an unfeeling man. From my own experience I can safely say that, beneath his somewhat rugged and despotic exterior, he had a genial nature, a sincere sympathy with intellect, and, above all, with industry. It is very far, therefore, from being my object to injure the memory of a really great and marvelously characteristic man. What I desire is simply to show how the unceasing persistence in a purely conservative policy may lead a really good man into flagrant injustice and folly.

I have said that some of us acted out the servitor's position thoroughly, and with a sort of rigid irony. This we did at Oxford, but not in the country. There, I think, the best of us gave way. We at least suppressed the fact. The hiatus between our university life and our home life was sometimes keenly felt. For instance, we met a Christ Church man at a cricket-match or

<sup>1</sup> The students at Christ Church correspond to the scholars and fellows at other colleges.

a dinner party. Imagine your own horror and his! Then with one's own family—with father and mother, sister and brother—there was always this miserable secret, this wretched farce of being a Christ Church man, and yet being nothing of the sort. "You don't seem to know so-and-so? He is at Christ Church." "No! I don't happen to be in his set;" or "I don't know many men;" and so on from one post to another, until those whom you loved best had innocently forced you to give up the very citadel of your honour, and to tamper with the truth itself. You did not dare to tell them all. I never did; it would have made them most miserable, and I could not do it. I also—Heaven save the mark—was a Christ Church man! I need hardly say how this state of things compelled one to live in an unbroken atmosphere of suspicion and distrust. Many of my fellow-servitors will, I am sure, confess that during the "Long" their earnest prayer was never to meet a university man. That with men of copious natures this may have all been absorbed, and even indirectly tended to open up the less known fields of thought and sympathy, is of course possible. But every one must see that with most men this double-acting would not improbably lead to double-dealing, to hypocrisy, and a permanent twist of moral rectitude. Every one must see it; but it is not my object to moralize upon the effects produced, or to show how much of what was pernicious in this institution has been done away with.<sup>1</sup> Rather it has been my object, in as simple a way as possible, to paint for the readers of this Magazine a picture of a social phenomenon which many of them will hardly imagine could have drifted down so far into their own time. BETA.

<sup>1</sup> I may observe that the only Christ Church man whom I *know* to have interested himself in ameliorating the condition of the servitors was Mr. Gladstone. He wrote to me upon the subject twice whilst the University Commission was sitting. Mr. Gladstone's enemies have of late contrived to misconstrue almost every action of his life. Perhaps they would like to try their hands at this.

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

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE HEIR OF REDCLYFFE."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

SPELL AND POTION.

"Churl, upon thy eyes I throw  
All the power this charm doth owe."  
*Midsummer Night's Dream.*

HER rival lived! The tidings could not but be communicated to Diane de Selinville, when her father set out *en grande tenue* to demand his niece from the Duke de Quinet. This, however, was not till spring was advancing; for the pedlar had not been able to take a direct route back to Nid-de-Merle, since his first measure had necessarily been to escape into a province where the abstraction of a Huguenot nobleman's despatches would be considered as a meritorious action. Winter weather, and the practice of his profession likewise, delayed Ercole so much that it was nearly Easter before he brought his certain intelligence to the Chevalier, and to the lady an elixir of love, clear and colourless as crystal, and infallible as an inspirer of affection.

Should she administer it, now that she knew her cousin not to be the lawful object of affection she had so long esteemed him, but, as he persisted in considering himself, a married man? Diane had more scruples than she would have had a year before, for she had not so long watched and loved one so true and conscientious as Berenger de Ribau-  
mont without having her perceptions elevated; but at the same time the passion of love had become intensified, both by long continuance and by resistance. She had attached herself, believing him free, and her affections could not be disentangled by learning that he was bound—rather the contrary.

Besides, there was plenty of sophistry. Her father had always assured her of the invalidity of the marriage, without thinking it necessary to dwell on his own arrangements for making it invalid, so that was no reasonable ground of objection; and a lady of Diane's period, living in the world where she had lived, would have had no notion of objecting to her lover for a previous amour, and as such was she bidden to rank Berenger's relations with Eustacie. And there was the less scruple on Eustacie's account, because the Chevalier, knowing that the Duchess had a son and two grandsons, had conceived a great terror that she meant to give his niece to one of them; and this would be infinitely worse, both for the interests of the family and of their party, than even her re-union with the young Baron. Even Narcisse, who on his return had written to Paris a grudging consent to the experiment of his father and sister, had allowed that the preservation of Berenger's life was needful till Eustacie should be in their power so as to prevent such a marriage as that! To Diane, the very suggestion became certainty: she already saw Eustacie's shallow little heart consoled and her vanity excited by these magnificent prospects, and she looked forward to the triumph of her own constancy, when Berenger should find the image so long enshrined in his heart crumble in its sacred niche.

Yet a little while then would she be patient, even though nearly a year had passed and still she saw no effect upon her prisoners, unless, indeed, Philip had drunk of one of her potions by mistake and his clumsy admiration was the consequence. The two youths went on exactly in the same manner, without a

complaint, without a request, occupying themselves as best they might—Berenger courteously attentive to her father, and coldly courteous to herself. He had entirely recovered his health, and the athletic powers displayed by the two brothers when wrestling, fencing, or snow-balling in the court-yard were the amazement and envy of their guard. Twice in the course of the winter there had been an alarm of wolves, and in their eagerness and excitement about this new sport, they had accepted the Chevalier's offer of taking their parole for the hunt. They had, then, gone forth with a huge posse of villagers who beat the woods with their dogs till the beast was aroused from its lair and driven into the alleys, where waited gentlemen, gendarmes, and gamekeepers with their guns. These two chases were chiefly memorable to Berenger, because in the universal intermingling of shouting peasants he was able in the first to have some conversation with Eustacie's faithful protector Martin, who told him the incidents of her wanderings, with tears in his eyes, and blessed him for his faith that she was not dead; and in the second, he actually found himself in the ravine of the Grange du Temple. No need to ask, every voice was shouting the name, and though the gendarmes were round him and he durst not speak to Retrou, still he could reply with significative earnestness to the low bow with which the farmer bent to evident certainty that here was the imprisoned Protestant husband of the poor lady. Berenger wore his black vizard mask as had been required of him, but the man's eyes followed him, as though learning by heart the outline of his tall figure. The object of the Chevalier's journey was, of course, a secret from the prisoners, who merely felt its effects by having their meals served to them in their own tower; and when he returned after about a month's absence thought him looking harassed, aged, and so much out of humour that he could scarcely preserve his usual politeness. In effect he was greatly chagrined.

"That she is in their hands is certain, the hypocrites!" he said to his daughter and sister; "and no less so that they have designs on her; but I let them know that these could be easily traversed."

"But where is she, the unhappy apostate child?" said the Abbess. "They durst not refuse her to you."

"I tell you they denied all present knowledge of her. The Duke himself had the face to make as though he never heard of her. He had no concern with his mother's household and guests forsooth! I do not believe he has; the poor fellow stands in awe of that terrible old heretic dragon, and keeps aloof from her as much as he can. But he is, after all, a *beau jeune homme*; nor should I be surprised if he were the girl's gay bridegroom by this time, though I gave him a hint that there was an entanglement about the child's first marriage which, by French law, would invalidate any other without a dispensation from the Pope."

"A hard nut that for a heretic," laughed the Abbess.

"He acted the ignorant—knew nothing about the young lady; but had the civility to give me a guide and an escort to go to Quinet. *Ma foi!* I believe they were given to hinder me—take me by indirect roads, make me lose time at *châteaux*. When I arrived at the grim old *château*—a true dungeon, precise as a convent—there was the dame, playing the Queen Jeanne as well as she could, and having the insolence to tell me that it was true that Madame la Baronne de Ribamont, as she was pleased to call her, had honoured her residence for some months, but that she had now quitted it, and she flatly refused to answer any question whither she was gone! The hag! she might at least have had the decorum to deny all knowledge of her, but nothing is more impertinent than the hypocritical sincerity of the heretics."

"But her people," exclaimed the Abbess, "surely some of them knew and could be brought to speak."

"All the servants I came in contact



with played the incorruptible; but still I have done something. There were some fellows in the village who are not at their ease under that rule. I caused my people to inquire them out. They knew nothing more than that the old heretic Gardon with his family had gone away in Madame la Duchesse's litter, but whither they could not tell. But the *cabaretier* there is furious secretly with the Quinets for having spoilt his trade by destroying the shrine at the holy well, and I have made him understand that it will be for his profit to send me off intelligence so soon as there is any communication between them and the lady. I made the same arrangement with a couple of gendarmes of the escort the Duke gave me. So at least we are safe for intelligence such as would hinder a marriage."

"But they will be off to England!" said the Abbess.

"I wager they will again write to make sure of a reception. Moreover, I have set that fellow Ercole and others of his trade to keep a strict watch on all the roads leading to the ports, and give me due notice of their passing thither. We have law on our side, and, did I once claim her, no one could resist my right. Or should the war break out, as is probable, then could my son sweep their whole province with his troops. This time she cannot escape us."

The scene that her father's words and her own imagination conjured up, of Eustacie attracting the handsome widower-duke, removed all remaining scruples from Madame de Selinville. For his own sake, the Baron must be made to fulfil the prophecy of the ink-pool, and allow his prison doors to be opened by love. Many and many a tender art did Diane rehearse; numerous were her sighs; wakeful, languishing, and restless her nights and days; and yet, whatever her determination to practise upon her cousin the witcheries that she had learnt in the *Escadron de la Reine-mère*, and seen played off effectually where there was not one grain of love to inspire them, her powers and her courage always failed her in the presence of him

whom she sought to attract. His quiet reserve and simplicity always disconcerted her, and any attempt at blandishment that he could not mistake was always treated by him as necessarily an accidental error, as if any other supposition would render her despicable, and yet there was now and then a something that made her detect an effort in his restraint as if it were less distaste than self-command. Her brother had contemptuously acquiesced in the experiment made by herself and her father, and allowed that so long as there was any danger of the Quinet marriage, the Baron's existence was needful. He would not come to Nid-de-Merle, nor did they want him there, knowing that he could hardly have kept his hands off his rival. But when the war broke out again in the summer of 1575 he joined that detachment of Guise's army which hovered about the Loire, and kept watch on the Huguenot cities and provinces of Western France. The Chevalier made several expeditions to confer with his son, and to keep up his relations with the network of spies whom he had spread over the Quinet provinces. The prisoners were so much separated from all intercourse with the dependants that they were entirely ignorant of the object of his absence from home. On these occasions they never left their tower and its court, and had no enlivenment save an occasional gift of dainties or message of inquiry from the ladies at Bellaise. These were brought by a handsome but slight, pale lad called Aimé de Selinville, a relative of the late Count, as he told them, who had come to act as a gentleman attendant upon the widowed countess. The brothers rather wondered how he was disposed of at the convent, but all there was so contrary to their preconceived notions that they acquiesced. The first time he arrived it was on a long, hot summer day, and he then brought them a cool iced sherbet in two separate flasks, that for Philip being mixed with wine, which was omitted for Berenger; and the youth stood lingering and watching, anxious, he said, to be able to tell his

lady how the drinks were approved. Both were excellent, and to that effect the prisoners replied ; but no sooner was the messenger gone than Berenger said smilingly, "That was a love potion, Phil."

"And you drank it!" cried Philip in horror.

"I did not think of it till I saw how the boy's eyes were gazing curiously at me as I swallowed it. You look at me as curiously, Phil. Are you expecting it to work? Shall I be at the fair lady's feet next time we meet?"

"How can you defy it, Berry?"

"Nay, Phil; holy wedded love is not to be dispelled by a mountebank's decoction."

"But suppose it were poisonous, Berry, what can be done?" cried Philip, starting up in dismay.

"Then you would go home, Phil, and this would be over. But"—seeing his brother's terror—"there is no fear of that. She is not like to wish to poison me."

And the potion proved equally ineffective on mind and body, as indeed did all the manipulations exercised upon a little waxen image that was supposed to represent M. le Baron. Another figure was offered to Diane, in feminine form, with black beads for eyes and a black plaster for hair, which, when stuck full of pins and roasted before the fire, was to cause Eustacie to peak and pine correspondingly. But from this measure Diane shrank. If aught was done against her rival it must be by her father and brother, not by herself; and she would not feel herself directly injuring her little cousin, nor sinking herself below him whom she loved. Once his wife, she would be good for ever, held up by his strength.

Meantime Berenger had received a greater shock that she or her father understood in the looking over of some of the family parchments kept in store at the castle. The Chevalier, in showing them to him, had chiefly desired to glorify the family by demonstrating how its honours had been won, but Berenger was startled at finding that

Nid-de-Merle had been, as it appeared to him, arbitrarily and unjustly declared to be forfeited by the Sieur de Bellaise, who had been thrown into prison by Louis XI. for some demonstration in favour of the poor Duke de Berri, and granted to the favourite Ribaumont. The original grant was there, and to his surprise he found it was to male heirs—the male heirs alone of the direct line of the Ribaumont—to whom the grant was made. How, then, came it to Eustacie? The disposal had, with almost equal injustice, been changed by King Henry II. and the late Count de Ribaumont in favour of the little daughter whose union, with the heir of the elder line, was to conclude all family feuds. Only now did Berenger understand what his father had said on his death-bed of flagrant injustice committed in his days of darkness. He felt that he was reaping the reward of the injuries committed against the Chevalier and his son on behalf of the two unconscious children. He would willingly at once have given up all claim to the Nid-de-Merle estate—and he was now of age; two birthdays had passed in his captivity and brought him to years of discretion, but he had no more power than before to dispose of what was the property of Eustacie and her child; and the whole question of the validity of his marriage would be given up by his yielding even the posthumous claim that might have devolved on him in case of Eustacie's death. This would be giving up her honour, a thing impossible.

"Alas!" he sighed, "my poor father might well say he had bound a heavy burthen round my neck."

And from that time his hopes sank lower as the sense of the justice of his cause left him. He could neither deny his religion nor his marriage, and therefore could do nothing for his own deliverance; and he knew himself to be suffering as the cause of a great injustice; indeed, to be bringing suffering on the still more innocent Philip.

The once proudly indifferent youth was flagging now; was losing appetite,

flesh, and colour ; was unwilling to talk or to take exercise ; and had a wan and drooping air that was most painful to watch. It seemed as if the return of summer brought a sense of the length and weariness of the captivity, and that the sunshine and gaiety of the landscape had become such a contrast to the captives deadness of spirit that they could hardly bear to behold them, and felt the dull prison walls more congenial to their feelings than the gaiety of the summer hay and harvest-fields.

## CHAPTER XXXVII.

## BEATING AGAINST THE BARS.

"My horse is weary of the stall,  
And I am sick of captive thrall."

*Lady of the Lake.*

LETTERS ! They were hailed like drops of water in a thirsty land. No doubt they had been long on the way, ere they had reached the hands of the Chevalier de Ribamont, and it was quite possible that they had been read and selected ; but, as Berenger said, he defied any Frenchman to imitate either Lord Walwyn's style or Sir Marmaduke's, and when late in the autumn the packet was delivered to him, the two captives gloated over the very outsides before they opened them.

The first intelligence that greeted them made them give a cry of amusement and surprise. Lady Thistlewood, whose regrets that each of her girls was not a boy had passed into a proverb, had at length, in Dolly's seventh year, given birth to a son on Midsummer Day.

"Well," said Philip, sighing, "we must drink his health to-night ! It is well, if we are to rot here, that some one should make it up to them !"

"And join Walwyn and Hurst !" said Berenger ; and then both faces grew much graver, as by these letters, dated three months since, they understood how many they must have missed, and likewise that nothing had been heard of themselves since they had left Paris sixteen months ago. Their letters, both to their relations and to Sir Francis

Walsingham, had evidently been suppressed ; and Lord North, who had succeeded Walsingham as ambassador, had probably been misled by design, either by Narcisse de Nid-de-Merle himself, or by some of his agents, for Lord Walwyn had heard from him that the young men were loitering among the castles and garrisons of Anjou, leading a gay and dissipated life, and that it was universally believed that the Baron de Ribamont had embraced the Catholic faith, and would shortly be presented to Henry III. to receive the grant of the Selinville honours, upon his marriage with his cousin, the widow of the last of the line. With much earnestness and sorrow did good old Lord Walwyn write to his grandson, conjuring him to bethink himself of his home, his pure faith, his loving friends, and the hopes of his youth : and, at least, if he himself had been led away by the allurements of the other party, to remember that Philip had been entrusted to him in full confidence, and to return him to his home. "It was grief and shame to him," said the good old man, "to look at Sir Marmaduke, who had risked his son in the charge of one hitherto deemed trustworthy ; and even if Berenger had indeed forgotten and cast away those whom he had once seemed to regard with love and duty, he commanded him to send home Philip, who owed an obedience to his father that could not be gainsayed." Lord Walwyn further bade his grandson remember that the arrangements respecting his inheritance had been made in confidence that his heir was English in heart and faith, and that neither the Queen nor his own conscience would allow him to let his inheritance pass into French or Papist hands. There was scarcely a direct reproach, but the shaken, altered handwriting showed how stricken the aged man must be ; and after his signature was added one still more trembling line, "An ye return not speedily, ye will never see the old grandsire more."

Berenger scarcely finished the letter through his burning tears of agony, and then, casting it from him, began to pace



the room in fierce agitation, bursting out into incoherent exclamations, grasping at his hair, even launching himself against the massive window with such frenzied gestures and wild words that Philip, who had read through all with his usual silent obtuseness, became dismayed, and, laying hold of him, said, "Prithee, brother, do not thus! What serves such passion?"

Berenger burst into a strange loud laugh at the matter-of-fact tone. "What serves it! what serves anything!" he cried, "but to make me feel what a miserable wretch I am? But he will die, Philip—he will die—not having believed me! How shall we keep ourselves from the smooth-tongued villain's throat? That I should be thus judged a traitor by my grandfather——"

And with a cry as of bodily anguish, he hid his face on the table, and groaned as he felt the utter helplessness of his strong youth in bonds.

"It can't be helped," was the next of the unconsolatory platitudes uttered by Philip, who always grew sullen and dogged when his brother's French temperament broke forth under any sudden stroke. "If they will believe such things, let them! You have not heard what my father says to it."

"It will be all the same," groaned Berenger.

"Nay! now that's a foul slander, and you should be ashamed of doing my father such wrong," said Philip. "Listen;" and he read, "I will believe no ill of the lad no more than of thee, Phil. It is but a wild-geese chase, and the poor young woman is scarce like to be above ground; but, as I daily tell them, 'tis hard a man should forfeit his land for seeking his wife. My Lord North sends rumours that he is under Papist guiding, and sworn brother with the Black Ribaumonts; and my lady, his grandmother, is like to break her heart, and my lord credits them more than he ought, and never a line as a token comes from you. Then there's Dame Annora, as proud of the babe as though neither she nor woman born ever had a son before, and plains over him, that both his brothers

should be endowed and he but a younger son. What will be the end on't I cannot tell. I will stand up for the right as best man may do, and never forget that Berry is her first-born, and that his child may be living; but the matter is none of mine, and my lord is very aged, nor can a man meddle between his wife and her father. So this I tell you that you may make your brother lay it to heart. The sooner he is here the better, if he be still, as I verily believe and maintain him to be, an honest English heart that snaps his fingers at French papistry." "There," concluded Philip, triumphantly, "he knows an honest man! He's friend and good father to you as much as ever. Heed none of the rest. He'll never let this little rogue stand in your light."

"As if I cared for that!" said Berenger, beginning his caged tiger walk again, and, though he tried to repress his anguish, breaking out at times into fierce revilings of the cruel toils that beset him, and despairing lamentations over those beloved ones at home, with sobs, groans, and tears, such as Philip could not brook to witness, both because they were so violent and mournful, and because he thought them womanish, though in effect no woman's grief could have had half that despairing force. The *ferté* of the French noble, however, came to his aid. At the first sound of the great supper bell he dashed away his tears, composed his features, washed his face, and demanded haughtily of Philip, whether there were any traces in his looks that the cruel hypocrite, their jailer, could gloat over.

And with proud step and indifferent air he marched into the hall, answered the Chevalier's polite inquiry whether the letter had brought good tidings by coolly thanking him and saying that all at home were well; and when he met the old man's inquiring glance out of the little keen black bead in the puckered, withered eyelid, he put a perfectly stony unmeaningness into his own gaze, till his eyes looked like the blue porcelain from China so much prized by the Abbess. He even played at chess all

the evening with such concentrated attention as to be uniformly victorious.

Yet half the night Philip heard suppressed moans and sobs—then knew that he was on his knees—then, after long and comparatively silent weeping, he lay down again, and from the hour when he awoke in the morning, he returned no more to the letters; and though for some little time more sad and dispirited, he seemed to have come to regard the misjudgment at home as a part of the burthen he was already bearing.

That burthen was, however, pressing more heavily. The temperaments of the two brothers so differed that while the French one was prostrated by the agony of a stroke, and then rallied patiently to endure the effects, the English character opposed a passive resistance to the blow, gave no sign of grief or pain, and from that very determination suffered a sort of exhaustion that made the effects of the evil more and more felt. Thus, from the time Philip's somewhat tardy imagination had been made to realize his home, his father, and his sisters, the home-sickness, and weariness of his captivity, which had already begun to undermine his health and spirits, took increasing effect.

He made no complaint—he never expressed a wish—but, in the words of the prophet, he seemed “pining away on his feet.” He did not sleep, and though, to avoid remark, he never failed to appear at meals, he scarcely tasted food. He never willingly stirred from cowering over the fire, and was so surly and ill-tempered that only Berenger's unfailing good humour could have endured it. Even a wolf hunt did not stir him. He only said he hated outlandish beasts, and that it was not like chasing the hare in Dorset. His calf-love for Madame de Selinville had entirely faded away in his yearnings after home. She was only one of the tediously recurring sights of his captivity, and was loathed like all the rest. The regulation rides with the Chevalier were more detestable than ever, and by and by they caused such fatigue that Berenger perceived that his strength must be waning, and became so

seriously alarmed that one evening, when Philip had barely dragged himself to the hall, tasted nothing but a few drops of wine, and then dropped into an uneasy slumber in his chair, he could not but turn to the Chevalier an appealing, indignant countenance, as he said, in a low but quivering voice, “You see, sir, how he is altered!”

“Alas! fair nephew, it is but too plain. He is just of the age when such restraint tells severely upon the health.”

Then Berenger spoke out upon the foul iniquity of the boy's detention. For himself, he observed, he had nothing to say; he knew the terms of his release, and had not accepted them; but Philip, innocent of all damage to the Ribaumont interests, the heir of an honourable family, what had he done to incur the cruel imprisonment that was eating away his life?

“I tell you, sir,” said Berenger, with eyes filled with tears, “that his liberty is more precious to me than my own. Were he but restored to our home, full half the weight would be gone from my spirit.”

“Fair nephew,” said the Chevalier, “you speak as though I had any power in the matter, and were not merely standing between you and the King.”

“Then if so,” said Berenger, “let the King do as he will with me, but let Philip's case be known to our Ambassador.”

“My poor cousin,” said the Chevalier, “you know not what you ask. Did I grant your desire, you would only learn how implacable King Henri is to those who have personally offended him—above all, to heretics. Nor could the Ambassador do anything for one who resisted by force of arms the King's justice. Leave it to me; put yourself in my hands, and deliverance shall come for him first, then for you.”

“How, sir?”

“One token of concession—one attendance at mass—one pledge that the alliance shall take place when the formalities have been complied with—then can I report you our own; give you almost freedom at once; despatch our

young friend to England without loss of time; so will brotherly affection conquer those chivalrous scruples, most honourable in you, but which, carried too far, become cruel obstinacy."

Berenger looked at Philip; saw how faded and wan was the ruddy sun-burnt complexion, how lank and bony the sturdy form, how listless and wasted the hands. Then arose, bursting within him, the devoted generosity of the French nature, which would even accept sin and ruin for self, that so the friend may be saved, and after all had he not gone to mass out of mere curiosity?—did he not believe that there was salvation in the Gallican Church? Was it not possible that, with Philip free to tell his story at home, his own deliverance might come before he should be irrevocably committed to Madame de Selinville? If Eustacie were living, her charms must overthrow that which her rival was forcing upon him at her own peril. Nay, how else could he obtain tidings of her? And for those at home, did they deserve that he should sacrifice all, Philip included, for their sake? The thoughts, long floating round his brain, now surged upon him in one flood, and seemed to overwhelm in those moments of confusion all his powers of calling up the other side of the argument; he only had an instinct remaining that it would be a lie to God and man alike. "God help me!" he sighed to himself; and there was sufficient consideration and perplexity expressed in his countenance to cause the Chevalier to feel his cause almost gained; and rising eagerly, with tears in his eyes, he exclaimed, "Embrace me, my dear, dear son! The thing is done! Oh! what peace, what joy!"

The instinct of recoil came stronger now. He stepped back with folded arms, saying again, "God help me! God forbid that I should be a traitor!"

"My son, hear me; these are but easily removed points of honour," began the Chevalier; but at that moment Philip suddenly started from, or in, his slumber, leapt on his feet, and called out, "Avaunt, Satan!" then opened his

eyes, and looked, as if barely recalling where he was.

"Philip!" exclaimed Berenger, "did you hear?"

"I—I don't know," he said, half-bewildered. "Was I dreaming that the fiend was parleying with us in the voice of M. le Chevalier there to sell our souls for one hour of home?"

He spoke English, but Berenger replied in French.

"You were not wrong, Philip. Sir, he dreamt that the devil was tempting me in your voice while you were promising me his liberty on my fulfilling your first condition."

"What?" said Philip, now fully awake, and gathering the state of things, as he remembered the words that had doubtless been the cause of his dream. "And if you did, Berenger, I give you warning they should never see me at home. What! could I show my face there with such tidings? No! I should go straight to La Noue, or to the Low Countries, and kill every Papist I could for having debauched you!"

"Hush! hush! Philip," said Berenger, "I could not break my faith to Heaven or my wife even for your sake, and my cousin sees how little beholden you would be to me for so doing. With your leave, Monsieur, we will retire."

The Chevalier detained Berenger for a moment to whisper, "What I see is so noble a heart that I know you cannot sacrifice him to your punctilio."

Philip was so angry with Berenger, so excited, and so determined to show that nothing ailed him, that for a short time he was roused, and seemed to be recovering; but in a few days he flagged again, only, if possible, with more gruffness, moodiness, and pertinacity in not allowing that anything was amiss. It was the bitterest drop of all in Berenger's cup, when in the end of January he looked back at what Philip had been only a month before, and saw how he had wasted away and lost strength; the impulse rather to ruin himself than destroy his brother came with such force that he could scarcely escape it by his ever-recurring cry for help to with-



stand it. And then Diane, in her splendid beauty and witchery, would rise before him, so that he knew how a relaxation of the lengthened weary effort would make his whole self break its bonds and go out to her. Dreams of felicity and liberty, and not with Eustacie, would even come over him, and he would awaken to disappointment before he came to a sense of relief and thankfulness that he was still his own. The dislike, distaste, and dread that came so easily in his time of pain and weakness were less easy to maintain in his full health and forced inactivity. Occupation of mind and hope seemed the only chance of enabling either of the two to weather this most dreary desert period; and Berenger, setting his thoughts resolutely to consider what would be the best means of rousing Philip, decided at length that any endeavour to escape, however arduous and desperate, would be better than his present apathetic langour, even if it led to nothing. After the first examination of their prison, Berenger had no thought of escape; he was still weak and unenterprising. He had for many months lived in hopes of interference from home; and, besides, the likelihood that so English a party as his own would be quickly pursued and recaptured, where they did not know their road and had no passports, had deterred him lest they should fall into still straiter imprisonment. But he had since gained, in the course of his rides, and by observation from the top of the tower, a much fuller knowledge of the country. He knew the way to the Grange du Temple, and to the chief towns in the neighbourhood. Philip and Humfrey had both lost something of their intensely national look and speech, and, moreover, war having broken out again, there was hope of falling in with Huguenot partizans even nearer than at La Rochelle. But whether successful or not, some enterprise was absolutely needed to save Philip from his despondent apathy; and Berenger, who in these eighteen months had grown into the strength and vigour of

manhood, felt as if he had force and power for almost any effort save this hopeless waiting.

He held council with Humfrey, who suggested that it might be well to examine the vaults below the keep. He had a few days before, while going after some of the firewood, stored below the ground-floor chamber, observed a door, locked, but with such rusty iron hinges that they might possibly yield to vigorous efforts with a stone; and who could tell where the underground passages might come out?

Berenger eagerly seized the idea. Philip's mood of contradiction prompted him to pronounce it useless folly, and he vouchsafed no interest in the arrangements for securing light, by selecting all the bits of firewood fittest for torches, and saving all the oil possible from the two lamps they were allowed. The chief difficulty was that Guibert was not trusted, so that all had to be done out of his sight; and on the first day Berenger was obliged to make the exploration alone, since Humfrey was forced to engross Guibert in some occupation out of sight, and Philip had refused to have anything to do with it, or be like a rat routing in the corners of his trap.

However, Berenger had only just ascertained that the iron-work was so entirely rusted away as to offer no impediment, when Philip came languidly roaming into the cellar, saying, "Here! I'll hold the torch! You'll be losing yourself in this wolf's mouth of a place if you go alone."

The investigation justified Philip's predictions of its uselessness. Nothing was detected but rats, and vaults, and cobwebs; it was cold, earthy, and damp; and when they thought they must have penetrated far beyond the precincts of the keep, they heard Humfrey's voice close to them, warning them that it was nearly dinner time.

The next day brought them a more promising discovery, namely of a long straight passage, with a gleam of light at the end of it; and this for the first time excited Philip's interest or curi-

osity. He would have hastened along it at once, but for the warning summons from Humfrey; and in the excitement of even this grain of interest, he ate more heartily at supper than he had done for weeks, and was afterwards more eager to prove to Berenger that night was the best time to pursue their researches.

And Berenger, when convinced that Guibert was sound asleep, thought so too, and accompanied by Humfrey, they descended into the passage. The light, of course, was no longer visible, but the form of the crypt, through which they now passed, was less antique than that under the keep, and it was plain they were beneath a later portion of the Castle. The gallery concluded in a wall, with a small barred, unglazed window, perfectly dark, so that Berenger, who alone could reach to the bottom of it, could not guess where it looked out.

"We must return by daylight, then, may-be, we may judge," sighed Philip.

"Hark!" exclaimed Berenger.

"Rats," said Philip.

"No—listen—a voice! Take care!" he added, in a lower tone, "we may be close on some of the servants."

But, much nearer than he expected, a voice on his right hand demanded, "Does any good Christian hear me?"

"Who is there?" exclaimed Philip.

"Ah! good sir, do I hear the voice of a companion in misery? Or, if you be free, would you but send tidings to my poor father?"

"It is a Norman accent!" cried Berenger. "Ah! ah! it is not poor Landry Osbert?"

"I am—I am that wretch. Oh, would that M. le Baron could know!"

"My dear, faithful foster-brother! They deceived me," cried Berenger, in great agitation, as an absolute howl came from the other side of the wall: "M. le Baron come to this! Woe worth the day!" and Berenger with difficulty mitigated his affectionate servant's lamentations enough to learn from him how he had been seized almost at the gates of Bellaise, closely interrogated, deprived of the letter to Madame

la Baronne, and thrown into this dungeon. The Chevalier, not an unmerciful man, according to the time, had probably meant to release him as soon as the marriage between his son and niece should have rendered it superfluous to detain this witness to Berenger's existence. There, then, the poor fellow had lain for three years, and his work during this weary time had been the scraping with a potsherd at the stone of his wall, and his pertinacious perseverance had succeeded in forming a hole just large enough to enable him to see the light of the torch carried by the gentlemen. On his side, he said, there was nothing but a strong iron door, and a heavily-barred window, looking, like that in the passage, into the fosse within the walled garden; but, on the other hand, if he could enlarge his hole sufficiently to creep through it, he could escape with them in case of their finding a subterranean outlet. The opening within his cell was, of course, much larger than the very small space he had made by loosening a stone towards the passage, but he was obliged always to build up each side of his burrow at the hours of his jailer's visit, lest his work should be detected, and to stamp the rubbish into his floor. But while they talked, Humfrey and Philip, with their knives, scraped so diligently that two more stones could be displaced; and looking down the widening hole through the prodigious mass of wall, they could see a ghastly, ragged, long-bearded scarecrow, with an almost piteous expression of joy on his face, at once again seeing familiar faces. And when, at his earnest entreaty, Berenger stood so as to allow his countenance to be as visible as the torch could make it through the "wall's-hole," the vault echoed with the poor fellow's delighted cry. "I am happy! M. le Baron is himself again. The assassin's cruel work is gone! Ah! thanks to the saints! Blessed be St. Lucie, it was not in vain that I entreated her!"

The torches were, however, waxing so low that the sight could not long be afforded poor Osbert; and, with a pro-

mise to return to him next day, the party returned to the upper air, where they warmed themselves over the fire, and held council over measures for the present relief of the captive. Berenger grieved that he had given him up so entirely for lost as to have made no exertions on his behalf, and declared his resolution of entreating that he might be allowed to enjoy comparative comfort with them in the keep. It was a risk, but the Chevalier might fairly suppose that the knowledge of Osbert's situation had oozed out through the servants, and gratitude and humanity alike impelled Berenger to run some risk for his foster-brother's sake. He was greatly touched at the poor fellow's devotion, and somewhat amused, though with an almost tearful smile at the joy with which he had proclaimed—what Berenger was quite unaware of, since the keep furnished no mirrors—the disappearance of his scars. "Tis even so," said Philip, "though I never heeded it. You are as white from crown to beard as one of the statues at Paris; but the great red gash is a mere seam, save when yon old Satan angers you, and then it blushes for all the rest of your face."

"And the cheek-wound is hidden, I suppose," said Berenger, feeling under the long fair moustache and the beard, which was developing into respectable proportions.

"Hidden? aye, entirely. No one would think your bald crown had only twenty-one years over it; but you are a personable fellow still, quite enough to please Daphné," said Philip.

"Pshaw!" replied Berenger, pleased nevertheless to hear the shadow of a jest again from Philip.

It was quite true. These months of quiescence—enforced though they were—had given his health and constitution time to rally after the terrible shock they had sustained. The severe bleedings had, indeed, rendered his complexion perfectly colourless; but there was something in this, as well as in the height which the loss of hair gave his brow, which, added to the depth and loftiness of countenance that this long

period of patience and resolution had impressed on his naturally fine features, without taking away that open candour that had first attracted Diane when he was a rosy lad. His frame had strengthened at the same time, and assumed the proportions of manhood; so that, instead of being the overgrown maypole that Narcisse used to sneer at, he was now broad-shouldered and robust, exceedingly powerful, and so well made that his height, upwards of six feet, was scarcely observed, except by comparison with the rest of the world.

And his character had not stood still. He had first come to Paris a good, honest, docile, though high-spirited boy; and though manly affections, cares, and sorrows had been thrust on him, he had met them like the boy that he was, hardly conscious how deep they went. Then had come the long dream of physical suffering, with only one thought pertinaciously held throughout—that of constancy to his lost wife; and from this he had only thoroughly wakened in his captivity, the resolution still holding fast, but with more of reflection and principle, less of mere instinct, than when his powers were lost or distracted in the effort of constant endurance of pain and weakness. The charge of Philip, the endeavour both of educating him and keeping up his spirits, as well as the controversy with Père Bonami, had been no insignificant parts of the discipline of these months; and, little as the Chevalier had intended it, he had trained his young kinsman into a far more substantial and perilous adversary, both in body and mind, than when he had caged him in his castle of the Blackbird's Nest.

## CHAPTER XXXVIII.

### THE ENEMY IN PRESENCE.

"Then came and looked him in the face  
An angel beautiful and bright,  
And then he knew it was a fiend,  
That miserable knight." COLERIDGE.

"FATHER, dear father, what is it?  
What makes you look so ill, so hag-



gard?" cried Diane de Selinville, when summoned the next morning to meet her father in the parlour of the convent.

"Ah, child! see here. Your brother will have us make an end of it. He has found her."

"Eustacie! Ah, and where?"

"That he will not say, but see here. This is all his billet tells me: 'The hare who has doubled so long is traced to her form. My dogs are on her, and in a week's time she will be ours. I request you, sir, to send me a good purse of crowns to reward my huntsmen; and in the meantime—one way or the other—that pet of my sister's must be disposed of. Kept too long, these beasts always become savage. Either let him be presented to the royal menagerie, or there is a still surer way.'"

"And that is all he says!" exclaimed Diane.

"All! He was always cautious. He mentions no names. And now, child, what is to be done? To give him up to the King is, at the best, life-long imprisonment, yet, if he were still here when my son returns—Alas! alas! child, I have been ruined body and soul between you! How could you make me send after and imprison him? It was a mere assassination!" and the old man beat his head with grief and perplexity.

"Father!" cried Diane, tearfully, "I cannot see you thus. We meant it for the best. We shall yet save him."

"Save him! Ah, daughter, I tossed all night long thinking how to save him, so strong, so noble, so firm, so patient, so good even to the old man who has destroyed his hope—his life! Ah! I have thought till my brain whirls."

"Poor father! I knew you would love him," said Diane, tenderly. "Ah! we will save him yet. He shall be the best of sons to you. Look, it is only to tell him that she whom he calls his wife is already in my brother's hands, wedded to him."

"Daughter,"—and he pushed back his grey hair with a weary distressed

gesture,—*"I am tired of wiles; I am old; I can carry them out no longer."*

"But this is very simple; it may already be true—at least it will soon be true. Only tell him that she is my brother's wife. Then will his generosity awaken, then will he see that to persist in the validity of his marriage would be misery, dishonour to her, then——"

"Child, you know not how hard he is in his sense of right. Even for his brother's sake he would not give way an inch, and the boy was as obstinate as he!"

"Ah! but this comes nearer. He will be stung; his generosity will be piqued. He will see that the kindest thing he can do will be to nullify his claim, and the child——"

The Chevalier groaned, struck his brow with his fist, and muttered, "That will concern no one—that has been provided for. Ah! ah! children, if I lose my own soul for you, you——"

"Father, my sweet father, say not these cruel things. Did not the Queen's confessor tell us that all means were lawful that brought a soul to the Church? and here are two."

"Two! Why the youth's heresy is part of his point of honour. Child, child, the two will be murdered in my very house, and the guilt will be on my soul."

"No, father! We will—we will save him. See, only tell him this."

"This—what? My brain is confused. I have thought long—long."

"Only this, father, dear father. You shall not be tormented any more, if only you will tell him that my brother has made Eustacie his wife, then will I do all the rest."

Diane coaxed, soothed, and encouraged her father by her caresses, till he mounted his mule to return to the castle at dinner-time, and she promised to come early in the afternoon to follow up the stroke he was to give. She had never seen him falter before,—he had followed out his policy with a clear head and unsparing hand,—but now that Berenger's character was better known to him, and the crisis

long-delayed had come so suddenly before his eyes, his whole powers seemed to reel under the alternative.

The dinner-bell clanged as he arrived at the castle, and the prisoners were marched into the hall, both intent upon making their request on Osbert's behalf, and therefore as impatient for the conclusion of the meal, and the absence of the servants, as was their host. His hands trembled so much that Berenger was obliged to carve for him; he made the merest feint of eating; and now and then raised his hand to his head as if to bring back scattered ideas.

The last servant quitted the room, when Berenger perceived that the old man was hardly in a state to attend to his request, and yet the miserable frost-bitten state of poor Landry seemed to compel him to speak.

"Sir," he began, "you could do me a great kindness."

The Chevalier looked up at him with glassy eyes.

"My son," he said, with an effort, "I also had something to say. Ah! let me think. I have had enough. Call my daughter," he added, feeling helplessly with his hands, so that Berenger started up in alarm, and received him in his arms just in time to prevent his sinking to the floor senseless.

"It is a stroke," exclaimed Berenger. "Call, Phil! Send the gendarmes."

The gendarmes might be used to the sight of death of their own causing, but they had a horror of that which came by Nature's hand. The purple face and loud gasps of the stricken man terrified them out of their senses. "*C'est un coup*," was the cry, and they went clattering off to the servants. These, all men but one old crone, came in a mass to the door, looked in, beheld their master rigid and prostrate on the floor, supported by the prisoner, and with fresh shrieks about "Mesdames! a priest! a doctor!" away they rushed. The two brothers were not in much less consternation, only they retained their senses. Berenger loosened the ruff and doublet, and bade Philip practise that art of letting blood which he had

learnt for his benefit. When Madame de Selinville and her aunt, with their escort, having been met half-way from Bellaise, arrived sooner than could have been expected, they found every door open from hall to entrance gate-way, not a person keeping watch, and the old man lying deathlike upon cushions in the hall, Philip bandaging his arm, and Berenger rubbing his temples with wine and the hottest spices on the table. "He is better—he is alive," said Berenger, as they entered; and as both ladies would have fallen on him with shrieks and sobs, he bade them listen, assured them that the only chance of life was in immediate care, and entreated that bedding might be brought down, and strong essences fetched to apply to the nose and temples. They obeyed, and brought the servants to obey; and by the time the priest and the sister infirmarer had arrived from the convent, he had opened his eyes, and, as he saw Berenger, tried to murmur something that sounded like "*Mon fils*."

"He lives!—he speaks!—he can receive the sacraments!" was the immediate exclamation; and as preparations began to be made, the brothers saw that their presence was no longer needed, and returned to their own tower.

"So, sir," said the gendarme sergeant, as they walked down the passage, "you did not seize the moment for escape."

"I never thought of it," said Berenger.

"I hope, sir, you will not be the worse for it," said the sergeant. "An honourable gentleman you have ever proved yourself to me, and I will bear testimony that you did the poor old gentleman no hurt; but nobles will have it their own way, and pay little heed to a poor soldier."

"What do you mean, friend?"

"Why, you see, sir, it is unlucky that you two happened to be alone with M. le Chevalier. No one can tell what may be said when they seek an occasion against a person."

To the brothers, however, this suggestion sounded so horrible and unnatural, that they threw it from them. They

applied themselves at every moment possible to enlarging Osbert's hole, and seeking an outlet from the dungeon ; but this they had not been able to discover, and it was necessary to be constantly on their guard in visiting the vaults, lest their absence from their apartment should be detected ; and they believed that if Narcisse arrived at the castle, they should find in him a far less gentle jailer than the poor old man, for whose state their kindly young hearts could not but grieve.

They heard that he had recovered consciousness enough to have made a sort of confession ; and Père Bonami brought them his formal request, as a dying man, for their pardon for all the injuries he had done them ; but his speech was too much affected for any specification of what these were. The first thing they heard in early morning was that, in the course of the night, he had breathed his last ; and all day the bells of all the churches round were answering one another with the slow, swinging, melancholy notes of the knell.

In the early twilight, Père Bonami brought a message that Madame de Selinville requested M. le Baron to come and speak with her, and he was accordingly conducted, with the gendarme behind him, to a small chamber opening into the hall—the same where the incantations of the Italian pedlar had been played off before Philip and Diane. The gendarme remained outside the door by which they entered the little dark room, only lighted by one little lamp.

"Here, daughter," said the priest, "is your cousin. He can answer the question you have so much at heart ;" and with these words Père Bonami passed beneath the black curtain that covered the entrance into the hall, admitting as he raised it for a moment a flood of pure light from the wax tapers, and allowing the cadence of the chanting of the priests to fall on the ear. At first Berenger was scarcely able to discern the pale face that looked as if tears were all dried up, and even before his eyes had clearly perceived her in the gloom,

she was standing before him with clasped hands, demanding, in a hoarse, breathless whisper, "Had he said anything to you ?"

"Anything? No, cousin," said Berenger, in a kind tone. "He had seemed suffering and oppressed all dinner-time, and when the servants left us, he murmured a few confused words, then sank."

"Ah, ah, he spoke it not! Thank heaven! Ah! it is a load gone. Then neither will I speak it," sighed Diane, half aloud. "Ah! cousin, he loved you."

"He often was kind to us," said Berenger, impelled to speak as tenderly as he could of the enemy, who had certainly tortured him, but as if he loved him.

"He bade us save you," said Diane, her eyes shining with strange wild light in the gloom. "He laid it on my aunt and me to save you ; you must let us. It must be done before my brother comes," she added, in hurried accents. "The messengers are gone ; he may be here any moment. He must find you in the chapel—as—as my betrothed !"

"And you sent for me here to tempt me—close to such a chamber as that?" demanded Berenger, his gentleness becoming sternness, as much with his own worse self as with her.

"Listen. Ah! it is the only way. Listen, cousin. Do you know what killed my father? It was my brother's letter saying things must be brought to an end : either you must be given up to the King, or worse—worse. And now, without him to stand between you and my brother, you are lost. Oh! take pity on his poor soul that has left his body, and bring not your blood on his head."

"Nay," said Berenger, "if he repented, the after consequences to me will have no effect on him now."

"Have pity then on yourself—on your brother."

"I have," said Berenger. "He had rather die with me than see me a traitor."

"And least of all," she exclaimed, with choking grief, "have you compassion on me!—on me who have lost the



only one who felt for me—me, for me who have loved you with every fibre of my heart—for me who have lived on the music of your hardest, coldest word—for me who would lay my life, my honour, in the dust for one grateful glance from you—and whom you condemn to the anguish of—your death! Aye, and for what? For the mere shadow of a little girl, who had no force to love you, of whom you know nothing—nothing! Oh! are you a crystal rock or are you a man? See, I kneel to you to save yourself and me.”

There were hot tears dropping from Berenger's eyes as he caught Diane's hand, and held it forcibly to prevent her thus abasing herself. Her wild words and gestures thrilled him in every pulse and wrung his heart, and it was with a stifled, agitated voice that he said—

“God help you and me both, Diane! To do what you ask would—would be no saving of either. Nay, if you will kneel,” as she struggled with him, “let it be to Him who alone can bring us through;” and releasing her hand, he dropped on his knees by her side, and covered his face with his hands, in an earnest supplication that the spirit of resistance which he almost felt slipping from him might be renewed. The action hushed and silenced her, and as he rose he spoke no other word, but silently drew back so much of the curtain that he could see into the hall, where the dead man still lay uncoffined upon the bed where his own hands had laid him, and the low, sweet requiem of kneeling priests floated round him. Rest, rest, and calm they breathed into one sorely tried living soul, and the perturbed heart was quelled by the sense how short the passage was to the world where captivity and longing would be ended. He beckoned to Père Bonami to return to Diane, and then, protected by his presence from any further demonstrations, kissed her hand and left her.

He told Philip as little as possible of this interview, but his brother remarked how much time he spent over the Psalms that evening.

The next day the brothers saw from their upper window the arrival of Narcisse, or as he had called himself for the last three years, the Marquis de Nid-dé-Merle, with many attendant gentlemen, and a band of fifty or sixty gendarmes. The court was filled with their horses, and rang with their calls for refreshment. And the captives judged it wise to remain in their upper room in case they should be called for.

They were proved to have been wise in so doing; for about an hour after their arrival there was a great clanging of steel boots, and Narcisse de Ribaumont, followed by a portly, heavily-armed gentleman, wearing a scarf of office, by two of the servants, and by two gendarmes, entered the room. It was the first time the cousins had met since *le baiser d'Eustacie* had been hissed into Berenger's ear. Narcisse looked older, sallow, and more worn than at that time; and Philip, seeing his enemy for the first time, contrasted him with the stately presence of Berenger, and felt as if a rat were strangling a noble steed.

Each young man punctiliously removed his hat, and Nid-de-Merle, without deigning further salutation, addressed his companion. “Sir, you are here on the part of the King, and to you I deliver up these prisoners who, having been detained here on a charge of carrying on a treasonable correspondence, and protected by my father out of consideration for the family, have requited his goodness by an attempt to strangle him, which has caused his death.”

Philip actually made a leap of indignation; Berenger, better prepared, said to the officer, “Sir, I am happy to be placed in charge of a King's servant, who will no doubt see justice done, and shelter us from the private malice that could alone devise so monstrous an accusation. We are ready to clear ourselves upon oath over the corpse, and all the household and our own guards can bear witness.”

“The witnesses are here,” said Narcisse, pointing to the servants, ill-looking men, who immediately began to depose to having found their master purple-

faced and struggling in the hands of the two young men, who had been left alone with him after dinner.

Berenger felt that there was little use in self-defence. It was a fabrication the more easily to secure his cousin's purpose of destroying him, and his best hope lay in passing into the hands of persons who were less directly interested in his ruin. He drew himself up to his full height, saying, "If there be justice in France, our innocence will be proved. I demand, sir, that you examine the abbe, the priest, the steward, the sergeant of gendarmes : they are impartial witnesses, and will serve the King's justice, if justice be his purpose. Or, if this be but M. de Nid-de-Merle's way of completing the work he left unfinished four years ago, I am ready. Only let my brother go free. He is heir to nothing here."

"Enough, sir. Words against the King's justice will be reckoned against you," said the officer. "I shall do myself the honour of attending the funeral the day after to-morrow, and then I shall convey you to Tours, to answer for this deed at your leisure. Monsieur le Marquis, are the prisoners secure here, or would you have them *gardés à vue*."

"No need for that," said Narcisse, lightly ; "had there been any exit they would have found it long ago. Your good fellows outside the door keep them safe enough. M. le Baron de Ribau-mont, I have the honour to wish you a good morning."

Berenger returned his bow with one full of defiance, and the door was again locked upon the prisoners ; while Philip exclaimed, "The cowardly villain, Berry ; is it a hanging matter ?"

"Not for noble blood," said Berenger. "We are more likely to be brought to no trial, but to lie prisoners for life ;" then, as Philip grew white and shivered with a sick horror, he added bravely, "But they shall not have us, Philip. We know the vaults well enough to play at hide and seek with them there, and even if we find no egress we may hold out till they think us fled and leave open the doors !"

Philip's face lighted up again, and they did their best by way of preparation, collecting wood for torches, and putting aside food at their meals. It was a very forlorn hope, but the occupation it caused was effectual in keeping up Philip's spirits, and saving him from despondency.

## CHAPTER XXXIX.

### THE PEDLAR'S PREDICTION.

"But if ne'er so close you wall him,  
Do the best that you may ;  
Blind Love, if so you call him,  
Will find out his way." *Old Song.*

"Too late," muttered Berenger to himself, as he stood by the fire in his prison-chamber. Humfrey and Philip were busy in the vaults, and he was taking his turn in waiting in the sitting-room to disarm suspicion. "It is too late now, and I thank God that so it is."

"Do you indeed, M. le Baron," said a low voice close beside him ; and, as he turned in haste, he beheld, at the foot of the turret-stair, the youth Aimé de Selinville, holding a dark lantern in his hand, and veiling its light.

"Ha !" and he started to his feet. "Whence come you ?"

"From my Lady," was the youth's answer. "She has sent me to ask whether you persist in what you replied to her the other day. For if not, she bids me say that it is not too late."

"And if I do persevere ?"

"Then—ah ! what do I know ? Who can tell how far malice can go ? And there are towers and bastilles where hope never enters. Moreover, your researches underground are known."

"Sir," said Berenger, the heartsinking quelled by the effort of resistance, "Madame de Selinville has my answer—I must take the consequences. Tell her, if she truly wishes me well, the honourable way of saving us would be to let our English friends know what has befallen us."

"You forget, M. le Baron, even if she could proclaim the dishonour of her



family, interference from a foreign power might only lead to a surer mode of removing you," said Aimé, lowering his voice and shuddering.

"Even so, I should thank her. Then would the bitterest pang be taken away. Those at our home would not deem us faithless recreants."

"Thank her!" murmured the lad in an inward voice. "Very well, sir, I will carry her your decision. It is your final one. Disgrace, prison, death—rather than freedom, love, wealth!"

"The semblance of dishonour, rather than the reality!" said Berenger, firmly.

The light-footed page disappeared, and in a few moments a very different tread came up from below, and Philip appeared.

"What is it, Berry? Methought I heard a voice."

"Forgive me, brother," said Berenger, holding out his hand; "I have thrown away another offer."

"Tush, the thing to pardon would be having accepted one. I only wish they would leave us in peace! What was it this time?"

"A message through young Selinville. Strange, to trust her secrets to that lad; but hush, here he is again, much sooner than I thought. What, sir, have you been with your Lady again?"

"Yes, sir," the youth said, with a trembling voice, and Berenger saw that his eyes were red with weeping; "she bids me tell you that she yields. She will save you even while you hate and despise her! There is only one thing—"

"And what is that?"

"You must encumber yourself with the poor Aimé. You must let me serve you instead of her. Listen, sir, it cannot be otherwise." Then with a brisker, more eager voice, he continued, "Monsieur knows that the family burial-place is Bellaize? Well, to-morrow, at ten o'clock, all the household, all the neighbourhood, will come and sprinkle holy water on the bier. The first requiem will be sung, and then will all repair to the convent. There will be the funeral

mass, the banquet, the dole. Every creature in the castle,—nay, in all the neighbourhood for twenty miles round,—will be at the convent, for the Abbess has given out that the alms are to be double, and the bread of wheat. Not a soul will remain here, save the two gendarmes on guard at that door, and the poor Aimé, whom no one will miss, even if any person could be distinguished in their black cloaks. Madame la Comtesse has given him this key, which opens a door on the upper floor of the keep, unknown to the guards, who, for that matter, shall have a good tankard of spiced wine to console and occupy them. Then is the way clear to the castle-court, which is not overlooked by their window, the horses are in the stables, and we are off,—that is, if M. le Baron will save a poor youth from the wrath of M. de Nid-de-Merle."

"You are an honest fellow!" cried Philip, shaking him vehemently by the hand. "You shall go with us to England, and we will make a brave man of you."

"We shall owe you our lives," said Berenger, warmly, "and be ever bound to you. Tell your lady that *this* is magnanimity; that now I truly thank her as our preserver; and shall bless her all the days of the life she gives us. But my servants?"

"Guibert is a traitor," said Aimé; "he has been so ever since you were at Paris. Breathe no word to him; but he, as a Catholic, shall be invited to the funeral. Your stout Englishman should by all means be with us."

"My Norman, also," added Berenger. "My dear foster-brother, who has languished in the dungeon for three years;" and when the explanation had been made, Aimé assented, though half-unwillingly, to the necessity, and presently quitted them to bear back their answer to his lady. Philip shook his hand violently again, patted him on the back, so as almost to take away his breath, and bade him never fear, they would be sworn brothers to him for ever; and then threw up his hat into the air, and was so near astonishing the donjon walls with a British hurrah, that



Berenger had to put his hand over his mouth and strangle the shout in his very throat.

The chief of that night was spent in enlarging the hole in Osbert's wall, so as to admit of his creeping through it; and they also prepared their small baggage for departure. Their stock of money, though some had been spent on renewing their clothes, and some in needful gratuities to the servants and gendarmes, was sufficient for present needs, and they intended to wear their ordinary dress. They were unlikely to meet any of the peasants round; and, indeed, Berenger had so constantly ridden out in his black mask, that its absence, now that his scars were gone, was as complete a change as could be effected in one whose height was so unusual.

"There begins the knell," said Philip, standing at the window. "It's our joy-bell, Berry! Every clang seems to me to say, 'Home! home! home!'"

"For you, Phil," said Berenger; "but I must be satisfied of Eustacie's fate first. I shall go first to Nissard—whither we were bound when we were seized—then to La Rochelle, whence you may——"

"No more of that," burst out Philip. "What! would you have me leave you now, after all we have gone through together? Not that you will find her. I don't want to vex you, brother, such a day as this, but yon conjuror's words are coming true in the other matter."

"How? What mean you, Phil?"

"What's the meaning of Aimé?" asked Philip. "Even I am French scholar enough for that. And who sends him?"

Meantime the court was already filling with swarms of persons of every rank and degree, but several anxious hours had passed before the procession was marshalled; and friars and monks, black, white, and grey,—priests in rich robes and tall caps,—black-cloaked gentlemen and men-at-arms,—all bearing huge wax tapers,—and peasants and beggars of every conceivable aspect,—filed out of the court, bearing with them the richly-embazoned bier of the noble and

puissant knight, the Beausire Charles Eustache de Ribaumont Nid-de-Merle, his son walking behind in a long black mantle, and all who counted kindred or friendship following two and two; then all the servants, every one who properly belonged to the castle, was counted out by the brothers from their windows, and Guibert among them.

"Messieurs," a low, anxious voice sounded in the room.

"We will only fetch Osbert."

It was a terrible only, as precious moments slipped away before there appeared in the lower chamber Berenger and Humfrey, dragging between them a squalid wretch, with a skin like stained parchment over a skeleton, tangled hair and beard, staring bewildered eyes, and fragments of garments, all dust, dirt, and rags.

"Leave me, leave me, dear master," said the object, stretching his whole person towards the fire as they let him sink down before it. "You would but ruin yourself."

"It is madness to take him," said Aimé, impatiently.

"I go not without him," said Berenger. "Give me the soup, Philip."

Some soup and wine had been placed by the fire, and likewise a shirt and a suit of Humfrey's clothes were spread before it. Aimé burst out into the yard, absolutely weeping with impatience, when, unheeding all his remonstrances, his three companions applied themselves to feeding, rubbing, and warming Osbert, and assuring him that the pains in his limbs would pass with warmth and exercise. He had been valiant of heart in his dungeon; but his sudden plunge into upper air was like rising from the grave, and brought on all the effects of his dreary captivity, of which he had hardly been sensible when he had first listened to the voice of hope.

Dazzled, crippled, helpless, it seemed almost impossible that he should share the flight, but Berenger remained resolute; and when Aimé returned from his fourth frantic promenade, he was told that all was ready.

But for the strength of Berenger and

Humfrey the poor fellow could never have been carried up and up, nearly to the top of the keep, then along a narrow gallery, then down again even to the Castle-hall, now empty, though with the candlesticks still around where the bier had been. Aimé knelt for a moment where the head had been, hiding his face; Osbert rested in a chair; and Philip looked wistfully up at his own sword hung over the chimney.

"Resume your swords, Messieurs," said Aimé, observing him; "Madame desires it; and take pistols also."

They gladly obeyed; and when, after this short delay, they proceeded, Osbert moved somewhat less painfully, but when they arrived at the stable only four horses stood there.

"Ah! this miserable!" cried Aimé, passionately, "he ruins all my arrangements."

"Leave me," again entreated Landry. "Once outside, I can act the beggar and cripple, and get back to Normandy."

"Better leave me," said Humfrey; "they cannot keep me when you are out of their clutches."

"Help me, Humfrey," said Berenger, beginning to lift his foster-brother to the saddle; but there the poor man wavered, cried out that his head swam, and he could not keep his seat, entreating almost in agony to be taken down.

"Lean on me," said Berenger, putting his arms round him. "There! you will be able to get to the Grange du Temple, where you will be in safe shelter."

"Sir, sir," cried Aimé, ready to tear his hair, "this is ruin! My lady meant you to make all speed to La Rochelle and there embark, and this is the contrary way!"

"That cannot be helped," said Berenger; "it is the only safe place for my foster-brother."

Aimé, with childish petulance, muttered something about ingratitude in crossing his lady's plans; but, as no one attended to him he proceeded to unfasten his horse, and then exclaimed, half-crying, "Will no one help me?"

"Not able to saddle a horse! a pretty

fellow for a cavalier!" exclaimed Philip, assisting, however, and in a few minutes they were all issuing from a low side gate, and looking back with bounding hearts at the drooping banner on the keep of Nid-de-Merle.

Only young Aimé went with bowed head and drooping look, as though pouting, and Berenger, putting Osbert's bridle into Humfrey's hand, stepped up to him, saying, "Hark you, M. de Selinville, I am sorry if we seemed to neglect you. We owe you and your lady all gratitude, but I must be the judge of my own duty, and you can only be with me if you conform."

The youth seemed to be devouring his tears, but only said, "I was vexed to see my lady's plan marred, and your chance thrown away."

"Of that I must judge," said Berenger.

They were in a bye-lane, perfectly solitary. The whole country was at the funeral. Through the frosty air there came an occasional hum or murmur from Bellaise, or the tinkle of a cow-bell in the fields, but no human being was visible. It was certain, however, that the Rotrous, being Huguenots, and no vassals of Nid-de-Merle, would not be at the obsequies, and Berenger, walking with swift strides, supporting Osbert on his horse, continued to cheer him with promises of rest and relief there, and listened to no entreaties from Philip or Humfrey to take one of their horses. Had not Osbert borne him on his shoulders through the butchery at Paris, and endured three years of dungeon for his sake?

As for Philip, the slow pace of their ride was all insufficient for his glee. He made his horse caracole at every level space, till Berenger reminded him that they might have far to ride that night, and even then he was constantly breaking into attempts at shouting and whistling as often repressed, and springing up in his stirrups to look over the high hedges.

The Grange was so well concealed in its wooded ravine, that only, when close upon the gate, the party became aware that this farm-yard, usually so solitary,

formed an exception to the general desertion of the country. There was a jingle and a stamp of horses in the court, which could hardly be daylight echoes of the Templars. Berenger feared that the Guisards might have descended upon Rotrou, and was stepping forward to reconnoitre, while young De Selinville, trembling, besought him not to run into danger, but to turn and hasten to La Rochelle. By this time, however, the party had been espied by two soldiers stationed at the gate, but not before Berenger had had time to remark that they did not wear either the gold *fleur de lys* like his late guards, or the white cross of Lorraine; nor had they the strange air of gay ferocity usual with the King's mercenaries. And almost by instinct, at a venture, he made the old Huguenot sign he had learnt from his father, and answered, "For God and the Religion."

The counter-sign was returned "Béarn and Bourbon is the word to-day, comrade," replied the sentinel. "*Eh quoi!* have you had an encounter, that you bring a wounded man?"

"Not wounded, but nearly dead in a Guisard prison," said Berenger, with an unspeakable sense of relief and security, as the sentries admitted them into the large walled court, where horses were eating hay, being watered and rubbed down; soldiers snatching a hasty meal in corners; gentlemen in clanking breast-plates coming in and out of the house, evidently taking orders from a young man in a grey and silver suit, whose brown eagle face, thin cheeks, arched nose, and black eyes of keenest fire, struck Berenger at once with a sense of recognition as well as of being under a glance that seemed to search out every-body and everything at once.

"More friends!" and the tone again recalled a flood of recollections. "I thank and welcome you. What! You have met the enemy—where is he?"

"My servant is not wounded, Sire," said Berenger, removing his hat and bending low. "This is the effect of long captivity. We have but just escaped."

"Then we are in the same case! Pardon me, sir, I have seen you before, but for once I am at fault."

"When I call myself De Ribaumont, your Grace will not wonder."

"The dead alive! If I mistake not it was in the Inferno itself that we last met! But we have broken through the gates at last! I remember poor King Charles was delighted to hear that you lived! But where have you been a captive?"

"At Nid-de-Merle, Sire, my kinsmen accused me of treason in order to hinder my search for my wife. We escaped even now during the funeral of the Chevalier."

"By favour of which we are making our way to Parthenay unsuspected, though, by my faith, we gather so like a snowball, that we could be a match for a few hundreds of Guisards. Who is with you, M. de Ribaumont?"

"Let me present to your Majesty my English brother, Philip Thistlewood," said Berenger, drawing the lad forward, making due obeisance, though entirely ignorant who was the plainly-dressed, travel-soiled stranger, so evidently a born lord of men.

"An Englishman is ever welcome," was his gracious reception.

"And," added Berenger, "let me also present the young De Selinville, to whom I owe my escape. Where is he, Philip?"

He seemed to be busy with the horses, and Berenger could not catch his eye.

"Selinville! I thought that good Huguenot house was extinct."

"This is a relation of the late Count de Selinville, my cousin's husband, Sire. He arranged my evasion, and would be in danger at Nid-de-Merle. Call him, Philip."

Before this was done, however, the King's attention was otherwise claimed, and turning to one of his gentlemen he said, "Here, d'Aubigné, I present to you an acquaintance made in Tartarus. See to his entertainment ere we start for Parthenay."

Agrippa d'Aubigné, still young, but grave and serious looking, greeted M. de



Ribaumont as men meet in hours when common interests make rapid friendships; and from him Berenger learnt, in a few words, that the King of Navarre's eyes had been opened at last to the treachery of the court, and his own dishonourable bondage. During a feverish attack, one night when D'Aubigné and D'Armagnac were sitting up with him, his resolution was taken, and on the first hunting day after his recovery, he, with these two, the Baron de Rosny and about thirty more of his suite, had galloped away, and had joined the Monsieur and the Prince of Condé at Alençon. He had abjured the Catholic faith, declared that nothing except ropes should bring him back to Paris, and that he left there the mass and his wife—the first he could dispense with, the last he meant to have; and he was now on his way to Parthenay to meet his sister whom he had sent Rosny to demand. By the time Berenger had heard this, he had succeeded in finding honest Rotrou, who was in a state of great triumph, and readily undertook to give Osbert shelter, and as soon as he should have recovered to send him to headquarters with some young men who he knew would take the field as soon as they learnt that the King of Navarre had set up his standard. Even the inroads made into the good farmer's stores did not abate his satisfaction in entertaining the prime hope of the Huguenot cause; but Berenger advanced as large a sum as he durst out of his purse, under pretext of the maintenance of Osbert during his stay at the Grange. He examined Rotrou upon his subsequent knowledge of Isaac Gardon and Eustacie, but nothing had been heard of them since their departure, now nearly three years back, except a dim rumour that they had been seen at the Synod of Montauban.

"Well, my friend," said Philip, when about to remount, "this will do rather better than a headlong gallop to Rochelle with Nid-de-Merle at our heels."

"If M. le Baron is safe, it is well," said Aimé shortly.

"Is Selinville there?" said Berenger

coming up. "Here, let me take you to the King of Navarre, he knew your family in Languedoc."

"No, no," petulantly returned the boy. "What am I that he should notice me! It is M. de Ribaumont whom I follow, not him or his cause."

"Boy," said Berenger, dismayed, "remember, I have answered for you."

"I am no traitor," proudly answered the strange boy, and Berenger was forced to be thus satisfied, though intending to watch him closely.

## CHAPTER XL.

### THE SANDS OF OLONNE.

"Is it the dew of night  
That on her glowing cheek  
Shines in the moonbeam?—O she weeps, she weeps,  
And the good angel that abandoned her  
At her hell baptism, by her tears drawn down  
Resumes his charge . . . and the hope  
Of pardon and salvation rose  
As now she understood  
Thy lying prophecy of truth."

SOUTHEY.

"M. DE RIBAUMONT," said Henry of Navarre, as he stood before the fire after supper at Parthenay, "I have been thinking what commission I could give you proportioned to your rank and influence."

"Thanks to your Grace, that inquiry is soon answered. I am a beggar here. Even my paternal estate in Normandy is in the hands of my cousin."

"You have wrongs," said Henry, "and wrongs are sometimes better than possessions in a party like ours."

Berenger seized the opening to explain his position, and mention that his only present desire was for permission, in the first place, to send a letter to England by the messenger whom the King was despatching to Elizabeth, in tolerable security of her secret countenance; and, secondly, to ride to Nissard to examine into the story he had previously heeded so little, of the old man and his daughter rescued from the waves the day before La Sablerie was taken.

"If Pluto relented, my dear Orpheus, surely Navarre may," said Henry good-humouredly, "only may the priest not be more adamant than Minos. Where lies Nissard? On the Sables d'Olonne? Then you may go thither with safety while we lie here, and I shall wait for my sister or for news of her."

So Berenger arranged for an early start on the morrow; and young Selinville listened with a frown, and strange look in his dark eyes. "You go not to England?" he said.

"Not yet?" said Berenger.

"This was not what my lady expected," he muttered; but though Berenger silenced him by a stern look, he took the first opportunity of asking Philip if it would not be far wiser of his brother to place himself in safety in England.

"Wiser, but less honest," said Philip.

"He who has lost all here, who has incurred his grandfather's anger," pursued Aimé, "were he not wiser to make his peace with his friends in England?"

"His friends in England would not like him the better for deserting his poor wife's cause," said Philip. "I advise you to hold your tongue, and not meddle or make."

Aimé subsided, and Philip detected something like tears. He had still much of rude English boyhood about him, and he laughed roughly. "A fine fellow, to weep at a word! Hie thee back to feed my lady's lap-dog, 'tis all thou art fit for."

"There spoke English gratitude," said Aimé, with a toss of the head and flash of the eye.

Philip despised him the more for casting up his obligations, but had no retort to make. He had an idea of making a man of young Selinville, and his notion of the process had something of the bullying tendency of English youth towards the poor-spirited or cowardly. He ordered the boy roughly, teased him for his ignorance of manly exercises, tried to cure his helplessness by increasing his difficulties, and viewed his fatigue as affectation or effeminacy. Berenger interfered now and then to guard the

poor boy from a horse-jest or practical joke, but he too felt that Aimé was a great incumbrance, hopelessly cowardly, fanciful and petulant; and he was sometimes driven to speak to him with severity, verging on contempt, in hopes to rouse a sense of shame.

The timidity, so unusual and inexplicable in a youth of eighteen or twenty, showed itself irrepressibly at the Sands of Olonne. These were not misty, as on Berenger's former journey. Nissard steeple was soon in sight, and the guide who joined them on a rough pony, had no doubt that there would be ample time to cross before high water. There was, however, some delay, for the winter rains had brought down a good many streams of fresh water, and the sands were heavy and wet, so that their horses proceeded slowly, and the rush and dash of the waves proclaimed that the flow of the tide had begun. To the two brothers the break and sweep was a home-sound, speaking of freshness and freedom, and the salt breeze and spray carried with them life and ecstasy. Philip kept as near the incoming waves as his inland-bred horse would endure, and sang, shouted, and halloed to them as welcome as English waves; but Aimé de Selinville had never even beheld the sea before: and even when the tide was still in the distance, was filled with nervous terror as each rushing fall sounded nearer; and, when the line of white foamy crests became more plainly visible, he was impelled to hurry on towards the steeple so fast that the guide shouted to him that he would only bury himself in a quicksand.

"But," said he, white with alarm, and his teeth chattering, "how can we creep with those dreadful waves advancing upon us to drown us?"

Berenger silenced Philip's rude laugh, and was beginning to explain that the speed of the waves could always be calculated by an experienced inhabitant; and his voice had seemed to pacify Aimé a little, when the spreading water in front of a broken wave flowing up to his horse's feet, again rendered him nearly frantic. "Let us go back!" he

wildly entreated, turning his horse; but Berenger caught his bridle, saying, "That would be truly death. Boy, unless you would be scorned, restrain your folly. Nothing else imperils us."

Here, however, the guide interposed, saying that it had become too late to pursue their course along the curve of the shore, but they must at once cut straight across, which he had intended to avoid, because of the greater depth of a small river that they would have to cross, which divided further out into small channels, more easily forded. They thus went along the chord of the arc formed by the shore, and Aimé was somewhat reassured, as the sea was at first farther off; but before long they reached the stream, which lost itself in many little channels in the sands, so that when the tide was out there was a perfect network of little streams dividing low shingly or grassy isles, but at nearly high tide, as at present, many of these islets were submerged, and the strife between river and sea caused sudden deepenings of the water in the channels.

The guide eagerly explained that the safest place for crossing was not by the large sandbank furthest in, that looked so firm and promising—it was a recent shifting performance of the water's heaping up, and would certainly sink away and bury horse and man. They must ride further out, to the shingly isle; it and the channels on either side had shingly bottoms, and were safe.

"This way," called Berenger, himself setting the example, and finding no difficulty; the water did not rise above his boots, and the current was not strong. He had reached the shingly isle when he looked round for his companions; Humfrey and Philip were close behind him; but, in spite of the loud "*gare!*" of the guide, Aimé, or his horse,—for each was equally senseless with alarm,—were making inwards; the horse was trying to tread on the sandbank, which gave way like the water itself, under its frantic struggles—there was a loud cry—a shrill, unmistakable woman's shriek—the horse was sinking—a white face and helpless form

were being carried out on the waves, but not before Berenger had flung himself from his horse, thrown off his cloak and sword, and dashed into the water; and in the lapse of a few moments he struggled back to the island, where Philip and Humfrey, leg-deep in water, the one received his burthen, the other helped him to land.

"On, gentlemen, not a moment to lose," cried the guide; and Berenger, still panting, flung himself on his horse, held out his arms, gathered the small, almost inanimate figure upon the horse's neck before him, and in a few minutes more they had crossed the perilous passage, and were on a higher bank where they could safely halt; and Philip, as he came to help his brother, exclaimed, "What a fool the boy is!"

"Hush!" said Berenger, gravely, as they laid the figure on the ground.

"What! He can't have been drowned in that moment. We'll bring him to."

"Hands off!" said Berenger, kneeling over the gasping form, and adding in a lower voice, "Don't you see?" He wound his hand in the long drenched hair, and held it up, with cheeks burning like fire, and his scar purple.

"A woman!—what?—who?" Then suddenly divining, he exclaimed, "The jade!" and started with wide eyes.

"Stand back," said Berenger; "she is coming to herself."

Perhaps she had been more herself than he knew, for, as he supported her head, her hand stole over his and held it fast. Full of consternation, perplexity, and anger as he was, he could not but feel a softening pity towards a creature so devoted, so entirely at his mercy. At the moment when she lay helpless against him, gasps heaving her breast under her manly doublet, her damp hair spread on his knees, her dark eyes in their languor raised imploringly to his face, her cold hand grasping his, he felt as if this great love were a reality, and as if he were hunting a shadow; and, as if fate would have it so, he must save and gratify one whose affection must conquer his, who was so tender, so beautiful—even native



generosity seemed on her side. But in the midst, as in his perplexity, he looked up over the grey sea; he seemed to see the picture so often present to his mind of the pale, resolute girl, clasping her babe to her breast, fearless of the advancing sea, because true and faithful. And at that thought faith and prayer rallied once again round his heart, shame at the instant's wavering again dyed his cheek; he recalled himself, and speaking the more coldly and gravely because his heart was beating over hotly, he said, "Cousin, you are better. It is but a little way to Nissard."

"Why have you saved me, if you will not pity me?" she murmured.

"I will not pity, because I respect my kinswoman who has saved our lives," he said, steadying his voice with difficulty. "The priest of Nissard will aid me in sparing your name and fame."

"Ah!" she cried, sitting up with a start of joy, "but he would make too many inquiries! Take me to England first."

Berenger started as he saw how he had been misunderstood.

"Neither here nor in England could my marriage be set aside, cousin. No; the priest shall take charge of you, and place you in safety and honour."

"He shall not!" she cried hotly. "Why—why will you drive me from you—me who ask only to follow you as a menial servant?"

"That has become impossible," he answered, "to say nothing of my brother, my servant, and the guide have seen—"; and, as she remembered her streaming hair, and tried, in dawning confusion, to gather it together, he continued: "You shrank from the eye of the King of Navarre. You cannot continue as you have done; you have not even strength."

"Ah! had you sailed for England," she murmured.

"It had only been greater shame," he said. "Cousin, I am head of your family, husband of your kinswoman, and bound to respect the reputation you risked for me. I shall, therefore, place

you in charge of the priest till you can either return to your aunt or to some other convent. You can ride now. We will not wait longer in these wet garments."

He raised her from the ground, threw his own dry cloak round her shoulders and unmanageable hair, and lifted her on his horse; but, as she would have leant against him, he drew himself away, beckoned to Philip, and put the bridle into his hands, saying, "Take care of her. I shall ride on and warn the priest."

"The rock of diamond," she murmured, not aware that the diamond had been almost melting. That youthful gravity and resolution, with the mixture of respect and protection, imposed as usual upon her passionate nature, and daunted her into meekly riding beside Philip without a word—only now and then he heard a low moan, and knew that she was weeping bitterly.

At first the lad had been shocked beyond measure, and would have held aloof as from a kind of monster, but Madame de Selinville had been the first woman to touch his fancy, and when he heard how piteously she was weeping, and recollected where he should have been but for her, as well as all his own harshness to her as a cowardly boy, he felt himself brutally ungrateful, and spoke: "Don't weep so, Madame; I am sorry I was rude to you, but you see, how should I take you for a woman?"

Perhaps she heard, but she heeded not.

"My brother will take good care to shield you," Philip added. "He will take care you are safe in one of your nunneries;" and as she only wept the more, he added, with a sudden thought, "You would not go there; you would embrace the Protestant faith?"

"I would embrace whatever was his."

Philip muttered something about seeing what could be done. They were already at the entrance of the village, and Berenger had come out to meet them, and, springing towards him,

Philip exclaimed, in a low voice, "Berry, she would abjure her Popish errors! You can't give her up to a priest."

"Foolery, Philip," answered Berenger, sternly.

"If she would be a convert!"

"Let her be a modest woman first;" and Berenger, taking her bridle, led her to the priest's house.

He found that Père Colombeau was preaching a Lent sermon, and that nobody was at home but the housekeeper, to whom he had explained briefly that the lady with him had been forced to escape in disguise, had been nearly drowned, and was in need of refreshment and female clothing. Jacinthe did not like the sound, but drenched clothes were such a passport to her master's house, that she durst not refuse. Berenger carried off his other companions to the cabaret, and when he had dried himself, went to wait for the priest at the church door, sitting in the porch, where more than one echo of the exhortation to repentance and purity rang in his ears, and enforced his conviction that here he must be cruel if he would be merciful.

It was long before Père Colombeau came out, and then, if the scar had not blushed for all the rest of his face, the sickly, lanky lad of three years since would hardly have been recognised in the noble, powerful-looking young man who unbonneted to the good curé. But the priest's aspect was less benignant when Berenger tried to set before him his predicament; he coldly asked where the unhappy lady was; and when Berenger expressed his intention of coming the next morning to ask his counsel, he only bowed. He did not ask the brothers to supper, nor show any civility; and Berenger, as he walked back to the cabaret, perceived that his story was but half-believed, and that, if Diane's passion were still stronger than her truth or generosity, she would be able to make out a terrible case against him, and to willing ears, naturally disposed against a young cavalier and a heretic.

He sat much dispirited by the fire of the little wine shop, thinking that his forbearance had been well-nigh thrown away, and that his character would never be cleared in Eustacie's eyes, attaching, indeed, more importance to the blot than would have been done by a youth less carefully reared.

It was quite dark when a knock came to the door, the Curé's white head appeared in the lamplight; he nodded kindly to all the guests, and entreated that M. de Ribamont would do him the favour to come and speak with him.

No sooner were they outside the house, than the curé held out his hand, saying, "Sir, forgive me for a grievous injustice towards you;" then pressing his hand, he added with a voice tremulous with emotion, "Sir, it is no slight thing to have saved a wandering sheep by your uprightness and loyalty."

"Have you then opened her eyes, father?" said Berenger, relieved from a heavy load.

"You have, my son," said the old man. "You have taught her what truth and virtue are. For the rest, you shall hear for yourself."

Before Berenger knew where he was, a door was opened, and he found himself in the church. The building was almost entirely dark, but there were two tall lights at the altar in the distance, and a few little slender tapers burning before certain niches and shrines, but without power to conquer with the gloom more than enough to spread a pale circle of yellow light beneath them, and to show mysteriously a bit of vaulting above. A single lamp hung from an arch near the door, and beneath it, near a pillar, knelt, or rather crouched, on the floor, a female figure with a dark peasant cloak drawn over her head.

"The first token of penitence is reparation to the injured," said the priest.

Berenger looked at him anxiously.

"I will not leave you," he added. "See, I shall pray for you yonder, by the altar," and he slowly moved up the aisle.

"Rise, cousin, I entreat you," said

Berenger, much embarrassed, as he disappeared in the darkness.

"I must speak thus," she answered, in a hoarse exhausted voice. "Ah! pardon, pardon!" she added, rising, however, so far as to raise clasped hands and an imploring face. "Ah! can you pardon? It was through me that you bear those wounds; that she—Eustacie—was forced into the masque, to detain you for that night. Ah! pardon."

"That is long past," said Berenger. "I have been too near death not to have pardoned that long ago. Rise, cousin, I cannot see you thus."

"That is not all," continued Diane. "It was I—I who moved my father to imprison you." Then, as he bent his head, and would have again entreated her to rise, she held out her hand as if to silence him, and spoke faster, more wildly. "Then—then I thought it would save your life. I thought——" she looked at him strangely with her great dark eyes, all hollow and cavernous in her white face.

"I know," said Berenger, kindly, "you often urged it on me."

There was a sort of movement on the part of the kneeling figure of the priest at the altar, and she interrupted, saying precipitately, "Then—then, I did think you free."

"Ah!" he gasped. "Now——!"

"Now I know that she lives!" and Diane once more sank at his feet a trembling, shrinking, annihilated heap of shame and misery.

Berenger absolutely gave a cry, that though instantly repressed, had the ring of ecstasy in it. "Cousin—cousin!" he cried, "all is forgiven—all forgotten, if you will only tell me where!"

"That I cannot," said Diane, rousing herself again, but speaking in a dull indifferent tone, as of one to whom the prime bitterness was past, "save that she is under the care of the Duchess de Quinet;" and she then proceeded, as though repeating a lesson: "You remember the Italian conjuror whom you would not consult? Would that I had not!" she added, clasping her hands. "His prediction lured me!

Well, he saw my father privately, told him he had seen her, and had bought her jewels, even her hair. My father sent him in quest of her again, but told not me till the man returned with tidings that she was at Quinet, in favour with the Duchess. You remember that he went from home. It was to demand her; and, ah! you know how long I had loved you, and they told me that your marriage was void, and that all would be well upon the dispensation coming. And now the good father there tells me that I was deceived—cruelly deceived—that such a dispensation would not be granted save through gross misrepresentation." Then, as Berenger began to show tokens of eagerness to come at tidings of Eustacie, she continued, "Ah! it is vain to seek to excuse one you care not for. My father could learn nothing from the Duchess; she avowed that she had been there, but would say no more. However, he and my brother were sure she was under their protection; they took measures, and—the morning my poor father was stricken there had been a letter from my brother to say he was on her track, and matters must be ended with you, for he should have her in a week;" and then, as Berenger started forward with an inarticulate outburst, half of horror, half of interrogation, she added, "Where, he said not, nor did I learn from him. All our one interview was spent in sneers that answered to my wild entreaties; but this I know—that you would never have reached Tours a living man."

"And now, now he is on the way to her!" cried Berenger, "and you kept it from me!"

"There lay my hope," said Diane, raising her head; and now, with glittering eyes and altered voice, "How could I not but hate her who had bereaved me of you; her for whose sake I could not earn your love?"

The change of her tone, had, perhaps, warned the priest to draw nearer, and as she perceived him, she said, "Yes, father, this is not the way to absolution, but my heart will burst if I say not all."

"Thou shalt not prevail, foul spirit,"



said the priest, looking earnestly into the darkness, as though he beheld the fiend hovering over her, "neither shall these holy walls be defiled with accents of unhallowed love. You have made your reparation, daughter, it is enough."

"And can you tell me no more," said Berenger, sadly. "Can you give me no clue that I may save her from the wolf that may be already on her track? Cousin, if you would do this, I would bless you for ever."

"Alas! I would if I could! It is true, cousin, I have no heart to deceive you any longer. But it is to Madame de Quinet that you must apply, and if my brother has thought me worth pursuit, you may be in time! One moment"—as he would have sprang away as if in the impulse to fly to the rescue—"cousin; had you gone to England as I hoped, I would have striven to deserve to win that love of yours, but you have conquered by your constancy. Now, father, I have spoken my last save as penitent."

She covered her head and sank down again.

Berenger, bewildered and impelled to be doing something, let the priest lead him out before he exclaimed, "I said nothing to her of pardon!"

"You do pardon?" said the priest.

He paused a moment. "Freely, if I find my wife. I can only remember now that she set me on the way. I would ease her soul, poor thing, and thinking would make me hard again."

"Do the English bring up their sons with such feelings," asked the curé, pausing for a moment.

"Of course," said Berenger. "May I say that one word, sir?"

"Not now," said the priest; "she had better be left to think of her sin towards heaven, rather than towards man."

"But do you leave her there, sir?"

"I shall return. I shall pray for her true penitence," said the priest, and Berenger perceived from his tone that one without the pale might inquire no further. He only asked how safe and honourable shelter could be found for her; and the curé replied that he

had already spoken to her of the convent of Luçon, and should take her there so soon as it could safely be done, and that Abbess Monique, he trusted, would assist her crushed spirit in finding the path of penitence. He thought her cousin had better not endeavour to see her again; and Berenger himself was ready to forget her very existence in his burning anxiety to outstrip Narcisse in the quest of Eustacie.

## CHAPTER XLI.

### OUR LADY OF HOPE.

"Welcome to danger's hour,  
Brief greeting serves the time of strife."

SCOTT.

As soon as it was possible to leave Nissard, Berenger was on his way back to head-quarters, where he hoped to meet the Duke de Quinet among the many Huguenot gentlemen who were flocking to the Bourbon standard; nor was he disappointed in the hope, for he was presented to a handsome middle-aged gentleman, who told him, with much politeness, that he was aware that his mother had had the honour to receive and entertain Mme. de Ribaumont, and that some months ago he had himself arranged for the conveyance of her letters to England, but, he said, with a smile, he made a point of knowing nothing of his mother's guests, lest his duties as a governor might clash with those of hospitality. He offered to expedite M. de Ribaumont's journey to Quinet, observing that, if Nid-de-Merle were, indeed, on the point of seizing the lady, it must be by treachery; indeed he had, not ten days back, had the satisfaction of hanging an Italian mountebank who had last year stolen a whole packet of despatches, among them letters from Mme. de Ribaumont, and the fellow was probably acting as a spy upon her, so that no time was to be lost in learning from his mother where she was. On the next morning he was about to send forward twenty men to reinforce a little

frontier garrison on the river Dronne, and as M. le Baron must pass through the place, it would be conferring a favour on him to take the command. The men were all well mounted and would not delay, and when once across the frontier of Guyenne, no escort would be needed.

Berenger gladly accepted the proposal. It did not occur to him that he was thus involved in the civil war, and bearing arms against the sovereign. In spite of Queen Elizabeth's alliance with the French court, she connived at her youthful subjects seeking the bubble reputation in the mouths of Valois cannon; and so little did Henri III. seem to Berenger to be his king, that he never thought of the question of allegiance,—nay, if the royal officers were truly concerned in his arrest, he was already an outlaw. This was no moment for decision between Catholic and Calvinist, all he wanted was to recover his wife and forestall her enemies.

Henri of Navarre gave his full consent to the detachment being placed under charge of M. de Ribaumont. He asked somewhat significantly what had become of the young gentleman who had attended M. de Ribaumont, and Philip blushed crimson to the ears, while Berenger replied, with greater coolness than he had given himself credit for, that the youth had been nearly drowned on the Sables d'Olonne, and had been left at Dom Colombeau's to recover. The sharp-witted King looked for a moment rather as Sir Hugh the Heron did when Marmion accounted for his page's absence, but was far too courteous and too *insouciant* to press the matter further, though Berenger saw quite enough of his expression to feel that he had been delivered from his companion only just in time.

Berenger set forth so soon as his impatience could prevail to get the men into their saddles. He would fain have ridden day and night, and grudged every halt for refreshment, so as almost to run the risk of making the men mutinous. Evening was coming on, and his troop had dismounted at a cabaret, in front of

which he paced up and down with Philip, trying to devise some pretext for hastening them on another stage before night, when a weary, travel-stained trooper rode up to the door and was at once hailed as a comrade by the other men, and asked, "What cheer at Pont de Dronne?"

"Bad enough," he answered, "unless you can make the more speed there!" Then making obeisance to Berenger he continued his report, saying that Captain Falconnet was sending him to M. le Duc with information that the Guisards were astir, and that five hundred gendarmes, under the black Nid-de-Merle, as it was said, were on their way intending to surprise Pont de Dronne, and thus cut the King of Navarre off from Guyenne and his kingdom beyond it. After this Berenger had no more difficulty with his men, who were most of them Quinet vassals, with homes south of the Dronne, and the messenger only halted for a hasty meal, hastening on to the Duke, that a more considerable succour might at once be despatched.

"Is she there whom they call the Lady of Hope?" asked one of the soldiers, a mercenary, less interested than most of his comrades, as he had only a fortnight since transferred his services from Guise to Quinet.

"Our Lady of Sadness just now," replied the messenger; "her old father is at the point of death. However, she is there, and at our last siege twenty wine-skins would not so well have kept up men's hearts."

"And the little one, the white fairy, is she there too? They say 'tis a spirit, a changeling that could not brook the inside of a church, but flew out of the Moustier at Montauban like a white swan in the middle of a sermon."

"I only know I've seen her sleep like a dormouse through prayers, sermon, and all at Pont de Dronne. *Follette*, if she be, she belongs to the white elves of the moonlight."

"Well, they say bullets won't touch her, and no place can be taken where she is," replied the trooper. "Nay, that Italian pedlar rogue, the same that the

Duke has since hung, had sold to long Gilles and snub-nosed Pierre silver bullets, wherewith they swore to shoot the one or the other next time they had a chance."

These words were spoken at no great distance from Berenger, but passed by him as mere men-at-arms gossip, in his eagerness to expedite the start of his party; and in less than an hour they were *en route* for Pont de Dronne: but hasten as he would, it was not till near noon the next day that he came in sight of a valley, through which wound a river, crossed by a high backed bridge, with a tall pointed arch in the middle, and a very small one on either side. An old building of red stone, looking like what it was—a monastery converted into a fortress—stood on the nearer, or northern bank, and on the belfry tower waved a flag with the arms of Quinet. Higher up the valley, there was an ominous hum, and clouds of smoke and dust; and the gendarmes who knew the country, rejoiced that they were come just in time, and exchanged anxious questions whether the enemy were not fording the river higher up, so as to attack not only the fortress on this northern side, but the bridge tower on the southern bank of the river.

Spurring down the hill, the party were admitted, at the well-guarded gateway, into a large thickly-walled yard where the soldiers and horses remained, and Berenger and Philip, passing through a small arched doorway into the body of the old monastery, were conducted to a great wainscotted hall, where a pulpit projecting from the wall, and some defaced emblematic ornaments, showed that this had once been the refectory, though guardroom appliances now occupied it. The man who had shown them in left them, saying he would acquaint Captain Falconnet with their arrival, and just then a sound of singing drew both brothers to the window. It looked out on what had once been the quadrangle, bounded on three sides by the church, the refectory, and the monk's lodgings, the cloistered arcade running round all these. The fourth side was

skirted by the river, which was, however, concealed by an embankment, raised, no doubt, to supply the place of the wall, which had been unnecessary to the peaceful original inhabitants. What attracted Berenger's eyes was, however, a group in the cloister, consisting of a few drooping figures, some of men in steel caps, others of veiled, shrouded women, and strange, mingled feelings swept over him as he caught the notes of the psalm sung over the open grave—

"Si qu'en paix et seurté bonne  
Coucherai et reposerai—  
Car, Seigneur, ta bonté tout ordonne  
Et elle seule espoir donne  
Que seur et seul régnant serai."

"Listen, Philip," he said, with moistening eyes; then as they ended, "it is the 4th Psalm: 'I lay me down in peace and take my rest.' Eustacie and I used to sing it to my father. It was well done in these mourners to sing it over him whom they are laying down to take his rest while the enemy are at the gates. See, the poor wife still kneels while the rest disperse; how dejected and utterly desolate she looks."

He was so intently watching her as not to perceive the entrance of a tall, grizzled old man in a steel cap, evidently the commander of the garrison. There was the brief welcome of danger's hour—the briefer, because Captain Falconnet was extremely deaf, and taking it for granted that the new comers were gentlemen of the Duke's, proceeded to appoint them their posts without further question. Berenger had intended to pursue his journey to Quinet without delay, but the intelligence that the enemy were on the southern as well as the northern side of the river rendered this impossible; and besides, in defending this key of Guyenne against Narcisse, he was also defending Eustacie.

The state of affairs was soon made known to him. The old monastery, covering with its walls an extensive space, formed a fortress quite strong enough to resist desultory attacks, and protect the long bridge, which was itself



strongly walled on either side, and with a barbican at the further end. In former assaults the attacks had always been on the north, the Catholic side, as it might be called; but now the enemy had crossed the river above the fort, and were investing the place on both sides. Long foreseeing this, the old commandant had guarded the bank of the river with an earthwork, a long mound, sloped irregularly on either hand, over which numerous little paths had since been worn by the women within, when on their way to the river with their washing; but he had been setting every one to work to destroy and fill up these, so that the rampart was smooth and sloping, perfectly easy indeed to cross, but high and broad enough to serve as an effectual protection against such artillery as the detached troops of the Guise party were likely to possess; and the river was far too wide, deep and strong in its main current to be forded in the face of a hostile garrison. The captain had about fifty gendarmes in his garrison, besides the twenty new comers whom he persisted in regarding as Berenger's charge;

and there were, besides, some seventy peasants and silk-spinners, who had come into the place as a refuge from the enemy—and with these he hoped to hold out till succour should come from the Duke. He himself took the command of the north gate, where the former assaults had been made, and he intrusted to his new ally the tower protecting the bridge, advising him to put on armour; but Berenger, trying on a steel cap, found that his head could not bear the weight and heat, and was forced to return to his broad-brimmed Spanish hat, while Philip in high glee armed himself as best he could with what Captain Falconnet could lend him. He was too much excited to eat of the scanty meal that was set before them—a real fight seemed like a fair day to him, and he was greatly exalted by his brother's post of command—a post that Berenger felt a heavy responsibility only thrust upon him by the commandant's incapacity of hearing how utterly inexperienced he was.

*To be continued.*

#### AUTUMN VIOLETS.

KEEP love for youth, and violets for the spring:  
 Or if these bloom when worn-out autumn grieves,  
 Let them lie hid in double shade of leaves,  
 Their own, and others dropped down withering;  
 For violets suit when home birds build and sing,  
 Not when the outbound bird a passage cleaves;  
 Not with the stubble of mown harvest sheaves,  
 But when the green world buds to blossoming.  
 Keep violets for the spring, and love for youth,  
 Love that should dwell with beauty, mirth, and hope:  
 Or if a later sadder love be born,  
 Let this not look for grace beyond its scope,  
 But give itself, nor plead for answering truth—  
 A grateful Ruth tho' gleaning scanty corn.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

## THE SUN'S DISTANCE.

BY J. NORMAN LOCKYER.

A SOMEWHAT important error in our measurement of the distance of the Sun from the earth has recently been discovered. It is now proved that we have been accustomed to over-estimate the distance by four millions of miles, and that, instead of ninety-five millions, the real figure is ninety-one. How this came about, the following observations are an attempt to explain :—

This time last century the celebrated Captain Cook (then only Lieutenant) was on his way in H.M.S. *Endeavour* to Otaheite, to observe the transit of Venus, which took place in 1769. The observations were made in due course, not only by Cook, but in Lapland, Hudson's Bay, St. Joseph, and elsewhere ; and the result was a value of the Sun's distance which, after a century's existence, has just given way to a new one.

For some years this new value has been dawning upon us, for, with our modern methods and appliances, the problem is now no longer dependent upon transits of Venus for its solution. Wheatstone and Foucault have enabled us to measure the velocity of light by a chamber experiment, and, as we know how long light is in reaching us from the Sun, the Sun's distance is, as we may say, found by the rule of three. It has been so found, and appears to be less than was formerly thought.

Again, elaborate investigations into the motion of the Moon, and of Mars and Venus, have yielded evidence to Hansen and Le Verrier that the old distance was too great, and by assuming a smaller one they have brought the theoretical and observed motions into unison ; finally, observations on Mars have all gone in the same direction. In fact all the modern work shows that the Sun's distance is about 91,000,000 miles, whereas the value determined in 1769 gave a distance of 95,000,000.

Now humanity has a sort of vested interest in that time-honoured ninety-five millions of miles ; it is not lightly to be meddled with ; and in certain quarters not only was the new value altogether rejected, but astronomers were considerably twitted with their discovery that their very unit of measurement was wrong, and that to an extent of some 4,000,000 miles ! although in fact, as Mr. Pritchard has ingeniously put it, the difference amounts to no more than the breadth of a human hair viewed at a distance of 125 feet.

The thing certainly was embarrassing, for the observations of 1769 were well planned, and made under fair conditions by skilled men, and further, the received value was deduced by such a man as Enecke, whose reduction no one thought even of questioning. But still the closeness of the agreement *inter se* of the four independent methods to which we have referred—all of which differed from the old value—made it evident that there was something wrong somewhere—*where*, it was impossible, most people said, to know until the next transit in 1882.

One astronomer, however, has not been content to let the matter thus rest. Mr. Stone, of the Greenwich Observatory, thinking that a new discussion of the observations of 1769 must necessarily lead to a clearer view of the sources of systematic error or wrong interpretation to be guarded against in 1874 and 1882, has with infinite pains recollected all the observations ; reduced them as if they had been made yesterday ; and has been rewarded by the discovery, not only of several material errors in the prior discussions, but by a value of the Sun's distance from these old observations almost identical with that required by all the modern methods.

To understand this result, it must be

remembered that the observations in 1769 were to determine how long Venus took to cross the Sun's disc at the different stations; the time would be different for each station, and the amount of difference would depend upon the Sun's distance; the nearer Venus was to the Sun the nearer would the observed times approximate to each other, since it is obvious that, if the Sun were a screen immediately behind the planet, the times observed at all stations on the Earth would be absolutely identical.

Now, to the uninitiated, this mere determination of the length of passage may seem absurdly easy, and even those who are generally acquainted with such phenomena imagine that Venus enters on the Sun as the shadow of Jupiter's satellites do on Jupiter. But this is not the case. In consequence, most probably, of the existence of a dense atmosphere round Venus, it is extremely difficult to determine when the planet appears to come into contact with the Sun, or when it is exactly just within his disc, and *vice versa*.

Before anything is seen of Venus itself that portion of the Sun on which it is about to enter appears agitated, and the planet enters, not as a sharply-defined black ball, but with a many-pointed tremulous edge as it encroaches more and more on the Sun's disc; not only is the side of the planet further from the Sun lit up by a curious light, but a penumbra seems formed round the planet itself; and after it has really entered on the disc, the edges of the Sun and planet seem joined together by what has been variously called a black drop, ligament, or protuberance, on the rupture or breaking of which, and *not before*, the planet seems fairly off on its journey across the Sun.

It is thus very difficult to determine the exact moment of ingress or egress, and if the matter is not considered even in great detail—if all the phenomena are not absolutely acknowledged and separated—the reduction of the observation is valueless.

“The first appearance of *Venus* on the Sun” (says Cook), “was certainly only a penumbra, and the contact of the limbs did not happen

till several seconds after: this appearance was observed both by Mr. Green and me; but the time it happened was not noted by either of us: it appeared to be very difficult to judge precisely of the times that the internal contacts of the body of *Venus* happened, by reason of the darkness of the penumbra at the Sun's limb, it being there nearly, if not quite, as dark as the planet. At this time a faint light, much weaker than the rest of the penumbra, appeared to converge towards the point of contact, but did not quite reach it. This was seen by myself and the two other observers, and was of great assistance to us in judging of the time of the internal contacts of the dark body of *Venus* with the Sun's limb.

Both when the planet enters and leaves the Sun's disc, then, two phenomena are observable—the actual contact, and the breaking of the ligament or black drop. It is clear that the duration of the transit, measured from contact to contact, would be longer than if measured from rupture to rupture. Hence it is essential that the observers at the various stations should observe the same phenomena, or that due allowance should be made if a contact is observed at one station and a rupture at the other.

It is here that Mr. Stone's labours come in. They have been chiefly directed to a strict interpretation of the language of the former observers, having regard to these details and to the introduction of the necessary corrections just mentioned.

Hence, from what we may almost term Mr. Stone's *re-observation* of the transit of 1769—for he has more than reduced the observations, he has infused into them modern scientific accuracy—one of the most important questions in science may be looked upon as now definitely settled.

It is difficult to imagine a more beautiful instance than this of the value of one side of the scientific mind—the doubtful, the suspicious side, the side of unrest. Till now “95,000,000 miles” almost represented a dogma; for a century it has been an article of faith; and all our tremendous modern scientific appliances and power of minute inquiry might in the present instance have been rendered powerless and ineffectual for a time if this *other* scientific power had been allowed to remain dormant, or had been less energetically employed.



THE WOUNDED SOLDIER IN MODERN WARFARE.<sup>1</sup>

It has been said that all mitigations of the laws and usages of war point to that noble ideal of the lovers of mankind, a perpetual peace. No reasonable man would look for the attainment of this object to popular Congresses grounded upon revolutionary principles. Grotius saw no other means than the establishment of Congresses of Christian Powers; Kant, in Germany, and Mr. James Mill, in England, have proposed the formation of an International Tribunal for the cognizance of international differences; and it will be remembered that some such idea has been propounded under the ægis of Imperial France. But the world remains faithful to its old traditions, and although wars may be more quickly terminated now than formerly, they have gained in intensity all that they have lost in duration. The olive-branch of the philanthropist seems destined to wither in the chill blasts of reality.

But if we cannot grasp the substance of an universal peace, its spirit may yet be discerned in our endeavours to make war less cruel, and to restrain the reckless waste of life by which it has been usually characterized.

We do not think it necessary to offer any apology for noticing the "Tribute Book" so long after its publication. The

work is still little known in this country, and its subject remains one of absorbing interest. It claims to be "a digest of the ways and means by which the American people, having been taxed to pay 3,000,000,000 dollars for the prosecution of a war, of their own accord, without tax or toll, collected and expended nearly 70,000,000 more."

The commencement of the contest found the Union totally unprepared. It became necessary to create, almost out of nothing, a sufficient force, with all the usual appendages. How America accomplished this task may be told as one of the prodigies of a self-governing people. During the early days of the war, the almost total want of physicians, hospitals, attendants, and all hospital articles, raised terror and confusion, not only in the army, but among the whole people. Voluntary contributions had been employed to equip for the field the 75,000 men for whom the President had first called. If unanimity and hearty self-sacrifice were shown by those who rushed to arms in the spring of 1861, they were no less to be found among those who remained behind.

Within ten days of the President's call, public meetings had been held in nearly every loyal town, and everywhere war-funds had been organized by the patriotism of the inhabitants. Contributions had also to be raised for sanitary purposes. Committees in various parts of the country had already been formed: lint had been prepared and bandages rolled before blood was shed in Baltimore; but the assistance for the wounded was at first of the most desultory character. Among the early societies we need only mention the Women's New York Central Association of Relief, which contained the germ of the famous Sanitary Commission of the United States. The functions of the Commission appear to be somewhat imperfectly

<sup>1</sup> "The Tribute Book: a Record of the Munificence, Self-Sacrifice, and Patriotism of the American People during the War for the Union." New York. 1865.

"Das Militärsanitätswesen der Vereinigten Staaten von Nord-America während des letzten Krieges." Von Dr. H. von Haurowitz, &c. &c. Stuttgart. 1866.

"Die Formation des Militärsanitätswesens in den Grösseren Staaten, mit besonderer Berücksichtigung der preussischen Verhältnisse im Hinblick auf Geschichte und Reform." Von Dr. Schlott, &c. &c. Frankfurt-a-M. 1866.

"Unter dem rothen Kreuz. Fremde und eigene Erfahrungen auf Böhmischer Erde und den Schlachtfeldern der Neuzeit." Gesammelt von Dr. Julius Naundorff. Leipzig. 1867.

understood in Europe, although history offers no parallel to this gigantic association, which received official recognition from the War Office in June 1861. Its object and business may be thus briefly summarized: (1) To collect supplies through its branches all over the country. (2) To found and support soldiers' homes, where shelter, food, and medical care were furnished to disabled soldiers. At one period, the eight homes of Washington, Cincinnati, Cairo, Louisville, Nashville, Columbus, Cleveland, and New Orleans are stated to have given food and lodging to 2,300 men every twenty four hours. There were also several "Lodges," or homes on a smaller scale, where the soldier, enfeebled but not disabled, might obtain rest and medical treatment till he could rejoin his regiment; or from whence, if necessary, he might be transferred to the hospital. (3) To keep a hospital directory, by which the whereabouts of disabled men might be ascertained by their friends and relatives. This was corrected every day, and bureaux of information were established in the large towns. To obtain the necessary knowledge, agents of the Commission were to be found in every military camp and hospital. When in full force, \$20,000 a year were expended in the maintenance of this branch. (4) To carry out a system of hospital inspection. Sixty of the most skilful surgeons and physicians were at one time employed, and 70,000 beds were visited. (5) To find means of transport for the sick. The transports of the regular service, as well as the hospitals, were also inspected by the delegates of the Commission. (6) To maintain a regular battle-field service, independent of the army sanitary system. Homes were established at the chief halting-places on the line of march, where sick or disabled soldiers might find rest and medical attendance.

In May 1862 events showed the peril of the Union to be much greater than had been anticipated, and proved at the same time the necessity of increased exertions in sanitary arrange-

ments. Hitherto the supply had proved amply sufficient. But now came in quick succession Williamsburg, Fair Oaks, Gaines' Mills, Malvern Hill, the terrible second battle of Bull Run, and finally the bloody victory of Antietam. This last battle left 10,000 soldiers of the Union wounded upon the field, and several thousand Southern prisoners on the hands of their opponents. Thanks to the liberal contribution of \$100,000 from the Pacific coast, the funds of the association were once more placed in a state of efficiency, and by the end of the year the Commission is stated to have had in its hospitals and convalescent camps no less than 130,000 men.

The Western States possessed an independent Commission of their own. This was owing to the fact that the war suddenly broke out in Missouri before adequate preparation had been made for the country lying west of the Mississippi. The severity of the battles fought in this part during the summer of 1861 showed the necessity of this arrangement. Only two states assumed the exclusive care of the sanitary interests of their own men. These were Iowa and Indiana, the former of which subsequently abandoned its independent action.

The energies of American women on behalf of the sick and wounded were remarkable in the War of Independence. We need scarcely state that chiefly to their activity the success of volunteer associations in the late contest is to be ascribed. Nowhere were ladies more active than in St. Louis. "They met daily at the rooms of the "Ladies' Union Aid, and of the Free-  
"mont Relief Societies, cut out hospital  
"garments, gave employment and assist-  
"ance to soldiers' wives, visited the sick,  
"read to the soldiers from the good  
"Book, conversed at their bedsides, gave  
"them consolation and sympathy."<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The eulogies of the fair sex were not always made in prose, *teste* the not inappropriate rhymes written in the West in honour of certain ladies from Philadelphia:—

"From old Saint Paul till now,  
Of honourable women not a few

When the curtain fell on these vast undertakings, the Confederate States, as such, had ceased to exist.

Before laying aside the "Tribute Book," we extract from its pages the receipts, during the war, of the large volunteer association which we have mentioned:—

Cash and value of supplies received by the U. S. Sanitary Commission to the close of the war . . .	\$12,971,000
Collections of the Western Sanitary Commission in money and stores . . .	2,800,000
Receipts of the Iowa Sanitary Commission up to the period of its incorporation with the Sanitary and Western Sanitary Commissions . . .	175,000
Collections of the Indiana Sanitary Commission, cash and supplies . . .	534,000
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Total of the collections of the four Sanitary Commissions . . .	\$16,480,000

These particulars, however, give an imperfect idea of the amount of money lavished on sanitary objects during the war. Notwithstanding the unanimity which generally characterised the mode of offering among the people, large sums were, nevertheless, poured through other channels. To account for an immense portion of the \$70,000,000 expended by private munificence, it is also to be borne in mind that, besides sanitary services, such objects as the following received a proper amount of attention:— the promotion of enlistment, the relief of drafted men, the succour of the families of volunteers, the maintenance of the efficiency of the army and navy, the transmission of aid to distressed Unionists within the Confederate lines, the endowment of orphan asylums, and the cause of religion, of which the Christian Commission was the chief representative.

Have left their golden ease to do  
The saintly work which Christ-like hearts  
pursue.

"When peace shall come, and homes shall  
smile again,  
A thousand soldier-hearts in northern climes  
Shall tell their little children in their  
rhymes  
Of the sweet saints who blessed the old war  
times."

As a clear account of the regular sanitary system which was developed during the war, we can heartily recommend Dr. von Haurowitz's work. Deputed by Russia to inquire into the systems of other countries, with the view of introducing reforms into her own, he has given to Europe a practical and suggestive volume, in which a keen eye and quick perception for all things connected with his object, no less than for the country and people around him, are readily to be discerned.

Since the War of Independence, America had had the opportunity of turning her thoughts almost exclusively to her internal interests. The subsequent war with England, commencing in 1812, and closed by the Peace of Ghent in 1814, had not demanded many sacrifices. The Mexican campaign, from 1846 to 1848, was of too slight moment to necessitate the maintenance of a large army. In this latter war the whole expeditionary corps was conveyed by sea to Vera Cruz, marching from thence to Mexico; and the military surgeons had little opportunity for the exercise of their skill. We must assume that what was done for the troops was done creditably, for the sanitary department received, in more than one instance, the warmest commendation from General Scott.

In time of peace a force of 12,000 or 15,000 men was found sufficient to meet the requirements of America, and the medical wants of the troops seem to have been satisfactorily provided for from the bureau at Washington.

Before the civil war had continued two years, the head of the sanitary department had several times been changed, and yet the arrangements were not adequate. At length a man who, by his energetic character, the practical experience he had collected during his former services with the regular army, and the confidence reposed in him by the Minister of War, seemed to be eminently qualified for the task—assumed the control of this department, and carried out the necessary reforms. It is the highest praise



to say that under his direction, during the last two years of the war, when upwards of a million combatants were under arms in defence of the Union, the sanitary arrangements of the army were not found wanting. And when we consider the enormous number of men placed *hors de combat* in the great battles (at Gettysburg the wounded alone were reckoned at 30,000), we may form some idea of the scale on which it was necessary to form an adequate system of relief. During the last year of the war the number of army surgeons elected amounted to not less than 500; besides these, 2,000 civil surgeons were employed in the service of the troops in the field and in the hospitals. Every sick or wounded man, from the moment when he entered the hospital or succumbed on the battle-field till the day of his recovery, ceased to be a member of the active army, and the sanitary corps alone was responsible for him.

At the beginning of the contest, the Union did not possess a single large military hospital throughout the land; during the continuance of the war 195 large hospitals alone were erected, offering, in all, accommodation for 195,000 men. If the arrangement of these hospitals, with their admirable ventilation, their heating apparatus, and their constant supply of fresh water, was worthy of all commendation, the transport system by the railroads and great rivers was nowise inferior. On the eve of battle forty railway waggons stood at certain stations in full readiness to start. Each waggon, containing from thirty-five to forty men lying down, was in itself a moveable hospital, supplied with kitchen, provisions, pharmacy, and medical attendance, and was so constructed that the motion of the train at full speed might be as little felt as possible. When the transport was by water, steamers were employed, either built expressly or fitted up as hospital-ships.

According to the official report of the 8th of September, 1863, there died of the army of the United States, during the first year of the war, 67.6 men per

thousand. 1,058,000 soldiers are stated to have been in the hospitals of the Union during the four years of the contest; of these only 8 per cent. appear to have died. No country has equalled America in the care of its own soldiers. Whether the prisoners and wounded of the Confederate armies received a proper share of attention from the Union, it is difficult for us to decide. The great Sanitary Commission claims with all justice to have disbursed large sums in assisting rebel prisoners. Yet, in view of the frequent complaints raised by Confederates of the treatment that they experienced at the hands of their Northern captors, we must be pardoned if we hesitate to believe that the principle of impartiality of assistance towards friend and foe was rigorously carried out by the Union. Where this principle is ignored, no system of relief for the wounded soldier is entitled to be regarded as complete.

So much for America. We have now to glance at what has been done on this side of the Atlantic to lessen the evils attendant on war.

Dr. Schlott's pamphlet is chiefly valuable on account of the history which it contains, among others, of the Prussian sanitary system, undoubtedly the first in Continental Europe; while the volume last on our list affords us the opportunity of seeing some of the modern systems in full activity upon the field and in the hospital.

The formation of "sanitary companies" is in the first instance due to France, where they were organized by Napoleon, at Larry's suggestion, in 1813. The system became naturalized in Germany in 1850, when it was first wholly adopted by Austria. Every company consisted of thirty-two soldiers, who were provided with poles with which two men might form a litter to bear the wounded from the field. About 200 sanitary soldiers, exclusive of officers, would be allotted to a force of 25,000 men. They would be furnished with three or four ambulances and three field-hospitals. Of this corps, 180 men would be engaged in the field

and in the ambulances, the remainder in the hospitals. Thus, in hospitals designed for 500 sick and wounded, there would not be more than twenty sanitary soldiers employed. Compared with this, an old Prussian regulation of the year 1753 contrasts favourably, by which one man and one woman were allotted to every ten sick men in hospital.

But let us see how it would fare with the soldier on the battle-field. According to the losses in modern warfare, an army of 25,000 men would suffer a diminution in its strength of about 12 per cent. Of these 3,000, one-third may be reckoned as killed, and two-thirds as wounded. At the utmost, 180 sanitary soldiers, as we have seen, are to be relied upon for the service of the 2,000 wounded, who have to be sought in distant parts of the field, and borne amid circumstances of the greatest difficulty and danger to the ambulances lying away from the fire. And if the greater part of those in need of immediate assistance could be carried from the field, the ambulances would be far too few in number to contain them.

According to the Prussian regulations at present in force, an army corps is supplied with three principal and three light field-hospitals. A company of 120 men is attached to each moveable hospital. Every battalion, division, or regiment of cavalry possesses one staff and one assistant-surgeon, and to each company or squadron a hospital-assistant (*Lazareth-Gehülfe*) is allotted.

By a regulation of the 11th of January, 1866, hospital-assistants may attain both the rank and pay of under-officers, and have the prospect of becoming hospital inspectors. Soldiers, after bearing arms for six months in the ranks, may, if they desire it, become apprentices in the hospitals, as vacancies occur, and finally rise to be chief hospital-assistants (*Ober-Lazareth-Gehülfe*). The instruction which hospital-assistants receive embraces every branch of lower surgery; and they not only learn to be useful in time of war, but are also trained to give assistance in cases of accidental poisoning, cholera,

snake-bites, drowning, &c. A somewhat similar corps (*Spitals-Gehülfe*) exists in Austria. In the late war the duty of transporting the sick and wounded from the field-hospitals into the reserve hospitals was imposed upon a special commission. The hospital requisites were chiefly supplied by the volunteer associations of which we shall speak hereafter.

But although the Prussian sanitary system sufficed for the Schleswig-Holstein campaign of 1864, it fell far short in the recent war in Bohemia. How must it have fared with the soldier in the Italian war of 1859? In the space of little more than a month five battles were fought, commencing with Montebello on the 20th of May, and during that period more than half a million combatants were under arms. In comparison to the strength of the contending armies, the losses at Königgrätz were not inferior to those at Solferino; yet, as regards the actual number of those who fell, the great battle of Italian independence is the only one of recent times which can be placed beside Borodino, Leipzig, and Waterloo. It is related as the immediate result of the 24th of June, that the killed and wounded in the Austrian and Franco-Sardinian armies comprised three field-marschals, nine generals, 1,560 officers, and about 40,000 under-officers and men. Two months afterwards, in the three armies together, 40,000 men succumbed to sickness, defective sanitary arrangements, and the extraordinary efforts preceding and following the day. But balm for the wounded soldier of the future was to spring from the bloody field of Solferino.

A Genevan gentleman, moved by the noblest instincts of philanthropy, hastened to the reeking plains of Italy, for the purpose of rendering to the wounded what assistance might be in his power. All who have read M. Henri Dunant's "*Souvenir de Solferino*," which appeared in November 1862, and have watched the development of the idea which is there foreshadowed, know how much the Continental soldier is indebted to the originator of the

Geneva Convention. Among the many thousands covering the plain of Solferino, he found hundreds who, for lack of refreshment during twenty-four hours, were fast yielding to hunger, thirst, and weariness; hundreds whose lives were to be saved by a little water and a morsel of bread, and who cried for it in vain. He saw hundreds, still breathing, though scarcely to be distinguished from their dead comrades, subjected to the horrors of being entombed alive. He learnt, what we may easily conceive, that "the extraordinary demands of a great battle have outgrown the usual means of assistance at the disposal of the service, and that everywhere hands and resources are wanting."

It remained for a benevolent society in M. Dunant's native town to attempt the formation of a privileged army of peace side by side with the army of destruction, and the organization of volunteer corps as an auxiliary to the regular sanitary service. The society issued on the 1st of September, 1863, a circular addressed chiefly to men conspicuous for their position in literature and politics, inviting them to join, on the 26th of the following month, an International Conference, to consider the best means of lessening the evils attendant upon war. The Conference was held under the presidency of General Dufour, in the Athenæum at Geneva. Among those present were the King of Holland, the Grand Duke of Baden, and representatives of France, England, Austria, Prussia, Spain, Bavaria, Saxony, the Grand Duchy of Hesse, Hanover, and Sweden.

The first meetings did not result in the formation of any volunteer corps for the attendance of the sick and wounded, nor was any other practical good obtained. But in the following year the Conference re-assembled under more favourable auspices. The circular of invitation, dated June 6th, 1864, was issued from Berne, and received especial recommendation to various cabinets from the French Government in particular. It was addressed by the "Conseil Fédéral" to no less than forty States. From Turkey, Greece, and

Mexico answers were received before the final sitting, expressing regret that they could not this time participate in the Conference. The German Bund displayed its usual want of promptitude: no answers appear to have been received from Hanover and Brazil; while Austria, Bavaria, and the Papal States made no secret of their disinclination to take any part in the proceedings. The representative of Russia arrived too late; four other States, Great Britain, America, Saxony, and Sweden, sent representatives, but without investing them with necessary powers, reserving to themselves the right of joining at a later period any convention that might be framed. The formation of volunteer sanitary corps was not this time discussed. It was assumed that they would generally be welcome, wherever they appeared; but it seems also to have been understood that several of the greater military Powers would have declined to give their adhesion, had the institution of such corps formed one of the stipulations.

Finally, twelve Powers subscribed to the Convention in Geneva on the 22d of August, 1864; they were France, Prussia, Baden, Holland, Belgium, Denmark, Spain, Portugal, Hesse-Darmstadt, Italy, Switzerland, and Würtemberg. Saxony joined before the commencement of the last war in Germany, and Austria (alas, too late!) during the armistice that succeeded the battle of Königgrätz.

The following is an abstract of the Convention, dated Geneva, Aug. 22, 1864:—

"1. The ambulances and military hospitals to be neutral, and protected while they contain sick or wounded men.

"2. All persons attached to the hospitals and ambulances to be protected as long as they pursue their avocations; and

"3. may, even after the occupation of the ground by the enemy, continue to perform their functions unmolested.

"4. The *matériel* of military hospitals shall be subject to the laws of war, but ambulances under similar circumstances to continue in possession of their *matériel*.

"5. Inhabitants of the country assisting the wounded shall be respected and remain free, and be favoured in various ways.

"6. Sick and wounded soldiers to be received without distinction of nationality.



"7. A red-cross flag, corresponding in both camps, to be placed, with the national flag, over all hospitals and depôts.

"8. The execution of the present Convention to be regulated by the commanders-in-chief of the belligerent armies.

"9. The Protocol to remain open for future adhesions.

"10. The Convention to be ratified at Berne within four months."

It would be easy to point out defects in almost every one of the first six Articles, but there is no reason why these imperfections should not be removed at some future time. With respect to Article 4 in particular, we cannot but endorse Dr. Naundorff's criticism. It is difficult to understand the fine distinction between the hospital and the ambulance in point of neutrality. For all practical purposes they are the same, and no valid reason can be given why the lesser should be spared, while the greater becomes the booty of the conqueror.

Humanity may, however, congratulate itself that by this Convention the absolute neutrality of the wounded soldier and of the sanitary *personnel* seems at last to be definitively acknowledged. The distinction between combatant and non-combatant was not overlooked by so finished a soldier as Frederick the Great. It was clearly recognised in the treaty of 1759 between France and Prussia, and we confess our astonishment that it should have been lost in later wars. We may mention, on Dr. Naundorff's authority, that after the battle of Baue, in 1848, distinguished Holstein physicians, who had been employed in the hospitals of Flensburg, were actually to be found in Danish captivity, and that in the same year Danish physicians tending their compatriots were made prisoners on the battle-field near Schleswig.

The doctrines of the red cross of Geneva, like other doctrines in these times, are not without their Propaganda. We may especially point to a monthly journal printed in Brussels, entitled "La Charité sur les Champs de Bataille," already in its fourth year of publication.

There is a society which claims to have exercised the general principles of neutrality long before the plenipoten-

tiaries met at Geneva. This is the Prussian Order of St. John of Jerusalem, the foremost and most ancient of the voluntary societies of Europe for the relief of the sick and wounded. The modern Protestant Society of the "Knights of St. John's Hospital in Jerusalem" took its rise in Germany during the so-called wars of religion. According to the original deed of foundation, this Order united the work of tending the sick and wounded with the profession of arms. In modern times the latter vocation has been discarded. Under the patronage of its present Grand-Master, Prince Charles of Prussia, the "Johanniter-Orden" has attained its fullest growth, and has done more than any other society to solve the question whether the assistance of volunteer bodies, in addition to the military sanitary service, is to be tolerated on the battle-field and in the hospital.

It was in the recent Danish campaign that the knights of St. John won their fairest laurels. Everywhere the red cross on a white ground—a sign adopted by them in common with the Geneva Convention—was seen, and wherever seen was welcomed. Hospitals well supplied with civil surgeons and attendants were erected out of the funds of the Order in Altona and Flensburg, and field-hospitals in Nübel and Western Satrap. Large contributions in money flowed into their treasury, while medicines, food, and every article of which they stood in need were sent from the farthest ends of Germany. But the knights were not wholly dependent upon these contributions, since, with wise forethought, they devote themselves in peace to collect what may be necessary for their next campaign. The larger hospitals of the Order were chiefly tended by deaconesses from Berlin, reinforced by a number of patriotic German ladies; while in the field-hospitals male nurses were employed under the direction of brethren from the branch Order in Hamburg. On the battle-fields of Schleswig and Bohemia, the knights were everywhere to be found, regardless of the fire around them, exercising with devotion the

duties of their office towards friend and foe. They had their own means of transport, and worked independently of the military sanitary system. Covering, like a network, the whole of Bohemia, they were in constant communication by telegraph with the beneficent societies of the north of Germany. In anticipation of the war they had erected, by the commencement of June, several hospitals in various parts of the country, containing altogether 450 beds. Later on ten members of the Order had formed, at their own cost, hospitals in Brandenburg and Silesia, with a total of 200 beds; while several of the brethren gave up their private châteaux to the sick and wounded. In Saxony similar activity prevailed. The hospitals of this Order alone are stated to have given back to the world 5,000 men before the end of July.

If, despite the large means at their disposal, the knights were not in a position to meet the extraordinary needs of the time; if their never-wearying exertions on the bloody field of Königgrätz did not suffice for the requirements of a rare occasion: it only proves that the exigencies of war may be such as to defy all previous reckoning, and that preparations before a great battle cannot be on too large a scale.

In modern hospital arrangements the attendance of women occupies a prominent place. The author of "The Army Sanitary System of the United States" is fain to close the doors of all military hospitals upon ladies, making an exception, however, in favour of the Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul. On the other hand, Dr. Naundorff's experience is very much in favour of unpaid female nurses.

The day is not long past when the devotion of one single-hearted lady and the staff who accompanied her to the Crimea war, labouring through good and evil report, did so much to remove the prejudices of the many in our own country, who are ever ready to combat a new idea. The example found followers in the opponent's camp. The Grand Duchess Helena collected about three hundred ladies from St. Petersburg, who devoted themselves to the

care of the sick and wounded, and received the blessings of thousands of Russian soldiers. These ladies formed themselves into a society which outlived the war, and has now charge of two military and three civil hospitals. Besides this society, there are the "Widows of Mercy," of St. Petersburg and Moscow, who took a noble part in the Crimea. In the Roman Catholic religion, where the attendance on the sick has always formed a prominent duty, we are fully prepared for large results. In 1856, 10,187 Sisters of Charity were reckoned in France alone, devoted entirely to hospital work and education. The charitable society of St. Vincent de Paul is stated to number not less than 15,000 members throughout the world. The institution of Protestant deaconesses, first attempted in the Netherlands, was introduced into Germany in 1836, when a society of ladies was formed at Kaiserswerth, for the attendance on sick persons. At the present day the number of Protestant deaconesses on the Continent has reached about 1,700.

In most countries the days are passed when the care of the sick and wounded was committed solely to the Government, but we think that Dr. Naundorff has very properly represented the duties which the latter owes to its defenders:—

"King and State exact with right from their soldiers a faithful and unbounded devotion; and we should be justified in expecting the State to fulfil as conscientiously the duties it has incurred towards the brave and faithful soldier. Has the State any higher duty than that of providing, in the most comprehensive manner, for the care of its soldiers, sick or wounded in the field? Or is it in accordance with the position of the State, to allow itself to be surpassed by its citizens in the exercise of this care, and to resign its own duty to their voluntary action? By virtue of the duties imposed on the soldier, he undoubtedly obtains rights, among which a proper attention for his wants when he is disabled is the most prominent. The soldier wounded in the heat of battle ought to feel sure that at once, or under all circumstances before the close of the day, his wounds will be dressed, and night find him sheltered in a properly-organized hospital belonging to the army of which he forms part. To this he must be enabled to look forward as a matter of course."

In these days nations have risen up against the old system, and the Prussian

Government in particular has systematically encouraged the development of amateur associations. Early in the year 1864, a Central Committee was established in Berlin, for the relief of sick and wounded men, and the outbreak of the Danish war soon afforded an excellent opportunity for practical experience; but with the return of peace its energies were relaxed. It revived at the commencement of the late war, and provincial associations to the number of two hundred were formed in connexion with it all over Prussia. The assistance of the Committee was in no wise limited to the Prussian army; it worked in the true spirit of the Convention of Geneva, and imparted its succour indiscriminately to friend and foe.

The Patriotic Society of Vienna, which had ceased after the termination of the Italian campaign of 1859, was renewed in 1866 with fresh vigour. Although not grounded upon the principles of the Red Cross, it kept the Saxon hospitals well supplied; while by its beneficence the imperial armies were provided with those articles which the Austrian soldier requires, and Austrian hospitals do not usually contain.

But the scenes of Königgrätz read like a bitter satire upon these exertions, and prove that nothing has yet been done in Europe that can suffice for the requirements of a great battle in modern warfare. Even the Prussian system broke down. In most of the quickly-erected hospitals and in the ambulances at Königgrätz there was a want of almost everything. The want of water was most keenly felt, for the inhabitants of the country had rendered unserviceable the springs in the neighbourhood. Near the battle-field the wounded soldier looked in vain for shelter, and there was nothing like an adequate supply of conveyances. Yet everything on wheels that could be found or improvised, or spared by the army, was used for transport purposes; and the interior of every house round about that offered a safe shelter had been appropriated by the sanitary service. The roads were crammed with transport waggons, filled with officers and soldiers in every stage of suffering.

From the heat and the want of water, the wounds soon assume a terrible character, and surgical aid is everywhere wanting. Fever breaks out while they are yet on the way, and subsequently the hospitals are poisoned by its breath. Wounds, which under other circumstances would be slight, render amputation necessary, and men in the pride of youth, should their lives indeed be spared, return to their homes as hopeless cripples. After the battle, Königinhof was the nearest station to the scene of action at which travellers could arrive. Here, about the steps and stones of the station, lay several hundred wounded tended by one physician, or rather not tended, for he was without medicines, instruments, or means of restoration. And yet in the very town of Königinhof there was a hospital depôt, and waggon after waggon arrived filled with every necessary for the wounded. There were not hands to unpack! Four days after the battle, corpse on corpse, exhaling poisonous odours, lay unburied round the half-ruined walls of the churchyard of Horenwos. The neighbouring château was filled with six hundred wounded, with no food, no water, no help. Wounded men, as at Solferino and the Alma, were left upon the field of Königgrätz for three days, and indeed, according to the journal of the Knights of St. John, bodies were found in the adjacent wood even in the month of October.

But if the Prussian sanitary arrangements were wanting, those of Austria were far more inefficient. There were about eleven Austrian light field-hospitals around Königgrätz, providing accommodation for 2,000 wounded only. It appears strange that Austria should have failed to provide on the spot what was requisite for this number, when we consider that Prussia on the 11th of August, before the surrender of the hospitals in Bohemia, had 5,678 Prussians and 12,270 Austrians and allies on her hands—a total of 17,948 wounded men. At one time indeed Prussia seems to have been called upon to make provision for 22,000 men, while 10,000 are probably



the largest number that were under the charge of the Austrians at any one period.

It is not, however, the battle alone that decimates an army; there is the march beneath a scorching sun or amid the frost and snow, the bivouac in the rain or the piercing cold. Indeed statistics have been adduced to prove that the forced march is more fatal to the soldier than the shot and fire of the battle-field. And, even after the heat of battle is passed, there are still enemies to contend with. Our own soldier in the Crimea was happily spared this final scourge, but all who have had the opportunity of conversing on the subject with Austrian and Italian officers will admit that Dr. Naundorff's picture of the horrors of the night is taken from more than one battle-field of our own time:—

“Here and there, at various points of the field, where greedy Death has kept highest festival, we see dark forms arise; they bend down over the dead and heavily wounded; we hear perhaps a shrill, heart-rending cry; then all is still again, and the forms glide onwards. As the hawk is lured from the air, and the hyæna from her lurking-place, by the scent of blood and dead bodies, so are they—the hyænas of our battle-fields. Nay, worse than the hyæna; for she, if not withheld by pity, at least deterred by fear, does not venture to profane the still breathing body. But to these the living offer as fair a harvest as the dead. We find both men and women amongst them. An abandoned crew, which is inseparable and can never be altogether held aloof from the train of vast armies; whose haunt and brooding-place is to be looked for among the rabble of purveyors' people ready for any deeds of villany. Their band is increased by any gangs which happen to be wandering about the country, or have followed the army's track on the scent of booty.

“After the battle they disperse themselves plundering and murdering over the field; for although patrols may walk and sentries be posted here and there, both are too weak to check their ravages. They ransack the fallen and wounded; they tear the covering from the still warm body; and soon after these wild beasts have commenced their work, hundreds of corpses lie naked on the earth.

“They ask not whether their victims are wounded; they tear from the shattered foot its covering, from the swollen leg its boot, and heed not the sufferer's cry of pain. They cut off the finger of the living, to possess themselves of the ring that adorns it; they pull

cloak and shirt from the shattered arm, over the projecting splinters of bone; from the frame shaken by the chill of ague they rob its last covering, and expose to the cold its open wounds.

“Woe to him who attempts to resist them, or whose cry for succour pierces the air too loudly! These men and women have sharp knives and fists—pity has no home with them.

“Woe to him whose eye they find open, and whose glance is too closely riveted upon them! He might recognise them hereafter; it would be better that he were dumb.”

And as long as the dead and wounded are left on the field through the night, so long will these hideous scenes last.

After many battles a large reserve of the army has remained intact. Is it not true that the hope of the wounded soldier has often clung to this force in vain, and that there is no sufficient reason to show why it should not be employed in transport service or for the protection of the sacredness of the battle-field?

In following Dr. Naundorff, we have been able to give but few extracts from his volume. It contains much which it would be impossible to dress into readable English, and we cannot help regretting that he should have adopted so highly varnished a style, when his subject demanded only simple, straightforward treatment.

We are not surprised that he should fall foul of the sanitary arrangements which disgraced our own administration at the commencement of the Crimean war. No one would think it necessary to constitute himself the champion of his country in their defence. We may point, however, to the manner in which England rose up against them, and to the subscriptions on behalf of the sick and wounded, as a proof that the defects were keenly felt and half atoned for by the country. In the event of any future war between Great Britain and a Continental Power—however distant such a contingency may appear—we trust it may be said in England that the lesson of the early days of the Crimean campaign was not lost upon her rulers and her people.

F. W. F.

# MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

DECEMBER, 1868.

P E E L.

BY GOLDWIN SMITH.

PEEL—he belongs now to the past, and the baronetcy may be laid aside—had the misfortune to be bred a Tory, and deeply committed to Toryism at a moment when the end of Toryism was near. This, with the fell exigencies of party, darkened a career which, though in a certain sense eminently successful, is spoken of on the whole rather with a feeling of sadness. He was more fortunate, however, than William Pitt: Pitt setting out as a popular Minister, ended by being the slave of oligarchic reaction; Peel setting out as the servant of oligarchic reaction, ended by being the Minister of the nation. In the early character of each man we see as usual the germ of the later. Pitt, a parliamentary and economical reformer, did not hesitate to allow himself to be made Minister by an unconstitutional exercise of the power of the Crown. Peel, as a youthful Irish Secretary, carrying on the work of Tory coercion in Ireland, was already an Irish reformer.

Peel sprang, and derived the leading features of his character, from the very core of English industry. His ancestors were yeomen in the north of England. His father and grandfather were leaders in the great march of industry which marked the latter part of the last century, and which made Lancashire what

it is. They were not inventors, like Hargreaves, Arkwright, or Watt, but they were clear-sighted and open-minded appreciators of inventions, which they applied with energy and success. They were, in short, as manufacturers, what their descendant was as a statesman. Solid work, integrity, fortitude, indomitable perseverance, the best qualities of the industrial character grafted on that of the yeoman—the qualities by which English trade, in that day at least, was distinguished, and of which it had reason to be proud—marked the industrial career of the Peels. The vicissitudes of trade they encountered with brave hearts. Sir Lawrence Peel has told us how, at the time of a great financial crisis, when sinister rumours touching Mr. Peel's solvency were abroad, Mrs. Peel put on her best clothes and went to church to brave out calumny. Conflicts with machine-breaking artizans, which the Peels, like the other introducers of machinery, had to encounter, may have given a Tory bias to the temper of the house. Immense wealth in the end flowed in: as usual, a great part of it was invested in land; and, as usual, the object now was to found a family. The baronetcy came from Pitt, the disciple of Adam Smith, who, by studying the commercial interests and

financial questions which the aristocratic and classical statesman of the day commonly disdained, had bound commerce to his fortunes. One of the most devoted of these commercial Pittites was the first Sir Robert Peel. He embraced with fervour the whole creed of his leader, its fallacies included. He voted for the Resolution, that a depreciated paper note was as good as a pound sterling; and he suffered great anguish when he found himself the father of a bullionist and a resumer of cash payments.

The old man conceived very ambitious hopes for his promising son, and did, it seems, some mischief by not keeping them to himself. The young Peel was to be a second Pitt, and he was led in his boyhood to the altar and devoted to the gods of Castlereagh and Eldon. Thus he was a bondsman to Toryism before he had begun to think. As a set-off he was reared in a home where the middle class virtues reigned, where the moral law was observed, where labour was honoured, where frugality was regarded in the midst of wealth. It was also a religious home, and Peel to the end of his life was a religious man with a sincere sense of responsibility to God.

He was sent to the most aristocratic school of the day, and to the most aristocratic college of the most aristocratic university. Both at school and at college he worked hard. His examination in the Oxford schools was an ovation, and gained him what were then unprecedented honours. According to Oxford tradition, he had already contracted the heaviness and pompousness of diction, which official life confirmed, and which were fatal, not to business speaking, but to eloquence. He is said, in translating the passage of Lucretius, *Suave mari magno*, to have rendered *suave*, "It is a source of gratification." Harrow and Oxford taught him only classics and mathematics; but his speeches show that he read a good deal of history, and he acquired law enough for the purposes of a legislator. In after life he loved scientific men, and took interest in, and was capable of forming a rational judgment on scientific questions. The phi-

losophy of history was still unborn, and therefore history was to him, not a chart and compass, but at most a record of experience. His theology seems to have remained simply the Church of England Protestantism, though he grew, later in life, more liberal in his sentiments towards Roman Catholicism and Dissent. His ecclesiastical appointments, when he was a Minister, were mainly "High and Dry." He abhorred the Neo-Catholic school of Dr. Pusey and Dr. Newman, and by it he was in turn abhorred. In him Anglo-Saxon antipathy to priestly domination was the root of the aversion.

Entering Parliament under the evil star of a great school-boy reputation, he nevertheless succeeded, not in a brilliant, but in a solid way. The doom of his mental independence was soon sealed by promotion to office under Percival. Shortly afterwards, under the Liverpool government, he was sent, when only twenty-four years old, as Chief Secretary to Ireland. It was a proof that his business qualities and his strength of character were respected, but a more calamitous distinction could not have been conferred upon a young man. For six years, the most critical years of all for the formation of character and opinion, he was engaged in upholding Ascendancy and doing the evil work of coercion. The embers of 1798 were still glowing, the struggle for Catholic Emancipation was raging, and large districts of the island were a prey to agrarian conspiracy, and outrage, which assumed almost the dimensions of an agrarian civil war. Peel's associates were the satellites of Ascendancy, some of them red with the blood of '98, men whose cruelty towards the subject race was equalled only by their corruption. Corruption and force were, in fact, the only springs of Government, and it was impossible that the Chief Secretary should not be familiarized with the use of both. It is creditable to him that he did not contract a love of either; that his employment of force was measured, and, as far as circumstances would permit, humane, and that he never, we believe, was suspected of perpetrating a job on his own account.



Peel was young, his blood was hot; he was goaded by the foul and slanderous vituperation of O'Connell, who, if he did much by his energy to advance Catholic Emancipation, did much by the recklessness of his tongue to retard it. Yet Peel scarcely ever lost his temper: he scarcely ever uttered a harsh word against the Irish people or their religion: on the contrary, he spoke of them as a nation in terms of kindness and respect which bear the stamp of sincerity. With repression he tried to combine measures of improvement. He gave the country a good police: he attempted to give it united education. To introduce united education was impossible while the relations of the two religions and the two races to each other were such as they then were; almost as impossible as it would have been to introduce united education for whites and blacks into the slave states of America. Peel afterwards renewed the attempt under more favourable circumstances, but perfect political and religious equality is the first condition of its success. Such a policy, however, redeems him from the imputation implied in the nickname of "Orange Peel." He in fact seemed lukewarm to the bigots and terrorists of Ascendancy. And this, let us repeat, was at twenty-four.

Once, it is well known, O'Connell stung Peel, to what in the present day would be a ruinous absurdity, though in the days of Castlereagh and Canning it was a matter of course, and in Ireland almost an inevitable tribute to a Carib code of honour. Had the two men interchanged shots they might possibly have been reconciled. As it was, the feud endured as long as their lives. Once an equivocal overture for a reconciliation was made on one side, but it was repelled upon the other.

Orange orgies were, of course, intolerable to a man of Peel's culture and of his moderation. Hence he stood rather aloof from Castle and Dublin society; and this isolation, together with his early subjection to the formalities and restraints of office, produced, or perhaps confirmed in him a want of social

tact and address, which stood in his way when he had to lead an aristocratic party. Not that any man was more fond of the society of his friends, or gayer or more genial in his hour of ease; but his general manner was stiff and cold, even towards those whom he most desired to attract and please. He was shy, and one who knew him well has been heard to say that though he was perfectly at home with the House of Commons, he would almost shrink from the eye of one of its messengers. This, no doubt, had its root in the same nervous temperament which rendered him, like many men of fine intellect, very sensitive to pain: but a more social life during his early manhood might have cured the defect.

There is reason to believe that Peel gave great satisfaction to merchants and men of business, in the discharge of the ordinary duties of his Secretaryship. And here let it be said emphatically that the weak side of Peel's character as a statesman, is that on which critics almost exclusively dwell, his relations with a party and his share in organic legislation; the strong side is that which is passed over in comparative silence, his ordinary and practical administration. For a quarter of a century, at least, he was without question the first public servant of England; not the first in position only, but in knowledge of the public business, and in capacity for transacting it throughout all its departments; the man to whom all good public servants looked up as their model and their worthy chief. He must be credited with all the industry, the self-control, the patience, the judgment which such a part required. His integrity was as great as his other qualities: no jobbery, no connivance at abuses stains his name. Setting party questions aside, he was the man who would have been chosen as the chief ruler of England by the almost unanimous voice of the English people, and a heavy price was paid for party when he was excluded from the administration during ten of the best years of his life, and banished from

power at the moment when the national confidence in him was at its height.

It was perfectly natural, apart from Peel's temperament and the influence of his early connexions, that hatred of administrative abuses, and openness to administrative reforms should be united in him with a rooted dislike of organic change. The greater an administrator is, the more contented with the existing organs of Government he is likely to be. Such characters have their value in politics, though they fall short of the highest: they deserve our sympathy, at least, in comparison with those of politicians in whom the love of organic change, or the readiness to accede to it, is the result of administrative incapacity or indolence; and who, having no solid claim to public confidence or to the highest place in the State, turn a minority, which is the settled measure of their own feebleness as statesmen, into a "practical," that is, a factitious majority, at the expense of the public safety, by "taking leaps in the dark" with the destinies of the nation.

As Irish Secretary, Peel had, of course, to take a leading part, it soon became *the* leading part, in the opposition to Catholic Emancipation, and he thus became desperately committed on that question; and this was when the war with Napoleon was just over, and the stream of domestic progress, ice-bound for twenty years, was beginning once more to flow. We look back now with wondering pity on the reasonings of Peel. Yet it must be remembered that erroneous as these reasonings were on the broad ground of policy and justice, on the narrow ground taken by Peel and his principal antagonists alike, he was right and they were wrong. They asserted, he denied, that the admission of Roman Catholics to the legislature was compatible with the maintenance of a Protestant constitution; and his denial has proved true. They asserted, he denied, that the Church Establishment of Ascendancy would stand firm when the political equality of Catholics had been recognised by the law; and we see that it was doomed from that very time. Let

no man pledge himself or guarantee any settlement against logic: for as reason in the end rules the world, logic in the end is fate. England yields to it more slowly than other nations, but even England yields to it at last.

His opposition to Catholic Emancipation no doubt it was in the main, though not wholly, that gave Peel the representation of Oxford University—another link in the chain which bound him. We say it was not wholly his opposition to Catholic Emancipation, because, undoubtedly, there was even among liberal-minded men a general mistrust of the character of Canning. Peel made this change in his position an excuse for escaping from the horrors of Ireland. He refused to take any other place, and remained out of office for three years, an independent supporter of the Government, to whose aid he came, with the distorted chivalry of officialism, in the case of the Peterloo massacre, though he kept aloof from all the filth and folly of the proceedings against Queen Caroline. In this interval it was that he had the glory of restoring the currency, and that he laid the foundation of an economical and financial reputation which was in his case, as it had been in the case of Sir Robert Walpole, as it must be in the case of every minister of a great commercial nation, a sure talisman of power. He played this great part at the age of thirty-one. The Economists in making him Chairman of their Committee paid a tribute no doubt, not only to his ability and good sense, but to his openness of mind. In economy the spirit, bound by Toryism in other departments, may enjoy its freedom with seeming safety; but the examples of Peel and Gladstone, both made Liberals through economy, show that the safety is only seeming.

Peel's return to office as Home Secretary under Liverpool was a return to the work of repression. Now, however, as before in Ireland, he redeemed the work of repression by uniting it with reform. He gave London a good police; and he carried a great reform of the criminal law. In the reform of the

criminal law he had been preceded by Romilly and Macintosh; but every practical statesman must be preceded by great thinkers—the two parts can hardly be sustained by the same man. Peel's bills, though they dealt with so vast a multiplicity of details, passed almost as they were brought in. Whether from his superior diligence and conscientiousness, or from his want of courtesy, it never happened to him to pass a bill with his own name on the back, and a short title suggested by himself, but with the contents contributed by miscellaneous hands. In the same spirit he maintained as Minister the initiative of the Government, and refused to pump the House for a policy. This was called "turning the House of Commons into a vestry, and the House of Lords into a guard-room." Each is now a football-field, in which the ball of organic legislation is kicked by the players at large towards an uncertain goal. It may be very safely said, that at the beginning of the session of 1867 not twenty members of either House meant to pass household suffrage, and least of all the Prime Minister.

The materials for deciding the personal questions connected with the promotion of Canning's Government are hardly even yet before the world. We venture with diffidence to express our own conviction that Peel acted in all essential respects honestly and candidly towards Canning; that so far from caballing against him with the Duke of Wellington and Lord Eldon, he was scarcely acting in perfect concert with the Duke, and did not communicate with Eldon till the crisis was over; and that he really wanted just what he professed to want—a reconstruction of the Government, with a Premier in the House of Lords, and Canning as leader in the House of Commons. It was impossible for him, as he said with truth, to act as Home Secretary, responsible for repression in Ireland, under a Premier who was the leading advocate of Catholic Emancipation. That he aimed himself at being Prime Minister we do not believe; he was ambitious,

but his ambition was under the control of his good sense, and its aim was not nominal position, but the solid possession of power: he must have known that he could not be the real head of a Government of which Canning was a member, and to be a Marquis of Carabas was by no means in his line. If people think that he was so unobservant of the signs of the times as to wish at this moment to get into a separate cockboat of reaction with Eldon and the Duke of Wellington, we believe they never were more mistaken in their lives. The Duke of Wellington personally disliked Canning, who, as he thought, courted the King by mean compliances, and whose general character, tainted, as it unquestionably was, with a tendency to intrigue, was highly uncongenial to his own. But there is no reason to believe that this personal antipathy was shared by Peel, who had long sat at Canning's side in the House of Commons, and had felt his fascination. That any of the attacks on Canning were instigated by Peel, is an insinuation of which we have seen no proof: those attacks needed no instigation; and by far the bitterest of them were made by men wholly beyond the range of Peel's influence. The suddenly developed Liberalism of the author of the *Anti-Jacobin*, and the most insolent and offensive of all the satellites of Tory reaction, surprised and delighted his old enemies: it surprised, but could hardly be expected to delight, his old friends. It was very natural that Canning should think that he had a right to the premiership—in point of talent he unquestionably had a right; but he manœuvred for it with his usual dexterity, and when he objected to the Duke of Wellington on the ground that he would be a military dictator, supposing the objection to be sincere, he was hardly acting as a friend towards the Duke. We view all this through the halo of Canning's Liberalism and his melancholy death—a death which saved his reputation as a Liberal, for on the question of Parliamentary Reform he was just as reactionary as Wellington or Peel.



Peel did not feel much respect for the statesmanship of the Duke of Wellington, and the Duke did not particularly love Peel. We may therefore trust the Duke on a point of character which he was sure to mark well: "Sir Robert Peel never said anything which he did not believe to be the truth."

The Wellington and Peel Government was a most vigorous effort to stave off organic change by administrative Reform. The estimates have never been so low since. By the retrenchment of places and pensions, the ship of Toryism was cleared of a good many barnacles: but the barnacles were not pleased, and they conspired with Whigs and betrayed Protestants in overthrowing the ministry. It would have been as well for the head of that ministry if it had fallen without passing Catholic Emancipation. Under our system of party government, the conversion of a minister on a great question should be accompanied by a *bonâ fide* tender at least of power to the opposition. There is, however, no reason to doubt Peel's honesty in this affair: to resist organic change till it could be resisted no longer was then and always the natural tendency of his mind. For the rest, the change was made openly and frankly, and accompanied with a full tribute to the memory of Canning. It enraged the Orangemen of course, but it left no stain upon the honour of public men, shook no rational man's confidence in the integrity of British statesmen.

Had Peel been the head of the Government instead of Wellington, it seems possible that he might so far have recognised necessity as to bring forward some half measure of Reform. But he would never have satisfied the demands of the nation. Sentence has long since been passed on his policy, and that of all the opponents of Reform. But two things should be remembered in extenuation of their error. In the first place, they had no experience of organic change except in the disastrous case of the French Revolution. In the second place, in the controversy respecting Reform, as in the controversy respecting

Catholic Emancipation, upon the ground taken up by both parties alike, they were in the right, and their opponents were in the wrong. The Whigs maintained that the Reform Bill of 1832 was not democratic: Peel maintained that it was: and Peel's opinion has proved true. The Reform Bill of 1832 bore in its womb the Reform Bill of 1867; and the Reform Bill of 1867 bears in its womb, without any shadow of doubt, a democratic constitution.

Peel saved, at all events, the honour of his party at the cost of his own long exclusion from power, and he taught them to accept loyally the new order of things and to regain their old power by new means. Among all the anti-revolutionary statesmen of Europe, he was perhaps the only one who succeeded in forming a powerful party, resting not on force or corruption but on free opinion, yet thoroughly opposed to revolution. If anybody thinks that this was a commonplace achievement let him inquire of M. Guizot. Alone he did it. The elements of Conservatism of course were there; the English love of order, the satiety of change, the timidity of rank and wealth. But that which gave the elements unity and consistency was the leadership of Sir Robert Peel; his integrity, his unequalled administrative capacity, his financial reputation, above all, perhaps, his sympathy with the middle class, which the Reform Bill had raised to power. Peel led the aristocracy without gaining their affection; he sympathized heartily with the people; but he was himself middle class. The Ministry of 1834 was premature, and was forced on Peel by a crisis, in the production of which he had no hand. But it turned out well for Peel and his party; it showed the nation what Conservatism was; that it was not reaction; that it was practical reform and good government; and that its chief was by far the ablest administrator of the day. From that moment the restoration of the Conservatives to power, for a time at least, was assured. When Peel was afterwards taxed with ingratitude to his party, somebody said

that Moses might as well have been taxed with ingratitude to the Israelites for leading them through the Red Sea. This was putting the case high, but certainly never did a party owe more to the sagacity and industry of its chief.

The name Conservative was happily chosen. The party are now trying to get rid of it; and rightly, for they have got rid of the thing. *Constitutionalist*, *Tory*, and *Tory Democrat*, are the names between which their choice wavers. *Constitutionalist* will hardly fit men who have just purchased a twelvemonth's office by an organic change in the constitution; there would be reason to fear that some one would call a "constitutional government" an "organized hypocrisy." It will probably be under the name of *Tory*, or *Tory Democrat*, that they will continue their downward plunge, and show what it is for phrasemongers and lovers of the political turf to tamper with forces which have laid the monarchies of Europe in the dust.

Nothing is more remarkable than the patience with which, at an age when ambitious men are most restless, because they feel that life begins to wane, he waited for real power. Nor was this merely the prudence of a far-sighted ambition. Peel was an Englishman to the core, and thoroughly patriotic; he respected government, and would never have consented to overturn it by a trick. When the hour came, he was a minister indeed. Apart from the brief coruscation of Canning, and the government memorable, but rather revolutionary than administrative, of Lord Grey, the eye, in ranging over the half century ending with 1846, rests on three great administrations, that of Chatham, that of his son, and that of Peel. The glories of the Peel government, like those of the government of Pitt, were financial; but it was a thoroughly good government in all departments, trusted at home, and respected by foreign nations. It was, in fact, a far better government as a whole, and for ordinary purposes, than either that of Chatham, in which the War Office alone was great, or that of Pitt, in which some of the depart-

ments were very weak. Its one great failure, as most people would think, was in the matter of railroads; and of that failure we have heard more than one account from persons who ought to be well informed.

It has been said that Peel was not a good judge of men. He managed, however, to get together an administrative staff such as no English minister had ever had before him. No doubt he lacked the eagle-eye of intuitive genius; but, on the other hand, he watched men carefully, he knew good work when he saw it, and no shade of groundless antipathy or personal jealousy ever interfered with his appreciation or reception of any man who was likely to be a good colleague or lieutenant. If he was at all wanting in range of sympathy, he can hardly be said to have been wanting in practical comprehensiveness of choice, for his staff included men of character, and minds as widely different as possible from his own. In truth, it was so heterogeneous that to have held it together was a signal proof of the capacity and ascendancy of its chief. If he was guided a good deal by general reputation, to the sort of ability which he wanted general reputation was a pretty safe guide. He was very anxious to bring forward young men; and if from his defect of manner he had not the power of fascinating them, he did make them thoroughly feel that he took an interest in them, and that their merit would not pass unobserved. The practical question, however, is, if he was so bad a judge of men what mistakes did he make, either in the way of commission or omission? Only one specific charge, so far as we are aware, has been brought against him, and that in the way of omission. But the person in question, according to his own eulogists, revealed his parliamentary ability for the first time by a series of personal attacks on Sir Robert Peel. Before that, he had endeavoured to attract his leader's notice only by venomous vituperation of Peel's opponents, which Peel, identifying the dignity of his eminent opponents with his own,



did not care to encourage, or with fulsome adulation of Peel himself, which Peel had the sense and good taste to abhor. If Peel's memory is to be arraigned, Lord Derby, who shared the responsibility, ought to be put into the witness-box. The better the facts of this case are known, the more it will be acknowledged that Peel did what was right for the public service, for his party, and for his own honour.

The fall of Peel's government was a fatal blow to Conservatism, not only in England but in Europe. It had great influence over the kindred government of Louis Philippe, and would probably have saved the French monarchy by its counsels from the desperate policy which brought on the revolution of 1848.

"Trojaque nunc stares, Priamique arx alta maneres."

No doubt the end of Conservatism would have come; but it might have been longer in coming, and have come in a milder form.

There is no longer any question as to the necessity of the Repeal of the Corn Laws; nobody who is not fit for a political Bedlam now maintains that the rapidly growing population of a great manufacturing, commercial, and mining nation ought to have been confined to the food produced on its agricultural area in order to keep up rents. Nor can there be any question as to Peel's conduct towards the Opposition: towards them, he did all that the rules of the unwritten constitution required: he was not bound to do more, considering that their own sudden conversion to Free Trade was a transparent party move. The only question is whether Peel behaved rightly towards his party. And the answer to this must depend mainly on the answer to the further question, What is the duty of a party leader, who is also at the head of the nation, towards his followers, when events have proved to his conviction that party policy is no longer compatible with the national interest, or even with the national safety?

Peel was in principle a Free Trader: he was known to be one, and suspected on that account by the extreme Pro-

tectionists of his party. But he was an honest victim to the same fallacies which had misled Pitt on the special question of the Corn Laws, and particularly to the notion that their repeal would occasion violent fluctuations in the price of food. He was also sincerely anxious to uphold the landed aristocracy, though he had shown clearly enough that he would not sacrifice the nation to the mere commercial interest of the agricultural party. Probably, being trained to economical reasoning, he was more or less shaken by the progress of the discussion. Then came the famine, which had the same decisive effect on his mind as the crisis of the Catholic agitation in 1829. That the landowners should be very angry at his conversion was natural; but we ask again, as a minister charged with the interest and safety of the nation, what was he to do? What could he do but act rightly towards the nation and take the consequences of party vengeance as he did?

It is said that he should have called his party together. The remark is natural, but was it not certain that if he did, the mass of them would go with Lord Derby, and that thus bad would be made worse? They have recently been wheedled by caucusing into household suffrage. But household suffrage only touched their principles; Free Trade as they thought touched their pockets. After all the best of them, in or out of office, did go with their leader, or at least acquiesced in his policy and would have continued to follow him. Nor was it on the Corn Laws, in fact, that his Government fell. It fell by an intrigue, the contriver of which, though he assumed the guise of a Protectionist in order to take advantage of the resentment of that section against the minister, was himself a Free Trader, and had commenced a series of malignant attacks on Peel long before the repeal of the Corn Laws was threatened, and from motives entirely unconnected with that question.<sup>1</sup> This gentleman has himself

<sup>1</sup> A recent article in *Blackwood*, inspired, but not accurate, justifies the attacks of Mr. Disraeli on Sir Robert Peel on the ground



narrated the cause of the intrigue in the biography of his "friend" Lord George Bentinck, with a frankness which leaves history nothing to desire. He gloats over the picture of Sir Robert Peel seeing the country gentlemen, whom he had so long led, file past him to the destruction of his government. Could the veil of the future have been lifted, Peel might have seen the same men filing past the same spot, first to condemn Protection and then to carry household suffrage, in order to gratify the personal ambition of Mr. Disraeli. It was their meet reward for hounding on slanderers against the honour of a chief who had given life to their party under the ribs of death, and whose motives they must have known to be honourable and patriotic whether his course was right or wrong.

One incident of these debates, triumphantly described by Mr. Disraeli as "the Canning Episode," was an attempt of the two "friends" to fasten upon the personal honour of Peel a charge of having continued dishonestly to oppose Canning on the Catholic question, when he had himself intimated to Lord Liverpool that the time for concession had arrived. The charge was totally unfounded: it was in fact the very reverse of the truth, which was that Lord Liverpool himself was shaken, and was prevented from giving way by the obstinacy of Peel; Mr. Disraeli himself has formally withdrawn it, though he characteristically labours to leave on the mind of his readers the impression that it is true. As far as he is concerned the conclusive answer to it is that long after the events in question he had himself written florid panegyrics on the "chivalry" of Peel. From what source Lord George Bentinck, who led the attack, derived the calumny, may be matter for speculation. Mr. Disraeli says that it was the tradition of his hearth. If so it is rather remarkable that a man of his temperament, having been Canning's

private secretary, and closely connected with him by marriage, should have become, as Mr. Disraeli says he did, one of the most ardent followers of Sir Robert Peel, and should, even when Mr. Disraeli on a previous occasion taunted Peel with treachery to Canning, have ascribed the attack to personal motives.

Lord Derby, at a public dinner at Liverpool some years ago, stated that he had sounded the Duke of Wellington as to the reorganization of the Conservative party, and that the Duke in reply had expressed his opinion that after what had happened Peel could not be leader again, and that Lord Derby ought to take that place. The Duke had been a member of the Government which repealed the Corn Laws, and was of course responsible for that measure, as well as Sir Robert Peel; but as Emperor Sigismund was "above grammar," the Duke was above all ordinary rules, and the position and responsibilities of constitutional Ministers were things which to the end of his life he seemed unable to understand. Thus, Lord Derby was consecrated to the leadership, and having been always restless in subordinate positions, he was made perfectly happy by being placed in the most subordinate position of all. In the course of twenty-two years he has three times snatched a brief period of office, and paid for it by ruinous sacrifices of principle and moral position. The "policy," which was to be so much more consistent, intelligible, and statesmanlike than that of Peel, consists, in its latest development, of exclusion of dissenters from the Universities and of Jews from Parliament, Irish Church Establishment, an unreformed House of Lords, and Household Suffrage. As to the grandiloquent promises of taking in hand the "Condition of England question," they sleep with the poetry of Lord John Manners. There has not been an attempt to fulfil them; while the energies of the party have been of late years mainly absorbed in hunting down the only statesman of the day who has made any serious effort to improve the condition of the people.

of provocation given by Peel in the debates on the Corn Laws. The attacks, we repeat, had commenced in their full malignity long before.

Peel never again showed any disposition to form a party, or to encourage any one to follow his banner. But if he had lived, the nation would probably have brought him into power in defiance of the old parties, and would thereby perhaps have given a severe shock to the old party system. He would have come in, not, we are persuaded, to initiate organic change,—which was absolutely alien to his mind,—but to do all that could be done in the way of the broadest administrative and economical reform. He would thus have smoothed the way and prepared the spirit of the nation for the organic changes which, in the course of human progress, had become inevitable. What is more, he would have taught the nation a wholesome lesson of loyalty to a truly national Government. His Government of 1841 was in fact rapidly attaining this national position when it became entangled in the fatal difficulty of the

Corn Laws, and fell a sacrifice to personal animosity and intrigue.

Peel by his will renounced a peerage for his son and a public funeral for himself. It would probably be a mistake to think that his mind was moving on the subject of the peerage, of which he had always been so loyal and scrupulous a conservator; he only meant that, like a man of sense, he did not want to have a peerage in his own family. In his dislike of a public funeral, something may have mingled of shrinking from hatred and calumny, as well as of the natural desire of a genuine worker after a long day's work, to repose in privacy and peace. Be this as it may, not among those whom he rivalled, but among those whom he loved, rest the ashes of Robert Peel. They are the ashes of as able, as upright, and as faithful a public servant as ever did the work of the English nation.

## THE EXPERIENCES OF A RUSSIAN EXILE.

BY W. R. S. RALSTON.

ABOUT sixteen years ago Mr. Hertenzen, Mr. Ogaref, and the rest of the little band of Russian "Emigrants" in England, determined to commence a systematic literary warfare with their Government; and with that intention they founded "The Free Russian Press in London." At first their efforts appeared to fail utterly; the pamphlets they issued having no sale whatsoever, but uselessly accumulating on their publisher's shelves. But after the death of the Emperor Nicholas their apparent failure gradually turned into a real success. The magazine they now started, under the title of the *Polar Star*, became known all over Europe, and on the 1st of July in the year 1857, they commenced the publication of the well-known *Kolo-kol*, or *Bell*, a newspaper which soon acquired immense weight and popularity. From that time, until a few years ago, Mr. Hertenzen and his fellow-workers were almost a power in the State. The voice of the *Bell* resounded throughout the whole Russian empire, stirring a response in the hearts of thousands of hearers in all the various grades of society. It was eagerly listened to in St. Petersburg, and in Moscow and all the other cities; the towns, too, knew it well, and in the scattered country houses it made itself distinctly heard; even in the villages its echoes reached the ears of the peasants and faintly bore to them a message of encouragement. Every whispered tale of violence and wrong that could find its way to the modest little printing office in the Caledonian-road, returned to the country of its birth to cry aloud, in a voice that could be heard far and wide, against the perpetrators of the offence. The *Bell* excites very little interest now, but then it was looked for with an eagerness that set all prohibitions at defiance—a

regular system was organized for smuggling it across the frontiers, and all kinds of disguises were provided in order to enable it to make its way through the empire. Countless stories are told of its adventures, of which the following one may be taken as a specimen:—"The governor of some town or other had invited a number of functionaries to a banquet, and had ordered one of his Cossacks to open a number of tins of sardines of which he had lately got possession, and to place some of their contents on each guest's plate. Unfortunately these tins really contained the forbidden newspaper instead of fish; so when the dinner party assembled, everyone found a copy of the *Bell* neatly folded up beside his knife and fork."

Among the numerous agents employed by this Russian Propaganda was the author of the book of which we are about to give some account. Mr. Kelsief spent some time in London, studying hard and writing much, especially on the subject of the Russian *Raskolniks* or Schismatics,<sup>1</sup> with whose peculiarities he is intimately acquainted. But after a time he was sent abroad on revolutionary business, his special mission being to serve the Propaganda in the Danubian Principalities and among the Slavonic subjects of Turkey. This he continued to do for some time, passing himself off as a Turkish subject, having provided himself with a Turkish passport. But towards the end of the year 1866 a great change began to take place in his political ideas.

<sup>1</sup> The term *Raskolniks* is used here in its general sense of "Schismatics," comprising not only the "Old Believers," but all the other numerous and eccentric bodies which have split off from the "Orthodox Church." An interesting account of them will be found in Stanley's "History of the Eastern Church."



In the second part of his *Recollections*,<sup>1</sup> published (in Russian) this summer, at St. Petersburg, Mr. Kelsief has given an account of his early mental life, and of the course of thought which ended in making him an exile. As a boy he was accustomed to hear the Decembrists—the authors of the unsuccessful attempt at revolution which marked the accession of Nicholas to the throne—spoken about in a mysterious manner, which strongly appealed to his imagination, and lent a charm to their very names. Then, as he grew older, the subject of “forbidden books” began to exercise a strange attraction upon him, and he became actuated by a longing for that literature which the Government rigorously withheld from its subjects. Moreover, he took to philosophy, and began to reason about the strange things he saw going on in the world around him. The revolutions of 1848 gave him fresh ground for pondering. As far as Austria was concerned, there was, he tells us, a general feeling among Russians in favour of the Hungarians, especially among the rising generation, to whose eyes the Hungarian always presented himself dressed in a hussar’s romantic garb, and adorned with tremendous moustaches. But war ensued with the Hungarians, and the young philosopher felt all his ideas in a state of chaos, as he looked out of window and watched the captured Magyar standards go by, the figure of the Virgin worked on each of them now stained with blood. Then came news of a conspiracy at St. Petersburg, and appalling accounts of bearded conspirators in huge *sombreros*, who swore terrible oaths on skulls, flanked by daggers and phials of poison, and signed them in their own blood. Time passed by and brought with it the Crimean war. For awhile it dispelled the romantic and mystical dreams in which he had been wont to indulge. All Russia was at that time actuated by an intense longing for mili-

tary distinction. “Everyone,” Mr. Kelsief says, “wished to don a uniform; every one, old or young, would willingly have taken to drilling; the roar of cannon sounded in our ears; the very air seemed full of dust and blood. Science, and the study of Oriental languages, to which I had devoted myself, suddenly lost all interest for me. I dreamt only of being a cadet, an officer, of leading my troops to the assault.” He even drew up a petition, asking for military employment; but the very next day there appeared an order stating that volunteers would be drafted into the reserves only, so he tore up his petition and returned to the study of Chinese metaphysics. The Crimean war ended, and Mr. Kelsief left Russia, and travelled about as a student in search of truth. Towards the end of the autumn of 1859 he determined to become an “emigrant,” that is to say, to remain abroad without leave, and to devote his energies to serving his country in exile. He was then living in London, where he remained for some time, absorbed in his special studies. Then he left England, and began a strange course of life, sometimes wandering about the south of Russia with a Turkish passport, sometimes living among the Russian schismatics in Turkey. The Dobrudscha he found, “although under Turkish rule, quite like Russia.” It is the land of fugitives, and all sorts of exiles from Russia find there a quiet home. Among them and the permanent inhabitants of the country Mr. Kelsief spent much of his time, and for a year and a half he exercised a kind of protectorate over them as their *Ataman* or *Hetman*. “During that time,” he says, “I so far succeeded that I did not allow a “single cause between Russians to be carried into a Turkish court of law; that I “saved several villages and two towns “from destruction; that I gained several “almost desperate law-suits, in cases in “which our sectarians had been injured “in different ways by dishonest people; “and that I several times obtained for “them exemption from taxes;” but he could not succeed in uniting them into

<sup>1</sup> “Perejitoe a Peredumannoe. Vospominania Vasiliya Kelsieva.” [“Outlived and Out-thought. Recollections of Vasily Kelsief.”] St. Petersburg, 1868. 12p.

anything like a commonwealth, in which the various members should merge their separate interests in the general welfare. Nor was he more successful in stirring up an angry feeling against the Russian Government. The proclamations of the revolutionary society, called *Zemlya i Volya*, "Land and Liberty," were disseminated throughout the country, and hung in numbers on the walls of the taverns, but no one seemed to care about reading them.

During the period of the Polish Insurrection he was employed as a revolutionary agent in the principalities, but his task gradually became distasteful to him. He began to weary of the endless talk about liberty and progress which never produced any result, and to sympathise with those practical measures for insuring freedom and enlightenment which were being adopted in Russia. In 1865 the cholera, which then raged in Moldavia, carried off his wife and child, and left him alone in the world. Melancholy took hold of him, and the winter of 1866 found him at Jassy, utterly discouraged, and for the time hopeless. "For some months," he says, "I lived the life of Diogenes, hating the world, the human race, all thoughts and all feelings, my own recollections and my own hopes." Then came the spring. The leaves began to appear on the trees, long strings of birds flew northwards through the air. A new life began to stir in the exile's breast, and one day he stepped on board one of the steamers plying on the river, and mounted the stream—scarcely knowing whither he was bound. At Vienna he stayed some time, always under the protection of his Turkish passport, and passing himself off as a Danubian Schismatic. Before very long he found that he was losing the cosmopolitanism to which he had been studiously accustoming himself, and that his old feelings of patriotism were re-awakening within him. "I was once more a Russian," he says, speaking of a somewhat later period, "and I was proud of Russia, and I felt an irrepressible longing to serve the Russian

"Empire," and that not merely in theory, or by talking about liberty and equality, and communism, but in some practical manner. And this he felt he could not do as an exile. He had dreamt dreams, and indulged in all manner of lofty aspirations, hoping to render good service to his country from without; but by this time he had come to the conclusion that he had started upon an utterly wrong principle. Among the common people of Slavonian race in the Austrian dominions, with the single exception of the Poles, he found everywhere a great leaning towards Russia. At Jassy, whither he returned after a time from Vienna, the same feeling prevailed. A great number of exiles live there, some of them members of the various religious sects, others persons who have been compromised by transactions in which false money was concerned. "These people, half of whom cannot, and the rest dare not return to Russia, are still so attached to it, that every new immigrant is received by them in the most friendly manner, simply because he brings them news from the Russian soil." With proud delight they used to listen at that time, we are told, to the glad tidings of the emancipation of the serfs, the abolition of corporal punishment, the establishment of open courts of justice, the abridgment of the term of military service.

It was a common sight to see a little knot of Greeks, or Bulgarians, or Moldavians assembled in the shop or the mill of some Schismatic of Russian race, with whom they were conversing about his native land, and who always depicted to them in the most glowing colours that land to which he could not return. During the Polish insurrection it might have been supposed that some, at least, of these stubborn Dissenters would have sympathised with the Poles—the *Bezpopovtsi*, for instance, who consider all the czars since the time of Alexis Mikhailovich, Antichrists, and who style all the superior state officials "Archangels of Satan," and all the minor officials "little devils." But such was not the



case, says Mr. Kelsief. Everywhere he found Russian sympathies among these Schismatics, whether they were Molokani, who are generally looked upon as almost Republicans, or Skoptsi, who have not only their own czar, but also a whole imperial family of their own, as well as their own generals, admirals, and chief priests,—they were all “faithful subjects of the Czar, and true Russian patriots.” By the Moldavians themselves the same Russian tendencies were manifested as by the Slavonic Schismatics, and, as he found himself always listening to the praises of his native land, our exile felt the desire to return home growing stronger and stronger within him, “to be once more among Russians, to breathe the air of Russia again, even though in a prison.” At last he determined to take the advice of the Russian consul at Jassy; so he paid him a visit, and explained that he was an exile who had been nine years out of Russia, but who now wished to return. The consul recommended him to write a sort of brief autobiography, which should be forwarded for consideration to the authorities at St. Petersburg. Mr. Kelsief promised to do so, and returned home with the intention of fulfilling his promise, but when he sat down to write he found he did not know what to say. The idea of breaking with that society, for which and in which he had lived so long, was very painful to him; and still worse was the thought that at least some of his former friends and comrades might call him a traitor and a renegade. Time passed by, and the statement still remained unwritten. At last one fine May morning, after passing a restless night, he got up about sunrise, and made his way, while the greater part of the city was still sleeping, to the quarter inhabited by the Jassy Izvoshchiks, or coachmen. One of these, Constantine Stepanovich, was the most intimate friend he had there, and to him he now went for advice. He belonged, like most of the Izvoshchiks in Jassy, to the sect of the Skoptsi, and he had the beardless chin, the haggard expression,

the faded eyes, and the colourless complexion of his co-religionists, but his character was very honest and amiable. As soon as he heard of the exile’s plan of returning to Russia, he cordially approved of it. But his sister, when the two friends, as they sipped their tea together, told her of it, hid her face in her hands, and began to weep, sobbing out that the traveller would have to move “to iron music.” Mr. Kelsief himself imagined with her that chains awaited him as soon as he set foot on his native soil, but in spite of that he made up his mind to return to it.

At a very early hour the next morning he left his dwelling for the last time, and went to seek his friend, the Izvoshchik, who had agreed to drive him to the Russian frontier. The evening of that day, he knew, would find him in prison, yet he set out “calm and happy, humming an air as he went along.” Arriving at the driver’s house, he entered in, and there, according to the old Russian custom, he and his two friends sat still a few minutes in utter silence, and then rose up and prayed for a happy journey. Then he started afresh, following on foot the carriage which went on for a time ahead. With a book under his arm, and a newspaper in his hand, he passed the barriers of the city, having all the appearance, in the eyes of the officer on duty, who might have demanded his passport, of a man taking a morning stroll. At the fourth verst from the barriers, he got into the carriage, and away it went. It was a beautiful, though chilly, spring morning. The sun shone brightly, the half-frozen ground resounded beneath the carriage wheels and the hoofs of the horses. All was gay and smiling, and the exile’s heart was light within him; and when he saw a dark line in front, which his driver told him was Russia, he took off his hat, and exclaimed, “Hail! O Russian Motherland!” In a short time the carriage drove into the border town of Skulani, and Mr. Kelsief went to the passport office to obtain leave to cross the Pruth. The officer on duty pointed out to him that his pass-



port was not *viséd*, but made no serious objection to his leaving the country. In a few minutes more he landed on the Russian side of the river, and was met there by an officer, who demanded his passport. He offered his old Turkish one, but it was refused on the ground of its wanting the necessary visa, and he was told to go back again. This he declined doing, and, after some little delay, he succeeded in persuading the officer to let him go to the guard-house, a little hut with plastered walls, and having no furniture in it beyond a bench, a table, and a chair. There he wrote a letter to the superintendent of the district, stating that he wished to surrender himself unconditionally to the authorities. Half an hour elapsed after the letter had been despatched, during which he waited for a reply with feverish anxiety. Then the soldier who had been sent with the letter returned with the information that the superintendent would come to see him, but that in the interval he must recross the river. There was no help for it; so he had once more to leave Russia, and return to Moldavia, where he was sorrowfully received by his friend the *Izvoschik*, who had been looking across the river after him all this time. At first the Moldavian officer who had pointed out to him the irregular state of his passport, seemed inclined to triumph over his return; but presently two Russian officers came down to the shore on the further side of the river, and the exile was once more ferried across. Addressing the chief of the two officers, he begged to be considered a prisoner, but he found that official by no means anxious to arrest him. He was asked what offence he had committed; but even after he had avowed his complicity in the affairs of the London Propaganda, and in those concerning the Poles and the Schismatics, he experienced the same unwillingness on the part of the authorities to take him into custody. At last they invited him to enter their carriage, which soon brought them to the custom-house. There he was taken into a long room, with a large table in the middle of it

covered with a green cloth; and he was asked to give a full account of himself, which was taken down in writing by a clerk. After this, two old Moldavians were called in, and he was told to take off his coat, waistcoat, trousers, and boots, all of which were carefully searched. All his pockets were turned inside out, and their contents were examined, but were all given back, with the exception of a large knife and some lucifer matches. This ceremony over, he received a cordial invitation to breakfast, and a beefsteak and a bottle of red wine were soon placed before him.

After breakfast he was taken in a *tarantass* to the chief town of the district, Byelets, and in so kindly a manner was he treated by his guardians that "the journey seemed more like a friendly "pleasure excursion than a prisoner's "transmission." Having arrived at Byelets, he was taken to the office of the *nachalnik*, or chief of the district, who, instead of severely interrogating him, or in any way treating him as a prisoner, merely said, "Good day to you; I am sure you must be fatigued with your journey. Come in and rest a little: supper will be ready directly." After supper a bed was made up for him in the office, but he could not sleep. The events of that day had been so numerous and so strange that he had become considerably excited. As he lay there it seemed as if an age had elapsed since he parted from his friendly charioteer on the Moldavian bank of the Pruth. Only towards the morning he dozed a little, and when he got up his head swam and his limbs trembled. The *nachalnik* perceived that he was ill, and invited him to stay where he was for another day, before continuing his journey. He gladly availed himself of the offer, and spent part of the day indoors, part in the town, where he strolled about under the eye of a soldier. The next day he resumed his journey, accompanied by an official of the Chancery and another police agent of inferior grade, and late at night he reached Kishinef, where he was presented to M. Antonovich, the Governor of Bessarabia. There he met for the first time

with some discouragement, for the Governor said that he must write to the Governor-General at Odessa to know what must be done with him, and would have to keep him in the meantime in confinement. As it was too late to convey him that night to the prison, the police-master took him away in his carriage to his own quarters, where a bed was made up for him in a room which he shared with a "police inspector," with whom he soon found himself on the friendliest of terms. "For half an hour we chatted together like old acquaintances. I told him various anecdotes relating to my travels; he spoke to me about his military service in former days, and then we lay down to sleep." Next morning when he awoke, refreshed and light-hearted, he found a stream of ordinary offenders against the police regulations beginning to flow into the room. A little later he was taken away by the police-master in his carriage, which soon stopped before a battlemented building which looked like a castle on the banks of the Rhine, and in reality was the Kishinef gaol. After passing through a courtyard, in which a number of prisoners in fetters were carrying wood and water, guarded by soldiers with fixed bayonets, Mr. Kelsief was taken to the office, where his name was entered in a book, and his pockets were again emptied of their contents. Greatly to his dismay, both his literature and his tobacco were taken from him, in spite of his intreaties, and then he was told to follow a guide across a court in which the prisoners, some with, and others without, fetters, were talking to those of their friends who had been allowed to visit them, and along a corridor resounding with the noises of shouting and of laughter, of quarrelling, and of the clanking of chains. Here a door was opened, and he was shown into his allotted apartment.

This was a kind of cell, seven paces and a half long and two and a half wide, but so lofty that he felt as if he were at the bottom of a well covered over with a white curtain. On the left was a long narrow window, with an iron bar running down the middle of it, and on the

right, in the wall just opposite the window, were the apertures of a stove. The walls were whitewashed, except the part near the floor, which had been painted with red and yellow ochre. On the bare boards of the floor stood a wooden bedstead, on which were a straw mattress with a canvas cover and a pillow to match, but neither sheet nor blanket, and near it was a chair without a back. In this cell his guide left him, after having bid him keep up his spirits and not lose hope. The door shut with a clang, there was a clashing of locks, a jingling of keys, the gaoler's steps were heard resounding for a time in the corridor, and then came silence broken only by the voices of the prisoners and the rattling of their chains.

The excitement of the preceding days was over, and as the prisoner sat there in his lonely room his heart sank within him. He could not tell how long he might have to stop there; he did not know how he should be able to pass the time. For some minutes he remained absorbed in gloomy reflections, then he rose and commenced a close examination of his prison-house. One thing in it annoyed him extremely. This was the little spy-hole in the door: a round hole, fitted with a glass, at about the usual height of a man's eyes above the ground. To a person of his nervous temperament, he says, it was a cause of perfect torment. The thought of it haunted him like a nightmare; it seemed to render the air of the cell suffocating; there was something terrible in the idea of this sleepless eye always glaring in upon him. Every now and then, he thought, the soldier on duty would look in through it, and it was exceedingly annoying to know that he would never be free from observation.

Presently the door opened, and a convict in the prison dress, with fetters on his legs, and escorted by two soldiers, brought him a meal consisting of black bread, and a dish of some kind of broth, with lumps of fat swimming on the top. There was nothing to eat it with, but the convict, who was of an amiable character, went away for a time and then returned with a wooden spoon of his own. The prisoner then tried to



get through his meal, but with little success. The bread was too coarse and badly baked, the soup was too greasy and otherwise uninviting. So he gave up the attempt, and began looking out of window, and speculating on his chances of being able to escape in case his confinement became intolerable. Presently the door suddenly opened, and two soldiers and a corporal entered the room, evidently in a state of excitement, demanding to know what he meant by looking so long out of window. He replied that he had not been forbidden to do so, and requested them to retire, which they did, apparently much astonished at his cool way of treating them. After they had gone, he tried lying down on the bed, but soon became so annoyed at being constantly looked at by the sentinel in the passage, that he moved the chair up against the door, just under the spy-hole, and sat down on it there. Presently the sentinel peeped in, and not being able to see him, knocked at the door and asked where he was. The prisoner replied that he was sitting close by the door, and meant to remain there, so as not to be annoyed by constant inspection. After a fruitless dialogue, the sentinel called an officer. The officer came, and being made aware of the state of the case, gave orders that the prisoner should not be troubled any more. Thus ended, Mr. Kelsief says, the only unpleasantness he ever experienced from the officials in whose power he was placed, and this was caused entirely by the want of civility of a few of a very inferior grade.

In the evening gruel or porridge was brought him for supper; and later on, when all was dark, a candle was lighted and placed in a stand on the wall. He tried to sleep, but the spy-hole in the door still haunted him, and the circle of light, caused by the lamp in the corridor shining through it, which fell on the opposite wall, looked like another glaring eye. A restless night passed slowly by; at length the rosy light of dawn began to shine in at the window. The prison woke to life again, the old

sounds recommenced, and after a time the door of the cell opened, and a piece of black bread was brought in by way of breakfast. Before long, however, his fare changed for the better, for a doctor came to see him, and put him on the sick-list. A little later, he was allowed the use of writing materials, so towards evening he felt comparatively happy, and was able that night to sleep in peace. The next day he received the pleasant news that he was to be sent on at once to St. Petersburg. Soon afterwards he took leave of the policeman and the rest of his kindly guardians; all of whom heartily wished him a happy journey, and set off once more in an open carriage with his two former travelling companions.

All night the telega rolled on over the Kherson Steppes. A mist rose up from the plain, and assumed all manner of fantastic shapes, and in a strange half-sleeping and half-waking state our traveller looked at his slumbering companions, the galloping horses, the flats glooming on each side of him, the waving fogbanks on either hand, and wondered where he was, and whether all that he saw were not the baseless fabric of a dream. After a while the eastern sky turned red, the sun rose in splendour, and the white fog drifted away from the earth, and gradually disappeared in the blue sky.

For several days the carriage rolled on, passing from the province of Kherson through several others, until it reached that of Pskof. In the districts it first traversed, the prisoner was regarded with no little sympathy. At Jitomir, for instance, the Polish ladies gazed at him with melancholy interest, seeing him seated there between two police agents, and the men looked as if they would have liked to have taken him from his guardians by force. But when he got farther on, the number of Poles diminished, and the postmasters at the various stations received him less sympathisingly. At one point the carriage upset—an accident which is sometimes exceedingly annoying to police-agents in charge of a prisoner, as he has been



known to take advantage of the opportunity to escape—but this little adventure did not cast such a gloom on the spirits of the party as was produced by the news they received, at one of the post-stations, of the attack on the Emperor's life in Paris. That was truly bad news for the returning exile, as he feared the crime might be the cause of a time of suspicion and ill-will in high places towards all persons compromised in revolutionary matters. But the cloud passed away in time to allow him to enjoy the beauty of the Pinsk marshes, where the road passed for mile after mile through apparently virgin forests, where oaks, and aspens, and birches rose high above the pools in which the cloudless sky was reflected, and where there were no signs of human life—nothing stirring except the storks which were wading about in the shallow water, the snipes and woodcocks which sometimes flew across the track, the frogs which croaked in the swamps, and the gnats which hovered in clouds above. The road was exceedingly bad, having been allowed to fall into disuse since the time of the Crimean war, when it was constructed for the use of the soldiers on their way to Sevastopol. Their sufferings in this marshy district must have been terrible as they toiled on up to their knees in mud—the horses and the guns, and sometimes also the men in charge of them, falling from time to time, and disappearing in the deep and treacherous slough. From the province of Minsk—in which these marshes lie, and in which the White-Russian inhabitants, small-bearded, worn-featured men and haggard, hideous women, all of a poverty-stricken aspect, form such a contrast to the lively, well-to-do Little Russians—the telega passed swiftly by the provinces of Mohilef and Vitebsk, and entered that of Pskof, “where everything began to have a genuine Russian air,” and arrived at the railway-station of Ostrof. There the prisoner was transferred to a railway carriage, and in a few hours he and his companions reached St. Petersburg without any of their fellow-travellers having discovered that he was

a prisoner. A little later and he found himself, under the designation of No. 4, a resident in that fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul, which is an object of such interest to every visitor to St. Petersburg, as he watches the long reflection of its gilded spire quivering on the shifting surface of the swiftly-flowing Neva.

In that fortress he remained from the 15th of June till the 23d of September, 1867. At the end of that time he was sent for and addressed in these words: “You are free—all your past conduct is forgotten—you can go where you please, and do what you like. The Emperor has pardoned you.” The walls seemed to turn around him, and the ground to rock under foot. He could scarcely realize his freedom. At this point the narrative virtually comes to a close, and here, having reached the confines of our allotted space, we also must stop. But the book contains much more that is interesting, especially Mr. Kelsief's account of the impression made upon him by the changes which had taken place during his absence, by the reforms which had been introduced into so many branches of the public service, and by the great improvement visible in the behaviour of the police towards the people. Mr. Kelsief is one of those writers who take a very hopeful view of the future of Russia, and who believe in the existence of such good elements among the masses as, when developed and educated, will enable them to take position as becomes the bulk of a really great nation.

The writer of this article has stated some of Mr. Kelsief's opinions as to the sympathy with Russia evinced by the other Slavonic peoples, but has studiously avoided pronouncing any judgment upon them; but perhaps he may be allowed to state his full belief in Mr. Kelsief's sincerity. On the other hand, he is also bound to state that the present book has been very sharply criticised by the Russian press. But whatever may be the value of its political opinions, no one can well read it without admitting the interest of its personal narrative.

## FOX-HUNTING AT ROME.

BY FREDERIC A. EATON.

A VISITOR unacquainted with the habits and ways of Rome, had chance taken him, any Monday or Thursday morning last winter, in the direction of some one of its gates, might have marked with astonishment the continuous string of carriages, with now and then a horseman or two, all apparently bound for the same place and bent on the same errand.

Arrived at the gate, say that of S. Sebastiano, he would have found the space outside it crowded with caparisoned steeds, held in readiness for those cavaliers whom the carriages had brought thus far, and who on mounting rode off all in the same direction along the Appian Way. On inquiry as to the cause of this *concursum*, he would have learnt that carriage-folk and horsemen were alike bound for the meet of the Roman fox-hounds, fixed for that day at the Tomb of Cæcilia Metella. Various, no doubt, would be the train of thought into which the ideas thus called up might lead him. Meet—Via Appia—foxhounds—Tomb of Cæcilia Metella—might seem incongruous elements in a single sentence. He might think of *Bell's Life*, and a clipping run with the Quorn—of the bard who sung the “break-up” of the wolf,—

“When all the pack, loud baying,  
Her bloody lair surrounds;  
She dies in silence, biting hard,  
Amidst the dying hounds,”

and wonder whether the fox-hounds ever encounter the old Roman's nurse;—of the chariots and horsemen, the pomp and splendour, which had passed along that Appian Way from the year of the city 441, in which, as the historian relates, took place the illustrious censorship of Ap. Claudius and C. Plautius, and he adds: “*Memoria tamen felicioris ad posteros nomen Appii, quod et viam*

“*munivit, et aquam in urbem duxit.*” But whatever his train of thought, we will hope he had sufficient curiosity to charter a Roman cab, and follow with the crowd.

The English institution of fox-hunting was first introduced at Rome by the late Lord Chesterfield in the year 1837; the pack was his own private one, and the entire thing was carried on at his expense, and was called the “Chesterfield Hunt.” On his giving it up, it was determined to continue it by means of subscriptions, and the first record which exists is the list of subscribers for the season of 1845-46. One might imagine it to be a leaf from the *libro d'oro* of Rome, as it includes the names of nearly all the principal nobility of that city, who seem to have taken to fox-hunting, or to patronising it, with great vigour. The English names are comparatively few. Lists of subscribers for the next two seasons follow, the hunt being still called the “Chesterfield Hunt.” After the season of 1847-48 there was no hunting till 1853-54, when the list again presents a goodly list of Roman nobility; but the English names are more frequent. The hunt, however, no longer bore the name of its founder, and the notices, which have hitherto been in English, are now in Italian. Another interval takes place from 1858 to 1864, when the hunt reappears under its present designation of the “*Società della Caccia alla Volpe.*” The names of the regular subscribers no longer appear in the present lists. They form a permanent committee called the Associates of the Hunt. The names now entered in the book are only those of the visitors of the year who have subscribed to the funds, and they are consequently nearly all English, with occasional American, French, and German ones. A regret

perhaps may without offence be expressed that this book should be now so carelessly and untidily kept, as the record is not without interest. The present responsible master is an Italian nobleman. The huntsman and whip are both English. The hounds are renewed by yearly drafts from England, none of the attempts at breeding having yet proved successful. Of foxes there is rather a superabundance, it being no uncommon thing for three or four to be viewed at the same time. They are of two sorts; the regular Campagna fox, smaller and darker than his English brother, and the hill fox, very big and light coloured, and affording, when caught in the open, and fairly set going towards his native hills, a rare run. The meets take place every Monday and Thursday during the season. They are always at some point a few miles along one of the many roads leading from the city gates. The more open country on the south side is perhaps the most frequently visited, and the meets in that direction are generally the best attended, especially by the carriage-folk, as the drive offers more objects of interest. The most essentially show meet is the one at Cæcilia Metella's Tomb, so called, and the hounds go there at least twice in the season. It was to one of these occasions that reference was made at the beginning of this paper, and we will now follow the supposed visitor, and see something of the company and the sport.

Although nominally at Cæcilia Metella, the meet in reality takes place about two miles further along on the Appian Way. Passing through a gate on the left-hand side of the road, we enter an inclosed field, where are already a goodly collection of horses and carriages, and in their midst an object, new on such occasions to the English fox-hunter—a tent; and near to the tent a waggon, somewhat resembling that out of which the royal stag is uncartered. Dear, indeed, to the Roman fox-hunter are this tent and waggon; for were there not brought in the one, and are there not spread in the other, tempting

viands and refreshing drinks, with which he may, if so inclined, solace himself before and after, and sometimes even during, the run? A great institution is Spillman's tent; it is pitched shortly before the hour of meeting, and remains the whole day, a refuge for the weary, and a strength and refreshment for the hungry and the thirsty. Another luxury, too, in Roman hunting, is that people can both drive to and from the hunt; for as the foxes very often run like hares in a ring, it constantly happens that the shortest way back is along the road to the gate by which you came out; consequently the carriages wait at the tent.

Returning from this inevitable visit to the tent, we see one or two fours-in-hand have driven up, and a Roman lady, emulating her sister charioteers of old, is steering a pair of steady bays through the gate, with a success, perhaps, hardly commensurate with the caution displayed, the heap on one side and the hole on the other nearly proving fatal. There are a few private carriages, but the greater number of the hundred or so which are now assembled are vehicles hired by the "barbarian." Among the horsemen nearly every country has its representative, Italy, England, and America furnishing the largest contingents. Some half-dozen red-coats enliven the scene. The ladies are but few; but it is not a ladies' riding-day, as the stone walls are disapproved of. Among them, though, is one to whom the honour of England might safely be confided across any country, and against any competitors; and America sends a champion whose hand is no less apt at managing a horse than at producing

"The stone that breathes and struggles."

There are a few good English horses to be seen, belonging to some of the Roman nobles, but the majority are specimens of that useful, long-enduring, much-abused animal, the Roman hack—some sorry-looking enough, but others by no means to be despised. It is hardly to be expected that animals which are required for hunting two days



in the week, and for riding-parties on the other four, with the bare chance of a bye-day on Sundays, should present a very brilliant appearance, but the way in which they manage to get through their labour is wonderful. Even people who hire their horses regularly, and who are consequently interested in keeping them fresh, think nothing, if they have but one, besides hunting on Monday and Thursday, of giving him a good long turn on Saturday to keep him from getting stiff. There is nothing like a Roman horse for "coming again;" he may be almost sinking beneath you, but ease him for a minute or two, and he will go off again as well as ever. The "odora canum vis"—"smell-dogs," as a Yankee says they call them down West, are a big, useful lot, very fast and wonderfully enduring, considering the work they have to do, there being only one pack, and the weather generally sunny and hot; and though the wind may be southerly the sky is seldom cloudy.

Turning from the immediate scene, it is well worth while to take a look at the surrounding country. Beyond the monument of *Cæcilia Metella* lies Rome, its domes and houses shining out brightly against the sun, with here and there a green spot telling of gardens and uninhabited places within the mighty circuit of its walls, while towering high above all else rises the gigantic dome of *St. Peter's*. Casting the eye beyond, and to the right, the solitary peak of *Soracte* dimly appears; and then the serrated *Sabine Hills*, with rugged *Monte Gennaro*, their acknowledged chief, and many an isolated peak set like watch-towers in the plain below, sweep round to where the valley, running up by *Gabii*, and beneath the slopes of *Tibur*, separates from them their lower *Alban* offshoots, which, crowned by the picturesque village of *Rorca di Papa*, and the summit of *Monte Caro*, sink into the *Latian plain*, and leave the eye to end its search in the fields of the *Tiber* and the blue waters of the *Mediterranean*.

But the huntsmen and hounds are moving off, and a general closing up of

carriages, and hurrying up of those on foot, takes place to that part of the wall over which the pack jump into the adjoining meadow, followed by the greater part of the field; for be it known that to the fair sex one of the great attractions of the meet is the seeing people jump over this stone wall. One after another they go over at the same place, like sheep, till the loosely built up wall becomes a wide, scattered heap of stones, across which the rear division either walk, or make, for the sake of appearances, an attempt at jumping. Every now and then a more ambitious cavalier tries a fresh place, with more or less success, according to the ability of himself and horse. The murmur of satisfaction as one clears the wall in good style; the suppressed titter, as another alights on the far side, somewhat nearer to his horse's ears than strict symmetry warrants; and the half-smothered cry of alarm, as somebody really does come to grief,—make it shy work for the man by nature nervous and unaccustomed to public jumping. However, nothing serious happens, and a huge ruin, through which walk the fair critics, marks the passage of the conquerors. These destructions cause a large item in the expenses of the hunt. All damage done to crops and fencing has to be paid for, and when the field is large, and much knocking down has been done, the amount claimed is heavy. The hounds, drawing like harriers in the open,—there being no covert except ruins,—soon put up a fox, who leads them a merry chase across the *Via Appia Nova* and the *Frascati Railway*, back again over the *Via Appia*, and then round once more, till, being headed and doubling back, he is run to ground, after a very fast twenty minutes, in the ruins of the *Villa Quinctiliana*, not very far from the spot where he was found, to the great delight of the carriage-folk, who have thus seen almost the whole of the run. The pace and the stone walls soon staved off the ruck, and the hounds were closely followed by a very chosen few, headed—the truth must be said—by the English lady before mentioned, who rode with a gal-

lantry not to be excelled. She and a select band were the only ones really up at the end, though the ringing nature of the run let in a great many others. Two more rather scrambling runs, one ending in a kill, conclude the day.

It must not be supposed, however, that the usual fences are stone walls: the obstacles *par excellence* of Roman hunting are the *stagionate*. To have a good idea of them, we will go to a meet at the Mons Sacer, just beyond the Ponte Nomentana across the Anio, outside the Porta Pia. This is perhaps the best hunting country round Rome; nice grass pasture land, separated by that species of post and rail called a *stagionata*. These vary from three and a half to five feet in height, have sometimes two, sometimes three rails, and are exceedingly tough and strong to resist the attacks of the formidable Campagna oxen. But for those whose hearts, or whose horses, or both, will not take them over this obstruction, there exists an institution which should be gratefully remembered by all who have experienced its benefits. Among the men who hang about at a meet the stranger would remark some with their loins more than usually girded, and with axes in the bosom of their shirts. The first *stagionata* will enlighten him as to their occupation and the meaning of the axes.

“Ho, lictors; clear the way!”

has still a significance at Rome. After the first flight are over—and unless the *stagionata* is a low one, they will be few in number—these men run forward, and with their axes demolish a top rail or two; over the thus demolished jump, press the second flight; remain still many others “whose horses won’t jump at all,” and for them a further demolition takes place, which leaves, as the case may be, no rail at all, or one very low one, over which even the horses who can’t jump find their way. If the run happens to be long and pretty straight, and without many checks, this last lot are necessarily soon out of it, and the second have to trust to the kindness of some eager individual, who may be obliging enough to send his horse at a weak-

looking bar, and break it for them. Of course gates may be found, but they are few and far between, and often locked. Now and then there is some pretty jumping over the biggest of these *stagionate*, some of the Italians who have English horses going over them very neatly. It is seldom that a native horse can manage the five-foot ones, but there was one last season which, under the able guidance of an Englishman, jumped well the biggest of them: it was the riding though that did it, for the horse was as awkward-tempered a brute as ever stepped. It is curious to notice how some people, who go gaily enough at moderate *stagionate*, dislike and fight shy of the stone walls, and *vice versâ*. The writer remembers seeing an American, whose gray pony, without doing great deeds, was always fairly to the front in any moderate run, extremely put out by the stone walls, and quite unable to face them; and yet the same man, a few days before, had jumped his pony at a deep wide ditch with a high bank and one rail on the further side; an impossibility, one would have said, unless taken at a fly. The best mounted were getting off and whipping their horses over, when up comes our friend, and “reckoning it was no great thing,” put his pony at it, and instead of, as one was tempted to think ought to have happened, tumbling back into the ditch, got up safe on the other side, man and beast together. During the whole of last season there was no very good run in this country. The earths, which are innumerable, could never be properly stopped, and there were too many foxes. One day a fox had been run to earth after a very sharp fifteen minutes’ ring: a consultation was being held as to the possibility of digging him out, when on a sudden, in the midst of hounds and horses, jumped from the same hole two foxes; one went one way and one another, and after them a divided pack and field, each perfectly certain that it alone was following a fox. There were no less than eleven foxes seen that day. The country across the Tiber, outside the Porte Angelica, Cavallegrei, and del Popolo,

is distinguished by another feature, the cork-wood valleys as they are called; most lovely glades, lying between hills covered with that species of oak and low arbutus brushwood. Here the most beautiful rides are to be found, but as a hunting country it is not so desirable; riding up and down hills like the side of a house, with many a concealed hole, and often very slippery, (for the peculiar nature of the soil makes the ground, after rain, like ice,) being a rather disagreeable process. A *stagionata*, too, along the side of a steep decline is an unpleasant thing even when reduced to one rail. No one, however, will regret going to this country, especially if the day should take him in the direction of Veii.

Perhaps the best runs of last season were in the comparatively fenceless country outside the Porte Maggiore and San Giovanni, and to the right of the Porta San Sebastiano, in the direction of the Via Ardeatina. In the latter country there were two capital days from Cecchignola; on the first occasion the fox ran straight away, and was lost in the wood of Decima, some fourteen miles from home. In the former district there was one very good day from Torre Nuova, on the Via Lubicana. But perhaps the best day of the season was from Cento Celle on the same road. The hounds found directly, and had a very fast twenty minutes, in which they ran clean away from everybody, and killed their fox well, the huntsman and a few others just managing to cut in at the end. After drawing for another hour or so another fox was started, and a rare good one he was, for he gave an excellent run of more than an hour, finishing up over a bit of very stiff plough, and just getting his tail into an earth in time to escape the jaws of the leading hound. The attendance was very select at the end, the plough having proved fatal to both horses and dogs at the end of such a long bout, and with a previous twenty minutes' in them.

The fox-hunting at Rome may certainly be classed among the inducements towards choosing that city as a winter residence. Some may be inclined to

consider that Rome wants no such adventitious recommendation; but it should be remembered that people, unless they are antiquarians or inveterate gallery-haunters, cannot spend the whole of their time in seeing sights: and they will find their minds and bodies all the fresher, and all the better able to appreciate the "sights," for exchanging the cold marble floors, and chilly atmospheres of churches and galleries, and alternate heat and drafts of the streets, for a good brisk gallop under the clear sky and fresh country air of the Campagna.

Apart from all question of sport, it is pleasant riding over this same Campagna, and most interesting withal; for every rood of ground has its histories and memories, and monuments are often present to suggest the recollection and tell the story. It may add to the pleasure, without diminishing the interest, to ride in company with others, and to have gates opened and fences knocked down without any trouble. Never, too, in ordinary riding would one wander over so much ground, and see so much of the country, as in following hounds. Probably no city in Europe has such a country for riding about within its reach as Rome, combining exceedingly beautiful scenery, historical interest of every kind, and capital going. Those who spend their time within the walls, or limit their excursions outside them to drives along the road, miss a great deal of what Rome has of most beautiful and most interesting. Among all the pleasant memories which gather round the recollection of the months spent in that city, on taking leave of which, each one may say with the old Gaul,—

"Laxatus tandem caræ complexibus urbis  
Inviti superant limina sacra pedes,"

there are none more pleasant or more enduring than those associated with the Campagna, its undulating plains and wooded valleys, its ruined aqueducts and monumental relics—the magic blending, within that wondrous circle of mountains, of nature's beauty and history's grandeur. And the mind, as it stores these memories, may think not ungratefully of the Roman Hunt.



## THE VOICES OF NATURE.

Largior hic campos aether, et lumine vestit  
Purpureo.

## I.

WEARIED with the golden glare,  
With the noise of worldly things,  
Take us to thy larger air,  
To the shadow of thy wings :  
In the wild with Nature lonely  
Listening for thy message only.

## II.

—In the meadows, in the vales,  
In the greenness of the grove ;  
Where the snowy sea-bird sails,  
Blue below and blue above ;  
Where the echoes pause to hear us,  
More than what we know is near us.

## III.

Liquid light along the dim  
Verge, where summer dawning breaks ;  
Slopes of rock on hill-sides grim ;  
Mid-day sun on trembling lakes ;  
Bitter cry of breezes roaming ;  
Glimmers in the hazy gloaming ;

## IV.

Sapphire rents in icy streams ;  
Walls of sea, from mountain tops  
Caught afar in purple gleams ;  
Murmurs of the midnight copse ;  
Peaks in fierce contortions riven,  
Frowning 'gainst the quiet heaven ;—

V.

O, a hidden life, we cry,  
Lurks beneath this eyeless mask ;  
Soul of Nature, thou art nigh ;  
Speak !—we hear !—In vain we ask :  
She looks on with mute appealing,  
Heartless 'neath the show of feeling.

VI.

What in Nature is our share,  
Blind 'mid all her loveliness,—  
This inexorable fair,—  
This unconscious awfulness ?  
What lies hid behind her seeming,  
Felt, not seen, in fitful gleaming ?

VII.

When the glare of day is past,  
And the thousand ancient eyes  
Open on us in the vast,  
To the heart their influence flies ;  
And the sea of worlds around us  
To a nothing seems to bound us.

VIII.

And the silver ways of heaven  
Wind like rivers o'er the sky,  
Till the regent moon, with even  
Pace, unveils her majesty ;  
O'er some dusky hill appearing,  
Boat of heaven through heaven steering.

IX.

—Who is man, and what his place,  
Anxious asks the heart, perplex'd  
In this recklessness of space,  
Worlds with worlds thus intermix'd :  
What has he, this atom creature,  
In the infinitude of Nature ?

X.

—Morning comes, where, eastward spread,  
Cloudy curtains fold the day,  
Till the Dawn quits Tithon's bed,  
Till the bold sun rends his way :  
Then to climb the zenith golden,  
All that lives, as his, beholding.

## XI.

In thyself well might'st thou trust,  
 God of ancient days, O Sun!  
 All thy sequent stars the dust  
 From thy whirling car-wheels spun:  
 All that lies within thy seeing  
 From thy golden smile has being.

## XII.

Who the ages can recount  
 Since the vaporous ring of earth,  
 Floating from the central fount,  
 Orb'd together at the birth,  
 Or since, in the warmer ocean,  
 Life in her first cell had motion?

## XIII.

As beyond the farthest star  
 Star-clouds swim in golden haze,  
 So, in long procession, far  
 Passes life beyond our gaze:  
 Myriad stars and systems o'er us;  
 Myriad layers of life before us.

## XIV.

Through the mollusc, through the worm,  
 Life reveals her gradual plan;  
 Form developing to form,  
 Till the cycle stays with man,—  
 Feeblest born and last in season,  
 Yet sole child and heir of reason.

## XV.

What is man, the heart once more  
 Asks, if,—after ages gone,  
 Slow upheavals, shore on shore,  
 Countless years condensed in stone,  
 Fields of ice, and floods of fire,—  
 Life accomplish'd her desire?

## XVI.

If, through long-evolving choice,  
 Man attain'd his dizzy place,  
 Poised 'twixt two infinities,  
 Endless time, and boundless space,  
 What is he, this atom creature,  
 Wavering in the abyss of Nature?



XVII.

—In the early days of life  
Nature's law seem'd chaos wild ;  
Earth with Deity was rife ;  
Man, the God's own care and child,  
His own soul in all things seeing,  
Deem'd himself the crown of being.

XVIII.

Wider his horizons grown,  
Man acknowledges his place ;  
Sees his dot of life alone  
In the vast of time and space :  
Blind mechanic forces round him  
On all sides conspire to bound him :—

XIX.

All creation save himself  
Seems by changeless law to flow :  
He, like some poor childish elf  
Where huge engines groan and go ;  
'Mid the ponderous systems turning,  
No place left for him discerning :—

XX.

Then, in wonderment and fear  
At the Whole he dimly grasps,  
To the senses bounds his sphere,  
Life as his sole portion clasps ;  
All that passes man's exploring  
As of no avail ignoring :—

XXI.

Sweeps aside, as vague or vain,  
All of spiritual source ;  
Soul, a function of the brain ;  
God, a metaphor for Force :  
So, half pride of heart, half humbly,  
Sits and waits his future dumbly.

XXII.

—Voice of Nature in the heart,  
Waken us to braver things !  
Teach how all at which we start  
From the mind's own magic springs :  
Born within that inward mirror,  
Ghosts we raise we flee in terror.

## XXIII.

Thy whole universe is less  
 Than one atom-grain of thought ;  
 Forms of man's own consciousness,  
 Space and Time o'erwhelm him not ;  
 Feeblest born and last in season,  
 Yet sole child and heir of reason.

## XXIV.

Conscious in his heart alone,  
 Nature reads herself in Man :  
 Only here has freedom known,  
 Bound elsewhere by changeless plan :  
 Elsewhere, blind instinctive being ;  
 Here alone is seen and seeing.

## XXV.

Now, on all we touch and see,  
 As progressive truth evolves,  
 Science lays her high decree,  
 Matter into Force resolves ;  
 Force by other force replaces ;  
 Points to one that all embraces,

## XXVI.

Call her law, this wondrous whole,  
 Call her force,—the heart of man  
 Hears the voice within the soul  
 Dominant o'er Nature's plan ;  
 Laws of mind their echo finding  
 In the laws on atoms binding.

## XXVII.

—Voice of Nature in the heart,  
 Narrow though our science, though  
 Here we only know in part,  
 Give us faith in what we know !  
 To a truer life aspiring,  
 Satisfy the heart's desiring :—

## XXVIII.

Tell us of a force, behind  
 Nature's force, supreme, alone :  
 Tell us of a larger mind  
 Than the partial power we own :  
 Tell us of a Being wholly  
 Wise and great and just and holy :—

XXIX.

Toning down the pride of mind  
To a wiser humbleness,  
Teach the limits of mankind,  
Weak to know, and prompt to guess,  
On the mighty shores that bound us  
Childlike gathering trifles round us :—

XXX.

Teach how, yet, what here we know  
To the unknown leads the way,  
As the light that, faint and low,  
Prophesies consummate day ;  
How the little arc before us  
Proves the perfect circle o'er us :—

XXXI.

How the marr'd unequal scheme  
That on all sides here we meet,  
Either is a lawless dream,  
Or must somewhere be complete ;—  
Where or when, if near, or distant,  
Known but to the One Existent.

XXXII.

—He is. We meanwhile repair  
From the noise of human things  
To the fields of larger air,  
To the shadow of his wings :  
Listening for his message only  
In the wild with Nature lonely.

F. T. PALGRAVE.



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

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE HEIR OF REDCLYFFE."

CHAPTER XLI.

(Continued.)

THE formal summons to surrender to the King, and the refusal, had duly passed, and it became evident that the first attack was to be on the bridge-gate. Captain Falconnet hurried to the place, and the fighting was hot and desperate. Every assailant who tried to throw his faggot into the moat became a mark for arquebus or pistol, and the weapons that had so lately hung over the hearth at Nid-de-Merle were now aimed again and again at the heads and corslets of Guisards, with something of the same exulting excitement only higher, more engrossing, and fiercer as that with which the lads had taken aim at a wolf, or ridden after a fox. Scaling ladders were planted and hurled down again; stones were cast from the battlements, crushing the enemy; and throughout Berenger's quick eye, alert movements, and great height and strength made him a most valuable champion, often applauded by a low murmur of commendation from old Falconnet, or a loud shout of "Ha, well done, the Duke's Englishman," from the gendarmes—for English they would have him to be—on the presumptions afforded by his companions, his complexion, and his slow speech. Nor did Philip and Humfrey fail to render good service. But just as the enemy had been foiled in a sharp assault and were dragging away their wounded, Philip touched his brother, and saying, "I can hold out no longer," showed blood trickling down his right side.

Berenger threw an arm round him, and Captain Falconnet seeing his case, said, "You are hit, *petit Anglais*; you have done gallantly. There will be time

for you to take him to his quarters, sir; these fellows have had enough for the present, and you can tarry with him till you hear the bugle. Whither? did you ask? Let me see. You, Renaud, take him to the chapel, the old chancel behind the boarding will be more private; and desire Madame to look to him. Farewell! I hope it may prove slight; you are a brave youth." And he shook hands with Philip, whose intense gratification sustained him for many steps afterwards.

He hardly remembered receiving the hurt, and was at first too busy to heed it, or to call off any one's attention, until a dread of falling, and being trodden on, had seized him and made him speak; and indeed he was so dizzy that Berenger with difficulty kept him on his feet over the bridge, and in the court lifted him in his arms and carried him almost fainting into the cloister, where by the new-made grave still knelt the black-veiled mourner. She started to her feet as the soldier spoke to her; seemed at first not to gather the sense of his words; but then, as if with an effort, took them in, made one slight sound like a moan of remonstrance at the mention of the place, but again recollecting herself, led the way along a stone passage, into which a flight of stairs descended into the apsidal chancel, roughly boarded off from the rest of the church. It was a ruinous, desolate place, and Berenger looked round in dismay for some place on which to lay down his almost unconscious burthen. The lady bent her head and signed towards the stone sedilia in the wall; then, after two ineffectual essays to make her voice audible, choked as it was with long weeping, she said, low and huskily, "We will make him more comfortable, soon;" and added some orders to the

soldier, who disappeared up the stairway, and Berenger understood that he was gone to fetch bedding. Then taking from under her heavy mourning cloak a large pair of scissors, she signed to Berenger how to support his brother, while they relieved him of his corslet, sword-belt, and doublet. The soldier had meantime returned with an old woman, both loaded with bedding, which she signed to them to arrange in one of the little bays or niches that served to form a crown of lesser chapels around the chancel. She flung aside her muffling cloak, but her black hood still hung far over her face, and every now and then hand or handkerchief was lifted as if to clear her eyes from the tears that would not cease to gather and blind her; and she merely spoke when some direction to an assistant, some sympathetic word to the patient was needed. Even Philip in his dizzy trance guessed that he was succeeding to the bed whence one much dearer had gone to his quieter rest in the cloister. Before he was laid there, however, the bugle sounded; there was a loud shout, and Philip exclaimed, "Go, brother!"

"Trust him to me, sir," said the sunken, extinguished voice; "we will do our best for him."

He was forced merely to lift Philip to the bed, and to hurry away, while the soldier followed him saying, consolingly, "Fear not, sir, now our Lady of Hope has him. Nothing goes ill to which she sets her hand."

Another growl of artillery was now heard, and it was time for the warriors to forget the wounded in the exigencies of the present. An attack was made on both gates at once, and the commandant being engaged at his own post, Berenger had to make the utmost of his brief experience, backed by the counsel of a tough old sergeant, and great was his sense of exhilaration, and absolute enjoyment in this full and worthy taxing of every power of mind or body. The cry among the enemy, "Aim at the black plume," attested his prominence; but the black plume was still unscathed when spring twilight fell. The din began

to subside; recalls were sounded by the besiegers; and Berenger heard his own exploit bawled in the ear of the deaf commandant, who was advancing over the bridge. The old captain complimented him, told him that he should be well reported of to M. le Duc and Sieur la Noue, and invited him to supper and bed in his own quarters. The supper Berenger accepted, so soon as he should know how it was with his brother; but as to bed, he intended to watch his brother, and visit his post from time to time.

The captain entered by the main door of the chapel, where ten or twelve wounded were now lying, tended by peasant women. Berenger merely passed through, seeing as he went the black hood busy over a freshly-brought in patient. He found a door which admitted him through the rough screen of boards to the choir where he had been in the earlier part of the day. The moonlight came through the shivered eastern windows, but a canvas curtain had been hung so as to shelter Philip's vaulted recess from the cold draught, and the bed itself, with a chair beside it, looked neat, clean, and comfortable. Philip himself was cheery; he said the bullet had made a mere flesh-wound, and had passed out on the other side, and the Lady of Hope, as they called her, was just such another as Aunt Cecily, and had made him very comfortable, with clean linen, good cool drinks, and the tenderest hand. But he was very sleepy, so sleepy that he hardly cared to hear of the combat, only he roused himself for a moment to say, "Brother, I have seen Dolly."

"Dolly!"

"Our sister Dolly."

"Ah, Phil! many a strange visitor has come to me in the Walnut Chamber at home."

"I tell you I was in my perfect senses," returned Philip; "there she was, just as when we left her. And, what was stranger still, she talked French."

"Sleep and see her again," laughed Berenger.

## CHAPTER XLII.

## THE SILVER BULLET.

"I am all wonder, O my son, my soul  
Is stunned within me; powers to speak to  
him  
Or to interrogate him have I none,  
Or even to look on him."

COWPER'S *Odyssey*.

IN his waking senses Philip adhered to his story that his little sister Dolly had stood at the foot of his bed, called him "*le pauvre*," and had afterwards disappeared, led away by the nursing lady. It seemed to Berenger a mere delusion of feverish weakness; for Philip had lost a great deal of blood, and the wound, though not dangerous, permitted no attempt at moving, and gave much pain. Of the perfections of the lady as nurse and surgeon Philip could not say enough, and pale and overwept as he allowed her to be, he declared that he was sure that her beauty must equal Mme. de Selinville's. Berenger laughed, and looking round this strange hospital, now lighted by the full rays of the morning sun, he was much struck by the scene.

It was the chancel of the old abbey church. The door by which they had entered was very small, and perhaps had led merely to the abbot's throne, as an irregularity for his own convenience, and only made manifest by the rending away of the rich wooden stall work, some fragments of which still clung to the walls. The east end, like that of many French churches, formed a semi-circle, the high altar having been in the centre, and five tall deep bays forming lesser chapels embracing it, their vaults all gathered up into one lofty crown above, and a slender pillar separating between each chapel, each of which further contained a tall narrow window. Of course, all had been utterly desolated, and Philip was actually lying in one of these chapels, where the sculptured figure of St. John and his Eagle still remained on the wall; and a sufficient remnant of his glowing sanguine robe

of love was still in the window to serve as a shield from the *bise*. The high altar, of rich marbles, was a mere heap of shattered rubbish; but what surprised Berenger more than all the ruined architectural beauty which his *cinquante* trained taste could not understand, was, that the tiles of the pavement were perfectly clean, and diligently swept, the rubbish piled up in corners; and here and there the relics of a cross or carved figure laid together, as by a tender, reverential hand. Even the morsels of painted glass had been placed side by side on the floor, so as to form a mosaic of dark red, blue, and green; and a child's toy lay beside this piece of patchwork. In the midst of his observations, however, Captain Falconnet's servant came to summon him to breakfast; and the old woman appearing at the same time, he could not help asking whether the Lady were coming. "Oh, yes, she will come to dress his wound in good time," answered the old woman.

"And when? I should like to hear what she thinks of it," said Berenger.

"How?" said the old woman, with a certain satisfaction in his disappointment, "is our Lady of Hope to be coming down among you gay gallants?"

"But who is this Lady of Hope?" demanded he.

"Who should she be but our good pastor's daughter? Ah! and a brave, good daughter she was too, abiding the siege because his breath was so bad that he could not be moved."

"What was his name?" asked Berenger, attracted strangely by what he heard.

"Ribault, Monsieur—Pasteur Ribault. Ah! a good man, and sound preacher, when preach he could; but when he could not, his very presence kept the monks' *revenants* from vexing us—as a cat keeps mice away; and, ah! the children have been changed creatures since Madame dealt with them. What, Monsieur would know why they call her our Lady of Hope? *Espérance* is her true name; and, moreover, in the former days this abbey had an image that they called Notre-Dame de l'*Espérance*,



and the poor deceived folk thought it did great miracles. And so, when she came hither, and wrought such cures, and brought blessings wherever she went, it became a saying among us that at length we had our true Lady of Hope."

A more urgent summons here forced Berenger away, and his repetition of the same question received much the same answer from deaf old Captain Falconnet. He was obliged to repair to his post with merely a piece of bread in his hand; but, though vigilance was needful, the day bade fair to be far less actively occupied than its predecessor: the enemy were either disposed to turn the siege into a blockade, or were awaiting reinforcements and heavier artillery; and there were only a few desultory attacks in the early part of the morning. About an hour before noon, however, the besiegers seemed to be drawing out in arms, as if to receive some person of rank, and at the same time sounds were heard on the hills to the eastward, as if troops were on the march. Berenger having just been told by the old sergeant that probably all would be quiet for some time longer, and been almost laughed at by the veteran for consulting him whether it would be permissible for him to be absent a few minutes to visit his brother; was setting out across the bridge for the purpose, his eyes in the direction of the rampart, which followed the curve of the river. The paths which,—as has been said—the feet of the washerwomen and drawers of water had worn away in quieter times, had been smoothed and scaped away on the outer side, so as to come to an abrupt termination some feet above the gay marigolds, coltsfoot, and other spring flowers that smiled by the water-side. Suddenly he beheld on the rampart a tiny grey and white figure, fearlessly trotting, or rather dancing, along the summit, and the men around him exclaimed, "The little moonbeam child!" "A fairy—a changeling!"—"They cannot shoot at such a babe!" "Nor could they harm her!" "Hola! little

one! *Gare!* go back to your mother!" "Do not disturb yourself, sir; she is safer than you," were the ejaculations almost at the same moment, while he sprang forward, horrified at the peril of such an infant. He had reached the angle between the bridge and rampart when he perceived that neither humanity nor superstition were protecting the poor child; for, as she turned down the remnant of one of the treacherous little paths, a man in bright steel and deep black had spurred his horse to the river's brink, and was deliberately taking aim at her. Furious at such brutality, Berenger fired the pistol he held in his hand, and the wretch dropped from his horse, but at the same moment his pistol exploded, and the child rolled down the bank, whence a piteous wail came up, impelling Berenger to leap down to her assistance, in the full face of the enemy. Perhaps he was protected for the moment by the confusion ensuing on the fall of the officer; and when he reached the bottom of the bank, he saw the little creature on her feet, her round cap and grey woollen dress stripped half off in the fall, and her flaxen hair falling round her plump, white, exposed shoulder, but evidently unhurt, and gathering yellow marigolds as composedly as though she had been making May garlands. He snatched her up, and she said, with the same infantine dignity, "Yes, take me up; the naughty people spoil the path. But I must take my beads first." And she tried to struggle out of his arms, pointing therewith to a broken string among the marshy herbage on which gleamed—the pearls of Ribamont!

In the few seconds in which he grasped them, and then bore the child up the embankment in desperate bounds, a hail of bullets poured round him, ringing on his breastplate, shearing the plume from his hat, but scarcely even heard; and in another moment he had sprung down, on the inner side, grasping the child with all his might, but not daring even to look at her, in the wondrous flash of that first conviction. She spoke first. "Put me down, and let me have

my beads," she said in a grave, clear tone; and then first he beheld a pair of dark blue eyes, a sweet wild-rose face—Dolly's all over. He pressed her so fast and so close, in so speechless and overpowering an ecstasy, that again she repeated, and in alarm, "Put me down, I want my mother!"

"Yes, yes! your mother! your mother! your mother!" he cried, unable to let her out of his embrace; and then restraining himself as he saw her frightened eyes, in absolute fear of her spurning him, or struggling from him, "My sweet! my child! Ah! do you not know me?" Then, remembering how wild this was, he struggled to speak calmly: "What are you called, my treasure?"

"I am *la petite Rayonette*," she said, with puzzled dignity and gravity; "and my mother says I have a beautiful long name of my own besides."

"Bérangère—my Bérangère—"

"That is what she says over me, as I go to sleep in her bosom at night," said the child, in a wondering voice, soon exchanged for entreaty, "O, hug me not so hard. O, let me go—let me go to her. Mother! mother!"

"My child, mine own, I am taking thee!—Oh, do not struggle with me," he cried, himself imploring now. "Child, one kiss for thy father;" and meantime, putting absolute force on his vehement affection, he was hurrying to the chancel.

There Philip hailed them with a shout as of desperate anxiety relieved; but before a word could be uttered, down the stairs flew the Lady of Hope, crying wildly, "Not there—she is not—" but perceiving the little one in the stranger's arms, she held out her own, crying, "Ah! is she hurt, my angel?"

"Unhurt, Eustacie! Our child is unhurt!" Berenger said, with an agonized endeavour to be calm; but for the moment her instinct was so entirely absorbed in examining into the soundness of her child's limbs, that she neither saw nor heard anything else.

"Eustacie," he said, laying his hand on her arm. She started back, with

bewildered eyes. "Eustacie—wife! do you not know me? Ah! I forgot that I am changed."

"You—you—" she gasped, utterly confounded, and gazing as if turned to stone, and though at that moment the vibration of a mighty discharge of cannon rocked the walls, and strewed Philip's bed with the crimson shivers of St. John's robe, yet neither of them would have been sensible of it had not Humfrey rushed in at the same moment, crying, "They are coming on like fiends, sir."

Berenger passed his hand over his face. "You will know me *when—if* I return, my dearest," he said. "If not, then still, thank God! Philip, to you I trust them!"

And with one kiss on that still, cold, almost petrified brow, he had dashed away. There was a space of absolutely motionless silence, save that Eustacie let herself drop on the chancel step, and the child, presently breaking the spell, pulled her to attract her notice to the flowers. "Mother, here are the *soucis* for the poor gentleman's broth. See, the naughty people had spoilt all the paths, and I rolled down and tore my frock, and down fell the beads, but be not angry, mother dear, for the good gentleman picked them up, and carried me up the bank."

"The bank!" cried Eustacie, with a scream, as the sense of the words reached her ears. "Ah! no wonder! Well might thy danger bring thy father's spirit;" and she grasped the little one fervently in her arms, murmuring, "Thank, thank God, indeed! Oh! my precious one; and did He send that blessed spirit to rescue thee?"

"And will you tie up my frock, and may I put the flowers into the broth?" chattered Rayonette. "And why did he kiss me and hug me so tight; and how did he know what you say over me as we fall asleep?"

Eustacie clasped her tighter, with a convulsive shudder of thankfulness; and Philip, but half hearing, and barely gathering the meaning of her mood, ventured to speak, "Madame—"

As if touched by an electric shock, Eustacie started up, as recalled to instant needs, and coming towards him said, "Do you want anything, sir? Pardon one who has but newly seen a spirit from the other world—brought by his child's danger." And the dazed, trance-like look was returning.

"Spirit!" cried Philip. "Nay, Madame, it was himself. Ah! and you are she whom we have sought so long; and this dear child—no wonder she has Dolly's face."

"Who—what?" said Eustacie, pressing her temples with her hands, as if to retain her senses. "Speak; was yonder a living or dead man—and who?"

"Living, thank God! and your own husband; that is if you are really Eustacie. Are you, indeed?" he added, becoming doubtful.

"Eustacie, that am I," she murmured. "But he is dead; they killed him, I saw the blood where he had waited for me. His child's danger brought him from the grave."

"No, no. Look at me, sister Eustacie. Listen to me. Osbert brought him home, more dead than alive—but alive still."

"No," she cried, half passionately. "Never could he have lived and left me to mourn him so bitterly."

"If you knew—" cried Philip, growing indignant. "For weeks he lay in deadly lethargy, and when, with his left hand, he wrote and sent Osbert to you, your kinsfolk threw the poor fellow into a dungeon, and put us off with lies that you were married to your cousin. All believed, only he—sick, helpless, speechless, as he was—he trusted you still; and so soon as Méricour came, though he could scarce brook the saddle, nothing would hold him from seeking you. We saw only ruin at La Sablerie, and well-nigh ever since have we been clapped up in prison by your uncle. We were on the way to Quinet to seek you. He has kept his faith whole through wounds and pain and prison and threats,—aye, and sore temptation," cried Philip, waxing eloquent; "and, oh, it cannot be that you do not care for him!"

"Doubt not my faith, sir," said Eustacie, proudly; "I have been as true to him as if I had known he lived. Nor do I know who you are to question me."

At this moment the child pressed forward, holding between her two careful plump hands a red earthenware bowl, with the tisane steaming in it, and the yellow petals strewn over the surface. She and Philip had taken a great fancy to each other, and while her mother was busy with the other patients, she had been left to her quiet play with her fragments of glass, which she carried one by one to display, held up to the light, to her new friend; who, in his weak state, and after his long captivity, found her the more charming playmate because she so strangely reminded him of his own little sisters. She thought herself his little nurse, and missing from his broth the yellow petals that she had been wont to think the charm of tisane, the housewifely little being had trotted off, unseen and unmissed, across the quadrangle, over the embankment, where she had often gathered them, or attended on the "*lessive*" on the river's brink; and now she broke forth exultingly, "Here, here is the tisane, with all the *soucis*. Let me feed you with them, sir."

"Ah! thou sweet one," gasped Philip, "I could as soon eat them as David could drink the water! For these—for these——!" and the tears rushed into his eyes. "Oh! let me but kiss her, madame, I loved her from the first moment. She has the very face of my little sister—my little sister and Berenger's. What, thou little sweetening (what French word is good enough for her?), didst run into peril for me, not knowing how near I was to thee? What, must I eat it? Love me then, and call me Philip."

But the boarded door was thrown back, and "Madame, more wounded," resounded. The thrill of terror, the elastic reaction at the ensuing words, "From the north gate," was what made Eustacie in an instant know herself to be not widow but wife. She turned round at once, holding out her hand, and saying with a shaken, agitated



voice, "*Mon frère*, pardon me, I know not what I say ; and after all, he will find me *bien méchante* still." Then as Philip devoured her hand with kisses, and held it fast, "I must go ; these poor men need me. When I can, I will return."

"Only let me have the little one," entreated Philip, "it is almost home already to look at her."

And when Eustacie next looked in on them, they were both fast asleep.

She, poor thing, the only woman with brains among the many scared females in the garrison, might not rest or look the wonder in the face. Fresh sufferers needed her care, and related gallant things of "the Duke's Englishman," things of desperate daring and prowess that sent the blood throbbing to her heart with exultation, but only to be followed by a pang of anguish at having let him go back to peril—nay, perhaps, to death—without a word of tenderness or even recognition. She imaged him as the sunny-faced youth who had claimed her in the royal castle, and her longing to be at his side and cling to him as his own, became every moment more fervent and irresistible, until she gladly recollected the necessity of carrying food to the defenders ; and snatching an interval from her hospital cares, she sped to the old circular kitchen of the monastery, where she found the lame baker vainly trying to organize a party of frightened women to carry provisions to the garrison of the bridge-tower.

"Give some to me," she said. "My husband is there ! I am come to fetch his dinner."

The peasant women looked and whispered as if they thought that, to add to their misfortunes, their Lady of Hope had become distracted by grief ; and one or two, who held the old faith, and were like the crane among the sparrows, even observed that it was a judgment for the profane name that had been given her, against which she had herself uniformly protested.

"My husband is come," said Eustacie, looking round with shining eyes. "Let us be brave wives, and not let our men famish."

She lifted up a loaf and a pitcher of broth, and with the latter poised on her erect and graceful head, and elastic though steady step, she led the way ; the others following her with a sort of awe, as of one they fancied in a super-human state. In fact, there was no great danger in traversing the bridge with its lofty parapet on either side ; and her mind was too much exalted and moved to be sensible of anything but a certain exulting awe of the battle sounds. There was, however, a kind of lull in the assault which had raged so fiercely ever since the fall of the officer, and the arrival of the reinforcements. Either the enemy had paused to take food, or were devising some fresh mode of attack ; and as the line of women advanced, there started forth from under the arch a broad-shouldered, white-faced, golden-bearded personage, who cried joyously, "My dearest, my bravest ! this for me !" and lifted the pitcher from her head as he grasped her hand with a flesh and blood clasp indeed, but the bright-cheeked, wavy-haired lad of her dream withered away with a shock of disappointment, and she only looked up with wishful puzzled earnestness instead of uttering the dear name that she had so long been whispering to herself. "Dearest," he said, "this is precious indeed to me, that you should let me feast my eyes once more on you. But you may not tarry. The rogues may renew their attack at any moment."

She had thought of herself as insisting on standing beside him and sharing his peril. Had he been himself she must have done so, but this was a stranger, whose claiming her made her shrink apart till she could feel the identity which, though she believed, she could not realize. Her hand lay cold and tremulous within his warm pressure, but he was too much wrought up and full of joy and haste to be sensible of anything but of the brave affection that had dared all to come to him ; and he was perfectly happy, even as a trumpet-call among the foe warned him to press her fingers to his lips and say, as his bright blue eye kindled, "God grant

that we may meet and thank Him to-night! Farewell, my lost and found! I fight as one who has something to fight for."

He might not leave his post, but he watched her with eyes that could not be satiated, as she recrossed the bridge; and, verily, his superabundant ecstasy, and the energy that was born of it, were all needed to sustain the spirits of his garrison through that terrible afternoon. The enemy seemed to be determined to carry the place before it could be relieved, and renewed the storm again and again with increasing violence, while the defenders, disheartened by their pertinacity, dismayed at the effects of the heavy artillery now brought to bear on the tower, and direfully afraid of having the bridge destroyed, would have abandoned their barbican and shut themselves up within the body of the place had not Berenger been here, there, and everywhere, directing, commanding, exhorting, cheering, encouraging, exciting enthusiasm by word and example, winning proud admiration by feats of valour and dexterity sprung of the ecstatic inspiration of new-found bliss, and watching, as the conscious defender of his own most beloved, without a moment's respite, till twilight stillness sank on the enemy, and old Falconnet came to relieve him, thanking him for his gallant defence, and auguring that by noonday to-morrow at latest, M. le Duc would succour them, unless he were hampered by any folly of this young Navarre.

Too blissful for the sense of fatigue, Berenger began to impart to the Commandant his delight, but the only answer he got was "Hope, yes, every hope;" and he again recognised what he had already perceived, that the indistinctness of his utterance made him entirely unintelligible to the deaf Commandant, and that shouting did but proclaim to the whole garrison, perhaps even to the enemy's camp, what was still too new a joy not to be a secret treasure of delight. So he only wrung the old Captain's hand, and strode away as soon as he was released.

It was nearly dark, in spite of a rising

moon, but beneath the cloister arch was torch-light, glancing on a steel head-piece, and on a white cap, both bending down over a prostrate figure; and he heard the voice he loved so well say, "It is over! I can do no more. It were best to dig his grave at once here in silence—it will discourage the people less.—Renaud and Armand, here!"

He paused for a few minutes unseen in the shadow while she closed the eyes and composed the limbs of the dead soldier; then, kneeling, said the Lord's Prayer in French over him. Was this the being he had left as the petted plaything of the palace? When she rose, she came to the arch and gazed wistfully across the moonlit quadrangle, beyond the dark shade cast by the buildings, saying to the soldier, "You are sure he was safe?"

"My Eustacie," said Berenger, coming forward, "we meet in grave times!"

The relief of knowing him safe after the sickening yearnings and suspense of the day, and, moreover, the old ring of tenderness in his tone made her spring to him with real warmth of gladness, and cry, "It is you! All is well."

"Blessedly well, *ma mie*, my sweetheart," he said, throwing his arm round her, and she rested against him murmuring, "Now I feel it! Thou art thyself!" They were in the dark cloister passage, and when he would have moved forward she clung closer to him, and murmured, "O wait, wait, yet an instant—Thus I can feel that I have thee—the same—my own!"

"My poor darling," said Berenger, after a second, "you must learn to bear with both my looks and speech, though I be but a sorry shattered fellow for you."

"No, no," she cried, hanging on him with double fervour. "No, I am loving you the more already,—doubly—trebly—a thousand times. Only those moments were so precious, they made all these long years as nothing. But come to the little one, and to your brother."

The little one had already heard them, and was starting forward to meet them, though daunted for a moment by the

sight of the strange father; she stood on the pavement, in the full flood of the moonlight from the east window, which whitened her fair face, flaxen hair, and grey dress, so that she did truly look like some spirit woven of the moonbeams. Eustacie gave a cry of satisfaction, "Ah! good, good, it was by moonlight that I saw her first!"

Berenger took her in his arms, and held her to his breast with a sense of insatiable love, while Philip exclaimed, "Aye, well may you make much of her, brother. Well might you seek them far and wide. Such treasures are not to be found in the wide world."

Berenger, without answering, carried the little one to the step of the ruined high altar, and there knelt, holding Eustacie by the hand, the child in one arm, and, with the moon glancing on his high white brow and earnest face, he spoke a few words of solemn thanks and prayer for a blessing on their reunion, and the babe so wonderfully preserved to them.

Not till then did he carry her into the lamplight by Philip's bed, and scan therein every feature, to satisfy his eyes with the fulfilled hope that had borne him through those darkest days, when, despairing of the mother, the thought of the child had still sustained him to throw his will into the balance of the scale between life and death. Little Bérangère gazed up into his face silently, with wondering, grave, and somewhat sleepy eyes, and then he saw them fix themselves on his powder-grimed and bloody hands. "Ah! little heart," he said, "I am truly in no state to handle so pure a piece of sugar as thou; I should have rid myself of the battle-stains ere touching thee, but how recollect anything at such a moment?"

Eustacie was glad he had broken the spell of silence; for having recovered her husband, her first instinct was to wait upon him. She took the child from him, explaining that she was going to put her to bed in her own rooms up the stone stair, which for the present were filled with the fugitive women and children who had come in from the

country, so that the chancel must continue the lodging of Berenger and his brother; and for the time of her absence she brought him water to wash away the stains, and set before him the soup she had kept warm over her little charcoal brazier. It was only when thus left that he could own, in answer to Philip's inquiries, that he could feel either hunger or weariness; nay, he would only acknowledge enough of the latter to give a perfect charm to rest under such auspices. Eustacie had despatched her motherly cares promptly enough to be with him again just as in taking off his corslet he had found that it had been pierced by a bullet, and pursuing the trace, through his doublet, he found it lodged in that purse which he had so long worn next his heart, where it had spent its force against the single pearl of Ribau-mont. And holding it up to the light, he saw that it was of silver. Then there returned on him and Philip the words they had heard two days before, of silver bullets forged for the destruction of the white moonlight fairy, and he further remembered the moment's shock and blow that in the midst of his wild amaze on the river's bank had made him gather his breath and strength to bound desperately upwards, lest the next moment he should find himself wounded and powerless.

For the innocent, then, had the shot been intended; and she running into danger out of her sweet, tender, instincts of helpfulness, had been barely saved at the extreme peril of her unconscious father's life. Philip, whose vehement affection for the little one had been growing all day, was in the act of telling Berenger to string the bullet in the place of the injured pearl, as the most precious heirloom of Ribau-mont bravery, when Eustacie returned, and learning all, grew pale and shuddered as danger had never made her do before: but this strange day had almost made a coward of her.

"And this it has spared," said Berenger, taking out the string of little yellow shells. "Dost know them, sweet



heart? They have been my chaplet all this time."

"Ah!" cried Eustacie, "poor, good Mademoiselle Noémi! she threaded them for my child, when she was very little. Ah! could she have given them to you—could it then not have been true—that horror?"

"Alas! it was too true. I found these shells in the empty cradle, in the burnt house, and deemed them all I should ever have of my babe."

"Poor Noémi! poor Noémi! She always longed to be a martyr; but we fled from her, and the fate we had brought on her. That was the thought that preyed on my dear father. He grieved so to have left his sheep—and it was only for my sake. Ah! I have brought evil on all who have been good to me, beginning with you. You had better cast me off, or I shall bring yet worse!"

"Let it be so, if we are only together."

He drew her to him and she laid her head on his shoulder, murmuring, "Ah! father, father, were you but here to see it. So desolate yesterday, so ineffably blest to-day. Oh! I cannot even grieve for him now, save that he could not just have seen us; yet I think he knew it would be so."

"Nay, it may be that he does see us," said Berenger. "Would that I had known who it was whom you were laying down '*en paix et seurté bonne*.' As it was, the psalm brought precious thoughts of Château Leurre, and the little wife who was wont to sing it with me."

"Ah!" said Eustacie, "it was when he sang those words as he was about to sleep in the ruin of the Temple that first I—cowering there in terror—knew him for no Templar's ghost, but for a friend. That story ended my worst desolation. That night he became my father; the next my child came to me!"

"My precious treasure! Ah! what you must have undergone, and I all unknowing, capable of nothing wiser than going out of my senses, and raging in a fever because I could convince no one that those were all lies

about your being ought but my true and loving wife. But tell me, what brought thee hither to be the tutelary patron, where, but for the siege, I had overpassed thee on the way to Quinet."

Then Eustacie told him how the Italian pedlar had stolen her letters, and attempted to poison her child—the pedlar whom he soon identified with that wizard who had talked to him of "Espérance," until the cue had evidently been given by the Chevalier. Soon after the Duke had despatched a messenger to say that the Chevalier de Ribaumont was on the way to demand his niece; and as it was a period of peace, and the law was decidedly on his side, Madame de Quinet would be unable to offer any resistance. She therefore had resolved to send Eustacie away—not to any of the seaports whither the uncle would be likely to trace her, but absolutely to a place which he would have passed through upon his journey into Guyenne. The monastery of Notre-Dame de l'Espérance at Pont de Dronne had been cruelly devastated by the Huguenots in order to form a fortress to command the passage of the river, and a garrison had been placed there, as well as a colony of silk-spinners, attracted by the mulberry-trees of the old abbey garden. These, however, having conceived some terror of the ghosts of the murdered monks, had entreated for a pastor to protect them; and Madame la Duchesse thought that in this capacity Isaac Gardon, known by one of the many aliases to which the Calvinist ministers constantly resorted, might avoid suspicion for the present. She took the persecuted fugitives for some stages in an opposite direction, in her own coach, then returned to face and baffle the Chevalier, while her trusty steward, by a long *détour*, conducted them to Pont de Dronne, which they reached the very night after the Chevalier had returned through it to Nid-de-Merle.

The pastor and his daughter were placed under the special protection of Captain Falconnet, and the steward had taken care that they should be well

lodged, in three rooms that had once been the abbot's apartments. Their stay had been at first intended to be short, but the long journey had been so full of suffering to Isaac, and left such serious effects, that Eustacie could not bear to undertake it again, and Madame de Quinet soon perceived that she was safer there than at the château, since strangers were seldom admitted to the fortress, and her presence there attracted no attention. But for Isaac Gardon's declining health, Eustacie would have been much happier here than at the château; the homely housewifery life, where all depended on her, suited her; and, using her lessons in domestic arts of nursing and medicine for the benefit of her father's flock, she had found, to her dismay, that the simple people, in their veneration, had made her into a sort of successor to the patroness of the convent. Isaac had revived enough for a time to be able to conduct the worship in the church, and to instruct some of his flock; but the teaching of the young had been more and more transferred to her, and, as she ingenuously said, had taught her more than she ever knew before. He gradually became weaker and more suffering, and was absolutely incapable of removal, when an attack by the Guisards was threatened. Eustacie might have been sent back to Quinet; but she would not hear of leaving him; and this first had been a mere slight attack, as if a mere experiment on the strength of the place. She had, however, then had to take the lead in controlling the women, and teaching them to act as nurses, and to carry out provisions; and she must then have been seen by some one, who reported her presence there to Narcisse—perhaps by the Italian pedlar. Indeed Humfrey, who came in for a moment to receive his master's orders, report his watch, and greet his lady, narrated, on the authority of the lately enlisted man-at-arms, that M. de Nid-Merle had promised twenty crowns to any one who might shoot down the heretics' little white *diablesse*.

About six weeks had elapsed since

the first attack on Pont de Dronne, and in that time Gardon had sunk rapidly. He died as he lived, a gentle, patient man, not a characteristic Calvinist, though his lot had been thrown with that party in his perplexed life of truth-seeking and disappointment in the aspirations and hopes of early youth. He had been, however, full of peace and trust that he should open his eyes where the light was clear, and no cloud on either side would mar his perception; and his thankfulness had been great for the blessing that his almost heaven-sent daughter had been to him in his loneliness, bereavement, and decay. Much as he loved her, he did not show himself grieved or distressed on her account; but, as he told her, he took the summons to leave her as a sign that his task was done, and the term of her trials ended. "I trust as fully," he said, "that thou wilt soon be in safe and loving hands, as though I could commit thee to them."

And so he died in her arms, leaving her a far fuller measure of blessing and of love than ever she had derived from her own father; and as the enemy's trumpets were already sounding on the hills, she had feared insult to his remains, and had procured his almost immediate burial in the cloister, bidding the assistants sing, as his farewell, that evening psalm which had first brought soothing to her hunted spirit.

There, while unable, after hours of weeping, to tear herself from the grave of her father and protector, had she in her utter desolation been startled by the summons, not only to attend to the wounded stranger, but to lodge him in the chancel. "Only this was wanting," was the first thought in her desolation, for this had been her own most cherished resort. Either the *bise*, or fear of a haunted spot, or both, had led to the nailing up of boards over the dividing screen, so that the chancel was entirely concealed from the church; and no one ever thought of setting foot there till Eustacie, whose Catholic reverence was indestructible, even when she was only half sure that it was not worse

than a foible, had stolen down thither, grieved at its utter desolation, and with fond and careful hands had cleansed it, and amended the ruin so far as she might. She had no other place where she was sure of being uninterrupted; and here had been her oratory, where she daily prayed, and often came to hide her tears and rally her spirits through that long attendance on her fatherly friend. It had been a stolen pleasure. Her reverent work there, if once observed, would have been treated as rank idolatry; and it was with consternation as well as grief that she found, by the Captain's command, that this her sanctuary and refuge was to be invaded by strange soldiers! Little did she think——!

And thus they sat, telling each other all, on the step of the ruined chancel, among the lights and shadows of the broken windows of the apse. How unlike the stately Louvre's halls of statuary and cabinets of porcelain, or the Arcadian groves of Montpipeau! and yet how little they recked that they were in a beleaguered fortress, in the midst of ruins, wounded sufferers all around, themselves in hourly jeopardy. It was enough that they had one another. They were so supremely happy that their minds unconsciously gathered up those pale lights and dark fantastic shades as adjuncts of their bliss.

## CHAPTER XLIII.

### LE BAISER D'EUSTACIE.

"No pitying voice, no eye, affords  
One tear to grace his obsequies."

GRAY.

GOLDEN sunshine made rubies and sapphires of the fragments of glass in the windows of Notre-Dame de l'Espérance, and lighted up the brown face and earnest eyes of the little dark figure, who, with hands clasped round her knees, sat gazing as if she could never gaze her fill, upon the sleeping warrior beside whom she sat, his clear straight profile like a cameo, both in chiselling

and in colour, as it lay on the brown cloak where he slept the profound sleep of content and of fatigue.

Neither she nor Philip would have spoken or stirred to break that well-earned rest; but sounds from without were not long in opening his eyes, and as they met her intent gaze, he smiled and said, "Good morrow, sweet heart! What, learning how ugly a fellow is come back to thee?"

"No, indeed! I was trying to trace thine old likeness, and then wondering how I ever liked thy boyish face better than the noble look thou bearest now!"

"Ah! when I set out to come to thee, I was a walking rainbow; yet I was coxcomb enough to think thou wouldst overlook it."

"Show me those cruel strokes," she said; "I see one"—and her finger traced the seam as poor King Charles had done—"but where is the one my wicked cousin called by that frightful name?"

"Nay, verily, that sweet name spared my life! A little less spite at my peach cheek, and I had been sped, and had not lisped and stammered all my days in honour of *le baiser d'Eustacie*;" and as he pushed aside his long golden silk moustache to show the ineffaceable red and purple scar, he added smiling, "It has waited long for its right remedy."

At that moment the door in the rood-screen opened. Captain Falconnet's one eye stared in amazement, and from beneath his gray moustache thundered forth the word "*comment!*" in accents fit to wake the dead.

Was this Espérance, the most irreproachable of pastors' daughters and widows? "What, Madame, so soon as your good father is under ground? At least I thought *one* woman could be trusted; but it seems we must see to the wounded ourselves."

She blushed, but stood her ground; and Berenger shouted, "She is my wife, sir!—my wife whom I have sought so long!"

"That must be as Madame la Duchesse chooses," said the Captain.



"She is under her charge, and must be sent to her so soon as this *canaille* is cleared off. To your rooms, madame !"

"I am her husband !" again cried Berenger. "We have been married sixteen years."

"You need not talk to me of dowry ; Madame la Duchesse will settle that, if you are fool enough to mean anything by it. No, no, mademoiselle, I've no time for folly. Come with me, sir, and see if that be true which they say of the rogues outside."

And putting his arm into Berenger's, he fairly carried him off, discoursing by the way on *feu M. l'Amiral's* saying, that "over-strictness in camp was perilous, since a young saint, an old devil," but warning him that this was prohibited gear, as he was responsible for the young woman to Madame la Duchesse. Berenger, who had never made the Captain hear anything that he did not know before, looked about for some interpreter whose voice might be more effectual, but found himself being conducted to the spiral stair of the church steeple ; and suddenly gathering that some new feature in the case had arisen, followed the old man eagerly up the winding steps to the little square of leaden roof where the Quinet banner was planted. It commanded a wide and splendid view, to the Bay of Biscay on the one hand, and the inland mountains on the other ; but the warder who already stood there pointed silently to the north, where, on the road by which Berenger had come, was to be seen a cloud of dust, gilded by the rays of the rising sun.

Who raised it was a matter of no doubt ; and Berenger's morning orisons were paid with folded hands, in silent thanksgiving, as he watched the sparkling of pikes and gleaming of helmets—and the white flag of Bourbon at length became visible.

Already the enemy below were sending out scouts—they rode to the top of the hill—then a messenger swam his horse across the river. In the camp before the bridge-tower men buzzed out of their tents, like ants whose hill is

disturbed ; horses were fastened to the cannon, tents were struck, and it was plain that the siege was to be raised.

Captain Falconnet did his ally the honour to consult him on the expedience of molesting the Guisards by a sally, and trying to take some of their guns ; but Berenger merely bowed to whatever he said, while he debated aloud the pros and cons, and at last decided that the garrison had been too much reduced for this, and that M. le Duc would prefer finding them drawn up in good order to receive him, to their going chasing and plundering disreputably among the enemy—the Duke being here evidently a much greater personage than the King of Navarre, hereditary Governor of Guyenne though he were. Indeed, nothing was wanting to the confusion of Berenger's late assailants. In the camp on the north side of the river things were done with some order, but that on the other side was absolutely abandoned, and crowds were making in disorder for the ford, leaving everything behind them, that they might not have their retreat cut off. Would there be a battle ? Falconnet, taking in with his eye the numbers of the succouring party, thought the Duke would allow the besiegers to depart unmolested, but remembered with a sigh that a young king had come to meddle in their affairs !

However, it was needful to go down and marshal the men for the reception of the new comers, or to join in the fight, as the case might be.

And it was a peaceful entrance that took place some hours later, and was watched from the windows of the prior's rooms by Eustacie, her child, and Philip, whom she had been able to install in her own apartments, which had been vacated by the refugee women in haste to return home, and where he now sat in Maître Gardon's great straw chair, wrapped in his loose gown, and looking out at the northern gates, thrown open to receive the King and Duke, old Falconnet presenting the keys to the Duke, the Duke bowing low as he offered them to the King, and the King waving them back

to the Duke and the Captain. Then they saw Falconnet presenting the tall auxiliary who had been so valuable to him, the joyous greeting of an old friend bestowed on him, his gesture as he pointed up to the window, and the King's upward look, as he doffed his hat and bowed low, while Eustacie responded with the most graceful of reverences, such as reminded Philip that his little sister-in-law and tender nurse was in truth a great court lady.

Presently Berenger came upstairs, bringing with him his faithful foster-brother Osbert, who had entirely recovered, and had accompanied the army in hopes of finding his master. The good fellow was full of delight at the welcome of his lady, and at once bestirred himself in assisting her in rectifying the confusion in which her guests had left her apartment.

Matters had not long been set straight when steps were heard on the stone stair, and, the door opening wide, Captain Falconnet's gruff voice was heard, "This way, Monseigneur; this way, Sire."

This was Madame la Baronne de Ribaumont's first reception. She was standing at the dark walnut table, fresh starching and crimping Berenger's solitary ruff, while under her merry superintendence those constant playfellows Philip and Rayonette were washing, or pretending to wash, radishes in a wooden bowl, and Berenger was endeavouring to write his letter of good tidings to be sent by special messenger to his grandfather. Philip was in something very like a Geneva gown; Eustacie wore her prim white cap and frill, and coarse black serge kirtle; and there was but one chair besides that which Philip was desired to retain, only two three-legged stools and a bench.

Nevertheless, Madame de Ribaumont was equal to the occasion; nothing could have been more courtly, graceful, or unembarrassed than her manner of receiving the King's gallant compliments, and of performing all the courtesies suited to the hostess and queen of the place: it was the air that

would have befitted the stateliest castle-hall, yet that in its simplicity and brightness still more embellished the old ruinous convent-cell. The King was delighted, he sat down upon one of the three-legged stools, took Rayonette upon his knee, undertook to finish washing the radishes, but ate nearly all he washed, declaring that they put him in mind of his old hardy days on the mountains of Béarn. He insisted on hearing all Rayonette's adventure in detail; and on seeing the pearls and the silver bullet, "You could scarcely have needed the token, sir," said he with a smile to Berenger; "Mademoiselle had already shown herself of the true blood of the bravest of knights."

The tidings of the attack on Pont de Dronne had caused the Duke to make a forced march to its relief, in which the King had insisted on joining him; and they now intended to wait at Pont de Dronne till the rest of the troops came up, and to continue their march through Guyenne to Nérac, the capital of Henry's county of Foix. The Duke suggested that if Philip were well enough to move when the army proceeded, the family might then take him to Quinet, where the Duchess would be very desirous to see Madame; and therewith they took leave with some good-humoured mirth as to whether M. de Ribaumont would join them at supper, or remain in the bosom of his family, and whether he were to be regarded as a gay bridegroom or a husband of sixteen years' standing.

"Nay," said the King, "did his good Orpheus know how nearly his Eurydice had slipped through his fingers again? how M. de Quinet had caught the respectable Pluto yonder in the grey moustache actually arranging an escort to send the lady safe back to Quinet *bon gré malgré*—and truly a deaf Pluto was worse than even Orpheus had encountered!"

So laughing, he bowed again his compliments, but Eustacie demanded so soon as he was gone, what he meant by calling her by such names. If he thought it was her Christian name, it was over-familiar—if not, she liked it less.



"It is only that he last saw you in the Infernal Regions, *ma mie*," said Berenger; "and I have sought you ever since, as Orpheus sought Eurydice."

But her learning did not extend so far; and when the explanation was made, she pouted, and owned that she could not bear to be reminded of the most foolish and uncomfortable scene in her life—the cause of all her troubles; and as Berenger was telling her of Diane's confession that her being involved in the pageant was part of the plot for their detention at Paris, Osbert knocked off the door, and entered with a bundle in his arms, and the air of having done the right thing.

"There, sir," he said with proud satisfaction, "I have been to the camp across the river. I heard there were good stuffs to be had there for nothing, and thought I would see if I could find a coat for Monsieur Philippe, for his own is a mere ruin."

This was true, for Eustacie had been deciding that between blood and rents it had become a hopeless case for renovation; and Osbert joyously displayed a beautifully-embroidered coat of soft leather, which he had purchased for a very small sum of a plunderer who had been there before him. The camp had been so hastily abandoned that all the luggage had been left, and, like a true valet, Osbert had not neglected the opportunity of replenishing his master's wardrobe. "And," said he, "I saw there one whom M. le Baron knows,—M. de Nid-de-Merle."

"Here!" cried Eustacie, startled for a moment, but her eyes resting reassured on her husband.

"Madame need not be alarmed," said Osbert; "M. le Baron has well repaid him. Ah! ah! there he lies, a spectacle for all good Christians to delight in."

"It was then he, *le scélérat*?" exclaimed Berenger; "I had already thought it possible."

"And he fell by your hands!" cried Eustacie. "That is as it should be."

"Yes, Madame," said Osbert; "it did my very heart good to see him writhing there like a crushed viper. M. le Baron's

bullet was mortal, and his own people thought him not worth the moving, so there he lies on the ground howling and cursing. I would have given him the *coup de grâce* myself, but that I thought M. le Baron might have some family matters to settle with him; so I only asked what he thought now of clapping guiltless folk into dungeons, and shooting innocent children like sparrows; but he grinned and cursed like a demon, and I left him."

"In any one's charge?" asked Berenger.

"In the fiend's, who is coming for him," said the descendant of the Norseman. "I only told Humfrey that if he saw any one likely to meddle he should tell them he was reserved for you. Eh! M. le Baron is not going now. Supper is about to be served, and if M. le Baron would let me array him with this ruff of Spanish point, and wax the ends of his belle moustache——"

"It is late," added Eustacie, laying her hand on his arm; "there may be wild men about—he may be desperate! O take care!"

"*Ma mie*, do you not think me capable of guarding myself from a wild cat leap of a dying man? He must not be left thus. Remember he is a Ribaumont."

Vindictiveness and revenge had their part in the fire of Eustacie's nature. Many a time had she longed to strangle Narcisse; and she was on the point of saying, "Think of his attempts on that little one's life—think of your wounds and captivity;" but she had not spent three years with Isaac Gardon without learning that there was sin in giving way to her keen hatred; and she forced herself to silence, while Berenger said, reading her face, "Keep it back, sweet heart! Make it not harder for me. I would as soon go near a dying serpent, but it were barbarity to leave him as Osbert describes."

Berenger was too supremely and triumphantly happy not to be full of mercy; and as Osbert guided him to the hut where the miserable man lay, he felt little but compassion. The scene



was worse than he had expected; for not only had the attendants fled, but plunderers had come in their room, rent away the coverings from the bed, and torn the dying man from it. Livid, nearly naked, covered with blood, his fingers hacked, and ears torn for the sake of the jewels on them, lay the dainty and effeminate tiger-fop of former days, moaning and scarcely sensible. But when the mattress had been replaced, and Berenger had lifted him back to it, laid a cloak over him, and moistened his lips, he opened his eyes, but only to exclaim, "You there! as if I had not enough to mock me! Away!" and closed them sullenly.

"I would try to relieve you, cousin," said Berenger. The answer was a savage malediction on hypocrisy, and the words, "And my sister?"

"Your sister is in all honour and purity at the nunnery of Luçon."

He laughed a horrible, incredulous laugh. "Safely disposed of ere you cajoled *la petite* with the fable of your faithfulness! Nothing like a Huguenot for lying to both sides;" and then ensued another burst of imprecations on the delay that had prevented him from seizing the fugitives—till Berenger felt as if the breath of hell were upon him, and could not help vindicating himself, vain though he knew it to be: "Narcisse de Ribaumont," he said gravely, "my word has never been broken, and you know the keeping of it has not been without cost. On that word believe that Madame de Selinville is as spotless a matron as when she perilled herself to save my life. I never even knew her sex till I had drawn her half drowned from the sea, and after that I only saw her in the presence of Dom Colombeau of Nissard, in whose care I left her."

Narcisse's features contorted themselves into a frightful sneer as he muttered, "The intolerable fool, and that he should have got the better of me, that is if it be true—and I believe not a word of it."

"At least" said Berenger, "waste not these last hours on hating and

reviling me, but let this fellow of mine, who is a very fair surgeon, bind your wound again."

"Eh!" said Narcisse, spitefully, turning his head, "your own rogue? Let me see what work he made of *le baiser d'Eustacie*. Pray, how does it please her?"

"She thanks Heaven that your chief care was to spoil my face."

"I hear she is a prime doctress; but of course you brought her not hither lest she should hear *how* you got out of our keeping."

"She knows it."

"Ah! she has been long enough at court to know one must overlook, that one's own little matters may be overlooked."

Berenger burst out at last, "Her I will not hear blasphemed: the next word against her I leave you to yourself."

"That is all I want," said Narcisse. "These cares of yours are only *douceurs* to your conceited heretical conscience, and a lengthening out of this miserable affair. You would scoff at the only real service you could render me."

"And that is——"

"To fetch a priest. Ha! ha! one of your sort would sooner hang me. You had rather see me perish body and soul in this Huguenot doghole! What do you stammer! Bring a psalm-singing heretic here, and I'll teach him and you what you *may* call blasphemy."

"A priest you shall have, cousin," said Berenger gravely; "I will do my utmost to bring you one. Meanwhile, strive to bring yourself into a state in which he may benefit you."

Berenger was resolved that the promise should be kept. He saw that despair was hardening the wretched man's heart, and that the possibility of fulfilling his Church's rites might lead him to address himself to repentance; but the difficulties were great. Osbert, the only Catholic at hand, was disposed to continue his vengeance beyond the grave, and only at his master's express command would even exercise his skill to endeavour to preserve life till the

confessor could be brought. Ordinary Huguenots would regard the desire of Narcisse as a wicked superstition, and Berenger could only hurry back to consult some of the gentlemen who might be supposed more unprejudiced.

As he was crossing the quadrangle at full speed, he almost ran against the King of Navarre, who was pacing up and down reading letters, and who replied to his hasty apologies by saying he looked as if the fair Eurydice had slipped through his hands again into the Inferno.

"Not so, Sire, but there is one too near those gates. Nid-de-Merle is lying at the point of death, calling for a priest."

"*Ventre Saint-Gris!*" exclaimed the King, "he is the very demon of the piece, who carved your face, stole your wife, and had nearly shot your daughter."

"The more need of his repentance, Sire, and without a priest he will not try to repent. I have promised him one."

"A bold promise!" said Henry. "Have you thought how our good friends here are likely to admit a priest of Baal into the camp?"

"No, Sire, but my best must be done. I pray you counsel me."

Henry laughed at the simple confidence of the request, but replied, "The readiest way to obtain a priest will be to ride with a flag of truce to the enemy's camp—they are at St. Esmé, —and say that M. de Nid-de-Merle is a prisoner and dying, and that I offer safe-conduct to any priest that will come to him—though whether a red-hot Calvinist will respect my safe-conduct or your escort is another matter."

"At least, Sire, you sanction my making this request."

"Have you men enough to take with you to guard you from marauders?"

"I have but two servants, Sire, and I have left them with the wounded man."

"Then I will send with you half a dozen Gascons, who have been long enough at Paris with me to have no scruples."

By the time Berenger had explained

matters to his wife and brother, and snatched a hasty meal, a party of gay, soldierly-looking fellows were in the saddle, commanded by a bronzed serjeant who was perfectly at home in conducting messages between contending parties. After a dark ride of about five miles, the camp at the village of St. Esmé was reached, and this person recommended that he himself should go forward with a trumpet, since M. de Ribaumont was liable to be claimed as an escaped prisoner. There was then a tedious delay, but at length the soldier returned, and another horseman with him. A priest who had come to the camp in search of M. de Nid-de-Merle was willing to trust himself to the King of Navarre's safe-conduct.

"Thanks, sir," cried Berenger; "this is a work of true charity."

"I think I know that voice," said the priest.

"The priest of Nissard!"

"Even so, sir. I was seeking M. de Nid-de-Merle, and had but just learnt that he had been left behind wounded."

"You came to tell him of his sister?"

And as they rode together the priest related to Berenger that Madame de Selinville had remained in the same crushed, humiliated mood, not exactly penitent, but too much disappointed and overpowered with shame to heed what became of her, provided she was not taken back to her brother or her aunt. She knew that repentance alone was left for her, and permitted herself to be taken to Luçon, where Mère Monique was the only person whom she had ever respected. There had no doubt been germs of good within her, but the crime and intrigue of the syren court of Catherine de Medici had choked them; and the first sense of better things had been awakened by the frank simplicity of the young cousin, while, nevertheless, jealousy and family tactics had led her to aid in his destruction, only to learn through her remorse how much she loved him. And when in his captivity she thought him in her power, but found him beyond her reach, unhallowed as was her passion, yet still the contem-

plation of the virtues of one beloved could not fail to raise her standard. It was for his truth and purity that she had loved him, even while striving to degrade these qualities; and when he came forth from her ordeal unscathed, her worship of him might for a time be more intense, but when the idol was removed, the excellence she had first learnt to adore in him might yet lead that adoration up to the source of all excellence. All she sought *now* was shelter wherein to weep and cower unseen; but the priest believed that her tears would soon spring from profound depths of penitence such as often concluded the lives of the gay ladies of France. Mère Monique had received her tenderly, and the good priest had gone from Luçon to announce her fate to her aunt and brother.

At Bellaise he had found the Abbess much scandalized. She had connived at her niece's releasing the prisoner, for she had acquired too much regard for him to let him perish under Narcisse's hands, and she had allowed Véronique to personate Diane at the funeral mass, and also purposely detained Narcisse to prevent the detection of the escape; but the discovery that her niece had accompanied his flight had filled her with shame and fury.

Pursuit had been made towards La Rochelle, but when the neighbourhood of the King of Navarre became known, no doubt was entertained that the fugitives had joined him, and Narcisse, reserving his revenge for the family honour till he should encounter Berenger, had hotly resumed the intention of pouncing on Eustacie at Pont de Dronne, which had been decided on upon the report of the Italian spy, and only deferred by his father's death. This once done, Berenger's own supposed infidelity would have forced him to acquiesce in the annulment of the original marriage.

It had been a horrible gulf, and Berenger shuddered as one who had barely struggled to the shore, and found his dear ones safe, and his enemies shattered and helpless on the strand. They hurried on so as to be in time. The priest,

a brave and cautious man, who had often before carried the rites of the Church to dying men in the midst of the enemy, was in a secular dress, and when Berenger had given the password, and obtained admittance, they separated, and only met again to cross the bridge. They found Osbert and Humfrey still on guard, saying that the sufferer still lingered, occasionally in a terrible paroxysm of bodily anguish, but usually silent, except when he upbraided Osbert with his master's breach of promise or incapacity to bring a priest through his Huguenot friends.

Such a taunt was on his tongue when Père Colombeau entered and checked the scoff by saying, "See, my son, you have met with more pardon and mercy even on earth than you had imagined possible."

There was a strange spasm on Narcisse's ghastly face, as though he almost regretted the obligation forced on him, but Berenger saw him no more. It was needful for the security of the priest and the tranquillity of the religious rites that he should keep watch outside, lest any of the more fanatical of the Huguenots should deem it their duty to break in on what they had worked themselves into believing offensive idolatry.

His watch did not prove uncalled for. At different times he had to plead the King's safe-conduct, his own honour, and even to defend his own Protestantism by appealing to his wounds and services. Hearts were not soft enough then for the cruelty of disturbing a dying man to be any argument at all in that fierce camp; but even there the name of Père Colombeau met with respect. The saintly priest had protected too many enemies for any one who had heard of him to wish him ill.

Nearly all night was Berenger thus forced to remain on guard, that the sole hope for Narcisse's repentance and salvation might not be swept away by violence from without, renewing bitterness within. Not till towards morning was he called back. The hard, lingering death struggle had spent itself, and slow convulsive gasps showed that life was



nearly gone ; but the satanic sneer had passed away, and a hand held out, a breathing like the word "pardon" seemed to be half uttered, and was answered from the bottom of Berenger's kind and pitying heart. Another quarter of an hour, and Narcisse de Ribaumont Nidde-Merle was dead. The priest looked pale, exhausted, shocked, but would reveal nothing of the frame of mind he had shown, only that if he had been touched by any saving penitence, it was owing to his kinsman.

Berenger wished to send the corpse to rest in the family vault at Bellaise, where the Chevalier had so lately been laid ; and the priest undertook to send persons with a flag of truce to provide for the transport, as well as to announce the death to the sister and the aunt. Wearied as he was, he would not accept Berenger's earnest invitation to come and take rest and refreshment in the prior's rooms, but took leave of him at the further side of the fortress, with almost reverent blessings, as of one not far from the kingdom of heaven ; and Berenger, with infinite peacefulness in his heart, went home in the silence of the Sunday morning, and lay sleeping away his long fatigue through the chief part of the day, while Pastor Merlin was preaching an eloquent sermon upon his good brother Isaac Gardon, and Eustacie shed sweet filial tears, more of tenderness than sorrow.

## CHAPTER XLIV.

### THE GALLIMAFRÉ.

"Speats and raxes, speats and raxes, speats and raxes."—*Lord Somerville's billét.*

NEVER wont to let the grass grow under his feet, Henry of Navarre was impatient of awaiting his troops at Pont de Dronne, and proposed to hasten on to Quinet, as a convenient centre for collecting the neighbouring gentry for conference. Thus, early on Monday, a party of about thirty set forth on horseback, including the Ribaumonts, Rayonette being

perched by turns in front of her father or mother, and the Duke de Quinet declaring that he should do his best to divide the journey into stages not too long for Philip, since he was anxious to give his mother plenty of time to make preparations for her royal guest.

He had, however, little reckoned on the young King's promptitude. The first courier he had despatched was overtaken at a *cabaret* only five leagues from Pont de Dronne, baiting his horse, as he said ; the second was found on the road with a lame horse ; and the halt for the night was made so far on the way that only a half a day's journey remained beyond it. The last stage had been ridden, much to the Duke's discontent, for it brought them to a mere village inn, with scarcely any accommodation. The only tolerable bed was resigned by the King to the use of Philip, whose looks spoke the exhaustion of which his tongue scorned to complain. So painful and feverish a night ensued that Eustacie was anxious that he should not move until the Duke should, as he promised, send a mule litter back for him ; but this proposal he resented, and, in the height of his constitutional obstinacy, appeared booted and spurred at the first signal to mount.

Nor could Eustacie, as she soon perceived, annoy him more than by showing her solicitude for him, or attracting to him the notice of the other cavaliers. As the only lady of the party, she received a great deal of attention, with some of which she would gladly have dispensed. Whether it were the King's habit of calling her "*la Belle Eurydice*," or, because as she said, he was "*si laid*" and reminded her of old unhappy days of constraint, she did not like him, and had almost displeased her husband and his brother by saying so. She would gladly have avoided the gallantries of this day's ride by remaining with Philip at the inn ; but not only was this impossible, but the peculiar ill-temper of concealed suffering made Philip drive her off whenever she approached him with inquiries ; so that she was forced to leave him to his brother and Osbert,

and ride forward between the King and Duke, the last of whom she really liked.

Welcome was the sight of the grand old chateau, its mighty wings of chestnut forest stretching up the hills on either side, and the stately avenue extending before it; but just then the last courier was discovered, reeling in his saddle under the effects of repeated toasts in honour of Navarre and Quinet.

"We are fairly sped," said the Duke to Eustacie, shrugging his shoulders between amusement and dismay.

"Madame la Duchesse is equal to any gallimafré," said Eustacie, demurely; at which the Duke laughed heartily, saying, "It is not for the family credit I fear, but for my own!"

"Nay, triumph makes everything be forgiven."

"But not forgotten," laughed the Duke. "But, *allons!* Now for the onset. We are already seen. The forces muster at the gateway."

By the time the cavalcade were at the great paved archway into the court, the Duchess stood at the great door, a grandson on either side, and a great burly fresh-coloured gentleman behind her.

M. de Quinet was off his horse in a second, his head bare, his hand on the royal rein, and signing to his eldest son to hold the stirrup; but, before the boy had comprehended, Henry had sprung down, and was kissing the old lady's hand, saying, "Pardon, Madame, I trust to your goodness for excusing this surprise from an old friend's son."

Neither seeing nor caring for king or prince, the stranger gentleman at the same moment pounced upon Eustacie and her little girl, crying aloud in English, "Here she is! My dear, I am glad to see you. Give her to me, poor Berenger's little darling. Ah! she does not understand. Where's Merrycourt?"

Just then there was another English exclamation, "My father! Father! dear father!" and Philip, flinging himself from the saddle, fell almost prone on that broad breast, sobbing convulsively, while the eyes that, as he truly boasted, had never wasted a tear on his enemies, were streaming so fast

that his father's welcome savoured of reproof: "What's all this? Before these French too."

"Take care, father," cried Berenger, leaping from his horse; "he has an ugly wound just where you are holding him."

"Wounded! my poor boy. Look up."

"Where is your room, sir?" said Berenger, seeing his hosts entirely occupied with the King; and at once lifting the almost helpless Philip like a little child in his strong arms, he followed Sir Marmaduke, who, as if walking in his sleep, led the way up the great stone staircase that led outside the house to the upper chambers.

After a short interval, the Duchess, in the plenitude of her glory at entertaining her dear Queen's son, came up *en grande tenue*, leading the King by the hand, the Duke walking backwards in front, and his two sons each holding a big wax candle on either side.

"Here, Sire, is the chamber where the excellent Queen did me the honour to repose herself."

The Duke swung open the door of the state bedchamber. There, on the velvet-hung bed, sat *le gros Chevalier anglais*, whom she had herself installed there on Saturday. Both his hands were held fast in those of a youth who lay beside him, deadly pale, and half undressed, with the little Ribaumont attending to a wound in his side, while her child was held in the arms of a very tall, bald-headed young man, who stood at the foot of the bed. The whole group of interlopers looked perfectly glorified with happiness and delight. Even the wounded youth, ghastly and suffering as he was, lay stroking the big Englishman's hand with a languid, caressing air of content, almost like that of a dog who has found his master. None of them were the least embarrassed: they evidently thought this a visit of inquiry after the patient; and while the Duchess stood confounded, and the Duke much inclined to laugh, Eustacie turned eagerly, exclaiming, "Ah! Madame, I am glad you are come. May I beg Mademoiselle Perrot for

some of your cooling mallow salve. Riding has sadly inflamed the wound."

"Riding—with such a wound! Are we all crazed?" said Madame la Duchesse, absolutely bewildered out of her dignified equanimity; and her son, seeing her for once at a loss, came to her rescue. "His Grace will condescend to the Andromeda Chamber, Madame. He kindly gave up his bed to our young friend last night, when there was less choice than you can give him."

They all moved off again; and, before Eustacie was ready for the mallows, Madame de Quinet, for whom the very name of a wound had an attraction, returned with two handmaidens bearing bandages and medicaments, having by this time come to the perception that the wounded youth was the son of the great Englishman who had arrived with young Méricour in search of her little *protégée*, and that the tall man was the husband so long supposed to be dead. She was curious to see her pupil's surgery, of which she highly approved, though she had no words to express her indignation at the folly of travelling so soon. Indeed, nothing but the passiveness of fatigue could have made her despotism endurable to Philip; but he cared for nothing so long as he could see his father's face, and hear his voice—the full tones that his ear had yearned for among the sharp expression of the French accent—and Sir Marmaduke seemed to find the same perfect satisfaction; indeed, all were so rejoiced to be together, that they scarcely exerted themselves to ask questions. When Berenger would have made some explanation, Sir Marmaduke only said, "Tell me not yet, my dear boy. I see it is all right, and my head will hold no more yet but that I have you and the lad again! Thank God for it! Never mind how."

When, however, with some difficulty they got him away from Philip's bedside down to supper, the King came and made him high compliments upon the distinguished bravery of his sons, and Méricour interpreted, till Sir Marmaduke—though answering that of course

the lads must do their duty, and he was only glad to hear they had done it—became more and more radiant and proud, as he began to gather what their trials and what their steadfastness and courage had been. His goodly face, beaming with honest gladness, was, as Henry told the Duchess, an absolute ornament to her table.

Unable, however, to converse with any one but Berenger and Méricour, and pining all the time to get back to his son, the lengthy and ceremonious meal was a weary penance to him; and so soon as his release was possible, he made his way upstairs again, where he found Philip much refreshed by a long sleep, and only afraid that he should find the sight of his father merely a dream; then, when satisfied on that head, eager to hear of all at home—"The sisters, the dogs, my mother, and my little brother?" as he arranged his inquiry.

"Ha! you heard of that, did you?"

"Yes," said Philip, "the villains gave us letters once—only once—and those what they thought would sting us most. O father, how could they think such foul shame of Berry?"

"Don't speak of it, Phil; I never did, nor Aunt Cecily, not for a moment; but my Lord is not the man he was, and those foes of yours must have set abroad vile reports for the very purpose of deceiving us. And then this child must needs be born, poor little rogue. I shall be able to take to him now all is right again; but by St. George, they have tormented me so about him, and wanted me to take him as a providence to join the estates together, instead of you and Berry, that I never thought to care so little for a child of my own."

"We drank his health at Nid-de-Merle, and were not a little comforted that you would have him in our place."

"I'd rather— Well, it skills not talking of it, but it just shows the way of women. After all the outcry Dame Annora had made about her poor son, and no one loving him or heeding his interest save herself, no sooner was this little fellow born than she had no thought for any but he, and would fain have had



her father settle all his lands on him, protesting that if Berry lived, his French lands were enough for him. Out of sight, out of mind, is the way with women."

Womanhood was always made accountable for all Lady Thistlewood's follies, and Philip acquiesced, asking further, "Nay, but how came you hither, father? Was it to seek us or Eustacie?"

"Both, both, my lad. One morning, just after Christmas, I rid over to Combe with my dame behind me, and found the house in commotion with a letter that young Sidney, Berry's friend, had just sent down by special messenger. It had been writ more than a year, but, bless you, these poor foreigners have such crooked ears and tongues that they don't know what to make of a plain man's name, and the only wonder was that it ever came at all. It seems the Duke here had to get it sent over by some of the secret agents the French Protestants have in England, and what do they do but send it to one of the Vivians in Cornwall; and it was handed about among them for how long I cannot say, till there was a chance of sending it up to my Lord of Warwick; and he, being able to make nothing of it, shows it to his nephew, Philip Sidney, who, perceiving at once whom it concerned, sends it straight to my Lord, with a handsome letter hoping that it brought good tidings. There then it was, and so we first knew that the poor lady had not been lost in the sack of the town, as Master Hobbs told us. She told us how this Duchess had taken her under her protection, but that her enemies were seeking her, and had even attempted her child's life."

"The ruffians! even so."

"And she said her old pastor was failing in health, and prayed that some trusty person might be sent to bring home at least the child to safety with her kindred. There was a letter to the same effect, praising her highly too, from the Duchess, saying that she would do her best to guard her, but the kinsmen had the law on their side, and she would be safer in England. Well, this was fair good news, save that we mar-

velled the more how you and Berr should have missed her; but the matter now was who was the trusty person who should go. Claude Merrycourt was ready——"

"How came he there?" demanded Philip. "I thought he had gone, or been sent off with Lady Burnett's sons."

"Why, so he had; but there's more to say on that score. He was so much in favour at Combe, that my Lord would not be denied his spending the holiday times there; and, besides, last summer we had a mighty coil. The Horners of Mells made me a rare good offer for Lucy for their eldest son, chiefly because they wanted a wife for him of my Lady Walwyn's and Mistress Cecily's breeding; and my wife was all for accepting it, having by that time given up all hope of poor Berry. But I would have no commands laid on my girl, being that I had pledged my word not to cross her in the matter, and she hung about my neck and prayed me so meekly to leave her unwedded, that I must have been made of stone not to yield to her. So I told Mr. Horner that his son Jack must wait for little Nancy if he wanted a daughter of mine—and the stripling is young enough. I believe he will. But women's tongues are not easy to stop, and Lucy was worn so thin, and had tears in her eyes—that she thought I never marked—whenever she was fretted or flouted, and at last I took her back to stay at Combe for Aunt Cecily to cheer up a bit; and well, well, to get rid of the matter and silence Dame Nan, I consented to a betrothal between her and Merrycourt—since she vowed she would rather wait single for him than wed anyone else. He is a good youth, and is working himself to a shadow between studying and teaching; but as to sending him alone to bring Berry's wife back, he was over-young for that. No one could do that fitly save myself, and I only wish I had gone three years ago, to keep you two foolish lads out of harm's way. But they set up an unheard-of hubbub, and made sure I should lose myself. What are you laughing at, you Jacksauce?"

“To think of you starting, father, with not a word of French, and never from home further than once to London.”

“Ah! you thought to come the travelled gentleman over me, but I’ve been even with you. I made Dame Nan teach me a few words, but I never could remember anything but that ‘mercy’ is ‘thank ye.’ However, Merry-court offered to come with me, and my Lord wished it. Moreover, I thought he might aid in tracing you out. So I saw my Lord alone, and he passed his word to me that, come what would, no one should persuade him to alter his will to do wrong to Berenger’s daughter; and so soon as Master Hobbs could get the *Throstle* unladen, and fitted out again, we sailed for Bordeaux, and there he is waiting for us, while Claude and I bought horses and hired a guide, and made our way here on Saturday, where we were very welcome; and the Duchess said she would but wait till she could learn there were no bands of the enemy at hand, to go down with me herself to the place where she had sent the lady. A right worthy dame is this same Duchess, and a stately; and that young King, as they call him, seems hard to please, for he told Berry that his wife’s courtliness and ease in his reception were far above aught that he found here. What he means is past a plain man, for as to Berry’s wife she is handy, and notable enough, and ’tis well he loves her so well; but what a little brown thing it is, for a man to have gone through such risks for. Nothing to look at beside his mother!”

“If you could only see Madame de Selinville!” sighed Philip; then “Ah! sir, you would know the worth of Eustacie had you seen her in yonder town.”

“Very like!” said Sir Marmaduke; “but after all our fears at home of a fine court madam, it takes one aback to see a little homely brown thing, clad like a serving wench. Well, Dame Nan will not be displeased: she always said the girl would grow up no beauty, and ’tis the way of women to brook none fairer than themselves! Better so. She

is a good Protestant, and has done rarely by you, Phil.”

“Truly, I might be glad ’twas no court madam that stood by me when Berry was called back to the fight: and for the little one, ’tis the loveliest and bravest little maid I ever saw. Have they told you of the marigolds, father?”

“Why, the King told the whole to the Duchess, so Berry said, and then drank the health of the daughter of the bravest of knights; and Berry held her up in his arms to bow again, and drink to them from his glass. Berry looked a proud man, I can tell you, and a comely, spite of his baldness; and ’tis worth having come here to see how much you lads are thought of—though to be sure ’tis not often the poor creatures here see so much of an Englishman as we have made of Berry.”

Philip could not but laugh. “’Tis scarce for that that they value him, sir.”

“Say you so? Nay, methinks his English heart and yours did them good service. Indeed, the King himself told me as much by the mouth of Merry-court. May that youngster’s head only not be turned! Why, they set him at table above Berenger, and above half the King’s gentlemen. Even the Duchess makes as if he were one of her highest guests—he a poor Oxford scholar, doubting if he can get his bread by the law, and flouted as though he were not good enough for my daughter. ’Tis the world topsy-turvy, sure enough! And that this true love that Berenger has run through fire and water after, like a knight in a pedlar’s ballad, should turn out a mere little, brown, common-looking woman after all, not one whit equal to Lucy!”

Sir Marmaduke modified his disappointment a little that night, when he had talked Philip into a state of feverishness and suffering that became worse under Madame de Quinet’s re-proofs and remedies, and only yielded to Eustacie’s long and patient soothing. He then could almost have owned that it was well she was not like his own cherished type of womanhood, and the



next day he changed his opinion still more, even as to her appearance.

There was a great gathering of favourers of the Huguenot cause on that day: gentlemen came from all parts to consult with Henry of Navarre, and Madame de Quinet had too much sense of the fitness of things to allow Madame de RibauMont to appear at the ensuing banquet in her shabby, rusty black serge, and tight white borderless cap. The whole wardrobe of the poor young Duchess de Quinet was placed at her service, and, though with the thought of her adopted father on her heart, she refused gay colours, yet when, her toilette complete, she sailed into Philip's room, he almost sprang up in delight, and Sir Marmaduke rose and ceremoniously bowed as to a stranger, and was only undeceived when little Rayonette ran joyously to Philip, asking if *Maman* was not *si belle, si belle*.

The effects of her most unrestful nights had now passed away, and left her magnificent eyes in their full brilliancy and arch fire; the blooming glow was restored to her cheek; and though neck, brow, and hands were browner than in the shelter of convent or palace, she was far more near absolute beauty than in former days, both from countenance and from age. Her little proud head was clustered with glossy locks of jet, still short, but curling round her brow and neck, whose warm brunette tints contrasted well with the delicate, stiffened cobweb of her exquisite standing ruff, which was gathered into a white satin bodice, with a skirt of the same material, over which swept a rich black brocade train open in front, with an open body and half-sleeves with falling lace; and the hands, delicate and shapely as ever, if indeed a little tanned, held fan and handkerchief with as much courtly grace as though they had never stirred broth nor wrung out linen. Sir Marmaduke really feared he had the Court madam on his hands after all, but he forgot all about his fears, as she stood laughing and talking, and by her pretty airs and gestures, smiles and signs, making him enter into her mirth with

Philip, almost as well as if she had not spoken French.

Even Berenger started, when he came up after the council to fetch her to the banqueting-hall. She was more entirely the Eustacie of the Louvre than he had ever realized seeing her, and yet so much more; and when the Duchess beheld the sensation she produced among the *noblesse*, it was with self-congratulation on having kept her in retirement while it was still not known that she was not a widow. The King of Navarre had already found her the only lady present possessed of the peculiar aroma of high breeding which belonged to the society in which both he and she had been most at home, and his attentions were more than she liked from one whose epithet of Eurydice she had never quite forgiven; at least, that was the only reason she could assign for her distaste, but the Duchess understood her better than did Berenger, nay, better than she did herself, and kept her under the maternal wings of double form and ceremony.

Berenger, meanwhile, was in great favour. A command had been offered him by the King of Navarre, who had promised that if he would cast in his lot with the Huguenots, his claims on all the lands of RibauMont should be enforced on the King of France when terms were wrung from him, and Narcisse's death removed all valid obstacle to their recognition; but Berenger felt himself bound by all home duties to return to England, nor had he clear convictions as to the absolute right of the war in which he had almost unconsciously drawn his sword. Under the Tudors the divine right of kings was strongly believed in, and it was with many genuine misgivings that the cause of Protestant revolt was favoured by Elizabeth and her ministers; and Berenger, bred up in a strong sense of loyalty, as well as in doctrines that, as he had received them, savoured as little of Calvinism as of Romanism, was not ready to espouse the Huguenot cause with all his heart; and, as he could by no means have fought on the side of King Henri



III. or the Guises, felt thankful that the knot could be cut by renouncing France altogether, according to the arrangement which had been defeated by the Chevalier's own super-subtle machinations.

At the conference of gentlemen held at Quinet, he had been startled by hearing the name of the *Sieur de Bellaise*, and had identified him with a grave, thin, noble-looking man, with an air of high-bred and patient poverty. He was a Catholic but no Guisard, and supported the middle policy of the Montmorency party, so far as he possessed any influence, but his was only the weight of personal character, for he had merely a small property that had descended to him through his grandmother, the wife of the unfortunate *Bellaise* who had pined to death in the dungeon at Loches, under Louis XI. Here, then, Berenger saw the right means of ridding himself and his family of the burthen that his father had mourned over, and it only remained to convince Eustacie. Her first feeling when she heard of the King's offer, was that at last her ardent wish would be gratified: she should see her husband at the head of her vassals, and hear the war-cry motto, "*A moi Ribaultmont.*" Then came the old representation that the Vendéen peasants were faithful Catholics who could hardly be asked to fight on the Calvinist side. The old spirit rose in a flush, a pout, a half-uttered query why those creatures should be allowed their opinions. *Madame la Baronne* was resuming her haughty temperament in the *noblesse* atmosphere; but in the midst came the remembrance of having made that very speech in her Temple ruin—of the grave sad look of rebuke and shake of the head with which the good old minister had received it—and how she had sulked at him till forced to throw herself on him to hinder her separation from her child. She burst into tears, and as Berenger, in some distress, began to assure her that he would and could do nothing without her consent, she struggled to recover voice to say, "No! no! I only grieve that I am still as wicked

as ever, after these three years with that saint, my dear father. Do as you will, only pardon me, the little fierce one!"

And then, when she was made to perceive that her husband would have to fight alone, and could not take her with him to share his triumphs or bind his wounds, at least not except by bringing her in contact with *Henri of Navarre* and that atmosphere of the old court, she acquiesced the more readily. She was a woman who could feel but not reason; and though she loved *Nid-de-Merle*, and had been proud of it, Berenger's description of the ill-used *Sieur de Bellaise* had the more effect on her, because she well remembered the traditions whispered among the peasants with whom her childhood had been passed, that the village crones declared nothing had gone well with the place since the *Bellaises* had been expelled, with a piteous tale of the broken-hearted lady, that she had never till now understood.

For the flagrant injustice perpetrated on her uncle and cousin in the settlement on Berenger and herself she cared little, thinking they had pretty well repaid themselves, and not entering into Berenger's deeper view, that this injustice was the more to be deplored as the occasion of their guilt, but she had no doubt or question as to the grand stroke of yielding up her claims on the estate to the *Sieur de Bellaise*. The generosity of the deed struck her imagination, and if Berenger would not lead her vassals to battle, she did not want them. There was no difficulty with *Sir Marmaduke*: he only vowed that he liked Berenger's wife all the better for being free of so many yards of French dirt tacked to her petticoat, and Philip hated the remembrance of those red sugar-loaf pinnacles far too much not to wish his brother to be rid of them.

*M. de Bellaise*, when once he understood that restitution was intended, astonished *Sir Marmaduke* by launching himself on Berenger's neck with tears of joy; and *Henri of Navarre*, though sorry to lose such a partisan as the young

Baron, allowed that the Bellaise claims, being those of a Catholic, might serve to keep out some far more dangerous person whom the Court partly might select in opposition to an outlaw and a Protestant like M. de Ribamont.

"So you leave us," he said in private to Berenger, to whom he had taken a great liking. "I cannot blame you for not casting your lot into such a witch's caldron as this poor country. My friends think I dallied at court like Rinaldo in Armida's garden. They do not understand that when one bears the name of Bourbon one does not willingly make war with the Crown, still less that the good Calvin left a doctrine bitter to the taste, and tough of digestion. May be, since I have been forced to add my spoon to stir the cauldron, it may clear itself; if so, you will remember that you have rights in Normandy and Picardy."

This was the royal farewell. Henry and his suite departed the next morning, but the Duchess insisted on retaining her other guests till Philip's cure should be complete. Meantime, Claude de Méricour had written to his brother and arranged a meeting with him. He was now no boy who could be coerced, but a staid, self-reliant, scholarly person, with a sword by his side and an English passport to secure him, and his brother did not regard him as quite the disgrace to his family he had at first deemed him. He was at least no rebel; and though the law seemed to French eyes infinitely beneath the dignity of a scion of nobility, still it was something not to have him a heretic preacher, and to be able at least to speak of him as betrothed to the sister of the Baron de Ribamont. Moreover, that Huguenotkinsman, whose extreme Calvinist opinions had so nearly revolted Méricour, had died and left him all his means, as the only Protestant in the family; and the amount, when Claude arranged matters with his brother, proved to be sufficient to bear him through his expenses handsomely as a student, with the hope of marriage so soon as he should have kept his terms at the Temple.

And thus the good ship *Throstle* bore home the whole happy party to Weymouth, and good Sir Marmaduke had an unceasing cause for exultation in the brilliant success of his mission to France.

After all, the first to revisit that country was no other than the once home-sick Philip. He wearied of inaction, and thought his county neighbours ineffably dull and lubberly, while they blamed him for being a fine, Frenchified gentleman, even while finding no fault with their old friend Berenger, or that notable little, lively, housewifely lady his wife, whose broken English and bright simplicity charmed every one. Sorely Philip needed something to do; he might have been a gentleman pensioner, but he had no notion, he said, of loitering after a lady to boat and hunt, when such a king as Henry of Navarre was in the field; and he agreed with Eustacie in her estimate of the Court, that it was horribly dull, and wanting in all the sparkle and brilliancy that even he had perceived at Paris.

Eustacie gladly retreated to housewifery at Combe Walwyn, but a strenuous endeavour on Lady Thistlewood's part to marry her stepson to a Dorset knight's daughter, together with the tidings of the renewed war in France, spurred Philip into wringing permission from his father to join the King of Navarre as a volunteer.

Years went by, and Philip was only heard of in occasional letters, accompanied by presents to his sisters and to little Rayonette, and telling of marches, exploits, and battles—how he had taken a standard of the Ligue at Coutras, and how he had led a charge of pikemen at Ivry, for which he received the thanks of Henri IV. But, though so near home, he did not set foot on English ground till the throne of France was secured to the hero of Navarre, and he had marched into Paris in guise very unlike the manner he had left it.

Then home he came, a browned, gallant-looking warrior, the pride of the county, ready for repose and for aid to his father in his hearty old age,

and bearing with him a pressing invitation from the King to Monsieur and Madame de Ribaumont to resume their rank at Court. Berenger, who had for many years only known himself as Lord Walwyn, shook his head. "I thank the King," he said, "but I am better content to breed up my children as wholly English. He bade me to return when he should have stirred the witch's caldron into clearness. Alas! all he has done is to make brilliant colours shine on the vapour thereof. Nay, Phil; I know your ardent love for him, and marvel not at it. Before he joined the Catholic Church I trusted that he might have given truth to the one party, and unity to the other; but when the clergy accepted him with all his private vices, and he surrendered unconditionally, I lost hope. I fear there is worse in store. Queen Catherine did her most fatal work of evil when she corrupted Henry of Navarre."

"If you say more, Berry, I shall be ready to challenge you!" said Philip. "When you saw him, you little knew the true king of souls that he is, his greatness, or his love for his country."

"Nay, I believe it; but tell me, Philip, did you not hint that you had been among former friends—at Luçon, you said, I think?"

Philip's face changed. "Yes. It was for that I wished to see you alone. My troop had to occupy the place. I had to visit the convent to arrange for quartering my men so as least to scandalize the sisters. The Abbess came to speak to me. I knew her only by her eyes! She is changed—aged, wan, thin with their discipline and fasts—but she once or twice smiled as she

alone in old times could smile. The place rings with her devotion, her charity, her penances, and truly her face is"—he could hardly speak—"like that of a saint. She knew me at once, asked for you all, and bade me tell you that *now* she prays for you and yours continually, and blesses you for having opened to her the way of peace. Ah! Berry, I always told you she had not her equal."

"Think you so even now?"

"How should I not, when I have seen what repentance has made of her?"

"So!" said Berenger, rather sorrowfully, "our great Protestant champion has still left his heart behind him in a French convent."

"Stay, Berenger! do you remember yonder villain conjurer's prediction that I should wed none but a lady whose cognizance was the leopard?"

"And you seem bent on accomplishing it," said Berenger.

"Nay! but in another manner—that which you devised on the spur of the moment. Berenger, I knew the sorcerer spake sooth when that little moonbeam child of yours brought me the flowers from the rampart. I had speech with her last night. She has all the fair loveliness that belongs of right to your mother's grandchild, but her eye, blue as it is, has the Ribaumont spirit; the turn of the head and the smile are what I loved long ago in yonder lady, and, above all, she is her own sweet self. Berenger, give me your daughter Bérange, and I ask no portion with her but the silver bullet. Keep the pearls for your son's heirloom; all I want with Rayonette is the silver bullet."



## THE RHINE FRONTIER.

In a charming but now almost forgotten book,<sup>1</sup> Victor Hugo relates how, on a July morning in 1839, he left Paris in search of trees and sky—things which were not then to be seen in its narrow streets. He went to Meaux, Epernay, Rheims, Namur, Liège, Aix-la-Chapelle, and thus proceeded eastward until he was stopped by the Rhine. The great river, with its broad yellow stream, its grand historical associations and poetical legends, fascinated and enthralled him. "I looked long," he says, "at this "proud and noble river, violent, but "without fury—savage, fretful, yet "majestic. It was swelled and magnificent at the time I crossed it. It "wiped its yellow mane against the "boats of the bridge; . . . its banks "were fading away in the twilight; its "voice was a mighty but peaceful roar." The poet then goes on to describe, with his usual picturesque eloquence, the most famous of the Rhine cities and landscapes among which he wandered, and dreamt, and philosophized for more than three months. But the most curious part of his book is the concluding chapter, in which he discusses the claims of France to the Rhine frontier. He begins by sketching, in a few broad and vivid touches, the political situation at the beginning of the seventeenth century. The most prominent figures in the picture are two Powers which, according to Hugo, were the natural enemies of Europe. One of these represented the spirit of conquest; the other, that of commerce. The first was Turkey; the second, Spain. These two bugbears of our grandfathers have now disappeared. Turkey is being devoured by paper-money, "that vermin of rotten states;" England possesses Gibraltar, "like the savage who sews on "his cloak the claws of the lion he has "killed." But Europe is not yet libe-

<sup>1</sup> "Le Rhin." Paris, 1845.

rated. To Turkey has succeeded Russia; to Spain—perfidious Albion, who has become far stronger than Spain had ever been.

After impressing his readers, in a dozen pages of brilliant declamation, with the immensity of the power of Russia, and especially of England, Hugo urges that the natural defenders of Europe against the two giants who hang on her skirts are France and Germany. It was to prevent their union that England, by a master-stroke of profound policy, gave the left bank of the Rhine to Prussia—"a state of yesterday which "has the future of Germany in its "hands,"—and thereby created a standing object of dispute between the Germans and the French. "The installation "of Prussia in the Rhenish provinces," he adds, "was the capital achievement "of the Congress of Vienna. It was "due to the great cleverness of Lord "Castlereagh, and to the great blundering of M. de Talleyrand."

With all his mystic language and fanciful analogies, Victor Hugo has here unquestionably hit upon the great fact which makes the question of the Rhine frontier at once so important and so dangerous to Europe. Whether Castlereagh was so clever, or Talleyrand so blind, at the Vienna Congress, as is above implied, may be doubted. Prussia at that time was a very small "great power," ruled by a feeble king who only aspired to keep what he had got; she had but little influence in Germany, and it would have required almost the instinct of genius—a quality certainly not possessed by Castlereagh—to foresee the greatness which was in store for her. Even at the period when Hugo wrote the remarkable words we have quoted, nothing had been done by Prussia to lead to the belief that she would one day stand at the head of Germany. Bismarck was then a rollicking student

fresh from Göttingen, where he was chiefly known as a hard drinker and a bold and skilful swordsman; the new king, Frederick William IV, was amusing himself with amateur politics and theology at Potsdam; and, in the opinion of most military men, the institution of the Landwehr was an absurd traditional crotchet of the House of Hohenzollern, looking very well on paper, but utterly useless for real duty in the field. But whether it was done accidentally, or of set purpose, there can be no doubt that the transfer of the Rhine provinces to the possession of Prussia remains to this day the strongest safeguard of Europe against a repetition by France of the policy of conquest pursued by the First Napoleon. In the hands of Austria, or as a separate state, the Rhineland would always have been more or less under French influence, as it was for centuries before 1815. Since it has been part of Prussia, the advance of France northward and eastward has been barred by a resolute and wary antagonist, who has always held the country in absolute subjection by his martinet system of government, and now stands fully armed on the French frontier as the military representative of all Germany.

What Victor Hugo predicted nearly thirty years ago has now come to pass. Austria has become "the past of Germany, Prussia her future." Since Sadowa, the Rhine provinces—for the last half century a subject of contention between France and Prussia—have already three or four times almost been the battle-ground of a tremendous war. Becker's famous song: "They shall not have it—our free German Rhine!" has at this moment a far deeper meaning than when it was sung in German beer-houses in 1840; for jealousy and disappointment on one side, and the pride of success on the other, have now, more than ever, made France desire to take the Rhine, and Germany determine to keep it.

It is often asserted by French writers that the Rhinelanders of the left bank would be glad to exchange the rule of Prussia for that of France. This may

have been the case in former times; it is certainly not so now. Every German has since 1866 felt a natural pride in belonging to the Fatherland; and the Rhinelanders, by race, language, and character, undoubtedly belong to the great German nation, different as they are in many respects from their countrymen of the North. Count Bismarck once dashed off, with his characteristic *verve*, a humorous and life-like sketch of the typical German in his relations to society and his government. "Individualism," he said, "is the radical vice of our nation. Every one here lives apart in his own little corner, with his own particular opinions, surrounded by his own wife and children, always suspecting the government as well as his neighbour, estimating everything from his own personal point of view, but never from that of the mass. The sentiment of individualism, and the mania of contradiction, are developed in him to an inconceivable degree. Show him an open door, and rather than pass through it he will make a hole in the wall." This self-contained and critical spirit is to be found in abundance on the Rhine, especially when, as constantly happens, the easy-going people of the country come into collision with the hard, centralizing officialism of Berlin. It is not a little remarkable that the Prussians—the Frenchmen of Germany—with all their energy and intelligence, have utterly failed in assimilating the Rhinelanders, as the French have assimilated the Alsatians, for instance. This is, perhaps, to a certain extent attributable to Rhenish inertness. Never was the theory about the character of a nation being determined by whether it drinks wine or beer so utterly disproved as in the Rhine provinces. The beer-drinking Prussian is gay, quick-witted, and enterprising; the Rhinelanders, whose existence is passed among vineyards, who drink and talk about wine from morning till night,<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The wonderful capacity for drink of the Rhinelanders is amusingly illustrated by Goethe in his journals. "The Bishop of Mayence," he says, "once delivered a sermon against drunkenness, and after painting in



is slow and prosy, detests work, and stolidly resists all innovations. Give him his pipe, his *pfannkuchen*, his bottle of wine, and a few boon companions with whom he may verbosely discuss his gains at the lottery or the prospects of the vintage, and his highest aspirations will be satisfied. The village politician, so often to be met with in Prussia Proper, is unknown on the Rhine. It is a sleepy, comfortable, pleasant country, richly endowed by nature with lovely scenes and a fruitful soil, without the pauperism that breeds political discontent, or the manufactures that multiply human wants and provoke the restless and indefinite cravings of our modern civilization. In spite of its railways, its steamboats, and its annual stream of tourists, it is still in many things far behind other European countries that are less populous and not so close to the great European highway. The Rhine rafts and ferry-boats, the ploughs and other agricultural implements on its banks, are, to all appearance, much the same as were used by the Celts who inhabited the country fifteen hundred years ago. The numerous emblems of an almost mediæval superstition which are scattered everywhere remind one of Italy or Southern France. Even on the least-frequented paths, in the thick woods of beech and

the strongest colours the evils of over-indulgence, concluded as follows:—“But the abuse of wine does not exclude its use; for it is written that wine rejoices the heart of man. Probably there is no one in my congregation who cannot drink four bottles of wine without feeling any disturbance of his senses; but if any man at the seventh or eighth bottle so forgets himself as to abuse and strike his wife and children and treat his best friends as enemies, let him look into his conscience, and in future always stop at the sixth bottle. Yet, if after drinking eight, or even ten or twelve bottles, he can still take his Christian neighbour lovingly by the hand, and obey the orders of his spiritual and temporal superiors, let him thankfully drink his modest (*sic*) draught. He must be careful, however, as to taking any mere, for it is seldom that Providence gives any one the special grace to drink sixteen bottles at a sitting, as it has enabled me, its unworthy servant, to do without either neglecting my duties or losing my temper.”

pine which clothe the round hills of the Eifel, you cannot walk a mile without meeting by the wayside with a cross, a stone slab with rude bas-reliefs representing some incident in the life of a saint, or a gaudily-painted image of the Madonna. In the vineyards, too, you often see the heavy bunches of close-pressed grapes, their thin transparent skins almost bursting with the rich red or yellow juice, hang over roughly carved votive tablets, whose coarse and weather-stained surface contrasts strangely with the graceful vines and their soft round fruit. In this romantic land, the miracles are as numerous, and more credited, than the legends, and even military and Protestant Prussia finds it impossible to supplant the monasteries by her barracks, or to elbow monks and nuns out of the railway trains with her troops.

It might almost be said that there is nothing Prussian about the Rhine but its soldiers and fortresses; and even these look like foreign importations which have not yet been naturalized in the country. Elsewhere a group of soldiers or a fortress is often a picturesque addition to the landscape; on the Rhine it is usually an eyesore. The crowds of undersized and slovenly-dressed men you meet slouching along in loose marching order in the vicinity of the garrison towns are anything but pleasant to look upon, especially when they break rudely on such charming harmonies of colour as are to be found almost everywhere on those thickly-wooded ridges, sloping down into narrow emerald-green dells, which form one of the most characteristic features of Rhine scenery. Equally ugly and prosaic are the fortresses. Ehrenbreitstein, “the Prussian Gibraltar,” descends to the Rhine in a series of straight monotonous brick walls; Coblenz, with its beautiful site, its fine old churches, its picturesque timber houses, is yet little more than a huge barrack. Soldiers fill the streets and restaurants, every hill is a fortification, and the Rhine itself here looks like a huge moat. The contrast between these hideous instruments of modern



warfare and the quiet beauty of the surrounding country is almost painful.

But if Prussia has failed to instil into the homely Rhinelanders any of her warlike and enterprising spirit, she has at least thoroughly established her dominion both over them and their country. Prussian officialism is supreme, and, what is just now even more important, Prussian militarism as well. You see in the most retired villages—places which seem the very ideal of pastoral tranquillity—the well-known inscription on the first and last house announcing the company and regiment of the Landwehr for which the villagers are recruited, and the military law is everywhere rigidly executed and submissively obeyed. Years ago the Rhinelanders grumbled at being thus dragooned, and even looked with a longing eye to France, but they could not long resist the superior energy of their Prussian rulers, and they have now become so accustomed to the yoke that they no longer feel it as a grievance. As for the country, every weak point has been fortified to the utmost. The two principal towns in the Rhine provinces—Cologne, the commercial capital, and Coblenz, the military capital—have each a garrison of 5,000 men, and are defended by works which would present formidable obstacles to an invader. Coblenz, especially, is now one of the strongest places in Europe. The forts of Alexander, Constantine, and the Carthusian hill render the town unapproachable by an enemy from Mayence or Bingen; and the huge fortifications of the Petersberg, forming an entrenched camp capable of accommodating an army of 100,000 men, entirely command the long stretch of flat country which extends in the direction of Cologne and Trèves—that famous plain on which the Romans, the Normans, the Guelphs, the Swedes, the Spaniards, and the French, have for more than eighteen centuries fought and bled. These powerful defences on the north, south, and west are completed by the almost impregnable fortress of Ehrenbreitstein on the east. Ehrenbreitstein overlooks all the surrounding hills, and is only accessible from the

north, on which side it is protected by a double line of works. A sixth fort, that of Asterstein, on the Pfaffendorf hill, south of Ehrenbreitstein, completes the circle. Forty miles higher up is Mayence, with a Prussian garrison, though as yet nominally not annexed to the Prussian state. It was one of the “federal fortresses” which, by the convention of 1815, were to be maintained for the protection of Germany against France, and five out of the twenty-five millions taken from the French military contribution for strengthening the defences of the Lower Rhine were expended in fortifying it. In former times Mayence had such a reputation for strength that it was attacked more frequently than any other German fortress. During the Thirty Years’ War it fell into the hands of the French, who evacuated it after the Peace of Westphalia. In 1688 they once more besieged and captured it, but lost it again in the following year. In 1792 it yielded to the French under Custine, was retaken by the Prussians after a four months’ siege, made a valiant defence against the repeated attacks of the Republican army during the years 1795 and 1796, and was finally given up to France in consequence of a secret article in the Treaty of Campo Formio in 1797. For seventeen years Mayence was a French city; it was taken from Napoleon, with the rest of the Rhenish towns, in 1814. Though Buonaparte called it “the key of the Continent,” it may be doubted whether, with our new system of warfare, it is as strong as Coblenz. The fortifications, consisting of an inner wall with fourteen bastions and a citadel, a line of forts communicating with each other by a glacis, and extensive entrenchments (the whole garrisoned by 8,000 men), are said by military men to be somewhat old-fashioned; the position, however, is enormously strong, and a French army would probably find it more difficult to take now than when it was defended by the troops of the archbishops and electors of Nassau.

The third fortress of the “German quadrilateral,” as M. Emile de Girardin

calls it, is Rastadt, in Baden, whose expected occupation by Prussia France now threatens to make a *casus belli*. It was built, like other Rhine fortifications, with French money after 1815, and is considered to be equal in strength to Mayence. Nine years after its completion under the superintendence of Austrian engineers, it was occupied by Baden insurgents, who were captured by the Prussians in June 1849, after a three weeks' siege. Landau and Germersheim, on the opposite bank, are both Bavarian fortresses. The former, which belonged to France for more than a century (1680 to 1702, and 1714 to 1814) and was almost entirely rebuilt by Vauban, has now lost much of its old reputation. The outer works were pulled down last year, and the small Bavarian garrison of 3,000 men could hardly hold it against a determined enemy. Germersheim has some strong but not very extensive fortifications, erected about thirty years ago. The list of Rhine fortresses (Luxemburg being now almost dismantled) is closed by Saarlouis, on the French frontier, said to have been built by Vauban in a twelvemonth in consequence of a bet he made with Louis XIV.

To attack a country thus protected would certainly test all the powers of even so thoroughly military a nation as France. While holding Coblenz, Mayence, and Rastadt (which would, of course, at once be occupied by Prussian troops directly war appeared inevitable), Prussia might confidently await, with a comparatively small force, the onset of the French, and would then be able, by one of those quick and sudden marches which were so successful in 1866, to move an army on Paris through the open country between the Vosges and the Moselle. All the advantages in such a struggle would be on the side of Prussia; she would have the whole of Germany at her back, and a deep, wide, rapid river, defended by all the resources of modern military art, between her and her enemy; while France would have not only to besiege some of the strongest fortresses in Europe, but to protect a naked fron-

tier not two hundred miles from her capital. It is certain that France would never attempt to enter on so unequal a conflict alone, however great might be the provocation. Unfortunately there are many European questions still unsettled, many aspirations still unfulfilled, and more than one Power would be only too ready to offer its alliance in return for the satisfaction of its national wants. There can be little doubt, for instance, that Italy would lend her troops to any Government, and for almost any purpose, if by so doing she could get Rome; and Russia would certainly not hesitate by assisting either Prussia or France to purchase their support for her designs on Constantinople. Indeed, the only great Power on the Continent which now seems really to desire peace is Austria. Baron Beust, with all his faults, has had the wisdom to perceive that the true interests of his adopted country require that it should pursue a pacific policy, and he has consistently held to this view ever since he became Minister at Vienna. His recent speech on the Army Bill seems to us to have been made the subject of much unmerited censure. Because he said that Austria requires for her safety an army of 800,000 men, people immediately leaped to the conclusion that he is contemplating revenge for Sadowa. It is all very well for us in England—whom, thank Heaven, no one dreams of attacking—to talk of a reduction of armaments; but Austria—with Italian sympathisers in the Tyrol, with Russian agitators in all her Slavonic provinces, and with a Pan-Rouman movement on her eastern frontier, which penetrates deep into her own territory and is openly fomented from Bucharest—has enemies on every side. A war with Russia or Roumania, or both, is only a question of time, and it would be worse than folly for the Austrian Government not to keep itself prepared to meet the danger when it comes.

“L'Empereur meurt d'envie et de crainte de vous faire la guerre,” said a diplomatist from Paris to Count Bismarck

last summer. "Nous n'avons ni envie ni crainte de la faire," was the reply. These few words exactly describe the present situation. Doubtless, by natural disposition, Napoleon III. is a friend of peace. If his empire has not been always pacific, as he promised it would be, this was not because he loved peace less, but because he loved himself and his dynasty more. And now the case has again arisen where his peaceful tendencies are dominated by what he supposes to be the interests of his throne. The French nation is humiliated by incessant failures abroad, and provoked by the denial of liberty at home. With that hesitation, almost approaching cowardice, that has ere now made him withdraw from an enterprise almost before he had well entered upon it, Napoleon fears to give his people liberal institutions lest they should use them to overthrow his government, and trembles at the risk of losing all by one Prussian victory if he goes to war. But he must do something, and terrible as are the risks of a defeat, a successful campaign on the Rhine would at once restore his popularity, and secure his dynasty—objects which he has vainly spent so many years to achieve. No wonder that, harassed by incessant opposition, feeling day by day his throne slip from under him, he should burn to strike the blow which is either to shatter the imperial edifice to the ground, or give solidity and firmness to its shaky foundations. As for King William, he would consider the advantages of a successful war pretty equally balanced by its disadvantages. That it

would draw closer the bonds of German unity is a truth which is now so obvious as to be almost trite. Such a result, however, would be far from satisfactory to the Government at Berlin, which has become more reactionist than ever since Count Bismarck has been compelled by illness to withdraw himself from public affairs. The Manteuffel party in Prussia would look upon a victory which increased the power of the German people at the expense of that of the Prussian crown very much in the light of a defeat. Any territorial conquests would be out of the question; for though Prussia is probably strong enough to hold her own, she is not strong enough to take anything from France, and a war for the protection of Germany could not afford any pretext for the annexation of a German state. The great advantage to Prussia of a decisive campaign would be the termination of the present state of uncertainty, which paralyses her trade, and compels her to keep her armaments on a war footing—an important consideration, now that, for the first time in her history, her budget shows a large deficit. But in this, too, the gain of Prussia would be that of Germany, with whose interests her own are now indissolubly connected. Whatever may be the feeling of their Government, the Prussian people can only hail with joy any event which brings them nearer to a great German national unity. If the war must come, they will at least hope that "blood and iron" may once more, as in 1866, weld more strongly together the members of the Fatherland.



LOCAL LECTURES FOR WOMEN.<sup>1</sup>

BY FREDERIC W. H. MYERS.

HISTORY repeats herself in the tale of great reforms. First of all, vague complaints and impossible projects are heard and cease again at intervals, like broken dreams before the day. Then the sufferers learn to take a juster view of their trouble, and to estimate how little or how much can actually be done to relieve it. When they have learnt this the real conflict begins. The fabric of injustice or of ignorance is assailed from a hundred points; on every side allies start up whom nothing but the sense of isolation has kept silent till now. Principles and counter-principles are stormily discussed, schemes of all kinds are ventilated, resolutions are passed, and divisions taken. At last the hour of victory comes; sometimes late and lingering, sometimes nobly in advance of hope. But it is almost always found that, beneath the turmoil, some quiet, unostentatious agencies have been at work and have done not a little towards the ultimate discovery of the right or removal of the wrong. The prison-house has not only been shaken by the thunder, but also sapped by the stream.

It is clear that we are on the brink of a great change in the whole system of written and unwritten laws which bear upon women. The coincidence in time and convergence in direction of so many distinct and disconnected movements affecting the status of women, is a sign politically unmistakable. And one of the indications of the healthy and necessary character of the impending changes is this,—that private agencies are already beginning to put in operation, on a small scale, several of the projected reforms,

and to find their practical working satisfactory and safe. For instance, the "Rochdale Equitable Pioneers" have already taken measures, supported at present by moral force rather than legal stringency, to secure the co-operative shares and savings-banks deposits of the married women of their society from the clutch of drunken or improvident husbands. Here we have an instance of a public wrong righting itself by individual agencies, and affording good hope that legislation will follow where private equity has led.

Again, there is a widespread demand that the professions, and especially the profession of medicine, should be thrown open to women. And here also we find that a few ladies have taken the matter into their own hands, and found an entrance by honourable though rugged ways into the ranks of those who heal; and we find that the good results of this have been so clear that the great University of Paris has just thrown open to women its medical degrees. Lastly, one of the most urgently expressed demands of the day is for a higher education for women—for State encouragement, for admission to universities, for fresh endowments, or at least for the restoration of endowments unjustly diverted from their original destination. Well, in this direction also an unofficial agency has arisen, which, in a year's time, has dotted the United Kingdom with companies of young women, receiving an education in many respects as good as their brothers', and affording, by the social, financial, and intellectual success of these local lectures, a happy augury for the future training of their sex.

The first item of progress which I have to notice is the formation of associations of schoolmistresses in the large towns of the north. These rallying-

<sup>1</sup> "Prospectus and Rules of the North of England Council for promoting the Higher Education of Women." Secretary, Miss A. J. Clough, care of S. Smith, Esq. Combe Hurst, Kingston-on-Thames.

points for scattered teachers are a greater boon than the world, which knows little of such women, can readily imagine; for the worst misfortune of the schoolmistress is her isolation. Masters in schools are mainly University men, and so hang together; but the schoolmistress has often had to teach herself, and scarcely knows any one in the world. Solitude like this is apt not only to depress, but to demoralize; for the schoolmistress, unsupported by the opinion of other teachers, will often yield in despair to the fancies of ignorant parents,—fancies which she finds the power and the courage to resist when she knows that her own educational convictions have been successfully reduced to practice by other schoolmistresses more experienced than herself. These associations combined to form a North of England Council for promoting the Higher Education of Women, of which Mrs. Butler was elected president, and Miss Clough secretary; and the Council immediately carried out a long-held idea of Miss Clough's, which was, in a word, that girls' schools, by co-operation, might secure first-rate teachers, who should give lectures of a strictly educational character, to be accompanied by reading at home and supplemented by examinations or subsidiary classes, where the pupils might be questioned and their knowledge tested. Mr. Stuart, Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, was the first lecturer thus engaged. He lectured in the autumn of last year on Physical Astronomy, in Liverpool, Manchester, Leeds, and Sheffield, to audiences which increased after every lecture, and which at last numbered 600 in all. These 600 were not all, nor most of them, school-girls; very many were governesses and young women past the school age and living at home. Most of these wrote papers in answer to questions set after every lecture, and certainly showed by their diligence and accuracy that the instruction had fallen on eager and receptive minds.

In the spring of this year Bradford joined the connexion, and the task of lecturing was divided between Mr.

Charles Pearson, Fellow of Oriol College, Oxford, and Mr. Hales, Fellow of Christ College, Cambridge. The total audience in these towns increased to 640, and in April and May Clifton and Cheltenham added 250 more.

During the summer the scheme has been spreading, and local lectures are being delivered this autumn in Manchester, Bowdon, York, Sheffield, Newcastle, Liverpool, Leeds, Bradford, Clifton, and Cheltenham.

In England alone, then, there have been audiences this autumn amounting to some 1,500 young women in all,—as many as the young men at Oxford.

The lecturers have in most cases been Fellows of Oxford and Cambridge colleges; the subjects have been taken mainly from English history and literature, although science of a sterner kind has occasionally been attempted with success. In Edinburgh a scheme substantially the same has been started with brilliant success. Here, however, the impulse was given, not so much by actual teachers as by private ladies interested in education, and especially by Mrs. Cruelius. The "Edinburgh Ladies' Educational Association" numbers among its honorary members nearly all the leading men of the city, while its connexion with the University is maintained by the choice of the lecturers from among the Edinburgh Professors. Last winter Professor Masson delivered a course of thirty lectures on the History of English Literature, which were attended by 265 pupils, 94 of whom, by written essays and a written examination, obtained professorial certificates on the same terms as University men. Most of the students were between twenty-two and thirty-five years old. Their papers received the highest praise from one of the University examiners who was engaged to look them over, and the serious importance attached by the University to the movement is attested by the announcement for the coming winter of a second course on English Literature from Professor Masson, a course on Logic and Mental Philosophy from Professor Fraser, and a course on Experimental

Physics from Professor Tait. Each course is to consist of forty lectures, delivered at the rate of two per week, and it is hoped that the Professors will resume and repeat their subjects every year. Similar courses have been delivered by the Professors at Glasgow, and at the Queen's College, Belfast.<sup>1</sup>

It is remarkable also that at almost the same moment when these local lectures began in England, M. Duruy, the Minister of Education in France, issued a circular to the Recteurs, calling their attention to the deficiency of a higher education for women, and ordering them to supply it, which has been done in some fifty towns by the repetition on behalf of women of the courses of secondary instruction which are afforded in the provinces to young men. In Italy, too, a very strong desire for higher education has lately been shown by many Italian ladies, who believe that their country needs above all things a social renovation which the gross ignorance of Italian women renders at present impossible.

I have not space to compare at length the benefit which a young woman may receive from these local lectures with the benefit which her brother may be receiving at college, but I may just remark that I do not see why, so far as actual teaching goes, the sister need have at all the worst of it. Divinity Professors, paid at the rate of a hundred pounds a lecture, she certainly will not get, but the modest remuneration of the men who do the real work of the Universities may easily be rivalled by the co-operative guineas of such a class as the schools and homes of any large town can supply. And experience shows that this catechetical teaching is more useful to most young people than private reading would be. "A mere book," says Plato, "cannot speak or question or answer for itself," while the lecturer, as has been observed, is not only a speaking book, but many

books, and a book in English and not in German. The contact of mind with mind is a metaphor, but in the case of oral teaching it is a metaphor closer to the facts. And women are still more susceptible to this advantage than men. This, at least, is a difference which has been widely noticed in practice, and such differences are worth noticing, for it is only by providing for the differences in the habits of the minds of the sexes that we shall do justice to their essential equality. This remark applies not only to the methods, but to the subjects of teaching, and it is probable that a solution of the vexed question of a common test for the two sexes will ultimately be found in an extension of the principle of alternative papers of equal difficulty but in different subjects, already adopted in our Cambridge Local Examinations and elsewhere. One or two collateral advantages of the local lectures may be briefly hinted at:—1. They contain within themselves a germ of University extension. 2. They confront young women in a reasonable manner with reasonable men. 3. They encourage and help governesses, who attend in large numbers, and are glad to hear good teaching and to know of the best books. 4. They form a nucleus for educational libraries and for the friendships of fellow-students. 5. They pay.

It should be clearly understood that the lectures are of a strictly educational character. After each lecture the lecturer sets questions which are answered on paper: he corrects, annotates, and returns each answer severally. And let him remember that girls are weaker and cannot stand so much teaching as boys, and that this is a reason that when they are taught they should be taught not worse, but better.

There are still probably many parents who, without fears on the score of health, without difficulties on the score of money, do yet desire to debar their daughters from the pursuit of the nobler learning, through some idea that love of knowledge is not a genuine virtue, and that ignorance in women is agreeable to men. These are the parents of whom

<sup>1</sup> I am sorry to hear that the Ladies' Institute, Belfast, has been closed for the winter, on account of the opposition shown by Dr. Henry, Principal of the Queen's College, Belfast.



the Endowed Schools Commissioners tell us that accomplishments are all they really wish their daughters to learn, and these with the view of securing husbands. Now, to condescend for a moment to the tone of those persons' minds, I would tell them that even as children of this world they are less wise in their generation than the children of light. Matchmaking mothers, like other tacticians, are apt to underrate the sense of their adversaries. In the battle of drawing-rooms, music and water-colours are nothing to conversation. It does not pay anything like so well for a girl to be accomplished as to be amusing. Now nobody can amuse one long who is not well-informed. It is all nonsense about men being afraid of information in a wife. Young men about to marry are not such fools as they look. At any rate it is the best policy to be prepared for either event, and to remember that it is easy for a well-informed girl to imitate ignorance, if the exigencies of an eldest son should require it, while it is quite impossible for an ignorant girl to imitate understanding. Clever men are said to marry silly wives. That is because they cannot find sensible ones; and my belief is that the men whom ignorance charms are scarcely worth charming. Plutarch says that the man who wants to keep his wife stupid that she may go on caring for him, is like the rider who is obliged to make his horse kneel down before he can get on its back.

You may say that it is disgraceful that the education of women should be discussed in this tone, and upheld on grounds like these; and it is disgraceful. But is it not much more disgraceful that it should be necessary to uphold it on serious grounds and against serious attacks? Is it not disgraceful that men should be found to profane the names of wife and mother by speaking as if the fulfilment of the duties of those holy relationships were the exclusive privilege of fools?

"The strongest reason I have," says a clergyman, "for not wishing the enlargement of women's minds, is that

it will make them irreligious." It appears then that God is like a Chinese joss, who will fall out of any mind that is not narrow enough to prop Him up on both sides!

There were men in an earlier generation who wished to keep the whole nation in ignorance that the nation might be better fitted to obey its lords. But these Tory peers, who would fain have checked manufacturing industry because the artisans at Leeds and Birmingham learnt how to read and write, and sometimes even to speak for themselves—these peers, I say, were not a whit more foolish or more wicked than the men who would still lock the gate of knowledge upon women, because it is beyond their proper sphere. It is God, not man, who determines the sphere of every living thing, and He has determined it for men and women alike, by giving them an intelligence which it is their duty to cultivate, and energies which it is their duty to employ. The sphere of women, indeed! at least motherhood is within woman's sphere, and is the mother's influence—that educational engine to which all others are child's play—to be entrusted to designed incompetence and predetermined imbecility?

Prejudices revenge themselves on their holders, and many a man, whose domestic theories sound lordly till life has tested them, finds his own scorn of women return upon himself, not only in the nothingness and the frivolity of his wife, but in the disorders or the ruin of his son.

But some men would have women educated in such things as will fit them for the duties and positions of wives and mothers, and in nothing else. The men who speak thus show that they have failed to comprehend the very first and most rudimentary notion of a liberal education. For a liberal education is one which is specially intended,—so far as man's imperfect methods can compass an end so fair,—which is intended, I say, to fit its recipients for *all* duties and for *any* position, by rearing them for that most comprehensive of all duties

and in that earliest of all positions which have been summed up for ever in the words, "Glorify your Father which is in heaven." By all means, if there be any branches of teaching which specially fit women for the duties of the home—and such knowledges there are, and they are taught too seldom now—let women learn them; but understand that she will only learn even these things rightly if you teach her greater things as well; and remember that the benefit of each science or each skill is not measured by its practical use when we have attained to it, nor even by the permanence of its details in our memory, but by the grasp of mind which we have gained along with it, and by the gentleness and serenity which follow our introduction to truth.

These lectures, then, are a small thing accomplished, but they are a great thing begun. And, as in all efforts which really help women, it is women who have been the first to stir. It is women who must go on. There are many men who will give them sympathy

and help; there are some men who will, if need be, give the best years of their lives to the cause. But from the general public, women who want a higher education need expect nothing better than indifference. And indifference will do. All that they need is to be let alone; the rest must be their own act. For invading armies may dash the iron from the slave, but the freedom of the soul and the intellect can be conquered only from within.

Let women consider, then, what a duty is here! Let the thoughtless remember that it is not themselves only, but their whole sex, whom they outrage by frivolity or sloth. That a man should be pleased with ignorance in a woman is a folly; that a woman should therefore acquiesce in ignorance is a crime: for the first duty of women,—I say it again,—is to please, not men, but God, who has set us here to help each other and to glorify Him, tasks which need all the wisdom that life or death can teach.

## HISTORICAL FORGERIES AND KOSCIUSZKO'S "FINIS POLONIÆ."

AN interesting collection might be made, if all the so-called "historical sayings" that can be proved to be forgeries were put together. There are more of them afloat than dealers in the current political philosophy seem to be aware of, or are willing to acknowledge. In the generality of mankind a love of the graphic and the striking is ingrained, to the detriment of the spirit of simple truthfulness. People are fond of a "telling anecdote" that appears to "speak volumes." If once they have laid hold of a smart historical dictum, they cling to it desperately, and are apt to wax fierce if anybody attempts to cheat them out of it by a carping, inquisitive criticism. "Why should that which has been so well said not be true?" they ask with plaintive indignation. As to the idea that at such and such an important moment a man of eminence should have omitted to utter a pointed exclamation; that he should only have been able to say something quite commonplace, if not worse, or have held his peace altogether,—that notion is, of course, dismissed at once as perfectly preposterous.

"*Rien n'est changé; il n'y a qu'un Français de plus!*" is one of the stock-in-trade anecdotes of French Bourbonists. It passes universally as a telling thing in connexion with the Restoration. Yet that *mot* was never uttered by the royal personage to whom it is attributed. Matters passed in this way. When Louis XVIII. had shown himself to the people in a formal procession, and an account was to be drawn up of the day's doings, several persons of the "inner circle" eagerly inquired what his Majesty had said—what remark he had made that could be put to an effective use in the official description. Wonderfully enough, nobody could remember a single observation of the King. He had actually said nothing whatever!

Thereupon ensued great alarm among the diplomatists and chamberlains. "It is impossible," suddenly exclaimed one of them, who knew his nation too well,— "it is impossible that his Majesty should have remained quite mute; he *must* have made some remark!" "To be sure!" the others chimed in; "but what is it he *can* have said?" "Why, '*Nothing is changed; there is only one Frenchman more!*'" replied the witty person to whom the others looked as to the friend in need; "that is clearly what he *must* have observed!" There was general assent; and so the striking remark went to the printing office of the *Moniteur*. The next morning, Louis XVIII. no doubt opened his eyes very wide when he read how pointedly he had delivered himself.

"The Guard dies, but it does not surrender!" is another of these fictitious historical sayings. General Cambronne, to whom it is attributed, never uttered it. Victor Hugo, in *Les Misérables*, has restored the true text. It is composed of a single word—a monosyllable—not fit for printing. . . . That was what Cambronne in reality said when he was called upon to surrender. The exclamation, not unfrequent in the mouth of a French trooper, is as far removed as possible from the sublime and pathetic, and few will share the enthusiasm which Victor Hugo, in a fit of strange taste, expresses for it. But the worst remains to be told. There is a general notion abroad that the expression, "The Guard dies, but does not surrender!" was heroically acted upon by him who used it; yet nothing can be more erroneous. Not only was the thing not said,—it was not done. On the contrary, General Cambronne had the misfortune to be made a prisoner at Waterloo by a Hanoverian officer, and led over the battlefield by his shoulder-straps. He lived for years afterwards, and even served



under the Restoration ; but the legend about what he had said and acted upon at Waterloo lived at the same time, and continues to flourish to this day.

Now these are comparatively harmless fictions, though they convey, in many instances, wrong notions as to historical details. But there is another class of alleged sayings of a more pretentious and, as it were, dangerous nature. To that class belongs the "*Finis Poloniae*" of Kosciuszko, which inevitably crops up whenever Polish matters come to a crisis. It is an expression which has obtained universal currency, and is to be found in the works of writers who otherwise are accustomed to accuracy, and seldom take any quotation at second-hand. Yet that "*Finis Poloniae*," too, is a downright forgery, against which Kosciuszko himself, during his exile, issued an indignant protest—in vain, as it seems ; for year by year the famous saying is repeated, even by those who profess to be the best friends of the Polish cause. Truly, men are fond of what they consider to be dramatic. They would rather give up their hero than their cherished anecdote about him, let it be ever so false, or even insulting to his memory.

"A calumny once born can never be killed," said the First Napoleon—that is a well-certified dictum, by a master in such matters. He himself, after having fruitlessly urged Kosciuszko to publish a manifesto in favour of the war he was about to make against Russia, had a proclamation of the Polish ex-Dictator concocted and printed in the *Moniteur*. When the indignant patriot demanded a rectification, it was denied to him point-blank. The master of a hundred legions would not be foiled in so small a matter as the forgery of a manifesto of one of the most distinguished men of his time.

The tenacity of life which, unfortunately, seems to be inborn in historical falsifications, has once more been proved on a recent occasion, when a "last will and testament" of Thaddeus Kosciuszko, that had lain buried and forgotten for nearly half a century in the clerk's office

of a court of justice, was brought to light at Albemarle, in the United States of America. It bears date May 5th, 1798, and was written when the Polish ex-Dictator was on the point of leaving Europe for America. In this document, Kosciuszko orders that his whole fortune is to be employed in the purchase of negroes, to whom, in his name, liberty is to be given, and who are to be educated in such a manner as to be able to earn their livelihood for themselves and their families, and to become good fathers and mothers, husbands and wives, as well as patriotic citizens. Of this testament Thomas Jefferson, formerly President of the United States, was appointed executor. He was unable, owing to his old age, to undertake that duty ; but he himself handed the will to the Court of Justice at Albemarle, on May 12th, 1819. Mr. William Wertenbaker, at that time employed to make the entry, and at present at Virginia University, communicated this fact a few weeks ago to the *New York Tribune*, together with a copy of the interesting will, which speaks so much for the political foresight of Kosciuszko in reference to a country with which he had many ties of connexion.

Now, one would think that if ever the fictitious "*Finis Poloniae*" could be expected to fail in making its hideous appearance, it would be in the letter of a man who had been judicially connected with the patriot's testamentary dispositions. But no ! Mr. Wertenbaker himself unwittingly repeats the old fable in the very epistle in which he informs the world of the recovery, after nearly fifty years, of a document which at the present moment has a special interest, owing to the course which events have taken in the United States. And not only does Mr. Wertenbaker introduce once more the invention against which Kosciuszko so energetically protested in his lifetime, but he also calls it "prophetic ;" thus dealing—unintentionally, no doubt—a blow against the hopes of a national resurrection which the Poles continue to cherish.

The invention of the "*Finis Poloniae*" was most probably due to Russian agency. At any rate, it tallied with the interest of Muscovite statecraft. The public opinion of Europe, and the mind of the Polish people, were to be impressed with a notion of the utter hopelessness of farther attempts at a restoration of the independence of Poland. If the Czar succeeded in this, the process of Russification would be considerably facilitated. This, at least, may have been the secret motive of the forgery. No wonder, Kosciuszko felt indignant.

The letter itself is preserved in the archives of the Ségur family. I give it in a literal translation from the French original, which has been communicated to me :—

*Letter of Kosciuszko to Count Ségur, author of the "Décade Historique:" with regard to the alleged "Finis Poloniae" of October 10, 1794.*

"MONSIEUR LE COMTE,—In handing over to you, yesterday, the paper referring to the case of Mr. Adam Poninski, with regard to his conduct in the campaign of 1794, another fact in connexion with the unfortunate battle of Macieiovice ought to have been mentioned, which I have a great desire to clear up.

"Ignorance or malignity with fierce pertinacity (*s'acharnent*) have put the expression '*Finis Poloniae*' into my mouth,—an expression I am stated to have made use of on that fatal day. Now, first of all, I had been almost mortally wounded before the battle was decided, and only recovered my consciousness two days afterwards, when I found myself in the hands of my enemies. In the second instance, if an expression like the one alluded to is inconsequent and criminal in the mouth of any Pole, it would have been far more so in mine.

"When the Polish nation called me to the defence of the integrity, independence, dignity, glory, and liberty of our fatherland, it knew well that I was not the *last* Pole in existence, and that with my death on the battle-field, or elsewhere, Poland could not, and would not, be *at an end*. Everything the Poles have done since, or will do yet in the future, furnishes the proof that if we, the devoted soldiers of the country, are mortal, Poland herself is immortal; and it is therefore not permitted to anybody, either to utter or to repeat that insulting expression (*l'outrageante épithète*) which is contained in the words, '*Finis Poloniae!*'

"What would the French say if, after the battle of Rossbach in 1757, Marshal Charles de Rohan, Prince de Soubise, had exclaimed, '*Finis Gallia!*'? Or what would they say if such cruel words were attributed to him in his biographies?

"I shall therefore be obliged to you if, in the new edition of your work, you will not speak any more of the '*Finis Poloniae*;' and I hope that the authority of your name will have its due effect with all those who in future may be inclined to repeat those words, and thus attribute to me a blasphemy against which I protest with all my soul.

"My cousin and pupil, the young George Zenowicz, will have the honour of handing this letter to you. Although he intends devoting himself to the military career, he will nevertheless be happy to merit your kind protection, if ever circumstances should place him in a position to take advantage of it.

"Receive, Monsieur le Comte, the assurance of my great respect. T. Kosciuszko.

"Paris, 20 Brumaire, year XII."  
(=30 Oct. 1803.)

So, then, Kosciuszko called the expression "*Finis Poloniae*" a "criminal" one, and a "blasphemy." Yet is anybody bold enough to assert that the world will not hear it repeated over and over again as one of his most glorious utterances?

## DIES IRÆ.

THE accompanying lines do not pretend to add another new version to those already existing of this famous hymn. But it has sometimes occurred to the writer that the supposed necessity of forcing all translations into triplets corresponding to the Latin has produced an artificial stiffness, which fails to represent the spirit in the attempt to preserve the form of the original.

The only exception to this is Sir Walter Scott's—in the “Lay of the Last Minstrel”—and this accordingly has alone achieved a permanent and universal place in our English Hymnody.

The following is an experiment of a version which has endeavoured to compress only where compression was needed by the sense, and to enlarge where the sense could only be conveyed by enlargement.

Some stanzas have been omitted; as, indeed, in the hymn used in the Missal one-third of the original poem is left out.

Lines from Scott's version, as well as from those of Archbishop Trench and Dr. Irons, have been freely used, where they represented the sense better than any other form of words that could be found. Into the original itself have been doubtless interwoven other earlier fragments: one is the opening line, taken directly from the Vulgate of Zephaniah i. 15; another is the stanza ascribed to St. Bernard.

A. P. S.

DAY of wrath, O dreadful day,  
 When this world shall pass away,  
 And the heavens together roll,  
 Shrivelling like a parched scroll,  
 Long foretold by saint and sage,  
 David's harp, and Sibyl's page.

Day of terror, day of doom,  
 When the Judge at last shall come;  
 Thro' the deep and silent gloom,  
 Shrouding every human tomb,  
 Shall the Archangel's trumpet tone  
 Summon all before the Throne.



*Dies Irae.*

Then shall Nature stand aghast,  
 Death himself be overcast ;  
 Then at her Creator's call,  
 Near and distant, great and small,  
 Shall the whole creation rise  
 Waiting for the Great Assize.

Then the writing shall be read,  
 Which shall judge the quick and dead :  
 Then the Lord of all our race  
 Shall appoint to each his place ;  
 Every wrong shall be set right,  
 Every secret brought to light.

Then in that tremendous day,  
 When heaven and earth shall pass away,  
 What shall I the sinner say ?  
 "What shall be the sinner's stay?"  
 When the righteous shrinks for fear,  
 How shall my frail soul appear ?

King of kings, enthron'd on high,  
 In Thine awful Majesty,  
 Thou who of Thy mercy free  
 Savest those who sav'd shall be—  
 In Thy boundless charity,  
 Fount of Pity, save Thou me.

O remember, Saviour dear,  
 What the cause that brought Thee here ;  
 All Thy long and perilous way  
 Was for me who went astray.  
 When that day at last is come,  
 Call, O call the wanderer home.

Thou in search of me didst sit  
 Weary with the noonday heat,  
 Thou to save my soul hast borne  
 Cross and grief, and hate and scorn,  
 O may all that toil and pain  
 Not be wholly spent in vain !

O just Judge, to whom belongs  
Vengeance for all earthly wrongs,  
Grant forgiveness, Lord, at last,  
Ere the dread account be past.  
Lo! my sighs, my guilt, my shame!  
Spare me for Thine own great Name!

Thou who bad'st the sinner cease  
From her tears, and go in peace—  
Thou who to the dying thief  
Spakest pardon and relief;—  
Thou, O Lord, to me hast given,  
Even to me, the hope of Heaven!

## LUTHER ON CHURCH AND STATE, WITH SOME CONSIDERATIONS ON THE IRISH CHURCH.<sup>1</sup>

BY THE REV. HENRY WACE.

To say that the first practical point Luther had to establish was the royal supremacy, would, perhaps, occasion some surprise. Yet the extract here translated, and to which these remarks are an introduction, proves that such an assertion would be substantially correct. The royal supremacy has been sometimes represented as if it were simply a matter of English politics, or even as a result of the arbitrary disposition of the Tudors. It was, on the contrary, the first and most important consequence of the essential principles of the Reformation. Luther could not advance a single step without asserting it; and the reason is readily apparent. The Church had fallen into gross corruptions; the darkest errors and the most outrageous abuses were recognised and defended by ecclesiastical authority. The question was, how the errors were to be refuted, and the abuses put down? One thing was quite certain, the Church, or at least the ecclesiastical authority, would neither admit the truth, nor consent to remove the abuses. If the Pope had had his way, Luther would have been burnt like Huss, and the Court of Rome would never have surrendered practices which were immensely lucrative, and in which every ecclesiastic in high place was interested. Who, then, was to interfere? Who was to insure protection to the preacher of truth, and

by what means was the Church to be reformed in the teeth of the Pope?

The treatise of Luther from which the following extract is taken was designed to answer that question. He appealed in it "To the Christian Nobility of the German Nation, concerning the Reformation of the Christian Estate." At the very moment when Eck was returning to Germany with the bull of excommunication, Luther was completing this treatise. It is described by the editor of the Erlangen edition as "the work by which he won all hearts, and paralysed the influence of the bull with the thoughtful and unprejudiced portion of the nation." It appeared in August 1520, and by the 18th of that month more than 4,000 copies had been already dispersed—a prodigious circulation, considering the state of literature at that day. In the sequel Luther depicts with extraordinary vigour and frankness the corruptions of the Church, and his breach from Rome was from the moment of this publication irreparable. He appealed, in a word, to the Government and the lay authorities of the German nation to take into their own hands the reformation which was needed. Some abuses, as being within their own control, he calls on them to abolish at once. For the removal of others he begs them to summon a general council, and, when it is summoned, to protect the freedom of its deliberations. Injustice and falsehood were supported by ecclesiastical authority, and Luther appeals to Cæsar—to the German Kaiser and his Diet.

But before he could obtain a hearing, he had to show that such an appeal was right and lawful. It was denied then,

<sup>1</sup> We willingly give insertion to the above able argument against the disestablishment of the Irish Church, though without pledging the Magazine to that view. It is one of the advantages of signed articles, that, the writers being responsible for the opinions they express, scope is given for a less rigid treatment of a question than where articles are anonymous.—Ed. M. M.



as it is now denied by Roman Catholics, by some extreme High Churchmen, and by Dissenters, that the temporal power has any right to interfere in matters of religion, or in the organization of the Church. Men were doubtless prepared to admit such a right, or it would never have been so successfully enunciated. From time immemorial princes had resisted the usurpations of the Pope, and had dared his excommunications. But, on the whole, the Pope had prevailed; and it was at first with doubt and hesitation that men prepared to dispute the absolute authority of ecclesiastics. The truth, in fact, which was to set them free had not yet been proclaimed. An inveterate notion still prevailed that priests and monks possessed a peculiar sanctity, and enjoyed, by virtue of it, special graces and powers. Their consecration, or their good works, invested them with superior merits and faculties. The doctrine of Justification by Faith, or (as Luther would have preferred to call it) of Justification by CHRIST, swept all these differences away, and placed all Christians on the same spiritual level. The work accomplished by one great sacrifice, overpowered all minor distinctions. Its benefit applied equally to all, without exception or qualification; and every man to whom the promise of CHRIST had been spoken, entered at once into the full possession of his rights as a redeemed spiritual being, "a member of CHRIST, a child of God, and an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven." His rights, in short, in regard to the Church were precisely similar to the rights of Englishmen in regard to the State. The legislative authority may be vested in Parliament, the judicial authority in the Judges, the executive authority in the Crown; but no Englishman can be deprived of his inherent right to have a voice in legislation, an influence upon the laws, and, by consequence, a power of interference even with the Crown itself. In a like way, the Bishops and the Clergy are the officers of the Christian Church; but only by consent of the members of that Church; and every member, by

virtue of being a citizen in the same spiritual kingdom, and breathing the same spiritual air, has a right to a voice in the Church's councils on all subjects, and to his share of control over the clergy and the bishops themselves. It is not, of course, pretended that the truths and practices of Christianity are subject to the mere vote of a majority. Nor does any one suppose that the principles of equity and justice are to be determined by a mere parliamentary vote. Yet Parliament and the people interfere in determining how justice shall be maintained within the country, and all Christians have a similar right to interfere in determining how the principles and practices of Christianity are to be maintained. With such depth and breadth were the foundations of the Reformation laid. Those who in these days deride the Reformation as a vulgar political movement, due, at least in England, to a passionate king and to corrupt ecclesiastics, can know "neither what they say, nor whereof they affirm." The royal supremacy represents the interference of the temporal power in matters of religion. The lawfulness of that interference depends upon the equal spiritual rights of all Christians; and this spiritual equality depends upon the doctrine of Justification by Faith. That the doctrine should have been most prominent in the history of Germany, and the practical expression of it in the history of England, is but an illustration of the peculiar characteristics of the two countries.

But it further follows, from Luther's principle, not only that the temporal power may interfere in religious matters, but that it ought to do so. It is a part of the whole Christian community; it is a member of the Christian body; and where its action is not felt, one limb of the Church is simply paralysed. The combined exertions of every member of the body are essential to the health alike of each and of the whole. For the temporal power to abnegate its right of interference in spiritual matters is the same as for the hand to refuse to interfere with the eye, or for the

muscles to refuse any co-operation with the head. In a Christian State every development and institution has Christian rights and duties, and the greatest institution of all must have the most important duties and rights of all. In every organization a healthy life requires a sort of balance of functions; and if the action of one function be depressed, all are disordered. Experience abundantly justifies the application of such reflections to the relations of Church and State. What is it that constitutes the ruinous vice of the Roman Catholic Church? That it takes no adequate cognizance of temporal wants, of the progress of civilization, of the demands of lay life. And what is the cause of this failure? Simply that lay life, and temporal power, and the movements of civilization are practically excluded from its councils. In a word, if the Church is to be in harmony with the temporal life of Christians, all parts of that life must have their voice within her. The mother of all civilization must listen to every one of her children.

The reader will easily appreciate the bearing of these remarks upon some of the questions of the day. A claim has of late been asserted for ecclesiastical synods to be the exclusive exponents of the voice of the Church. The interference of the State has been described as a bondage, and almost an injustice. Now, on the one hand, no reasonable man would deny that the clergy and the bishops have a right to be consulted on matters of religion, as much as judges on matters of law; but, on the other hand, the utterance of the Church would be incomplete if the voice of the temporal power were not also heard. The royal supremacy is not the interference of an alien force, but the exercise of a component force. Get rid of the supremacy, and one particular member of the Church would, no doubt, develop itself with greater freedom; but so does the head of a student when not balanced by healthy exercise, and so does the body of a country squire when he never allows his reading to interfere with his hunting.

We all compose one Christian body together, and we cannot afford to allow any separation between us.

The application is equally evident to the more important question of the Irish Church. It is now proposed that the temporal authority in Ireland should no longer have a word to say to religion. The opponents of this measure have represented that it would injure the State, but they have sometimes failed to recognise that it would be injurious to the Church. But, according to the principles of this paper, the life of the Church would be impaired, and a further reflex injury would thus be inflicted on the State. Roman Catholicism, by the confession of Liberals and Conservatives alike, is antagonistic to healthy civilization; and recent experience gives us abundant reason for fear lest, if the Anglican Communion were emancipated from the supremacy, it should develop the faults of a purely ecclesiastical body, and cease to be in full harmony with English life. Under the present system, the interests of the Church are for the most part treated by the clergy as identical with the interests of the nation. It would be difficult to maintain this close connexion between religion and national feeling if the Church became a separate and independent organization, forming, perhaps, intimate relations in respect both to discipline and to faith with foreign communions. Such an identity of interest as now exists is, it is here maintained, beneficial to the Church. But in the eyes of a statesman it must certainly be beneficial to the nation; and if the two interests became dissevered, a serious cause of public weakness and disorganization would be introduced. This danger, indeed, is abundantly confessed by some of the most strenuous advocates of the proposed measure. They hope to escape it by retaining in public hands the nomination of dignitaries, and preserving some legal control over the doctrines of the Church. Force, of course, may do anything; but if the Church in Ireland be deprived of its possessions and stripped of its privileges, it may reasonably claim to be exempted

from the accompanying restrictions. An agreement between Church and State may be very desirable, but it should at least be made on equitable terms. But what is more important to observe is, that all such proposals are simply establishments over again. The Legislature, like a child, would have pulled down the building for the mere purpose of setting it up again. If a diminution of the privileges of the Church be the only object, it can be accomplished without demolition. The measure now proposed involves nothing less, at least in Ireland, than the separation of religion from government, and such a separation, while it would be mischievous to the Church, would, for that reason, in addition to others, be still more mischievous to the State.

To rebut these considerations an appeal is sometimes made to experience. We are referred to the example of the primitive Church, and to that of the United States. Of course, so far as the State is concerned, the example of the early Church can prove nothing. In the Roman Empire religion and government were always identified; Constantine did not establish religion for the first time, but changed the established religion. But it is said that the Church itself flourished in those days without the aid of the State. Doubtless; yet connexion with the State may still have been desirable, and may be the designed development of the Church. The Church flourished when all its members could be assembled in a single room at Jerusalem, or, again, when they sought safety in the catacombs. Perhaps its divine force and life were never so vigorous as at those moments; but no one would propose for that reason to return to the catacombs, or to the condition of the Church when its members could be counted by hundreds. A tree grows fastest when it is young, but that is no reason why, when it is grown to its full height, you should cut it in half and pare its trunk in order to reduce it to its first condition. The establishment of the Church was a step in the growth of the Church, and to disestablish it

would be simply to lop it of its development. At all events, whatever may have been the superior excellence of the primitive Church, one thing is certain—its excellence resulted in its establishment: so that if the example of the primitive Church proves anything, it proves that, should we disestablish, the natural movement of the Church would sooner or later compel us to retrace our steps. As to America, even assuming that the Government arrangement works well in that country, it might surely be sufficient to reply that American experience is but 100 years old. Some years ago we used to be told that war would be impossible under the American form of government; but the people of the United States have since fully shared European experience of that calamity. Many of those who quote this example are always ready to assure us, on other subjects, that the peculiar circumstances of the United States, their large unoccupied territory, their comparatively unsettled civilization, render it impossible to apply their experience to other countries. At the best, to refer to the United States is to set the experience of less than a century, in a country unlike our own, against the result of three centuries, and the experience of fifteen centuries, in countries and in ages out of which our national life has been moulded.

Reason, therefore, and experience alike show the necessity of some connexion being maintained between religion and government. If that be the case, there can be no injustice in the mere fact of the Government in Ireland maintaining such a connexion; and of all forms of interference, that which is maintained by our constitution in Church and State is the least oppressive, the most favourable to freedom, and the most just. We are not speaking of details, but of principles. By means of the establishment, we maintain in Ireland a public protest against errors which are pernicious alike to religion and to society, and we provide instruction in true religion for all who will receive it. The funds required for the support of the



establishment are furnished, not out of taxes, not in fact out of the pockets of the people, but from old foundations. Many of those foundations, perhaps the greater portion in respect of value, were contributed for Protestant purposes; and with regard to the rest, the very claim now put forward to them on behalf of the State ought to be considered by those who put it forward as at least sufficient to bar any claim on the part of the Roman Catholics. It is certainly singular, that the very people who denounce a supposed forcible diversion of the Irish Church revenues at the time of the Reformation as a gross injustice, are themselves proposing another forcible diversion, which will certainly be still more alien from the original purposes of Church revenues. But having thus lent the authority of the State to the cause of sound religion, we force no man's conscience; we impose no civil disabilities; we restrict the freedom of no man's worship, and the Roman Catholics enjoy a liberty in Ireland which they possess in no other European country. If we abandon our protest, shall we remain able to afford the same absolute liberty? At this very moment, the example of some European countries, in which the Roman Catholic religion has the fullest sway, is not encouraging. Those who think that religion is, or will soon become, a mere matter of speculation, of no practical importance to the development of human life, are of course justified in freeing themselves as soon as may be from a troublesome entanglement. But others believe that Christianity is the first element of civilization—in other words, that the influence of the Church is essential to the health of the State. To such it is here represented that the influence of the State is equally essential to the health of the Church, and that the two consequently ought always to work together for their mutual benefit. In short, to disestablish the Church in Ireland is to be false to the most settled principles both of religion and statesmanship; it is to repudiate the expe-

rience of history, and to reject the lessons of the Reformation. But it is time I should introduce the reader to Luther himself:—

*To the Christian Nobility of the German Nation, concerning the Reformation of the Christian Estate.*

The Romanists have with great adroitness surrounded themselves with three walls, with which they have hitherto secured themselves so that no one should reform them, whereby the whole of Christendom has been grievously injured. In the first place, when they are pressed by the temporal power, they declare that "the temporal power has no authority over the spiritual; but, on the contrary, that the spiritual power is above the temporal." In the second place, when men rebuke them with the Holy Scripture, they contend "that the office of interpreting the Scripture belongs to no one except to the Pope." In the third place, when threatened with a council, they then devise "that no one can call a council except the Pope."

Thus have they privily stolen the three rods from us, that they may be unpunished; and have set themselves within the safe fortification of these three walls to practise all knavery and mischief, as we now perceive. And even though they were obliged to call a council, yet they have beforehand made it powerless, by binding the princes in advance under oaths to let them remain as they are, and moreover to give the Pope full power over all the arrangements of the council; so that it comes to much the same whether there are many councils or no councils; they do but deceive us with masks and sham fights. The truth is, they tremble for their skin before an honest free council, and they have at the same time frightened kings and princes into believing that it would be against God not to obey them in all these knavish and crafty tricks.

Now God help us, and give us one of the trumpets with which the walls of Jericho were thrown down, that we may blow down these walls of straw and paper, and set free the Christian rods to punish sin, and to bring to light the devil's craft and deceit, so that we may be amended by punishment, and again obtain God's favour. Let us now attack the first wall.

It has been devised, that pope, bishops, priests, and cloisterfolk are called the spiritual estate; princes, lords, artisans, and peasants, are the temporal estate; which is certainly a fine invention and pretence. But no one need be disturbed by it, and that for this reason: because all Christians are truly of the spiritual estate, and there is among them no difference whatever, except on account of their office; as Paul says (1 Cor. xii. 12). that we are altogether one body, yet that each member has its own work wherewith it serves the other. All

this comes from our having one baptism, one Gospel, one faith, and being all equal Christians. For baptism, the Gospel, and faith—these alone—make spiritual and Christian people.

But for a pope or a bishop to anoint a man, shave his head, ordain him, consecrate him, dress him otherwise than a layman, may make a hypocrite and a puppet, but never makes a Christian or a spiritual man. Accordingly, we are all alike consecrated priests by baptism, as St. Peter says (1 Peter ii. 9) : Ye are a royal priesthood, and a priestly royalty. And in Revelation (v. 10) : Thou hast made us by Thy blood priests and kings. For if there were not a higher consecration in us than pope or bishop can give, there would never be a priest made by consecration of pope or bishop ; he could neither say mass, nor preach, nor absolve. Therefore, consecration by the bishop is nothing else than as if he, in the stead and in the person of the whole assembly, took one out of the community, all of whom have the same power, and charged him to exercise that power on behalf of the others : just as if ten brothers, children of a king, and equal heirs, were to choose one to govern the heritage for them. They would all be kings and of equal power, and yet one of them would be charged with the government.

And to say it still plainer, if a body of good Christian laymen were taken captive and set down in a desert, and had not among them a priest consecrated by a bishop, and came to an understanding to choose one among them, whether married or not, and were to entrust him with the office of baptizing, saying mass, absolving, and preaching, he would be truly a priest, as much as if all the bishops and popes in the world had consecrated him. From hence it comes, that in case of necessity every one can baptize and absolve ; which would not be possible if we were not all priests. This great grace and power of baptism, and of the Christian condition, they, by their so-called spiritual right, have rendered ineffectual and unknown. In this manner in former times the Christians elected out of the community their bishops and priests, who were afterwards confirmed by other bishops, without all that display which now prevails. It was thus that St. Augustine, St. Ambrose, and St. Cyprian became bishops.

Since, then, the temporal power is equally baptized with us, has the same faith and Gospel, we must allow them to be priests and bishops, and count their office as an office which belongs to and serves the Christian community ; for whatever issues from baptism, may boast itself, that it is already consecrated priest, bishop, and pope ; although it does not become everybody to exercise such an office. For since we are all alike priests, no one ought to put himself forward, and take on himself, without our consent and choice, to do that which we all have an equal power to do. For what is common, no man may take to himself

without the will and commission of the community. And should it happen that any one were chosen for such an office, and for his misbehaviour were deposed, he would be just as before. Therefore, a priest can be no otherwise in Christendom than as an official ; when he is in his office, he has precedence ; when he is put out of his office, he is a peasant or a citizen like the rest. Thus, in truth, a priest is in truth no more a priest when he is deposed. But now they have invented what they call "Indelible Characters," and prate about a deposed priest being after all something different from a mere layman. They even dream that a priest can never be other than a priest, or become a layman. That is all the language and the laws of mere human invention.

From this it follows that laymen, priests, princes, bishops, and, as they say, the spirituality and the temporality, have, in reality, no other fundamental difference, except on account of their office or work, and not on account of their condition, for they are all of like condition, true priests, bishops, and popes, but not all alike of one work, just as among the priests and monks every one has not one and the same work. And that is according to St. Paul (Rom. xii., 2 Cor. xii.) and St. Peter (1 Peter ii.). As I said above, that we are all one body of Jesus Christ the head, and each a member of the other. Christ has not two, or two kinds of, bodies, one temporal, the other spiritual ; He is one head and He has one body.

Just, then, as those who are now called the spirituality, or priest, bishop, and pope, have no wider nor more honourable distinction from other Christians than that they handle the Word of God and the sacraments, which is their work and office ; in the same way the temporal authority has the sword and the rods in its hand, to punish the bad and to protect the good. A shoemaker, a smith, a peasant, each has the office and work of his handicraft, and yet are all alike consecrated priests and bishops ; and each with his office and work should be useful and obliging to the other, that thus many kinds of works may be performed in one community to the benefit of body and soul, just as the members of the body all serve one another.

Now see, with what sort of Christianity it is declared that the temporal authority does not extend over the spirituality, and ought not to correct it. That is just as much as to say, the hand should not interfere if the eye is in great suffering. Is it not unnatural, not to say unchristian, that one member should not help the other, nor defend it from corruption ? In truth, the nobler the member is, the more are the others bound to help it. Accordingly, I say that, since the temporal power is ordained of God to punish the bad and to protect the good, we ought to permit its office to be exercised without hindrance throughout the whole body of Christendom, without regard of per-



sons, whether it touch pope, bishop, parson, monk, nun, or whatever they be. If it were enough to restrain the temporal power that it is inferior among Christian offices to the office of preacher and confessor, or to the spiritual estate, in that case we ought also to restrict tailors, shoemakers, stonemasons, carpenters, cooks, waiters, peasants, and all temporal artisans, from making for pope, bishops, priests, or monks, any shoes, clothes, houses, food, or drink, and also from paying them any taxes. But if you leave these laymen to carry on their work without restraint, what do the Romish clerks mean with their laws? They mean that they withdraw themselves from the operation of temporal and spiritual power, in order that they may be free to do mischief, and to fulfil what St. Peter has said (2d Epistle, ii. 1), There shall be false teachers among you, who with feigned words shall make merchandise of you.

Therefore the temporal Christian power ought to exercise its office free and unrestrained, whether it be pope, bishop, or priest whom it handles. Whoever is guilty, let him suffer. Whatever spiritual right may have been alleged to the contrary is a pure invention of Romish presumption. For so says St. Paul to all Christians (Rom. xiii. 1-4): Let every soul (and I suppose the Pope's also) be subject to the higher powers, for he beareth not the sword in vain. He is the minister of God for the punishment of the bad and the praise of the good. St. Peter also (1st Epistle, ii. 13): Submit yourselves to every ordinance of man for the Lord's sake; for so is His will. He also prophesied that men would come who would despise temporal government (2d Epistle, ii. 10), as has now come to pass through "spiritual right."

Thus I think this first paper wall is thrown down; since temporal rule is a member of the Christian body. And although it has a bodily work, it nevertheless belongs to the spiritual estate; so that its work should extend unrestrained over all members of the whole body, to punish and to compel, where offence deserves or necessity requires, without regard to pope, bishop, or priest; let them threaten or curse as they please. From hence it comes that priests charged with crime, before being submitted to the temporal law, have previously been deprived of their priestly dignity; which would not be right unless previously, by the ordinance of God, the temporal sword had authority over them.

It is, moreover, too much that they should exalt so highly in their spiritual law the freedom, life, and property of spiritual persons, as if the laity were not just as good spiritual

Christians as they, or as if they in no way belonged to the Church. For what reason are your body, life, property, and honour so free, and not mine also, when we are both alike Christians, and enjoy baptism, faith, the spirit, and all things alike? If a priest is murdered, a whole country lies under an interdict; why not also when a peasant is murdered? How comes there such a great difference between two equal Christians? Solely out of human laws and inventions.

It can, indeed, have been no good spirit who invented this conclusion, and allowed sin to go free and unpunished. For if we are bound to strive against the evil spirit, his words and his works, and to drive him out as best we may, according to the command of Christ and His Apostles, how have we come to think that we ought to hold still and be silent when the Pope or his followers use devilish words and works? Shall we, from regard to men, allow God's command and truth to be trampled on, which in our baptism we have sworn to stand by with body and soul? Verily, we should be responsible for all the souls, which, in consequence, would be lost and deceived.

Therefore it must have been the arch devil himself who said, "that it stands as a part of spiritual right:—even if the Pope were so perniciously wicked that he were dragging souls in troops to the devil, nevertheless no one could depose him." On this accursed and devilish foundation do they build at Rome, and they think people will sooner let the whole world go to the devil, than resist their knavery. If it were enough to warrant such a conclusion that one is set over another, and therefore is not to be punished, it would follow that no Christian could punish another, since Christ commands that every one should consider himself the lowest and the least.

Where there is sin, there is no longer any resource against correction; as St. Gregory writes, that we are indeed all equal, but guilt makes one subject to the other. So we see how they deal with Christendom, deprive it of its freedom without any warrant from the Scripture, out of their own mischievousness, although God and the Apostles made them subject to the temporal sword; so that there is reason to fear it is the very game of Antichrist, or at least his immediate approach.

Luther then proceeds to attack the other two walls; but it will be seen that they have been practically demolished by the sound of his first trumpet.



# MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

JANUARY, 1869.

## THE LATE DEAN OF ST. PAUL'S.<sup>1</sup>

THE hierarchy of the Church of England has this year lost its Chief Primate; the venerable Archbishop, whose grace and courtesy endeared him to all who, agreeing or disagreeing, were brought in contact with that gentle spirit and natural Christian dignity.

It has also lost its foremost man in the world of mind. No English ecclesiastic of these latter days had achieved so high a place in general fame, apart from the accidental celebrity of sectarian or popular distinction, as Dean Milman.

He was the unquestioned patriarch of English literature. He was the last of that brilliant galaxy which ushered in the beginning of this century—the intimate friend of some of them, the companion of all. In him, the traditions of Byron and Scott, of Coleridge and Wordsworth, of Hallam and Macaulay, of Rogers and Sydney Smith, lived on into a younger generation. It was truly said of him that he belonged more to the English nation than to the English Church. His severe taste, his nicely-balanced judgment, his abundant knowledge, his keen appreciation of the varied forms of literary excellence, enabled him to keep always above, and at the same time almost always in sympathy with,

the intellectual movements of the age. Of no one else in his time would it have been possible that, whilst regarded as an oracle of grave learning and lofty speculation by ecclesiastics of almost every party, he yet should, with perfect congruity, have been chosen by Mr. Locker as the one fitting man to whom to dedicate the light and graceful charms of the "Lyra Elegantiarum;" or that he, as Dean of the cathedral of the metropolis, should without offence have assisted at the performance of a play of his own at the Italian Theatre.

Everywhere in the literary world of London the Dean of St. Paul's was to be sought and found; and his farewell to it, when he presided at the anniversary of the Royal Literary Fund in 1867, was as becoming as it was affecting. One by one all his compeers had departed, and he was left almost alone. In that interesting collection of the historical portraits of this century exhibited last spring at South Kensington, he encountered all around him the friends of his youth and age, who had passed away before him. He still enjoyed the recollection of them, as he enjoyed all that was great and good, whether in the present or the past; but he could not bear to gaze on the crowd of dear familiar faces that had cheered and adorned so many passages of joy and sorrow in his long eventful career.

<sup>1</sup> Annals of St. Paul's Cathedral. By Henry Hart Milman, D.D. late Dean of St. Paul's. With Portrait. London: John Murray. 1868.

There is, however, a far deeper and more instructive interest attaching to his course than that which relates to his long-protracted fame and high literary and social position.

It was a rare spectacle in this age of broken resolutions and half-completed works, to watch his untiring and varied industry, his constant advance in power and knowledge. First came his brilliant poetical career. If some of its early splendour be overcast—if few of this generation turn with the same devouring eagerness as did their predecessors to the "Fall of Jerusalem" and the "Martyr of Antioch"—yet there are passages in that stage of his mental development which give no indication of losing their ground. The English visitor to the Apollo Belvedere will long recall the most perfect of all Oxford prize poems, every line of which catches some characteristic of the matchless statue—

"Too fair to worship—too divine to love."

The song of triumph, "For Thou art born of woman," will long keep its place, not unworthily, beside Milton's "Ode on the Nativity." The exquisite pathos of the funeral hymns, "Brother, thou art gone before us," and "When our heads are bowed with woe," will embalm the name of Milman in many a Christian household to which his more secular and his more theological works are alike unknown.

There are many who would have reposed on these early literary achievements. There have been those in our own time who, after a splendid academic career, moved into the higher or more busy places of the world or Church, and then passed under a total eclipse. Not so Henry Milman. He emerged from youth to manhood with his fame already made. He might have rested on his honours, and resigned himself to the comparative ease of his rectory or his canonry, and the charms of social life, in which he took so keen a pleasure. Not so. He still advanced: through many a thorny path, up many a steep ascent, as if at each stage still beginning his life anew, he climbed the hill of

knowledge. One after another came those laborious works which mark, as by stately monuments, his onward move:—his lectures on the then almost untrodden field of Sanscrit poetry; his edition of Horace; his "History of the Jews;" his "History of Christianity under the Empire;" his "History of Latin Christianity;"—thus by his own sole effort wiping off the reproach cast by Dr. Newman against the English Church, that it had no ecclesiastical history save that contained in Gibbon's "Decline and Fall." Side by side with these came the innumerable essays on all manner of literary and ecclesiastical subjects by which, in the pages of the *Quarterly*, he kept educating himself and the public up to each last step in the world of letters and theology. He was now stooping beneath the burden of threescore years and ten. He had shown that it was possible to combine with the fire of a poet the accuracy of a scholar, and the more unamalgamable qualities of a subtle theologian and profound historian; yet still his eye was not dim, nor the natural force of his mind abated. Even at the close of his long and learned labours, he still—"ending," he used to say, "as he had begun"—reproduced, with more than his youthful energy and fervour, the spirited translations from Æschylus and Euripides; when the stroke of death fell upon him, he was toiling with undiminished ardour on the Annals of his cathedral; and even with them the vista of what he still hoped to accomplish was not closed. It might almost be said that the grasp of his mind was more vigorous, the capacity of receiving new thoughts more large, at seventy, or even at the verge of eighty, than it had been at fifty, at forty, at thirty years.

Truly the most listless and apathetic of the rising generation might be stirred to action by the fame of that brave old man, who was thus permitted to labour till the very end, and who to the end did labour, seeking, searching, finding.

But above and beyond the example of those "long laborious days" was the

direction in which he toiled. If some of the paths which he trod were through the more smooth and flowery fields of literature, the main course which he chose was up that difficult and arduous road of philosophical and religious inquiry which few have walked without stumbling, and from which men of his refined tastes and cautious disposition naturally shrink. When, late in life, he published his celebrated essay on "Erasmus," a friendly critic remarked, "It is the description of himself." But this was hardly just. With the wide range and scope of Erasmus he combined a courage and firmness which, on some memorable occasions, were to Erasmus unfortunately wanting. However careful he might be in examining and balancing the exact truth, "he was not able," as he sometimes expressed it, "to tell one-third or one-quarter of a lie." It was during his pastoral life at Reading that he published his "History of the Jews." Many are the waters of controversy, as the French say, that have rolled under the bridge since that time; many have been the storms which have rent the theological heavens. In our days the vehemence of conflict has been intensified by the increased rapidity of communication, by the multiplication of "religious journals," by the more compact organization of "religious parties." But, making allowance for these differences, it may be doubted whether any subsequent tumult or obloquy has been more passionate than that which beset the first appearance of the "History of the Jews." It was the first decisive inroad of German theology into England; the first palpable indication that the Bible "could be studied like another book;" that the characters and events of the sacred history could be treated at once critically and reverently. Those who were but children at the time can remember the horror created in remote rural districts by the rumour that a book had appeared, in which Abraham was described as a "sheykh." In Oxford the book was denounced from the University pulpit. It is even said that more serious

measures were proposed. Condemnations by Convocation, prosecutions before the Court of Arches, had happily not yet come into fashion. But so vast and deep was the suspicion and alarm excited by the work, that it brought to a sudden and untimely end the interesting and useful series of the Family Library, of which it formed a part. All these attacks he met by a "calm and lofty silence." Only in the concluding volume of the history he added a short preface, closing with the words, "In the works of writers hostile to revelation, the author has seen many objections embarrassing to those who take up a narrow system of interpreting the Hebrew writings; to those who adopt a more rational interpretation, none." Unlike the instances, of which the annals of literature are full, of men who have been deterred by a hostile reception from pursuing their researches, he went steadily on. He turned not to the right side or the left; only from whatever quarter of heaven or earth, of science or religion, he seemed to catch any new ray of light, thither he turned, with the eagerness and, we must add, with the humility of a child; and the result is one of the most remarkable of the many examples that ecclesiastical history affords of the triumph over popular prejudice that can be achieved by patient continuance in well-doing and truth-speaking. It might have been thought at the time of the tumult of 1830, that all future advance in the Church was closed against the historian of the Jews. So perhaps it might have been, had this depended on the will of the clergy or the "religious public." But an enlightened statesman—whose interest in the profounder questions of philosophy and religion has been lately disclosed<sup>1</sup> from an unexpected quarter—had the courage to present him to a stall at Westminster; and there for nineteen years, as far as the pressure of the parochial work attached to his canonry would allow, he pursued the same path,

<sup>1</sup> Sir Robert Peel. For his deep interest in the serious problems of our times, see Bunsen's *Life*, vol. i. 622; ii. 40.



if possible over still more perilous ground. "The History of the Jews" was followed up, as we have seen, by "The History of Christianity under the Empire." This is not the place to enlarge on the characteristics of that remarkable book. No other ecclesiastical history, at least in England, had ever ventured so boldly, and yet so calmly and gently, to handle the points of contact which unite the first beginnings of Christianity to the course of secular and human events. It touched some of the tenderest points of the theological mind of Englishmen. Its author might well have expected a renewal of the tempest which had greeted his earlier work on the history of the Jewish dispensation. But by one of those singular caprices which characterise the turns of public opinion, instead of a whirlwind there followed a profound calm. Lord Melbourne used to say that there must have been a general assembly of all the clergy in the kingdom, in which they had bound themselves by a solemn compact never to mention the book to any human being. Such in effect was the silence with which it was received—broken only by a solitary review, more favourable than might have been anticipated from the quarter whence it came, by Dr. Newman, in the *British Critic*.

From this time it became evident that his victory over popular prejudice was achieved; and when in 1849 Lord John Russell removed the Canon of Westminster to the Deanery of St. Paul's, there was hardly a murmur of dissatisfaction in the once excited and hostile camp. Then followed the "History of Latin Christianity;" and from that moment the triumph was complete. From that moment—from the unquestionable obligation under which he thus placed the whole theological world of England—from the duty which he thus imposed upon them of reading an indispensable and inestimable book—he occupied a position not only unassailable, but unassailed. "The History of Christianity under the Empire," with its gorgeous style, its wide learning, its

lucid argument, filled a gap which had been hitherto only supplied by the meagre narratives of Mosheim and Milner, or by the ill-adapted translations of Neander and Gieseler. And now another gap, still vaster, was supplied by what was in fact a complete epic and philosophy of mediæval Christendom.

Amidst the tempests of later years he was not only safe from attack, he was even invoked as an oracle by those who in his earlier days would have been the first to denounce him. Twice over, in that University which had shaken off the dust of her feet against him, he was invited by two Vice-chancellors of unquestioned orthodoxy, and of two opposite schools, to preach sermons on occasions of unusual significance. Both are published;—are indeed almost the only sermons of his that have been published. The first was of a more practical kind—a masterly view of the duty of the Church of England in regard to foreign missions. It might well be adopted as the chart-roll of the venerable Society for which it was preached. Still more remarkable was the second of these occasions. It was a discourse appointed to be preached once a year on Hebrew Prophecy. This was the very central topic of the work which had once called down the thunders of academic theologians. He was now far advanced in years. He knew that it was the last opportunity of addressing that audience, so full of interest to any one who has the heart to be touched or the mind to be awakened by the thought of what Oxford has been, and is, and yet may be. He felt in all its fulness the completeness of the cycle round which the wheel of his fame had run. "Thirty-three years ago"—(so he used, not without deep emotion and something of a just pride, to describe what he might have made the exordium of his sermon);—"thirty-three years ago I published a "history of the Jews, for which I was in "this place denounced and condemned. "Having just republished that history, "having retracted nothing, softened "nothing, changed nothing, I am now in

“this same place called to preach on the “very subject of that history.” No such word, indeed, of taunt or recrimination escaped his lips. He was absorbed by far other thoughts: by the kindness of the feeling which prompted the request, and by the gravity of the occasion on which he spoke. If we were to select any one complete summary of his theological principles, it would be that sermon, which none who heard can recall without the sense of having listened to the farewell charge of one who spoke as a dying patriarch to the coming generation on the impending trials of the Church. This was his last public appearance before the theological world. One or two lesser opportunities were given to him of expressing his views on subjects that much interested him. One was that in the Royal Commission on Subscription, when he delivered an address against the requirement of subscription to the Articles. It did not entirely succeed in its object; but it contributed, no doubt, to the vast relaxation effected by subsequent legislation in the obligations of the clergy, and a well-known testimony was borne by one who was present without agreeing with him:—“I have seldom had a “greater literary pleasure than to hear “that noble and venerable man instructing us as to what he considered was “the right course for us to take, on a “view put before us in the strongest “and clearest way by one who perhaps “of all men in this country was the “most competent to put that view “before us in the most competent “manner.”<sup>1</sup>

When at last the end came, almost all who had any sense of the greatness of their country and their Church felt that they had lost a presence which dignified and adorned both, and which could be appreciated and admired without fear of compromising any essential principle.

We have noticed this change in the popular estimate of a character in itself

<sup>1</sup> Speech of the Dean of Ely in Convocation, May 18, 1865; “Chronicle of Convocation,” 1865, p. 2145.

so little changed, except in steady onward advance, because it is one of the chief morals to be deduced from his life. It is, in part, a proof of the irregular and capricious turns of favour and disfavour in the religious world. But it is also a proof of the solid and unquestionable services of the man himself. He had not only lived down, but worked down and written down, the clamour against him; not by rejoinder, not by recrimination, but by presenting the unconquerable front of a blameless and lofty course—of a succession of works of which every English Churchman had at last become justly proud.

There is one further aspect of Dean Milman's career which ought not to be overlooked. There have been those whose good genius or good fortune have enabled them to triumph over the difficulties of early life and raised them to high places in Church and State, but who have then lost thought of others still struggling as they struggled, who have not cared to entangle themselves again in dangers from which they have happily escaped, to whom the new generation is a growth as of another planet, uncared for, unthought of, unknown. Let no one be hard on such apparent apathy. It need not be the result of selfishness or of indifference. It may only be the effect of the almost inevitable pressure of events, of circumstances, of the pre-occupation of fresh scenes, the consolidation of formed habits, the separation by time and space from earlier scenes or from new associates. But there are some few noble natures that are proof against this temptation: and of those few was Dean Milman. However prudent in action, however fastidious in taste, he yet was always ready to lend a helping hand to rising merit, to foster any new light, to lift up the broken reed, and to kindle into flame the smoking flax. He was by disposition averse from controversy. He abstained on principle from joining in party movements, or even literary combinations, for which he could not make himself fully responsible. “I have made it a rule in life,

he said, on one such memorable occasion, "always to preserve my own solidarity." But not the less, or rather by this very means, did he resolutely maintain his independence of judgment; never fascinated by the love of popularity, or deterred by the fear of unpopularity, from sympathy with an unpopular cause or an unpopular name. Against injustice and intolerance everywhere was raised the protest, sometimes of his indignant voice, sometimes of his no less indignant and significant silence. That well-known sentence in his history was characteristic of his whole career: "Who would not meet the judgment of his Divine Redeemer loaded with the errors of Nestorius, rather than with the barbarities of Cyril?"<sup>1</sup> To him, want of charity and want of truth were the worst of heresies. For him, to do justly, to love mercy, to walk humbly with the God of Justice and of Love, were the highest orthodoxy. Many has been the younger and the weaker brother whom he has cheered, strengthened, sustained along the dark and perilous way; not, it may be, with the heroic energy of Arnold, or with the soul-stirring fervour of Robertson, but with the hardly less assuring encouragement, because more unexpected, of the world-old, world-wide experience of one who, under his multiform familiarity with many men and many cities, had yet still retained a sympathy and an intelligence for whatever moved the conscience or sought the light from whatever quarter. So long as he lived, unassailed in his high position, there was a lasting pledge for the freedom, the generosity, and the justice of the English Church. So long as that frail and bent but venerable figure was seen moving in and out amongst us, so long as that keen bright eye looked out from beneath those kind yet solemn brows, there was a certainty of welcome for every fresh aspiration after life and knowledge; there was a security that the catastrophe which he so much dreaded, the severance of the thought of England from the religion of England, would

<sup>1</sup> Latin Christianity, vol. i. p. 145.

not be wholly accomplished.<sup>1</sup> So long as there was still a living voice to utter and to second counsels of such moderation, hope, and faith as close his great work on Latin Christianity, it was felt that the English Church had yet not lost its place among the civilizing and elevating influences of Europe.

He is gone; and it has been said more than once that in him the last of his race expired, that the day for such men is over, and that the Church of England will no longer count among its servants such characters as it has hitherto enrolled, from Chillingworth and Cudworth, through Tillotson and Butler and Berkeley, to Heber, Arnold, and Milman. It is indeed true that this type of character, of which Dean Milman was in one aspect the most remarkable representative—connecting by invisible links society and religion, the world and the Church, literature and theology—is the product in an incalculable degree of that subtle framework of social and religious life which has hitherto afforded scope for the gradual and free development of all the diverse elements of the English Church and nation. Wherein lies the essence of this framework, wherein precisely consists the advantage of what is variously called "the connexion of Church and State," or "an Established Church," or "a national Church," may be difficult to analyse or express; and genius is not confined to any form of civil or ecclesiastical arrangement. But if we wished to indicate the effect produced, the gain to be cherished, the loss to be averted, we might name, in one word,

<sup>1</sup> "If on such subjects some solid ground be not found on which highly educated, reflective, reading, reasoning men may find firm footing, I can foresee nothing but a wide, a widening, I fear an irreparable, breach between the thought and the religion of England. A comprehensive, all-embracing, truly catholic Christianity, which knows what is essential to religion, what is temporary and extraneous to it, may defy the world. Obstinate adherence to things antiquated, and irreconcilable with advancing knowledge and thought, may repel, and for ever, how many I know not; how far, I know still less. *Avertat omen Deus!*" — *Hist. of the Jews* (Ed. 1863) vol. i. p. xxxiv.



the existence and work of Dean Milman. Let us trust that the fatal hour has not yet struck, and let us remember that the best hope of seeing such men again lies in our power of appreciating them whilst they live and after they are departed.

He is gone; but, as we write, the grave seems to open, and the wise old man once more to live and speak amongst us. Always, more or less, this is the effect of a posthumous work; but in that of which the pages are now before us, it is so in a pre-eminent degree. Himself lives indeed in all his writings, but we venture to say that in none of them is there so much of himself, of his best self, of his latest self, of his whole self, as in this his last bequest, the Annals of his beloved cathedral. We seem more clearly than ever before, as we turn over its chapters, to hear his deep rich voice, to see the bright twinkle of his eye, to catch in all their varied tones, the prose, the poetry, the passion, the prudence, the polish, the humour,<sup>1</sup> the indignation, the sweetness of his manifold expressions.

It is with a singular fitness that his latest thoughts should have been engaged on a work which came so near his heart as the sacred building towards which, as years rolled on, he was attracted with an ever-deepening affection. For nineteen years of his life he had been an inmate of the cloisters of that other great minster of the West—and pastor of the Church of St. Margaret. With the historic glories, with the personal joys and sorrows of Westminster he had been for all those years

<sup>1</sup> It was remarked in an acute and understanding notice of Dean Milman in *Fraser's Magazine*, that the humour which so pervaded his conversation rarely appeared in his writings. The remark is perfectly true; though it had not before occurred to us. But curiously enough, in this his latest work his humour breaks out in almost every page. See the charming play on the discovery of the altar of Diana in the note on p. 8; the covert hit at the difference between ancient and modern excommunications, p. 28; the "more than submission" with which St. Paul's acquiesces in the departure of Convocation, pp. 179, 289; the professional leanings of Machyn the undertaker, pp. 234, 250, 255, &c. &c.

bound by no common ties; beneath the floor of the Abbey lay dear pledges which always turned his heart thitherward; in the purification and improvement of its neighbourhood he bore a principal share. But St. Paul's grew upon him more and more the longer he presided over it. Under his auspices began the celebration of those impressive services which have given new life to its dome and to its vast area; and the attempt to add to its interior the decorations which were so greatly needed to do justice to its magnificent design.

It would be beyond the scope of these few pages to go at length into the details of the work itself; yet it may be permitted to one who has traversed a like field of research to express his admiration of the genius and skill with which the characteristics of the Metropolitan Cathedral are brought out in contrast with those of the Royal Abbey. The whole life and being of the two churches is so distinct as to force their histories into totally different forms and channels. The repose of the one compared with the tumult of the other—the one a theatre of stately pageants, the other of stirring events; the one the refuge and seat of kings, the other the thoroughfare of civic turmoil, of ecclesiastical conflict; the one winning veneration as the sepulchre of the mighty dead, the other attracting multitudes towards it as the centre of the living; the one for ages resting its claims to interest on the Stone of Scone, the other on the thunders of the pulpit of Paul's Cross; the one growing from age to age without interruption, "its days linked each to each by natural piety," but infinite in complex ramifications, the other the victim of the greatest architectural catastrophe, the trophy of the greatest architectural triumph, but majestic in unity and simplicity. All this, which is drawn out in the Dean's description with the liveliest force, whilst it has given to the book its own peculiar form and colour, at the same time has afforded openings for a far wider survey of character and of opinion than would have been possible in delineating

a building of a more purely monumental and antiquarian interest.

Not that the constitutional or architectural history of the edifice is neglected. For the former we must refer the reader to the complete analysis of the arrangements of the Chapter of the Cathedral, assisted, doubtless, by the researches—to which he so gratefully refers—of his venerable friend Archdeacon Hale. For the latter, no extracts must be allowed to impair the forcible description of the rise of the new cathedral from the ruins of the old; animated as it is throughout, by a burning, passionate admiration of the architect who planned and executed this wonderful work, and a no less burning and withering indignation at the shameful treatment which the great old man received from the incompetent Government and ungrateful Chapter of the day.

Two fragments only shall be given. The first is that in which he consoles himself, with a breadth of view and grace of expression all his own, for the loss of the older church :

“Of England's more glorious Cathedrals, it seems to me, I confess, none could be so well spared. . . . London would, at best, have been forced to bow its head before the Cathedrals of many of our provincial cities. Old St. Paul's had nothing of the prodigal magnificence, the harmonious variety of Lincoln, the stately majesty of York, the solemn grandeur of Canterbury, the perfect sky-aspiring unity of Salisbury. It had not even one of the great conceptions which are the pride and boast of some of our other churches; neither the massy strength of Durham 'looking eternity' with its marvellous Galilee, nor the tower of Gloucester, nor the lantern of Ely, nor the rich picturesque-ness of Beverley, nor the deep receding, highly decorated arches of the west front of Peterborough. . . . Even in its immediate neighbourhood, though wanting a central tower, and its western towers, not too successfully afterwards added by Sir Christopher Wren, the Abbey, with its fine soaring columns, its beautiful proportions, its solemn, grey, diapered walls,—the Abbey with its intricate chapels, with its chambers of royal tombs, with Henry VII.'s Chapel, an excrescence indeed, but in sufficient harmony with the main building, in itself an inimitable model of its style, crowned by its richly fretted roof,—the Abbey of Westminster would have put to perpetual shame the dark unimpressive pile of the City of

London: Westminster modestly reposing in its lower level—St. Paul's boastfully loading its more proud, but more obtrusive eminence.”

In the second he imagines the view of Wren from the summit of the dome, after its completion :

“If ever there was an occasion on which the heart of man might swell with pardonable pride, it was the heart of Wren at that hour, whether he himself was actually at the giddy summit of the building, or watched his son's act from below. The architect looked down, or looked up and around, on this great and matchless building, the creation of his own mind, the achievement of his sole care and skill. The whole building stretching out in all its perfect harmony, with its fine horizontal lines, various yet in perfect unison, its towers, its unrivalled dome, its crowning lantern and cross. All London had poured forth for the spectacle, which had been publicly announced, and were looking up in wonder to the old man, or his son if not the old man himself, who was, on that wondrous height, setting the seal, as it were, to his august labours. If in that wide circle (let us, however doubtful, lift the old man to that proud eminence), which his eye might embrace, there were various objects for regret and disappointment; if instead of beholding the spacious streets of the city, each converging to its centre, London had sprung up and spread in irregular labyrinths of close, dark, intricate lanes; if even his own Cathedral was crowded upon and jostled by mean and unworthy buildings; yet, on the other hand, he might survey, not the Cathedral only, but a number of stately churches, which had risen at his command and taken form and dignity from his genius and skill. On one side the picturesque steeple of St. Mary-le-Bow, on the other the exquisite tower of St. Bride's, with all its graceful, gradually-diminishing circles, not yet shorn of its full and finely-proportioned height. Beyond and on all sides, if more dimly seen, yet discernible by his partial eyesight (he might even penetrate to the inimitable interior of St. Stephen's, Walbrook), church after church, as far as St. Dunstan-in-the-East, perhaps Greenwich, may have been vaguely made out in the remote distance. And all this one man had been permitted to conceive and execute; a man not originally destined or educated for an architect, but compelled, as it were, by the public necessities to assume the office, and so to fulfil it, as to stand on a level with the most consummate masters of the art in Europe, and to take his stand on an eminence which his English successors almost despair of attaining.”

But, as has been said, the main charm, the enduring value of the book is in the opportunities which the “Annals” of the Bishops and Deans of London have afforded for the vivid sketches of



character—the judgments on theological and moral questions—the personal reflections and recollections of the venerable author, which could have come from none but one like himself on the very summit and verge of his vast experience, and for which no other work would have furnished so natural and congenial a channel. If here and there he digresses a step or two from his subject, it is a pause which every one will forgive, and which in some degree compensates to us for the loss of any larger or more systematic treatment of the history of the English Church at his hands.

It is only by following the *Annals* chapter by chapter that the reader can appreciate the even-handed justice with which he advances through the conflicting passions of the Middle Ages, the Reformation, and the Revolution, combined with the steady, unwavering adherence to his own principles which removes from the varying judgments passed on men and things the slightest shade of uncertainty and vacillation. But a few passages may be selected, the gleanings of that rich vintage of which the last clusters have a fragrance quite of their own.

We cannot give the full-length portrait of his most illustrious predecessor Colet; but here is the framework in which it is set:—

“These two great reformers before the Reformation—Colet and Erasmus—were in some respects closely kindred, in intellect and in opinion; in others, and in the circumstances of their lives, they offer the strongest contrast. They were kindred in their revolt from that mediævalism which, if for a time a splendid and beneficent, though rigidly restrictive, caparison of the human mind, had become an intolerable burden; kindred in their contempt for that grovelling superstition which, especially under the countless degenerate, ignorant, obstinately, arrogantly ignorant Monks and Friars, had suffocated the higher truths of religion; kindred in their aversion from the scholastic theology which had made that science a metaphysical jargon, and from the scholastic logic which had reduced the human reason into a machine for spinning out, with wasteful ingenuity and infinite barren toil, intricate, meaningless, valueless puzzles; kindred in their reverence for the Sacred Scriptures, which they were eager to unfold to the mind of man with a purer light, and a more clear and true interpretation; casting aside all mystical and allegorical fancies, and offering the

books, especially of the New Testament, in their plain and simple sense: kindred in their confidence in the inextinguishable freedom of human thought, long oppressed and fettered by presumptuous, ignorant, tyrannical authority; kindred in their trust in the influence of education in expanding and assuring the knowledge of the truth.”

Donne, “the only Dean of St. Paul’s, till a very late successor, who was guilty of poetry,” must be studied in detail; but we may insert the reflections which his career suggests:—

“Before that sad time, the poet had become a famous preacher,—a more famous preacher in his own day than poet. But poetry, if it lives, lives as appealing to the unchangeable, inextinguishable sympathies of the human heart. Eloquence, except in very rare cases, is only of its own day. It addresses the mind, the feelings, the passions, the interests of its own immediate audience. It grows out of the circumstances of the times; with the change in those circumstances it mostly loses its power and influence. Even pulpit eloquence, though it dwells on subjects of enduring importance, though its great truths are eternal, unvariable as Christianity itself, is hardly an exception. The Christianity of one age, of one social state, not only of one form of religious creed, but of one phase of religious interest and emotion, is not entirely and absolutely the Christianity of another, certainly not of all ages. There are few generally accepted models of Christian eloquence, except, perhaps, the French, and those with some reservation by all but very enlightened Protestants. Demosthenes and Cicero are more universally read, even in the Christian world, than Basil, Chrysostom, or Augustine.”

We pass over his elaborate judgment on *Laud*, with one exception:—

“I must pause to commemorate one act of *Laud*’s as Bishop of London, for which I would render him his due honour, and acknowledge his quick and discerning, almost prophetic, recognition of the highest genius and purest piety. Of all divines in the Church of England none perhaps has excited so much deep Christian emotion, or spoken so penetratingly and forcibly to the religious heart of England as Jeremy Taylor. He appeals to every power and faculty of the soul with almost equal force:—to the imagination in his ‘*Life of Christ*’ and in some of his Sermons—to the religious emotions which he almost works up to asceticism, in his ‘*Holy Living and Dying*,’ and in others of his Sermons—to the reason in the severe logic which underlies his most imaginative prose, and in the ‘*Ductor Dubitantium*,’ which with all the depth and subtlety of a Schoolman almost enlivens and quickens arid casuistry—to the loftiest Christian charity, in his *Pauline*



sense, in his 'Liberty of Propheying,' Jeremy Taylor, I write it with some pride, began his career as Divinity Lecturer at St. Paul's."

Here is a portion of his character of Tillotson:—

"A character, as I think, nearly blameless; and for his beneficial influence, almost the father of true religious toleration."

"The fame of Tillotson as a divine, and as a writer of English prose, has long been on the wane, yet in both Tillotson made an epoch. For a long period religion in England had been a conflict of passions. The passion of Puritanism had triumphed, but its triumph had led to anarchy. The High Church passion then was in the ascendant, and in its vengeance was striving to trample out the undying embers of Puritanism; and both these old antagonists were vying with each other in mortal strife with the passion of invading Romanism. Worse than all, there was a passion dominant in the Court of Charles II. for the most reckless profligacy, which, long prevalent in practice, had now begun to form itself into a theory hostile to all religion. Tillotson seated himself unimpassioned, and with perfect self-possession, in the midst of all this fray. He did not absolutely decline all controversy (one, indeed, was inevitable). Distinct, unhesitating, unwavering in his repudiation of all Roman tenets, Tillotson maintained even towards Rome a calm, grave, argumentative tone, unusual in those times. Tillotson had the ambition of establishing in the weary, worn-out, distracted, perplexed mind and heart of England a Christianity of calm reason, of plain, practical English good sense. . . . To some, Tillotson—profoundly religious, unimpeachable as to his belief in all the great truths of Christianity, but looking to the fruits rather than the dogmas of the Gospel, guilty of candour, of hearing both sides of the question, and dwelling, if not exclusively, at least chiefly on the Christian life—the sober, unexcited Christian life—was Arian, Socinian, Deist, Atheist."

Here is his significant reflection on Lowth:—

"The Lectures on Hebrew Poetry make an epoch unperceived perhaps and unsuspected by its author. These lectures first revealed to the unstartled world that a large portion of the Hebrew Scriptures was pure poetry; addressed to the imagination, or to the reason through the imagination, and therefore making a very different demand on the faith of the believer. This appears to me what I will venture to call the great religious problem. We have had a Hooker who has shown what truths we receive from revelation, what truths from that earlier unwritten revelation in the reason of man. We want a second Hooker, with the same profound piety, the same calm judgment, to show (if possible, to frame) a test by which we may discern what are the eternal and irrevocable

truths of the Bible, what the imaginative vesture, the framework in which these truths are set in the Hebrew and even in the Christian Scriptures. Theology has so long accepted and demanded the same implicit belief in the metaphors, the apologues, the allegories, as in the sublime verities or the plain precepts of our Lord. It has refused to make any allowance for poetry, and endeavoured to force upon our slower and less active minds all the Oriental imagery, all the parabolic creations, as literal objects of the Christian faith. In these investigations the Oxford Professor of Poetry unknowingly led the way in his lectures, which were eagerly read by all scholars and divines. Michaelis and Rosenmüller, as more advanced Hebrew scholars, may have been more accurate and full on the technical laws of Hebrew Poetry; Herder may have entered with profounder philosophy into its spirit; but Lowth first opened the field."

We will cite two more passages only, of general concern.

All at the present moment will read with interest his keen appreciation of that palladium of the Reformers—may we still add, of the Liberal Churchmen's—creed, the Royal Supremacy:—

"Wisely in their own day did they submit to this supremacy of the Crown—wisely, in my judgment, as regards the life of the Anglican Church. This supremacy, however it may have been overstretched by Elizabeth herself, abused, or attempted to be abused, by later sovereigns, has been the one great guarantee for the freedom of the English Church. It has saved us from sacerdotalism in both its forms. From episcopal Hildebrandism, which, through the school of Andrews and Laud, brought the whole edifice to prostrate ruin; from Presbyterian Hildebrandism, which ruled the sister kingdom with a rod of iron, and however congenial to, however fostering some of the best points of the Scottish character, made her religious annals, if glorious for resistance to foreign tyranny, a dark domestic tyranny, a sad superstition, which refused all light, and was, in fact, a debasing priestly tyranny. In England the royal supremacy settled down into the supremacy of law—law administered by ermine, not by lawn; by dispassionate judges, by a national court of justice, not by a synod of Bishops and a clamorous Convocation."

The whole English Church will listen to the dying testimony of the most free-spoken and free-minded of its servants to the English Prayer-book:—

"That liturgy has ever since, for above three centuries—with one brief and immediate interruption, another at a later period—been read in all our churches: that liturgy, with some

few imperfections (and what human composition is without imperfections ?), the best model of pure, fervent, simple devotion, the distillation, as it were, and concentration of all the orisons which have been uttered in the name of Christ, since the first days of the Gospel: that liturgy which is the great example of pure vernacular English, familiar, yet always unvulgar, of which but few words and phrases have become obsolete; which has an indwelling music which enthral and never palls upon the ear, with the full living expression of every great Christian truth, yet rarely hardening into stern dogmatism; satisfying every need, and awakening and answering every Christian emotion; entering into the heart, and, as it were, welling forth again from the heart; the full and general voice of the congregation, yet the peculiar utterance of each single worshipper. From this time our Church ceased to speak in a language 'not understood' of the people, our English fully asserting its powers of expressing in its own words the most profound and awful verities of our religion, the most ardent aspirations of the soul to communion with the unseen."

And one more passage we cannot forbear to insert, not from its public, but from its deep personal interest. He is speaking of Bishop Porteous:—

"Porteous had one remarkable gift, to which, singularly enough, I can bear witness—a voice the tone of which even now, after a lapse of nearly seventy years, dwells on my remembrance. When I was a boy my father had a house at Fulham, and, though the words have long passed away, the ineffaceable memory of Porteous's tones has never passed away. Passed, perhaps, immediately away, I hear them now in the pulpit, and in those kind and gentle words with which he addressed a boy. Besides the voice of Bishop Porteous, three, perhaps four, others remain in my recollection, and have left as it were their mark there. A singular assemblage: two actresses—Mrs. Jordan and Madlle. Mars—whose unforgotten tones, as it were, echo back from days long gone by; Mr. Wilberforce; and I am not sure whether it was the intonation or the exquisite Italian of the poet Monti, which was the fascination. Sir William Follett I never heard but in ordinary conversation, amid the hum of many voices; never in Court or in Parliament."

We know not how this passage strikes others. To us there is something singularly pathetic and characteristic in the thoughts which it suggests, rather than discloses. There may be those, perhaps, in after years who, in like manner, when they recall the impressive scene—the last scene described in this volume—of the funeral of the Duke of Wellington

at St. Paul's, will remember the deep, distinct, understanding tones of the sonorous voice which on that occasion rose, swelled, and spread through the vast building, thrilling all the thousands present; and will think hereafter, as they may have thought at the time, that there was a singular congruity in the coincidence which had devolved the honour of the interment of the greatest Englishman of our generation, on the most accomplished, the most widely renowned, and the most widely sympathetic of contemporary English ecclesiastics.

In that great cathedral he now reposes. We heartily echo the wish which the present Primate uttered over the recently closed grave, that the restoration and decoration of that noble building, so much needed, and by him so zealously urged during all his later years, may be his lasting monument. The wounded spirit of Wren would have been amply avenged, could he have foreseen that two centuries after he had been laid in the crypt of St. Paul's his cause would have been so gallantly vindicated, his designs so enthusiastically appreciated, by the successor of those of whose injustice he had been the victim, and by whose incapacity his glorious work had till now been interrupted. But, whether restored or not, St. Paul's Cathedral will be imperishably connected with the name of its illustrious annalist: to those who had the happiness of sharing his friendship and his kindness, the sight of that soaring dome, seen far off or near, will for years recall the venerable form that sleeps below; and the pledge, which, as we said before, was given by his living career for the freedom and the hopes of the English Church, will not be lost so long as the memory of Henry Hart Milman is cherished amongst the glories of English literature and theology—so long as the greatest of Protestant cathedrals is proud to enshrine his name as amongst the brightest of those who have adorned its annals or rest beneath its shade.

A. P. S. *Stanley*

## ESTELLE RUSSELL.

## CHAPTER I.

## ESTELLE'S LOVE-LETTER.

THE short winter of Languedoc was drawing near its close. The noonday sun had been fierce enough, but towards evening a cold wind had sprung up, increasing in violence as the sun went down. It was raging now tempestuously over the city of Toulouse; sweeping up and down the streets in eddying blasts, bursting open doors, slamming the heavy window-shutters that careless housewives had left unfastened, screaming down chimneys, and whistling through every cranny of the quaint brick houses.

The day-labourers on their way home to the poor suburb across the bridge of St. Cyprian, meeting the blast, turned back and waited shivering: the peasant women and children fled before it, taking refuge in courts and alleys and sheltered corners, till the violence of the hurricane should be spent. The dwellers in the noble quarter of the city, that lying between the Garonne and the Jardin Royal, hearing the roar without, instinctively drew nearer their wood-fires, shutting out the bleak unwelcome sounds as they best might, with the help of closed shutters and thick curtains.

Among all the houses in that wealthy and exclusive quarter, there was not one which had a pleasanter drawing-room than Mrs. Russell's, on the first floor of the Hôtel St. Jean, Rue des Couteliers. There was many a drawing-room in which greater splendour of carving and gilding and upholstery prevailed; some few, perhaps, possessing greater length of floor and height of ceiling; but in Mrs. Russell's drawing-room there was, besides a great deal that was pretty, quaint, or valuable, that atmosphere of home that a room can only get by being lived in daily, and used as if it belonged to its

mistress, instead of being kept as a state room for the reception of visitors, with blinds drawn down and furniture in strict order.

The furniture in this room was a curious conglomeration. Scarcely a chair or a table matched. There were Japan tables and cabinets filled with hideous and valuable ornaments, and there were tables and cabinets of Florentine mosaic, and copies in alabaster of the famous antiques, such as one sees by thousands in Rome and Florence. Side by side with ancient high-backed chairs stood couches of the latest Paris make, whereon a visitor might recline and admire oak carving at his ease, with a feeling of thankfulness that his own back was not being tortured by the bosses and foliage which our forefathers' backs had to lean against. Old pictures hung on the walls, reflected in the Louis Quinze mirrors which reached from floor to ceiling; an old gilt clock stood on the mantelpiece, flanked by a couple of Dresden shepherdesses. The room was, moreover, filled with the perfume of the violets and gardenias for which Toulouse is so famous, and which have earned for her the name of "The City of Flowers."

Mrs. Russell was a little woman, most beautifully formed, with the hand and foot of a fairy, a sweet white and pink complexion, dark violet eyes, and a profusion of curls, so white that she looked like a powdered marquise as she sat nestled in her low chair, enveloped in the luxuriant folds of a black velvet dress. She was one of those ethereal-looking creatures who live and move as if a mere breath would completely annihilate them, but who nevertheless contrive to get their own way, and who rule despotically over their husbands and children.

Mrs. Russell had ruled despotically over her husband, Captain Russell, while he lived. He was dead now; he had



died at Pau when his eldest boy, Harry, was just old enough to enter the navy. Perhaps, if he had lived, his wife would have wished to see Harry in the army rather than in the navy, and would have been pretty certain to carry out her wish. But almost with his last breath Captain Russell had expressed a hope that Harry would enter the navy; and his wife for once put her own ideas on the point of a profession aside, and followed those of the husband who had been so indulgent to hers during his lifetime. Alfred, the baby and the pet, had grown up to idolize his sailor brother, and had declared, as soon as he could lisp, that he too would be a sailor. Harry was second-lieutenant now, and sometimes Mrs. Russell looked forward as in a dream to a time when her younger son should be a mid on board the vessel of which the elder was captain.

She was not thinking of her sons just now as she sat looking at the fire, but of her only daughter Estelle, who had found out that she had a will of her own, and was likely to give her some trouble in consequence.

Estelle was standing a little way off in the shade. She was very unlike her mother, although there was that undefinable likeness that is never seen except in parent and child. The mother's face was full of life, full of delicate colouring; the daughter's deathly pale, and still as the face of a statue. Yet it was a kind sweet face in spite of its statuesque expression; and there was a wonderful charm in it when she looked up. For then a pair of liquid grey eyes were visible; deep, grave, honest eyes, like their owner. They looked a speaker full in the face, neither staring nor affectedly modest, but with that child-like gaze that is too innocent to be bashful. The only thing striking about her was a profusion of brown hair wound round her head, and a certain regal way she had of standing and entering a room. One other thing, though not striking, was remarkable, as possibly conveying an indication of disposition, and this was her extreme plainness of dress. She had not a single ornament on of any

kind, nor any of the ends of bright ribbon that girls delight in: a Quakeress might have worn her gown, but a Quakeress could scarcely have stood up in it in such queenly fashion.

She stood before her mother now, as a royal lady might stand before a tribunal—firm, quiet, conscious of innocence, yet a little tremulous. Her eyes were fixed on a letter which she held in her hand. None could have guessed how beneath that quiet exterior a heart was throbbing. "Very tiresome, very pertinacious," said Mrs. Russell. "Let me see what he says."

"Please, Mamma, it is my own letter," said Estelle.

"Give it to me immediately," said her mother, turning round to look at her. "I have a right to see what he says. It was very impertinent of him to write to you at all."

The girl's face changed. Something like a smile broke over it as her mother pronounced the word "impertinent."

"Impertinent! Why, he loves me," she thought. But she said nothing.

"Estelle, give me that letter." Mrs. Russell did not raise her voice in the least, but there was that in her tone which warned her daughter not to trespass farther on her patience. Her lip quivered as she gave the letter into her mother's hand.

Mrs. Russell just glanced over the sheet, smiled contemptuously, and gave it back.

"Sad stuff," she said; "I think I should burn it if I were you. I don't want to blame you, my dear, you can't help it; but it is provoking when a man won't take 'no' for an answer. I told him when he wrote me that silly letter two years ago, that I had quite other views with regard to you. I never met with any one so unreasonable!"

"Perhaps that is because he likes me," said Estelle, with a sweet smile and a soft flush that flitted across her face and left it pale again.

"Oh, I daresay," replied Mrs. Russell, shrugging her shoulders. "But when a man has been refused already in the most decided manner, he has no right

to persist in paying attentions which he knows to be distasteful; especially when the motives on which the refusal was based still continue in full force. Is he at all more capable of keeping a wife now than he was two years ago? I daresay he lives up to his income, whatever that may be, and is in debt besides. That is just the way with young men, and I don't suppose him to be wiser than his generation."

"Mamma! I am sure Louis is too honourable to run into debt."

"Be good enough to call Mr. Vivian by his surname," interposed the mother in a tone of freezing dignity. "Girls are so apt to take things for granted. Pray how do you know he is not in debt?"

"I know that he is a true gentleman."

Mrs. Russell laughed. "Is that all?" she said. "Why, his father was a true gentleman, every inch, and what did he do? First ran through his own small fortune, and then married a horrid Irish-woman, a merchant's daughter, and ran through hers. She thought it a fine thing, no doubt, to marry a baronet's brother, but I believe she repented the match when all her money was gone. As it was, you know, she couldn't have educated her son at all without Sir George's help. It was Sir George who sent him to college; he told me so himself. Of course," said Mrs. Russell, in conclusion, "he is well connected on the father's side, but he has not the shadow of an expectation, and his mother is a most insufferable woman. I couldn't think of the connexion for one moment."

"But, Mamma, Lou—Mr. Vivian, I mean—is so good and clever: and he has cared for me so long—so long," she repeated, with a plaintive little sigh. "And yet he might have preferred many another girl, more attractive than I am."

"And how do you know that he has not?"

"Mamma, I am sure, I am certain," she cried, raising her head proudly. "I can trust him as I would myself. I believe in him."

"I believe in him!" For one mo-

ment her eyes flashed defiance on her mother and the whole world.

Mrs. Russell met the glance steadily, and as steadily looked it down.

"Don't look like that at me, if you please. You forget yourself."

Estelle's head sank. She could not withstand her mother's cool, firm look, and that Mrs. Russell knew. From her childhood Estelle had been repressed thus. Mrs. Russell had thereby saved herself an infinitude of useless and wearisome discussions. Why talk, when a look answered the purpose? So she looked her daughter down, and then turned to the fire, and went on as if there had been no interruption.

"After all, supposing him to be the model of constancy you picture to yourself, I see no great merit in it. I suppose he has sense enough to see that a girl of your stamp is a rarity nowadays. You have been particularly well-educated, and are rather ultra-refined than otherwise; and I daresay he 'appreciates all that. If he had anything like a fortune, I think I like him well enough to let you marry him. But he is poor, and, for all I see, likely to remain poor. And so it won't do. No. With your advantages you ought to make a brilliant marriage. I look forward to seeing you one of the queens of society."

"But," remonstrated the daughter, "I don't want to be a queen of society. I think such a life would be very wearisome indeed. I should not mind living in a small house, or not having a carriage. We have one, and see how often we walk in preference to driving. No; I should not mind being poor, if—if my husband loved me."

Mrs. Russell's fairy-like foot beat a fairy tattoo on the parquet. Her daughter's obstinacy tried her patience sorely. If she had withstood her in this manner in the days of frocks and pinafores, she would have boxed her ears soundly and sent her to bed. But Estelle was nearly eighteen, and besides was too tall to have her ears boxed conveniently. Mrs. Russell was obliged to talk to her now, which was far more troublesome and less summary.

"You will be incredulous?" she said. "Shall I tell you what your life will be, if you marry a poor man? You will be obliged to rise early and go to bed late. You will be forced to occupy yourself with a thousand tiresome domestic details; you will have to mend stockings, for instance, and——"

"Oh," Estelle cried gleefully, "I should enjoy mending his socks above all things!"

"Don't interrupt when I am speaking," said Mrs. Russell, more and more annoyed. "Your husband will come home fagged and cross—men are always cross when they are hungry—and you will have no dainty dinner to set before him, such as you get here every day. You will have nothing but cold mutton, or greasy chops. Poor people can't have made dishes."

"But I would take care that the chops were not greasy. Why should chops be greasy?" Estelle persisted.

"Because it is the nature of chops, that's all. I thought I begged you not to interrupt me. Well, to grace your dinner, you will be there with a haggard, sallow face. Remember, a poor man's wife won't be able to afford pretty new dinner-dresses. He will observe the difference, and think how well-dressed the girl was, and wonder why the wife should look so shabby. Perhaps he will think you don't care about pleasing him. That, you may be sure, won't improve his temper. In the evening, if he is not cross, he will be sleepy or busy; in either case, no companion for you. I am supposing you the wife of a professional man; a barrister, like Mr. Vivian, for instance—by the by, mind you burn that letter of his. Well, if you have a family, there will be the worry of not being able to bring them up nicely for want of money, and of knowing besides that your husband's death would bring beggary——"

"Mamma, Mamma," cried Estelle, "it could not, would not be so bad as that!"

Mrs. Russell went on:

"Of course you may suppose that my supporting a widowed daughter with

any amount of grandchildren is utterly out of the question."

"But, Mamma, of course we should not marry immediately. I always looked forward to waiting several years. And I don't care how long I wait—for him."

"Estelle," said her mother solemnly, "you don't know what you are saying. If I really thought you capable of such a mad act as marrying Mr. Vivian, I should break my heart. And what on earth can you see in him?"

"I like him," Estelle replied, obstinately.

"What has that to do with my question?" groaned the mother in despair. "Like him! I am sure he is the ugliest man I ever saw!"

"I know he is ugly, but I don't mind that at all. And he likes me."

"But he is so shy, so uncouth; and he has such horrid ugly hands."

"And the ugly hands can write beautiful things, Mamma!" The girl's courage rose again as she thought of all that those ugly hands had done, and would do yet.

"What should you know about it?"

"He showed me part of an essay he was writing—that was when we were at Caunterets, two summers ago; when you sprained your ankle, and had to lie on the sofa so long. I did not understand much till he explained to me, but when I did understand, I thought it, oh, so beautiful! Ah," she exclaimed, clasping her hands, "he is so clever! I believe he knows everything. I think he will be Lord Chancellor one day!"

It was not the least use to look at her. The girl was for the moment quite beyond the reach of Gorgon glances. And, as we have said, she was too tall to have her ears boxed. Mrs. Russell waited a little to give her time to cool, and then went on:

"What nonsense! He is the merest bookworm. He is shy and uncomfortable in society; only at home amongst musty old tomes, or among men as uncouth as himself. And I tell you again," Mrs. Russell continued angrily, "his mother is a low, vulgar woman, a dis-



sender ; and all her relations are dissenters, as far as I know—vulgar, at any rate. And I declare I would rather you remained single than have to blush for such a connexion as your marriage with Mr. Vivian would bring on me. I could never bear the disgrace, the mortification of the thing. It would be my death-blow.”

“Oh, Mamma darling, don't say that!” Estelle cried, with tears in her eyes.

“I repeat, it would be my death-blow. There, I have done. If you *will* marry him, you know the consequences. It is a little hard that my only daughter should be the one to break my heart and disgrace herself for the sake of satisfying a silly, girlish whim. After my bringing you up with such care—to distress me so cruelly.” And Mrs. Russell retired behind a Valenciennes handkerchief, and shed some very genuine tears of vexation.

For Louis Vivian's sake, Estelle could bear a good deal of lecturing, but her courage failed her when she saw her mother weep.

“You know, Mamma, that I never could do anything to break your heart.”

She turned to leave the room, not trusting herself to say more. As she did so, the door opened, and the rustle of a silk dress was heard. Mrs. Russell looked up. She was not sorry for the interruption.

“Is that you, Julia?” she asked pleasantly. “I have scarcely seen you for the day. Come and sit by me, and let me hear what you have been doing with yourself.”

The young lady thus addressed, stood one moment holding the door-curtain in her hand before she entered the room. Casting a sharp glance from mother to daughter, she endeavoured from the expression of their faces to get some clue to the subject of the conversation her arrival had interrupted. In this she was disappointed. Estelle left the room, preserving her usual quiet bearing, and Mrs. Russell had banished all traces of emotion from her voice and countenance simultaneously with the entrance of her visitor. She lay back in her chair,

playing absently with a fire-screen while she listened to the long list of nothings which went to fill up Miss Julia Maurice's day.

## CHAPTER II.

### JULIA MAURICE.

For some half-dozen seasons or more had Julia Maurice been the acknowledged belle of her neighbourhood. When I inform my readers that this neighbourhood was that part of South Devon famous alike for the beauty of its girls and the splendour of its roses, it will be clear to them that Julia, to have so steadily kept her ground against all applicants for the palm of sovereignty, must have possessed beauty of no common order. She was the spoilt child of a large family of girls, of whom one was her elder. The rest, four in number, were waiting more or less patiently in the school-room till their sister should be settled. For Admiral Maurice dreaded nothing so much as a bevy of unmarried daughters, all out, and all hanging on his hands. “To have to pay for ball-dresses for one girl at a time was quite enough,” said he. Henrietta, the eldest daughter, was a very plain, sober woman. She dressed like a dowdy, and never went anywhere except to church. She lived by rule, fasted, and read portions from a manual of devotion at stated hours of the day. She was very stupid, Julia thought ; and in nothing did she show it more plainly than in giving half her allowance to the poor, and making a guy of herself : for the allowance was not more than sufficed for dressing respectably, scarcely that. Between these two sisters there was not a thought in common. Julia, to use her own phrase, had been too much for her mother ever since the age of twelve. By the time she was twenty, her authority was completely established in the house. Her mother was afraid of her, and kept out of her way whenever she could. In the winter she was constrained to attend her to balls and parties. But even there she scarcely saw her. Julia generally

vanished with the first waltz. "Stay where you are, Mamma," she would say, "and then I shall know where to find you." So Mrs. Maurice would sit still till the end of the evening, or till any time that her daughter chose to return home, and if she ventured to ask whether she had enjoyed herself, she was told briefly that people couldn't bear being asked questions when they were sleepy.

Julia had many female acquaintances, but not one friend. Women feared and hated her. Malice and envy rose rampant at her approach; and for good reason. Girls knew they must resign their admirers, or be thankful at best for small scraps of attention, as long as she was in the way. If one more daring than the rest tried to set her and her wiles at defiance, she only got laughed at for her pains. The more prudent resigned themselves without a struggle, and repaired the mischief afterwards if they could. Mothers and daughters stigmatized her conduct as "shameful," "bold," "unfeminine;" and old maids passed with averted faces and noses high in the air, as Julia, dressed in the extreme of fashion, and followed by her *inamorati*, trailed her long skirts up and down the Esplanade on a sunny afternoon.

There had been a pleasant excitement in this at first, but now she was getting tired of it all, even of being admired. For the admiration, whether spontaneous or not, never came to anything. Not that she had not had offers. She had had plenty, and kept a list of them in her pocket-book. She had been engaged, too, but it had generally been for so short a time that before people could begin to talk about the engagement, it was already a thing of the past. She corresponded secretly with a man in India, a third cousin, who had been very much in love with her, and whom she intended to take as being better than nobody, unless she could get any one who would be more to her mind before his regiment was ordered home. Nobody much more suitable had offered as yet, and she was beginning to get terribly tired of her life. A dim con-

sciousness haunted her sometimes that she would not always be young and beautiful. Henrietta, to be sure, was older, but, as she never would go out, she was no good as a foil. And Lizzy, the eldest of the four girls still in the school-room, was growing alarmingly handsome, and could not be kept in the background much longer. She thought sometimes now that it was folly in a woman not to hook a rich lover, and hold him fast, after she had passed the age of one-and-twenty.

How this bright provincial star should have wandered so far out of her sphere requires a word of explanation.

Shows, fêtes, and archery meetings had abounded during the preceding season, and Julia, as usual, had shone supreme. But the summer was a very wet one, and more than one *fête champêtre* had begun and ended amid torrents of rain, which had penetrated impervious marquees, spoilt bonnets, put hair out of curl, and given chaperons the rheumatism. Worse than that, three of the prettiest girls, creatures so lovely that even Julia herself was forced to admire them, had succumbed to the combined influence of late hours and exposure to wet. Their first season had proved their last. Hardened pleasure-seeker as she was, Julia had not escaped. A cold which she had chosen to make light of settled on the chest, and the family physician had ordered repose, and a milder climate for the forthcoming winter. Mrs. Maurice had written to her old school friend, Mrs. Russell, begging her to receive her daughter. Mrs. Russell had assented, and had taken the trouble to go herself as far as Paris to meet her. And this was how Julia came to be at Toulouse.

She was undeniably beautiful. Women, hating her after their kind, criticised her colour: hinted that it was put on — which it was not — said that her under-lip was too full, the lower jaw too thick, that she had a double, yes, a very decided double chin, and a marking of dusky down at the angle of her short upper-lip. But, depreciate as they might, there was no denying that Julia's

mouth, with all its faults, was the veriest rosebud of a mouth, or that her eyes were as dark and as bright as an Indian's, or that sonnets might have been written to her delicately-pencilled eyebrow. When her female critics had picked her to pieces to the best of their ability, they would sum up by saying she was a gentleman's beauty.

To spite critics, old and young, this undeniable fact remained: she was as splendid a piece of colouring as could be met with off canvas. A trifle too showy in her dress, maybe; too fond of glitter and rustle—of rings, and pins, and bracelets, and chains; too partial to pink streamers and such-like furbelows. So thought Mrs. Russell, as she looked at Julia sitting opposite, with the light of fire and lamp full on her, and mentally contrasting this "loud" style of dress with her own daughter's quiet costumes. But Mrs. Russell did as every one did: wound up by confessing to herself that Julia was a splendid creature.

Meanwhile, Estelle had retreated to her own room, and had locked the door, that she might read her beloved letter over again without interruption. As she read it, the sadness of heart caused by her mother's last words vanished, and she grew hopeful and buoyant again. It seemed very easy to wait. Even during those two years which had elapsed since last she had seen Louis Vivian, the waiting had not been very hard. She had trusted him so completely, that but few of the pangs of uncertainty, or that undefinable jealousy generally supposed to be an accompaniment of true love, had ever had place in her bosom. Now that he had written to her, she felt that there would never more be cause even for uncertainty. She felt that to doubt him would be a cruel insult, and a flaw in her love for him. She put aside her mother's asseveration. She could not really mean that she would break her heart, the girl thought. And even if she did mean it, when she saw they were both in earnest, she would relent, and let them be happy, and write to

each other, and see each other sometimes, and marry when she was old enough, and when Louis had position enough. She would begin now to prepare herself for being a poor man's wife. She would ask Lisette, her maid, to teach her how to cut out her clothes, and how to darn stockings neatly. She felt rather ashamed of having disliked needlework so much hitherto. Julia was very clever with her needle, and she had thought her much given to waste time over intricate pieces of work: she would take example by her in future, and learn to do such things for herself. "After all," she thought, "making and mending clothes cannot be very disagreeable work when one has learnt how to do it properly; and if it were, I should not mind doing it for him. I should enjoy mending his socks."

She rose and looked at herself in the glass. It was no passing vanity, but merely a wish to know whether her face looked the same as it had done two years ago, when she had seen her last of Louis Vivian. "How terrible, if he were to come back and not know me," she thought. And she decided that she would not alter the fashion of her hair, and frizzle and roll it up as Julia did, and as Julia was always wishing she would, but keep to the old way, the coronet of braided hair, and the thick coils wound round and round the back of her head: the way he loved.

She sat for nearly an hour, and might have sat longer, thinking of that pleasant summer in the Pyrenees which had given a colouring to her young life; but her reverie was rudely broken by a beating at her door, and a shrill child's voice, crying,—

"Mamma says you are to come immediately. Tea is nearly over."

She unbolted the door, and her brother Alfred burst in. He was about ten years old, and a great plague to the maids, to Estelle, and sometimes to his mother. The maids were wont to express their opinion of his peccadilloes pretty freely, even before Mademoiselle: French servants have that habit. Estelle would reprove them, and defend



Alfred, though he plagued her as much as any one. She tried sometimes to make him behave properly, but her efforts were always snubbed by Mrs. Russell, who could see no fault in the child as long as he did not disobey her direct commands. She would complain of her daughter's hardness and want of consideration, and wonder plaintively what would become of the dear boy if his mother were to die. And Estelle, awed by allusions to such a terrible loss, would then take herself severely to task, reproach herself with having been a monster of cruelty, and, by way of expiation, would let Alfred ride roughshod over her likes and dislikes for an indefinite length of time.

The young gentleman burst in headlong as soon as his sister had unbolted the door. This was not, however, till she had put away Mr. Vivian's letter in a sandal-wood box where she kept her few treasures: a locket containing her father's hair; a faded mountain-flower which Louis Vivian had climbed to get for her; a scrap of one of his manuscripts, much blotted and corrected; and lastly, a small roll of drawing-paper, on which was a crayon sketch of a man's head. This was a likeness of Louis Vivian which she had drawn from memory. She took one peep at it. "Yes," she said aloud, "it is like you, dear, dear Louis." Then, laying the letter for one moment to her cheek and lips, she put it into the box, which she hastily locked, for her brother was still beating impatiently at the door.

"You are to come into the drawing-room immediately," said Alfred as he burst in. And then he walked up to the dressing-table, and helped himself plentifully to his sister's eau-de-cologne.

"Oh, Alfred! you know that is only allowed on Sundays."

"Just this once. I've been kept in to-day, so you ought to give me a treat."

"Kept in again?" sighed Estelle. Alfred was a day-scholar at the Imperial Lycée, and but few days passed without his incurring detention for some breach of Lycée discipline. This was a trouble

to his sister, although she endeavoured to believe that his constantly getting himself into small scrapes was merely, as Mrs. Russell declared it to be, the natural rebelliousness of English high spirit against French military discipline. All she could do in the matter was to see that he prepared his lessons properly, so that at the end of the month bad marks for conduct might be balanced by good ones for lessons.

"Yes," Alfred went on: "Jean Coqueril made a long nose at me while the arithmetic lesson was going on, and I made a face at him. Then the master looked his way, so that he could not make a face back again; so in revenge, when we went to play, he called me a great calf and a great baby, and said I might be a prize at the next cattle fair. Of course, as an English boy, I couldn't stand that, you know, so I knocked him down and made his nose bleed; and then he cried and went and told the usher, though I offered to let him fight me if he liked. The usher said I was to be kept in, of course; and Jean Marie had to wait twenty minutes when he came to fetch me."

Boys attending either public or private schools in France must always be accompanied to and fetched from school by a servant, parent, or other person authorized. This rule is invariably enforced, whatever the age of the pupil. The older, the more liable to run into mischief, they say.

"Where have you been?" Mrs. Russell inquired coldly, when her daughter re-entered the drawing-room. Estelle replied timidly that she had been in her own room, and drank her tea hastily, for old Jean Marie was waiting to take the tray away.

"I cannot have the servants hindered in their work in this way," Mrs. Russell said. Jean Marie had been waiting two minutes perhaps.

Estelle blushed guiltily. Her mother looked at her (or she thought she did) as if she knew what she had been doing in her own room—dreaming over her love-letter instead of burning it, as Mrs. Russell had contemptuously advised.

She felt uncomfortable, and shrank away from the lamplight till her tell-tale cheeks should cool. But Julia Maurice was unwittingly the means of restoring her to her mother's good graces. There was to be a ball at the Préfecture, a Mid-Lent ball, and Julia had declared her intention of having a new dress for it, even if she went into debt.

To hear such an intention announced with a frankness that left no doubt as to whether Miss Maurice meant to carry it out was sufficiently alarming to Mrs. Russell. It occurred to her that she had not given her daughter the best possible companion in a girl who thought so lightly of going into debt; who absolutely used slang expressions too, called getting into debt, "outrunning the constable."

"I cannot see what you want of a new dress," she said, severely. "And I do not like to hear young ladies talk slang."

"Oh, slang is quite the proper thing, you know," said Julia, unabashed.

"In certain circles, perhaps," said Mrs. Russell, with a contemptuous movement of her head—not a toss—and an emphasis on the word "certain" strong enough to annoy Julia. It said quite plainly, "My dear child, you are socially inferior to me and mine."

"Anyhow, I am going to have a new dress," Julia said. In her turn she hoped to annoy Mrs. Russell. "Tit for tat, my old lady," she thought.

"If you really must, though I see no necessity for it myself, you had better have it at my milliner's, or I will lend you the money. But I beg that you will not leave bills while you are staying with me."

The tone of admonition was a little too much for Julia. "Of course I don't want to run into debt," she said, "not if I can help it. But what is a girl to do? One must dress, you know, if one goes out. And the guv—papa, that is—is the stingiest old screw you ever saw." All this in a tone of apology.

Mrs. Russell elevated her eyebrows and took up the newspaper, inwardly

thanking Heaven that, after all, her daughter was not as other women's daughters. And then they worked and read in silence till bedtime. Julia sat up till two o'clock, reading a highly-flavoured novel of Dumas', and Estelle, with her letter under her pillow, slept and dreamt of Louis Vivian.

### CHAPTER III.

#### HUGUENOTS AT HOME.

It was the day after the Mid-Lent ball. Julia Maurice had figured thereat in a new dress, as she had declared beforehand. She had also danced all the round dances, partly to gratify her own liking of them, partly to annoy Mrs. Russell, whose opinion it was that a young lady of birth and breeding should restrict herself to quadrilles, except at very small and select parties. Julia, who thought Mrs. Russell a sort of ogress as regarded the proprieties, made the most of such small methods of asserting her English independence as lay in her way. It had been a great satisfaction to her to look over her shoulder as she whirled down the room, and see Estelle sitting by her mother in a plain white muslin. There was, however, one drawback to her satisfaction; Estelle had a string of pearls round her neck, the like of which Julia knew she could never hope to possess, unless, indeed, as she said to herself, she had the luck of marrying a rich man; and of such luck she saw no present prospect.

They had another party this night, although Mid-Lent was over, and Lenten practices were supposed to be in full force again.

This, however, was quite a different sort of party to the Catholic parties. As far as the practice of mortification went, this was as Lenten a party as any one could wish. At any time of year, Mrs. Russell would have found it a severe mortification. This was a working party, whereat the ladies belonging to the Reformed faith at Toulouse took their pleasure grimly, and helped for-

ward their cause by preparing for the annual charity bazaar. The only scope for female competition at these parties lay in the beauty and fineness of the work ; no fine dressing was allowed.

Even Julia, awed for once by Mrs. Russell's stern dictum, put on a plain dark dress, and consoled herself for having to cover up her neck and arms—necks and arms were an abomination to the pastors—by doubling the quantity of rings on her fingers and bracelets on her wrists. Mrs. Russell looked at her as she entered the room thus bedizened, but said nothing. She felt a sort of contemptuous pity for the bad taste her guest displayed, and again thanked Heaven that her daughter Estelle was not like other women's daughters.

They went downstairs across the court, and then passed down the cloister, Mathurine, Mrs. Russell's maid, going before with a lamp. Grim and dark the cloister was now, grim and dark as it had been in the days when the Knights of St. John had walked up and down the broad flags. Their glory had departed ; their hotel, once the most splendid establishment in that part of France, was subdivided, and turned into private dwellings ; a cloth market was held at stated intervals under the silent arcades. Turning out of the cloister, Mrs. Russell and her companions arrived at an arched doorway, beyond which was a flight of steep stone stairs. These being mounted, they reached a second archway and a second flight of stone stairs, steeper than the first, unswept and dilapidated. Then they came to a long vaulted corridor, at the end of which was a doorway. Across this doorway hung a leathern curtain, which being drawn aside revealed a distant glimmer of light and a confused sound of voices. This was Madame Fleury's house, where the working party was being held. At the drawing-room door appeared Madame Fleury herself, "got up" in a style befitting the leader of the Protestant community of Toulouse. Madame Fleury curtsied low, shook hands, kissed them all three on both cheeks, and led Mrs. Russell to an arm-

chair at the upper end of the room, where the married ladies were congregated. Estelle and Julia stayed behind ; arm-chairs were not for them, and every other chair seemed occupied.

"Come here ; I have kept seats for you," cried a lively black-eyed girl, Madame Fleury's niece Mathilde. Estelle beckoned to Julia, and they got into the vacant space pointed out by Mademoiselle Mathilde, and looked around them.

It was a handsome room enough,—rather dark and heavy, perhaps, but not bare and cold-looking, as most French drawing-rooms are in winter. There were three large tables set out in a row, garnished with a number of moderator lamps with shades, and round every lamp sat a cluster of ladies, old, young, and middle-aged, altogether some thirty or forty in number, very busy at their needles, and nearly all chattering like magpies. Heaps of work lay about in dire confusion.

"Is all this to be done to-night?" said Julia, pointing to the work, and addressing Estelle in English.

"No," Estelle said ; "some of it will be taken home, and brought back to the next meeting, or when finished."

And then, resolutely refusing the flower-work which Mademoiselle Mathilde proposed, she chose some hemming. It was very hard stuff that she had to work upon, and she pricked her fingers and broke her needle. But she did not mind that : for she intended to be severely practical in all housewifely matters now, for Louis Vivian's sake.

Julia had seen Mademoiselle Mathilde once or twice when she had come with her aunt to visit Mrs. Russell. She had an idea that the French girl admired her. She turned to her graciously, and made a remark on her work. Mademoiselle Mathilde did admire the brilliant English girl very much. She almost envied her her wonderful colour. That brown dress, very like her own, only heightened the beauty of Miss Maurice's complexion. Poor Mathilde could tell well enough by her glass what the russet silk did for her. And her



aunt had made her take the ear-rings from her ears that evening, because the pastor was coming!

"Have you danced much this winter?" said Julia.

"Monsieur Cazères—our pastor, that is—does not approve of dancing. Do you know him? He has been at Montauban for his health. He preaches beautifully."

"I have not met him," said Julia. "What a charming little opera-house you have here! They say the performances have been better than usual this Lent. Have you been to see *Les Trois Nicolas* yet?"

"I have never been near the place!" answered the French girl, with an undisguised look of horror. For Monsieur Fleury was a burning and a shining light in Toulouse, and public amusements were not so much as named in his house. "Why," she continued, "the pastor would preach about it if we—if any of his flock—were to indulge in such worldly distractions."

"Fancy the pastor's interfering!" quoth Julia. "I wonder any one should put up with it. Why, you dare not carry your souls your own, at that rate!"

"It is true; it are not our own," the French girl replied demurely, but in perfect good faith.

Julia wondered if all French Protestant girls were as stupid as this one. "What do you do to amuse yourselves and get through life down here?" she asked, with a yawn.

"Oh," said Mademoiselle Mathilde, hesitating, "we have a great many—I mean—we—we have not very many amusements. My aunt took me to see a collection of wild beasts the other day. It was very instructive; only the lion roared, and we got frightened, and came away immediately. In the summer my aunt takes me to walk in the Botanical Gardens, and we attend the botanical lectures, and the astronomical course at the Observatory. And there is the vintage in the autumn. And we work for the bazaar. I like making flowers—don't you, Mademoiselle?"

"Once we gave a dance at home,"

said Julia, "and I made every flower that decorated the rooms. It took me a week. I would not let any one help me. But I was very glad when it was done. It was something, you know, to be able to say one had done all that without any help."

"Yes," said Mathilde. And then her aunt called her to look for something, and she did not come back.

"You must not talk about dancing to Mathilde," said Estelle; "they think all that so wicked here."

"What a pack of nonsense!" said Julia. "I wonder Mrs. Russell has anything to do with such people."

"But they are very good, and we have no right to pain them, Mamma says," continued Estelle.

Which was undeniable. So Julia was silent, and worked till there was a movement and a buzz at the other end of the room; when she inquired whether the people were going.

"No, indeed; our pastor is just come," said some one near her, standing up with outstretched neck.

Julia stood up too, and sat down again, as a fat, heavy-looking man entered the room.

"So that's their pet pastor," she said to Estelle. "What a vulgar horror!"

Monsieur le Pasteur Cazères, in blissful ignorance of the verdict just pronounced on him, proceeded slowly up to the end of the room where all the elder ladies sat in arm-chairs, and where Madame Fleury was just then busily engaged in quelling a dispute between two ancient dames as to the respective merits of two dolls they were dressing for the bazaar. The sight of their favourite preacher was as oil on the troubled waters. Pastor Cazères moved on, dispensing nods and smiles to his flock, and there was a movement and a buzzing behind him as he went, for he was a very great personage. He ruled with a rod of iron, and the women liked it, and bowed themselves down and—metaphorically—kissed the feet of their Protestant pope. And in no house did the pastor reign more supreme than in rich, good-natured Madame Fleury's. In the

greeting between the two, the condescension was all on his side, the deference on hers. Then he turned and faced the crowd of admirers. There was a sudden "hush!" The orator spoke, and the Frenchwomen held their tongues to listen.

"It rejoices me," said the pastor, in a full, rolling, unctuous voice—"it rejoices me, dear Christian sisters, h—m—it rejoices me to meet such a large assembly here to-night, all piously and busily employed in works of charity. H—m!"

Here the pastor produced a blue check pocket-handkerchief.

"Dear Christian friends, your privilege is sweet and precious, sweet and precious! h—m! That which is undertaken in a spirit of humility and self-devotion must enjoy the blessing of success. H—m!"

"Dear Christian friends, it rejoices my heart to see so many of you here to-night. Bless you! Bless you all! H—m! I thank you from my heart for this welcome. It is, indeed, consoling to your pastor to find his return to the scene of his arduous labours thus hailed with joy. H—m!"

The pastor passed his blue handkerchief over his brow, stuck out his chin, and turned his eyes heavenwards. A murmur of applause ran round the room. Madame Fleury, whose eyes had followed every motion of the pastoral lips, held up her hand and cried "hush!" He was going to speak again.

"He who giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord: as you, dear sister Fleury, have experienced full well, for your substance has been blessed to you tenfold." Madame Fleury looked down and tried to look humble. "I am deeply thankful for the present opportunity of placing before all my dear Christian sisters the privilege of helping forward a good and great work; no less, dear friends, than the saving an immortal soul from destruction."

A murmur ran through the room.

"Yes," ejaculated M. Cazères, looking steadily towards one particular corner of the room,—“yes. There is in this

very town, at this very moment, a soul—an immortal soul, to be rescued from the fangs of the Destroyer. Think, my Christian friends, an immortal soul!"

The women crowded up closer to their shepherd. Sprightly Mathilde caught hold of her aunt's arm, and looked timorously over her shoulder.

The pastor proceeded in his deepest tones:—

"There is in a certain quarter of this city a poor orphan, one of our co-religionists, compelled to serve in a Catholic family for her daily bread. She is forced to keep fast-days with the rest of the family. More than that. Being asked whether she possessed a rosary, and answering in the negative, one was given her, asserted to have been blessed by the Pope. Blessed by the Man of Sin!

"Beloved friends, reflect on that!

"Numerous instructions were given her for using it, and the mistress of the house, in her misguided zeal, went so far as to make her repeat the prayers after her: prayers which you all know to consist of *Paters* and *Aves*, in spite of the poor orphan's reiterated assurances that she belonged to the Reformed Church."

Murmurs of sympathy ran round the room. The pastor waved his hand and proceeded:—

"Farther. The girl's presence is required at such times as the family unite for purposes of devotion. These devotions, so-called, consist mainly in Litanies to the Virgin Mary and the saints. And if, among this crowd of minor intercessors, the Most High were addressed, would not His offended Majesty refuse to hear?"

Again the room resounded with sympathetic murmurs. Again the pastor passed the blue check handkerchief over his moist brow, and cast his eyes upwards. The younger ladies glanced round, and whispered to each other, "Dear, good Monsieur Cazères! Oh, how beautifully, how admirably he speaks! Every word is heartfelt!" The elders nodded and wiped their eyes, and wagged their heads impressively

Descending from the sublime to the practical with the ease which belongs so peculiarly to great minds, the pastor proceeded to inquire among the devout matrons round him for one who would take his *protégée* into her household. Here he was met by an unforeseen difficulty. All the ladies present were already supplied with servants according to their needs, and there was some reluctance expressed by such of them as felt bold enough and wise enough in their own conceits to have any opinion which diverged from their pastor's, at the idea of receiving a girl with whose antecedents they were totally unacquainted, and who, while calling herself a Protestant orphan, might be an impostor, or a thief—nay, a Jesuit in disguise.

The pastor's face grew dark. He had expected his *protégée* to be received with open arms, and he could not brook this unlooked-for opposition.

In most unequivocal terms, he proceeded to denounce the coldness of heart of the rich, and was on the point of making a forcible application of the story of Dives, when Madame Fleury, whose face had become white with dread lest in his zeal the pastor should mention her by name, ventured to interrupt him, exclaiming that she would take the girl into her own household, and befriend her in any way approved by Monsieur Cazères or his colleague.

Monsieur Cazères' countenance regained its normal expression of pious self-satisfaction; his tone changed from denunciation to approbation; the rising storm was lulled.

The hum of conversation again rose, and continued until the appearance of a footman with a silver tray laden with little black books, which he handed round to the company. Then there was a sudden silence, and some people put their hands before their eyes, and assumed a devotional attitude.

"Is it good to eat?" Julia whispered to Estelle, as she took a little book from the tray.

Estelle smothered her inclination to laugh. "Hush," she said, "they are

going to sing and pray. It is rather tiresome, I own; but they think it right to finish the evening so; and some of them are such good people. Please don't laugh, Julia."

But Julia did laugh. And there was a sudden "Hush!" from the upper end of the room, and somebody cried, "Young ladies!" in a warning voice. Julia stopped, and Estelle blushed violently, and wished she had stayed at home.

M. Cazères now began to clear his throat as if he meant business. Madame Fleury beckoned to the footman, who brought a glass of sugared water, which she took and reverently presented to the pastor. Everybody got into a seat. There was a moment's pause, and then a hymn was given out, and sung by the entire assemblage at snail's pace, to no particular tune, and in the key best suited to the capacity of each individual throat. After this a chapter was read and expounded by the pastor. And then all rose to hear a prayer, which was the grand performance of the evening. Here Monsieur Cazères seized the precious opportunity of making special allusions to topics connected with the Reformed interest, as well as of reminding Providence of long-standing individual claims to some peculiar mark of favour. Madame Fleury being the wife of the most influential member of the community, as well as the hostess of the evening, came in for the lion's share of recommendation to Divine favour; a recommendation endorsed by the pastor, who doubtless knew what he was about, by the text, "To him that hath shall be given."

Some men whine when they pray, as though they hoped to wheedle the Almighty into granting His favours. Some shout as though He were deaf. Some adopt a bullying tone. Monsieur Cazères' manner was peculiarly his own; he addressed the Deity as if he were on excellent terms with Him, and didn't care who knew it.

Julia had at first been as much amused with the evening's proceedings as she would have been at a drawing-room farce. But Monsieur Cazères' prayer



seemed interminable; and she, bold as she was, did not venture to giggle while the eyes of forty Protestant ladies were on her. She stood first on one foot, then on the other, and yawned behind her hymn-book. Estelle stood patient and quiet. She was willing to help the Protestant ladies in their work, and give her pocket-money to their charities; but she could not believe in their pastor, hang on every word that fell from his lips, and treasure them up in her mind, as her neighbours did. She disliked M. Cazères. She thought him unrefined, discourteous at times, overbearing. But at the same time she was sorry to think so, and quite willing to suppose that she set too much store by what he and some men of his stamp would have called "snares," "worldly subtleties."

But M. Cazères' prayer, like other exercises, came to an end at last. The "Amen" sounded out, and was re-echoed, and the ladies turned to the work-tables, and began collecting their scattered property. Estelle breathed freely again. After hearing Madame Fleury's name mentioned, she had listened with burning cheeks fearing to hear her mother's, for Mrs. Russell had shortly before made a handsome donation to the orphanage. She turned after her companions, and began folding up her work.

The footman reappeared with the tray, laden with cakes instead of hymn-books. After him came a demure waiting-woman, in a stiff goffered cap and muslin apron, carrying a tea-tray, which she placed before her mistress. Madame Fleury filled the cups, which were then carried round by M. Fleury and two other gentlemen, who had hitherto remained invisible. M. Cazères, with a cup in his hand, glanced at the group of girls sitting a little on one side. His discriminating eye singled out Julia, and he honoured her by walking across the room and presenting her with a cup of Madame Fleury's weak tea.

Julia received her diluted portion with a freezing bow. Adolphe Gustave Cazères, member of the Protestant Col-

lege at Montauban, and Head Pastor of the Temple Évangélique at Toulouse, was absolutely nothing more in her eyes than a vulgar dissenting preacher, — a man whom the Admiral would not have allowed inside his doors!

But she looked so handsome, in spite of her ill-humour, that the pastor set himself to play the agreeable to this perverse Anglican sheep; to the wonder and disgust of the junior members of his own flock, whose piercing southern glances fell with unconcealed ill-will on the beautiful stranger on whom their shepherd thus deigned to cast the light of his countenance. For one of them to have been the object of such attention would have been sufficient to raise up mingled envy and admiration in all her companions' bosoms. Each member of the youthful band would have striven, by her lamb-like demeanour, to be the next to secure a kind word—a moment's conversation—with the pastor-orator. But for him to select a stranger, an Englishwoman, who so seldom gave herself the trouble of attending divine service at the Temple; who now scarcely condescended to speak to Monsieur Cazères, or even to give him a civil look: this, truly, was a grievance almost too great to be borne!

Julia herself would willingly have transferred the pastor's attentions to the members of his own flock. Had he been a dainty English clergyman, one of those who cultivate flowing whiskers and a soft tenor voice, who rejoice in snow-white hands with filbert nails, speak in confidential undertones, wear silken cassocks and fine linen, and fare sumptuously every day, she might, although she by no means affected clergymen, have listened to, or even flirted with him, for want of a better.

But this man! Angels and ministers of grace, defend her from him!

This Calvinist,—fat, awkward, ugly; with immense hands sprawling about as if they did not belong to him; gloveless hands, with black, ill-shapen nails; nails that had never made acquaintance with perfumed Paris toilet soaps at three francs the cake,—this provincial

Boanerges, whose hair niggardly Nature had caused to grow straight and wiry, and in whose face was collected all possible heaviness, sanctimoniousness, and self-laudation! This fright dared play the agreeable!

The English belle just gave him one look, as he bent over her with an air of patronage, and laid down her cup with a ladylike gesture of dissatisfaction.

"You find the tea too strong," exclaimed Pastor Cazères. "Ah! this dear Madame Fleury always makes it so. Everything in her house is of the best. But young ladies' nerves must be considered. Allow me, Mademoiselle, to take back your cup for some hot water." And M. Cazères hurried away in search of it.

"Good gracious!" cried Julia, in English; "why, 'tis hot water already! Estelle, does the wretch expect me to drink it?"

Estelle could not speak for laughing.

"My dear young ladies," cried Madame Fleury, rushing up with great impetuosity, and followed at a soberer pace by the pastor with the tea-cup and an earthen pot containing lukewarm water. "My dear young friends, our good pastor has been scolding me for making the tea too strong. I thought, indeed, that you English liked it very black; though I myself consider it most hurtful to the nerves and the complexion. Is this Mademoiselle's cup? Allow me. Dear Mees Estelle, your cup, too, please. Ah, Madame Roussel, do you abandon us already? But indeed it is quite early."

"My young people were up dancing till late last night," replied Mrs. Russell, who approached just in time to see Estelle swallow the aqueous contents of her tea-cup with a face of comic resignation.

"Madame should not hurry her young ladies away. They are better employed this evening than they were yesterday," said M. Cazères severely.

Mrs. Russell bowed haughtily. "I am perfectly satisfied at the manner in which my daughter disposes of her time."

"Your daughter, Madame," continued

the pastor uncompromisingly, "has a soul to be saved—or lost."

"I am aware of the fact, thank you," replied Mrs. Russell, frigidly.

Madame Fleury broke in, in fear and trembling, "Dear Madame, dear Mademoiselle, do take another cup. M. Cazères, would you fetch a cup for Madame? Would you bring me the teapot here?"

The English ladies declined, and with a profusion of deep curtsies, took their leave, and threaded their way back through the long passages, down the stone stairs, and across the court again, preceded by the demure waiting-maid in the goffered cap carrying a candle.

Alfred burst out on them as soon as they got to Mrs. Russell's private staircase. "Harry's come, and he's got big whiskers, and he said I might get up and keep him company." And then he vanished, being in very airy costume.

"Monsieur is come," said Mathurine, appearing with a light, and a broad grin on her yellow face. Mrs. Russell ran upstairs with a joyful exclamation, and was met by a handsome, hairy, sunburnt youth, who bent himself down to receive her maternal embrace, and then lifted her by the waist, and carried her into the drawing-room as if she had been a small parcel.

"Put me down, you saucy boy," cried his mother, greatly delighted.

"You dearest of little mothers! How many hearts have you broken since last I had the pleasure of seeing you?" asked Harry Russell.

"Put me down this instant, sir," cried Mrs. Russell.

"Give us another kiss," said her son. "You are so pretty, by Jove! I shall be having a stepfather if I don't look out." This was an old joke of his.

"Harry! you are incorrigible. Put me down. There is a young lady here to whom you must be introduced."

Harry dropped his mother on to the floor, and encased himself in his quarter-deck propriety in less time than it takes to write.

"I beg ten thousand pardons," he said, blushing through his brown skin. Julia was not in the room, however.

She had retired to her own room to examine whether her headdress had been disarranged by the hood.

"Darling old fellow!" cried Estelle, throwing her arms round her brother. "How handsome you have grown! Give me a good kiss!"

"All right; another time, when we're alone, dear. I hate embracing in public. There, there, that will do." For Julia had entered.

Estelle drew back mortified. "I beg your pardon," she said. "But I was so glad to see you." And then Mrs. Russell inquired about his journey.

"Monsieur is served," said Jean Marie, the factotum of the house, who made a military salute as he spoke. Jean Marie was an old soldier.

"Come with me, Pussy-cat," said Harry. Pussy-cat was his pet name for his sister. He was sorry to see her look mortified, and wished now that he had given her a kiss, even before the strange young lady.

The word "Pussy-cat" brought back the sunshine to her face again, and she rose radiant and followed him to the dining-room, and admired him to his heart's content while he supped. Harry, pleased at being admired, began to think that his sister was a little dear, and himself a great hulking brute to have vexed her just on his return, and vowed all the young ladies in England should never make him bring the tears into her pretty eyes again.

## CHAPTER IV.

### THE ELIGIBLE.

"MONSIEUR LE BARON DE LUZARCHES asks if Madame is visible. He wishes particularly to see Madame," said Lisette, popping her head into Mrs. Russell's dressing-room one Thursday morning.

Thursday was Mrs. Russell's reception-day. Mathurine was busy dressing her.

"Monsieur le Baron will just have to wait," she muttered, with her mouth full of pins. The one great act of Mathurine's day was dressing Madame, and

she went through the process with a deliberate solemnity that nothing could shake—certainly not the fact of a Baron being kept waiting. Mrs. Russell had an idea of what M. de Luzarches came about, and hurried Mathurine. Whereupon Mathurine went all the slower, declining, in so many words, to be hurried. And Mrs. Russell entered the drawing-room some five minutes later in consequence.

"*Hein!*" said Mathurine to Lisette, when the door of the drawing-room had closed behind their mistress; "*hein!* what can he want to see Madame so early for, do you know, Lisette?"

By way of reply Lisette shrugged her shoulders, and pointed with her right thumb towards the little room where Estelle usually spent her mornings.

"*Tiens!*" cried Mathurine, sticking her hands into her apron-pockets, and involuntarily making a step towards the drawing-room door.

"I don't know for certain, of course," quoth Lisette, feeling in her pocket for her thimble, and drawing forth at the same time a stocking to darn. "But to my mind it looked like it. And it's high time, *pardie!* Mademoiselle must be eighteen, or thereabouts, and Madame ought to establish her."

"No doubt Madame knows her duties," Mathurine replied loftily. "Mademoiselle will have a good dowry, and Madame has more sense than to throw her only daughter away on the first good-for-nothing that chooses to ask for her. I should like to know who it is, though. Say, then, Lisette, was there any one with M. le Baron?"

"No one that I know of," replied Lisette, "unless he had got him in his pocket. As soon as I know anything I'll tell you, never fear." And Mathurine had to go away to her work, wondering and unsatisfied.

"Madame," began the Baron, as soon as the lady of the house appeared, "Madame, I have the honour to present my homage;" and as he spoke he made a very low bow, put his hat on his heart, and his feet in what dancing-masters term the "first position."



"I have found a suitor for the hand of Mees Estelle," said the Baron, plunging in *medias res* almost before Mrs. Russell had had time to inquire after his wife's health.

"Have you?" said Mrs. Russell, without a shade of surprise. Ever since reading Mr. Vivian's letter to her daughter, she had been thinking that it would be better at once to see about getting a son-in-law according to her own taste. Estelle, although she did not know it, was an heiress. Till she came of age her mother was her guardian. After her one-and-twentieth birthday, she might marry Mr. Vivian, or any other penniless man, if she so pleased: Mrs. Russell had no power to prevent her. Although the girl had said so proudly that she would never break her mother's heart, Mrs. Russell could not feel sure that her patience would last when she found that she could make Mr. Vivian a rich man. And even if it did last—for consent to such a marriage she never would as long as she lived—what a horrible prospect it was for her, the mother, to be obliged to feel as the years went on, that each succeeding year brought her daughter nearer to her liberty; that Estelle might say in so many words, "I will never marry during my mother's lifetime." Mrs. Russell hated the idea of dying, always; and hated it all the more now that it seemed as if her death would help Estelle to having her own way. Even from the next world she would have liked to rule over Estelle. She had kept Estelle so much in the background that the girl was still quite a child in some respects, in spite of her love for Mr. Vivian. Having lived nearly all her life in France, and among French people, there had been no officious friend, no gossiping English nurse, to puff her up with notions of her own importance. It would have been necessary to tell her some time hence, of course, of the fortune left her by her rich godmother. And as soon as the fact of the heiress-ship became known, there would be no danger of a lack of suitors. But all that had been in the

future; and as Estelle seemed so likely, by her unlucky fancy for Mr. Vivian, to cut out her future quite otherwise than suited her mother's ideas, Mrs. Russell felt that on her side it would be prudent, if possible, to drive one fancy out by putting another in. To do this it became necessary that she should look about her, inquire about antecedents, genealogies, and so forth. She felt this a great trouble, and was thankful when Monsieur de Luzarches happened actually to divine her thoughts without making it necessary for her to explain and set him to work.

Monsieur de Luzarches had a great admiration for Mrs. Russell, and professed it, even to his wife's face. He always paid her a visit on Sundays and Thursdays, and sat gossiping for exactly an hour by the clock. The last time they had met at the Préfecture he had said to her, "I suppose you are thinking of establishing your daughter soon?"

Mrs. Russell had been watching Estelle, and thinking that her manner was absent, and her expression anything but happy. Could the girl be pining for that wretched Vivian? The mother's cheek reddened angrily as the possibility of its being so occurred to her. It was then that Monsieur de Luzarches came up and spoke. She blessed him in her inmost heart, and then, womanlike, gave an indifferent answer:

"That is a thing one must not do in a hurry. It is extremely difficult to meet with a really desirable connexion."

"Difficult, yes; impossible, no. Permit me to aid you in your search, Madame."

"But, my dear Baron, I could not venture to give you the trouble."

"For you and your daughter no exertion could be a trouble," was the gallant reply. And now it really seemed as if the Baron had been exerting himself to some purpose.

"Yes, Madame, I have found a suitor," he said. "The only difficulty is about the fortune. The young man's parents will not allow him to marry any one with a dowry under a hundred thousand francs. I imagined that Mees Estelle's

dowry might perhaps be somewhere about that figure, but of course I could not take upon myself to say. It is that, however; is it not?"

"I rather think it will be somewhere near seven hundred thousand," said Mrs. Russell, quietly.

"Seven hundred thousand!" the Baron repeated; and then he took snuff, and thought, "So this quiet unassuming child was an heiress." He had no children; he had never had any, and had congratulated himself on being childless when he saw the trouble men had with their sons. But now he cursed the evil destiny which kept such a prize from falling to the lot of a Luzarches.

"Now, then, who is the aspirant for my daughter's hand?" asked Mrs. Russell, who had keenly enjoyed the little man's surprise.

The Baron instantly went back to business. It was an excellent match, he said. An only son, and direct heir to a number of distant childless relatives who would have all died out before ten years were over. Both parents were living; but the father, M. le Comte de Montaigu, was very infirm, and M. Raymond might come into his title any day. Finally, M. Raymond was over head and ears in love with the charming Miss Estelle.

"Montaigu? It was a good name. What of the family?" asked Mrs. Russell. "I won't have anything to do with new people."

"They were undoubtedly well-born," M. de Luzarches assured her; "and well off, besides the expectations. They had a handsome chateau a few miles off, on the other side of the Garonne, and their hotel, a fine old house, in the city, which they occupied during the Carnival. Madame de Montaigu had been a lovely woman once, was still handsome, dressed perfectly, entertained admirably, and was an intimate friend of Madame de Luzarches, where Madame Roussel would have met her this past winter, only that M. de Montaigu had had a paralytic stroke in the autumn at the chateau, and had not been fit to be moved into town till the end of the Carnival; and

Madame de Montaigu was extremely devout, and never went into society in Lent."

"In short," said Mrs. Russell, "you really think it would be a desirable connexion?"

"Not a doubt," the Baron answered. "The Montaigu family was one of the very few left in that part of the country which had any right to be classed with the old noblesse. There had been a title in it long before the time of Louis XIII. That monarch had advanced the then Baron de Montaigu to the dignity of Count."

"So far," said Mrs. Russell, "everything seems satisfactory. I have the greatest confidence in you, Baron. But, even if everything else were settled, there would still be my daughter's consent to gain. I shall never force her to marry. When she does, it will be from inclination alone."

The Baron bowed, thinking to himself, "What a Utopian idea! Girls' inclinations, forsooth! What blind idealists these English mothers are!"

Mrs. Russell proceeded:

"The Montaigus must be made to understand that I don't vouch for her taking a liking to this M. Raymond. She has been extremely hard to please; in fact, she has never shown the least liking for any one as yet."

The Baron smiled, and showed his white teeth. "I have not a doubt of Mees Estelle's being much too well brought up for such a thing to occur unsanctioned by you, Madame."

And then, with a repetition of bows, the old gentleman got himself gradually outside the door, and tripped downstairs and into the street with an air of intense satisfaction.

He walked along till he came to the Hôtel Montaigu, which stood at the extreme end of the noble or White Quarter, as it is generally styled in Toulouse parlance.

"Hist, Baron; hist!" cried a voice as he entered the gateway of the hotel.

M. de Luzarches looked up. M. Raymond de Montaigu was sitting on a window-sill in the *entresol*, attired in a

gorgeous dressing-gown and tasselled cap, smoking.

"Where do you come from, most irreproachable of Mentors?" cried M. Raymond, waving his cigar.

"What would you give to know?" replied the Baron.

M. Raymond suddenly disappeared from the window, and as suddenly reappeared at a little side door, the private entrance to his bachelor suite of rooms in the *entresol*.

"I am on my way to see your parents," said the Baron. "I will come up to your rooms afterwards."

"You have been to see *her* mother?"

M. de Luzarches nodded and smiled.

"Come up and tell me all about it. Let the old people wait," cried M. Raymond, impetuously.

The Baron turned to the side door. Raymond was a favourite of his. He gave him good advice now and then in homœopathic doses, for fear of its disagreeing with him.

Raymond shut the door, peeped into his bedroom to see whether his valet was listening, and then came and sat down by M. de Luzarches, who was getting his breath back by slow degrees, for the stairs were steep and he was more than robust.

"*Tenez*, I think your affair is set a-going," said he.

M. Raymond threw his smoking-cap up in the air and caught it again. "You are the best and most devoted of friends," he exclaimed. "And the dowry? It reaches the prescribed figure?" he continued anxiously.

"*Mon cher*, I have found thee a treasure," returned the Baron. "Figure to thyself, seven hundred thousand francs!"

Raymond threw himself back in his chair. "Thank Heaven!" he ejaculated with a sigh of relief. "If you only knew, Baron, how I had been tormenting myself about the miserable dowry! My mother said, 'Not a *sou* under two hundred thousand.' And I knew she would stand firm. And I was looking forward to being forced to make the three respectful summonses."

"Poor fellow!" said M. de Luzarches

kindly. "But we would have found thee another, as rich and as fair; never fear, Raymond. *Va*, I love thee too well to see thee in despair, my boy."

"When first I saw Mees Estelle, I said, that girl shall be my wife," said Raymond, very quietly, but with flashing eyes. "And it shall be. I have sworn it to myself, do you see, M. le Baron?"

The Baron laughed. "That is charming; but suppose she won't have you?"

"In that case, there is the Garonne," said Raymond, proceeding to light a fresh cigar.

The Baron whistled. "He looks as if he were capable of it," he thought. "I hope the young mees will be favourable."

"Well, I must see the Comtesse," he said, looking at his watch. "I suppose she will be visible?"

"To you, and on such an errand, certainly," was Raymond's reply. "Apropos, if she makes any difficulty about the religion, manage her carefully."

"*Peste!*" said M. de Luzarches. "I forgot all about that; I never even asked Madame Roussel, and she said nothing about it, either. That may be a knotty point. But since when is *Madame votre mère* become devout?"

"Oh, she is not exactly devout. Heaven forbid! But in a woman who has already arrived at a certain age, one often perceives symptoms of that sort of thing. For me, Mees Estelle might be a Mahometan; but for the parents—Ah, my dear friend, parents are tire-some creatures sometimes."

"So are bigoted wives," said the Baron, with a grimace.

"It is precisely because of that that I should so much prefer my wife to be a Protestant: since it would seem that a religion of some sort is a necessity to the female mind," said Raymond.

"I wish I had married a Protestant," sighed the Baron as he rose.

Madame de Luzarches passed half her time at church and in the confessional.

"Keep the excellence of the dowry well in view," said Raymond as he opened the door.



"Be easy on that point; I was not born yesterday," said the Baron rather touchily; for the allusion to female bigotry had ruffled his good humour. "Madame will have to convert the girl. The dowry is the chief thing, after all."

"For the family, yes; but not for me. I would as soon marry her to-morrow as not, even were she penniless," said Raymond seriously.

"The girl has bewitched you, that's clear," said the Baron. "*Au revoir.*"

And the old gentleman went his way to Madame de Montaigu's apartments on the first floor, where for the present we will leave him.

## CHAPTER V.

### MONSIEUR RAYMOND'S BOUQUET.

MADAME DE MONTAIGU and Mrs. Russell met by tacit appointment at the house of Madame de Luzarches. Each looked the other over, and decided in her secret mind that there was no objection. The same process was then gone through with regard to Monsieur Raymond and Miss Estelle. Madame de Montaigu inspected the English girl, and approved of her. Mrs. Russell on her side took Monsieur Raymond's measure, and decided that he was just the son-in-law she would have chosen, had all the young men in France passed in review before her. Monsieur Raymond was extremely handsome, his boots and gloves irreproachable, and his waistcoats in perfect taste. He employed a Parisian artist for his coats. He was a thorough adept in all that appertains to the business of the drawing-room, understood the art of listening, and could be lively and witty without becoming oppressive. Mrs. Russell was enraptured with him. Monsieur Raymond was of course a free-thinker. Mrs. Russell was not a free-thinker herself; she did not consider freethinking becoming in a woman. But what is unbecoming in a woman may be becoming in a man, and amongst men freethinking was decidedly the order of the day. That Monsieur Raymond, then, believed not in a God; that he em-

phatically believed in goddesses; that he conceived himself to be a very fine fellow, the end of whose being was to lead a mazy, butterfly existence, and generally to make the best of this span of life while it lasted—was a very small matter to Mrs. Russell. He knew how to move his arms and legs, how to dress himself, how to talk and how to be silent. He would never annoy her by absence of mind and awkwardness; there was but one shaky life between him and his title; and finally, if Estelle could be made to marry him, it would most effectually prevent her marrying Louis Vivian.

A spice of girlish vanity would have warned Estelle of what was preparing for her; but she was too absorbed in thinking on and wondering at Louis Vivian's love for her—so insignificant she believed herself—to see anything out of the common in the sudden assiduity of Madame de Montaigu and M. Raymond, and the constant coming and going of M. de Luzarches.

Her eyes were suddenly opened, by receiving, early one morning, a splendid bouquet, with M. Raymond's card attached to it.

"Is it not delicious, Mademoiselle?" asked Lisette, holding up the bouquet, a conical construction composed of Parma violets of every hue—lilac, white, streaked, and purple—and crowned by a magnificent Mont Blanc camellia.

"Who sent it?" Estelle asked, feeling under her pillow for her love-letter. By day it was hid in the sandal-wood box.

"*Tenez*, behold the card. 'With the respectful homage of Raymond de Montaigu.' Mademoiselle might have guessed the name. The valet brought it. He told me it cost a napoleon. Mademoiselle will be a countess." And Lisette's eyes sparkled.

"You are talking nonsense. I wish you would not say such things to me," Estelle replied coldly.

"But Mademoiselle knows it as well as I do," said Lisette, who had had a chat with M. Raymond's valet. "Look here," said the valet, as he gave her the

bouquet, "my master is courting your young lady. Say then, Mam'selle Lisette, tell me in confidence what sort of temper has she? I heard M. le Baron de Luzarches tell Madame la Comtesse not to lose time. She is valuable apparently, this young lady."

The bouquet, before reaching its destination, had been well inspected by all the servants, down to the scullery-maid, who had said, like Lisette, "How deeply the gentleman must be in love to spend such a deal of money on a heap of flowers!"

"Take them away, and open the window," said Estelle. "I can't bear that strong perfume, and I hope M. Raymond won't trouble himself to send any more."

"So Mademoiselle lets them lie neglected on the bed," said Lisette, not heeding her mistress's order. "If the poor gentleman could see how badly they are received, sweet, innocent flowers!"

"Is Mamma getting up?" Estelle asked.

"Yes, indeed; Mathurine came from her room just now, Mademoiselle," said the maid, opening the window.

"You can come back when I ring," said Estelle, jumping up with sudden resolution.

As soon as her maid was gone, she snatched up the bouquet and ran to her mother's room.

"Did you know about this, Mamma?" she asked, holding up the bouquet.

"A bouquet? Well?" said Mrs. Russell, quietly.

"M. Raymond de Montaigu sends it. Did you know?" the girl repeated. "Lisette had the—the impertinence to say he was my—my—that he wanted to marry me."

"As for that, he has my permission to pay you his addresses, certainly," said Mrs. Russell. "And what a lovely bouquet! Where could he have got it?"

"I can get flowers myself when I want them. I don't want his, certainly," said her daughter, with as much firmness as she could assume.

Mrs. Russell was imperturbable. "You won't get many such bouquets as that, Missy, out of your allowance, let me tell you."

"I have a great mind to send the wretched bouquet back," Estelle cried, gaining courage. "I don't want his attentions. I don't want to marry him, or any one. I intend to be an old maid. I shall send the bouquet back, Mamma."

"You will do nothing so absurd," interposed Mrs. Russell. "I approve of M. Raymond. He is suitable in every way. Above all, he will be Comte de Montaigu when his old father dies; and I should like—look at me, my pet"—she touched her daughter's cheek caressingly—"I should like to see my only daughter a countess. Countess Estelle—does not that sound pretty, daughter mine?" Mrs. Russell was not ordinarily lavish of her embraces. Now, she drew her child to her, and kissed her fondly. And Estelle, who knew that her mother knew how high a value she set upon her kisses, felt that she was being bought over.

"Countess Estelle! Yes, it sounds nice, certainly. But it will never be my name," she added hastily, feeling that the bare admission that it sounded well was a wavering in her allegiance to Louis Vivian.

"Never is a long day. Go back to your room and dress," said her mother.

Estelle turned back as she opened the door. "I tell you, Mamma dear, I have quite made up my mind. I shall be an old maid."

"We shall see," laughed Mrs. Russell. "Young ladies do change their minds sometimes. Take your bouquet with you. It was not sent for me, you know. Adieu! Countess Estelle."

The name rang in her ears as she ran off. "No, no, no," she repeated; "if Mamma won't let me marry Louis, I'll be an old maid. I'll not marry this M. Raymond—no, not if he could make me a duchess."

And, while Lisette was braiding her hair, she bethought herself what line of

conduct she had best follow in order to make it clear to M. Raymond that his attentions were disagreeable. It was but little she could do by way of any such demonstration. If she remained silent, her silence would only be construed into the proper maidenly reserve of a well-born and well-brought-up girl. It would be fifty times easier if M. Raymond were an Englishman, she thought. She resolved, however, to express disapprobation of the bouquet, if he gave her a chance; and to be as cross and disagreeable as she knew how, if ever she had the opportunity.

"How nice the violets smell!" observed Lisette, who could not forbear alluding to the bouquet, and who, with a long twist of Estelle's hair in one hand and a comb in the other, felt herself for a moment mistress of the situation.

"I hate such a quantity," Estelle said.

"M. Raymond would be desolated to know that. I shall give his valet a hint. There are plenty of flowers besides violets."

"I beg you will do nothing of the sort, Lisette."

"Oh, Mademoiselle may depend on my discretion. La, la, what a length of hair! I should like M. Raymond to see it, *pardie*."

"Lisette!" Estelle exclaimed, flushing angrily.

"*Tenez*, he would go on his knees to admire it. And what would he not give to possess a lock! Look here, a full yard and a quarter long, I vow, Mademoiselle!"

Estelle shook her head free of the maid's hands, regardless of pain. "You are too impertinent," she cried. "You forget yourself, Lisette; and if you talk like this any more, I shall speak to Madame."

"Dear!" cried Lisette, lifting up her hands, "is it possible that I have offended Mademoiselle? I was only joking."

"Don't let it happen again, please," said Estelle, still angry.

"Certainly not, Mademoiselle." And presently Lisette, saying that she heard

Mademoiselle Julia's bell, left the room, thinking, "She must be in love with some one else to turn up her nose at such a good match. How she snapped me up, to be sure."

As she finished dressing, Estelle resolved to write to Louis Vivian. She knew that if her mother were aware of any such intention, she would endeavour to frustrate it. She would tell her very likely that she was forward and unmaidenly; that she was not engaged to him; and that no girl should write to a man till she was engaged.

"But he has asked me to be engaged to him, and I should have said 'Yes' before now, if it were not for Mamma. That dear, kind letter ought to be answered too one way or another. And if I leave it for Mamma, she will write him something very haughty and disagreeable, poor dear fellow." And she sat down to her writing-table, and began:

"MY DEAR LOUIS ——"

But the note was not to be written in peace.

"May I come in?" said Julia, knocking.

"I wish I could be left alone," muttered Estelle. "Come in," she said, in a tone the reverse of cordial.

"That sounded very much like 'Stay out,'" observed Julia, entering. "What's the matter with you this morning?"

"Nothing," said Estelle, putting away her blotting-book.

"So you have had a bouquet this morning," said Julia, taking it up. (Lisette had told her about it already.)

"You have made a conquest, you sly puss, and never told me."

"I have not done anything of the kind."

"Why, here is proof positive! Come, tell me all about it. Is it serious, or only flirting?"

"You know I never flirt, Julia," said Estelle, blushing up to the roots of her hair.

"Stuff! Don't look so disdainful, my dear. There are many ways of flirting. You take your way, and I take



mine. Yours consists in playing the part of a sweet innocent. You do it to the life, I will say. And it suits your complexion and style of face."

"You may believe me or not," returned Estelle; "but what I say is true nevertheless. I have never flirted in all my life. Why," she exclaimed, feeling that she had wherewith to put a stop to the discussion, "if I wanted to flirt, Mamma would not let me. She would shut me up in a convent at once."

Julia laughed merrily. "I'm glad that I am not her daughter! Why, what's this? 'With the respectful homage of Raymond de Montaigu.' What fun!"

"It is no fun to me. It vexes me beyond measure; and I hate the very sight of the bouquet. There!" and down went M. Raymond's luckless offering on the floor.

Julia's laugh rang out merrily again. "It's quite refreshing to see you in a bad temper: your eyes flash so prettily."

"I am perfectly miserable," said Estelle, ready to cry.

"Nonsense! I think you ought to be pleased. M. Raymond had better transfer his homage to me. I shall not treat his bouquet in such an ungrateful way, depend upon it. Such a sweet meaning as this one has too. Violets to betoken his modesty, and the Mont Blanc on top to signify how humbly he bows down to your high mightiness."

"How do you know?"

"Why, you poor ignorant child, did you never study the language of flowers?" said Julia, picking up the bouquet.

"No, indeed; I never studied any such nonsense. Do take it away. I hate it, and I hate M. Raymond," Estelle cried vehemently.

"Which means you are in love with some one else; I have got it!" cried Julia, clapping her hands.

"In love! I really do not understand you;" and Estelle walked out of the room with what Julia styled her "empress air," and showed her resentment of her friend's intimation by preserving a dignified silence towards her all breakfast time.

This was such a new phase in Estelle's character, that Julia was at first amused by it; but before the morning was half over she had got tired of having no one to talk to. She could neither chat with Mrs. Russell nor flirt with Harry, for at breakfast Mrs. Russell had signified to her son that she wanted to speak to him on business, and the two had been shut up ever since in the book-room.

Estelle was in the drawing-room, supposed to be getting ready her Spanish exercise. But there was a sheet before her not intended for the teacher's eye, and it ran as follows:

"MY DEAR LOUIS,—I got your letter, and I thought it very kind and good of you to have remembered me all this time. It will be two years next August since we parted at Caeterets, and I am just the same, although you wickedly prophesied I should change my mind. Mamma was *dreadfully* angry at your letter, and said a great deal which I thought very *unkind*. But I do not mind what Mamma says, neither do I mind your being poor. Bayard was poor; but '*sans peur et sans reproche*.' I think you are like Bayard.

"Dear Louis, you ask me to promise to be your wife. As you say, I am no longer a child, and I ought to know my own mind by this time. I am almost eighteen, and Mamma began to take me into society soon after my last birthday. I have seen nobody to compare with you. The young men are all of them either stupid, or frivolous, or conceited; their only use is to dance with, and to hand one to one's carriage.

"Dear Louis, I hope you do believe that I shall always care for you truly. And yet I do not know how to answer your question, for Mamma said she would die of grief if I married you. 'She would break her heart,' she said. It was very terrible for me to hear such words; for, although she is strict, she is very, *very* fond of me. I am quite sure of that. I told her that I would never break her heart, and that I would be an *old maid*; and so I will. I would

wait all my life for you, if need were, and never tire. But you work so hard, and are so clever, that you must get rich before long, and then Mamma will relent. She does not know of my writing this, and you must not answer it, please; because I do not wish to make her angry. I wish you would take another walking tour this summer. I suppose we shall go to the mountains as usual. I still go on studying, although I am come out. I wish you could tell me what you would like best for me to study. To be a fit wife for you I ought to be wonderfully clever. As Mamma will not give her consent now, you must console yourself by thinking that by the time she does relent I shall be *such* a learned lady; learned enough even for you!

"And so believe me, dear Louis,  
"Ever your own little ESTELLE."

"P.S.—There is a M. Raymond de Montaigu who has taken it into his head to pay attentions to me. Mamma approves of him, but I think him a shocking dandy. His hair looks as if he spent hours over it; he has a tiny little absurd moustache, is always dressed to perfection, and thinks a great deal of himself; and I *hate* him."

Writing this letter had quite restored Estelle's serenity. She looked up as Julia entered the room, and, remembering how offended she had been all breakfast time, said sweetly: "I was horribly cross this morning; I won't be so another time if you will forgive me. I had no right to be cross with you; it was not your fault."

Julia returned her kiss. It suited her to be friendly. She wanted to make Estelle useful. The friend who had been in the habit of transmitting her Indian letters had written to say that she was going to travel in Germany, and she was much put to it for a go-between.

"I want you to do me a kindness," she began.

Estelle was quite ready to promise. Julia went on: "I'm in a fix. I have

letters sometimes which I don't choose to let the good people at home know anything about. A friend has been in the habit of forwarding them to me, but she writes to say I must not depend on her any longer. Now I dare not have them sent direct to me, and I want you to forward them to me in England when I go back. It would not be much trouble."

"Why can't they be sent direct?" Estelle asked.

"Because I hate a fuss. And there would be a fuss if Papa and Mamma knew who my correspondent was. I do as I choose in most things, but if they knew this they'd go into fits, both of them."

"You are carrying on a clandestine correspondence?" said Estelle, opening her eyes.

"Just that. Now don't look so shocked! If you were in my place, you would do exactly the same."

"But surely it is a sin," said Estelle, half to herself.

"You will put me out of patience with your old-fashioned notions," cried Julia. "Why should you set up for being better than other girls? How many do you suppose to be tied up to their mothers' apron-strings as you are? I don't know a girl in England who would put up with the life you lead. You can't do the simplest thing without consulting your Mamma. I don't believe you dare call your soul your own. It's a shame of her to keep you in such bondage!"

Estelle could not bear to hear her mother spoken of so slightly.

"You will please to speak of Mamma with more respect," she cried. "If I am tied up to her apron-strings, it is because I like it."

"I know better. You only think you like it because you have been brought up so. Any one but you would fight against such absurd tutelage. But about these letters. They are a great nuisance, but I can't help having them."

"You should have said what you wanted before you asked me to help

you," said Estelle. "I cannot do this. Mamma would not allow it."

"You need not tell her."

Estelle shook her head.

Julia went on: "It is such a simple thing, too. And there's no harm. It's a cousin I am engaged to. We have a perfect right to correspond."

"Engaged? Of course you can write if you choose, then. But, if you are engaged, why conceal it?"

"Because Papa and Mamma wouldn't approve of it if they knew. They have a stupid prejudice against cousins marrying."

"Then why——"

"How tiresome you are! Will you do it for me, yes or no?"

"No!" said Estelle stoutly. "I dare not. And it would not be right, even if I did dare."

"You are a little coward," said Julia, rising. "You might help one out of a fix, just for once."

"Behold M. le Professeur, who arrives to give Mademoiselle the lesson," said Mathurine, throwing open the door.

Estelle started up. "And my exercise not finished! What will Mamma say?"

"Madame desires Mademoiselle to proceed with her lesson. She is engaged, and cannot come in," continued Mathurine, taking her seat in a corner near the door, and pulling some work from her pocket. Mathurine always acted as duenna when Mrs. Russell could not be present during her daughter's lessons.

Estelle was glad to have her that morning, for although the old professor was lenient, she knew she would have been scolded by her mother for the ill-prepared lesson.

She thought over what Julia had said during the day. There seemed a difference in the way in which she stood with regard to Louis Vivian, and the way in which Julia stood with regard to her lover. But she could not tell where the difference lay. It seemed right that she should tell Louis Vivian that she could not marry him because of her mother's disapproval: common

courtesy, indeed, demanded that he should be answered. But her mother would be angry at her writing, no matter what she wrote.

"And would she be angry if it were proper for her to write to him?" she asked herself.

She remained perplexed for a long time.

At last she thought, "Should I be in any doubt if it were right for me to do this? Surely not. Then I dare not. It must be a sin."

But yet she had not courage to tear up the sheet she had written to him. She folded it up and put it away in the sandal-wood box.

And Louis Vivian's question remained unanswered.

## CHAPTER VI.

### MATHURINE'S MIDNIGHT WATCH.

BEFORE very long Monsieur Raymond became conscious that his wooing was not progressing favourably. He redoubled his attentions to Mrs. Russell, won Alfred's heart by frequent presents of bonbons, took an English master, in order to qualify himself for speaking English with Harry—thereby much discomfiting the young lieutenant, who, pulling his whiskers furiously, would wonder "what the fellow meant by calling him 'my dear,'"—and offered up a bouquet at his lady's shrine every morning. The excessive reserve with which Estelle continued to receive his attentions was very charming from one point of view; that is to say, it seemed a guarantee that she would be a safe wife—one who would not require watching in society; but still, being approved of by the mother, he would have liked a glance or a smile from the daughter now and then. He would have descended to the depths of despair had it not been for Mrs. Russell's strong assurances that Estelle was favourable to his suit.

"You are too easily discouraged, Monsieur Raymond," she would say. "My daughter is very young and shy;



but surely I, who am her mother, ought to know her feelings, if she has any."

And M. Raymond would kiss Mrs. Russell's white hands, and go away comforted.

"What has become of those flowers?" Mrs. Russell asked one morning. "I ordered Lisette to put them in the inner drawing-room."

Estelle did not answer, and pretended to be very busy drawing.

"Estelle, did you hear me speak? I asked what had been done with the bouquet M. Raymond sent this morning. I wish him to see it here when he comes."

"M. Raymond's bouquet?" said Estelle, raising her head from her drawing, and looking very steadily at her mother. "I gave it to the portress's dog to play with, and I dare say he has torn it up by this time. Shall I go and see? I hear him barking in the court."

"I am astonished at you!" cried Mrs. Russell, alarmed at the mutinous expression of her daughter's face. "If M. Raymond knew that, he would never come near us again."

"I have a great mind to tell him the very next time he comes, and then perhaps he will let me alone," cried Estelle.

"I am excessively displeased," said Mrs. Russell, walking out of the room. In Estelle's present mood talking seemed useless. She therefore showed her displeasure by not speaking to her for three days,—a proceeding which, as she had well guessed, gave Estelle far more pain than the sharpest scolding she could have inflicted.

But on the evening of the third day, as Estelle sat alone in the dark—for it was too miserable to stay in the drawing-room with her mother, who had kind words for every one except herself—Lisette came to her, saying, "I have been seeking Mademoiselle everywhere. Behold M. Raymond, who arrives, and Mademoiselle is to put on her blue silk dress, and come to the drawing-room immediately, Madame says."

"I won't go in," thought Estelle. "Tell Madame," she said to Lisette,

trembling as she said it, "that I do not wish to enter the drawing-room to-night."

"But I dare not carry such a message," said Lisette. "Madame would be furious, and I should be discharged immediately. Besides, Mademoiselle is not in earnest; Mademoiselle will change her mind, and let me dress her."

"Not I. Good night, Lisette. You need not come back. I shall go to bed."

Lisette shrugged her shoulders, vowed that Mademoiselle's caprices were enough to drive a maid to despair, and told Mrs. Russell that Mademoiselle was coming presently.

"How terrible it is to disobey one's mother!" Estelle thought, her heart beating in anticipation of Mrs. Russell's anger. "I could not do it for any one but Louis."

A quarter of an hour passed. Then the rustle of a silk dress was heard along the corridor.

"Where are you, Estelle?" said her mother, entering. Estelle rose from the window-seat.

"What are you doing in the dark? M. Raymond is here. I sent Lisette to tell you to put on your blue silk. That grey makes you look like a nun; and I told you before you were not to wear it in the evening. Ring for Lisette, and make haste. M. Raymond has been inquiring for you."

"I do not wish to come into the drawing-room," said Estelle, trembling all over. "I told Lisette to say so. I wish to keep out of M. Raymond's way."

Mrs. Russell laughed. It was not a pleasant laugh.

"You are mistaken if you think I am going to let you behave in this way," she said, ringing the bell violently for Lisette. She stood by till Estelle was dressed; and then taking her by the wrist, led her forcibly to the drawing-room, saying—

"I won't have you sitting back in a corner. You are to talk; you can talk if you choose. Do you hear?"

Estelle was fairly cowed into sub-

mission for the time; but when M. Raymond—enraptured with her and with himself—had kissed her hand and taken leave, she turned to her mother and said, with a white face and quivering lips:

"I never will marry him—never—never—I hate him! And I wish Louis would come and take me away. I would go with him if he asked me. I would, I would!"

"I am ashamed of you," returned Mrs. Russell; "but I hope for your own sake you do not quite know what you are saying. It seems as if you wished to bring me to my grave with sorrow and disappointment."

"You know I don't, you know I don't!" the girl cried, bursting into tears. "How could you think so, Mamma?"

"What am I to think? You know very well what would please me, and yet you will be obstinate, and disobedient, and wicked. You can go to your own room. I do not wish to see you any more this evening."

Estelle cried herself to sleep that night. Mrs. Russell treated her as if she were in disgrace the next day, and many days after. Mrs. Russell began to hate Louis Vivian. She felt he was her daughter's sole prop in this strange rebellion against her will.

At last even Harry, the most careless and unobservant of mortals, noticed the change in his sister's appearance. The girl was beginning to look like a ghost.

"What's the matter, Puss?" he asked. "Why do you sit and mope by yourself? Why do you quarrel with your bread and butter?"

"Mamma won't speak to me," Estelle faltered, her eyes filling with tears. "And she won't kiss me—and I am miserable."

"What have you been up to, to get into a mess?"

"Nothing. Only she wants me to marry—and I——"

"Go on," said Harry, lighting a cigar.

"And I hate him! Oh, Harry,

Harry, will you try to persuade Mamma to let me alone? Will you take my part now? Tell her I hate M. Raymond."

"How pleased M. Raymond would be to hear that. You had better tell him so," said Harry, laughing.

"I wish I had a chance. But Mamma is always there. I wish Mamma would marry him herself, as she is so fond of him."

"Nonsense. He is very gentlemanly, and very handsome. And you are quite a Frenchwoman yourself. I should say he was just the fellow to suit you."

"I can't bear handsome men," Estelle said. "And he is such a dandy. And I don't believe he is clever."

"Cleverness be hanged," said Harry, who was not at all clever himself. "Would you have a fellow spout Latin and Greek in a drawing-room?"

"Of course not. And a man may know Latin and Greek and yet be very stupid. Harry,"—and she came and cuddled herself up close to him,— "Harry, I want you to be a dear, kind boy, and write to Louis——"

"What!" exclaimed Harry.

"Write to Louis Vivian for me, and tell him——"

"My dear child, what a pack of nonsense!"

"It is not nonsense," Estelle exclaimed, sobbing. "He has asked me to marry him, and so I would, only——"

"What business had he to ask you, I wonder?" said her brother, angrily. "He isn't a bad fellow in his way, but he has barely enough to keep himself, and the idea of his wanting to marry you is too absurd. Just like his impudence, it was."

"I will not have you say that," she cried, moving herself away from her brother. "He is as true a gentleman as ever breathed."

"A truly shabby one," returned Harry. "You should see his coats! I saw him the other day walking down Pall Mall. I don't know which was most seedy, his coat or his umbrella. And he looked as if he'd just come from the moon. The impertinence of his wanting to marry *you*, indeed!"

"You are very unkind, Harry: I like him, and he has asked me—twice—and I would be engaged, if Mamma would only let me——"

"And I hope Mamma won't let you. I dare say Vivian thinks you'll have some tin, and intends to make a jolly good spec. of you." Harry knew his mother did not wish Estelle to know anything about her money. He was in no hurry to disobey her wishes in that respect. Not that he grudged his sister her good fortune. But he thought girls were apt to be stuck-up when they knew themselves to be heiresses. He supposed that his mother would have a most natural objection to see Estelle stuck-up.

"He thinks you may have tin some day, you know," said he. And truly, he imagined Louis Vivian to have no higher motive.

Estelle's face flushed angrily. "I will not have you speak so," she cried. "I know he cares for me for myself alone. I will not have you hint such a thing."

"Very well, my dear, I won't," said Harry. "But you may as well make up your mind to marry this M. Raymond, for you know as well as I do that when the little mother says a thing she means it."

"And when I say a thing I mean it. I will marry nobody but Louis."

Harry whistled. "Then look out for squalls. I'll bet you anything you like you don't, though."

"But I will," Estelle insisted; "or else I'll be an old maid."

"No, you won't, Pussy-cat," said Harry, pinching her ear; "I know better. I shall have the pleasure of sending your wedding-cards to Vivian——"

"You cruel, cruel boy! You refuse to help me, and you laugh at me besides."

"I think you want to be laughed out of your nonsensical fancy. You have not seen the fellow for two years, and here you are crying your eyes out for him. Why, you were a mere child two years ago. You are a mere child now, for the matter of that. It's no use, my

dear; it's no earthly use, I tell you," said Harry, kissing her. "My advice is: forget the fellow as fast as you can, and don't run counter to the little mother, because you won't find it pay." And that was all the comfort she got from Harry.

Julia was delighted at seeing Estelle "assert her rights," as she termed it, and offered her assistance in carrying on the mutiny against maternal authority.

But Estelle, despite her resistance to Mrs. Russell's wishes, loved her too well to bear Julia's disrespectful remarks on her, so that Julia was forced to restrict herself to vague expressions of sympathy.

Estelle's conduct was a complete enigma to Julia. She had drawn from her, one day when she was more discouraged and miserable than usual, the confession that she liked some one—an Englishman—of whom her mother disapproved. She might perhaps have learnt more, but her eager curiosity, and her offer of writing to the gentleman instantly, to inform him of the cruel manner in which Mrs. Russell was treating her, made Estelle shrink from farther confidence.

"You are an odd girl," Julia said at last. "If you won't let me write, why don't you write yourself? That's what I should do. I'd tell him all about it."

Estelle was silent. It was useless to try to make Julia understand why she did not write herself.

"Well, I'm sure he ought to be flattered at your making a martyr of yourself," said Julia. "Don't give in. Perhaps when your Mamma sees you really intend having your own way for once, she'll change her mind."

"Mamma never changes her mind," said Estelle, mournfully.

Meanwhile a vial of wrath was being prepared for Julia in an unexpected quarter. Mrs. Russell was a clever little woman, but she was too much occupied just then with her refractory daughter to give due heed to her son's ways; and when Harry undertook the task of conveying instruction to Julia in



astronomy, a branch of useful knowledge in which she professed herself lamentably deficient, Mrs. Russell never even suspected a budding flirtation. So the pair sat, evening after evening, with their heads over an astronomical map, an unwieldy thing, which required a small table all to itself, and looked out the names of the stars in the Great Bear's tail, or referred to that particular portion of the heavens which was only visible from the farthest end of the balcony; and Mrs. Russell sat by and saw nothing.

But, as every one knows, stars have different hours for rising, and it sometimes happened that the particular constellation Julia wished to observe did not become visible in the heavens until after the household had retired to bed. It was perfectly natural that she should step out on the gallery to view it, and quite as natural that Harry, whose window was nearly opposite hers, should join her there, and explain the relative position of such constellations to the North Pole, or any place else. The astronomical lecture over, Harry would recite long passages out of the "Glaour" and the "Bride of Abydos," light himself a cigar, and supply his fair pupil with a delicate cigarito.

Now these two might have paced the gallery night after night, lovingly enveloped in the folds of one cloak, had Harry only possessed strength of mind sufficient to deprive himself of his cigar! But in the first place, he argued, everybody was asleep; in the second, he didn't care if they weren't; and lastly, he could not exist without his smoke. Hence the mischief.

One night Mathurine, who had been to confession in the evening, and had a long series of prayers to say as a penance, fell asleep over them, and woke an hour later to find her light burnt out. That was no great matter, as *paters* and *aves* can be said just as well in the dark. So Mathurine finished the prescribed quantity, and then opened her window to have a peep at the stars before going to bed. But, besides the stars, she observed something else shin-

ing: two red sparks, down on the first floor gallery. She watched for a moment, but they remained stationary. Supposing it to be a thieves' sentinel, she leaned out of window and shrieked "Thieves!" with all her might.

The sparks instantly disappeared—plain proof, she thought, of the truth of her conjecture. Descending stealthily to the first floor, she walked the whole length of the gallery on both sides, without meeting any one. She listened attentively, and passed down into the court, but there was no sound except the waving to and fro of the shrubs in the night breeze. She tried the doors, but they were fast. She knocked at Harry's door. Harry opened it, and asked what she wanted so late at night.

"Pardon, Monsieur," said Mathurine: "it is that I fear there are thieves lurking in the house. There were certainly two individuals on this gallery just now."

Harry mentally consigned Mathurine to a place once supposed to be near the centre of the earth. "Stuff!" he exclaimed, in very bad French; "you old women take fright at anything. I was having a smoke on the gallery, that's all. I thought of the new curtains Madame had put up the other day."

"It is true," said Mathurine; "that never occurred to me. But who was Monsieur's companion?"

"Companion? Go to bed, Mathurine; you are in your dotage," said Harry, closing his door.

"*Pardie*, Monsieur," said Mathurine, moving a step further in; "I saw two lights."

"I was trying to smoke two cigars."

"That's not possible, Monsieur. One light was here, and another there," persisted Mathurine, pointing.

"You must have been asleep; you dreamt it. There, don't bother, and don't go telling Madame any nonsense. Take that, and hold your tongue," said Harry, closing the door upon her.

"*P'tit Jésus!*" Mathurine muttered, on trying the coin between her teeth and finding it a napoleon; "there's something going on, or he would never

have given me this. I shall watch this young Monsieur."

Mathurine did watch, sitting in the dark and telling her beads. And one evening, when the two red sparks had disappeared, she went down softly, and peeped in at all the windows.

"Monsieur," she said to Harry next morning, "there were persons walking up and down this gallery last night. I will swear to it."

"There you are again," said he. "What a tiresome old woman you are! I always walk here by night. It's my quarter-deck, do you understand?"

"Monsieur understands, however, that I shall speak to Madame if it occurs again. It is not Monsieur's sister who walks and smokes with him. Blessed child, she is in her bed, reposing like the holy angels. No, no, Monsieur needs not to inform me of anything," said Mathurine, shaking her head virtuously and viciously.

"Will you hold your stupid tongue?" cried Harry, in a great rage. "This is Madame's house, not yours. I won't be dictated to by an old woman."

Mathurine drew herself up. "Monsieur understands that I have the interest of the family at heart."

"Yes, yes, I daresay; but you don't understand English customs. Take that to get yourself a new cap."

"Not so bad," thought Mathurine, as she pocketed a second napoleon. She would watch a little longer, and then tell Madame.

Mrs. Russell spent that evening at Madame Fleury's. Estelle was gone to bed with a headache. She always had headaches now, and Julia, really pitying her, had offered to sit with her and bathe her forehead with eau-de-cologne. Harry went to the theatre.

But Estelle fell asleep, and Harry, finding the play dull, returned home early, and had a pleasant *tête-à-tête* with Julia to finish the evening.

"We must give up our meetings by starlight," he said. "Mathurine has been watching us, and vows she'll tell my mother. It won't do to get into a row, you know."

Julia sighed. "It was so pleasant having you to talk to. We think so much alike. Your mother and Estelle are too completely French for me. I feel quite homesick sometimes, although Estelle is a little darling, and Mrs. Russell all that is kind."

"Are you homesick really now?" said Harry, drawing his chair a little nearer to Julia's.

Julia only answered by a deep sigh.

"I remember," said Harry, "when I was a mid—my first voyage, you know—I was awfully sea—homesick, I mean; but I soon got over it. I daresay you will in time."

Julia shook her head in a gently responding manner. "I wish, oh I wish I could. But at home I have always been accustomed to such complete liberty, and here—oh dear, I feel sometimes as if I were in a convent. I did venture out once alone, and I'm sure I thought I should never hear the last of it from Mrs. Russell. You should have heard her on French etiquette."

"Oh," said Harry, "I can just imagine that. But you and I are English, and we won't be trammelled by French nonsense. It's very well for my sister, who has been brought up in the French way. I'll tell you what now. We two will have a jolly little stroll down by the Botanic Gardens some evening when my mother is busy with her charity committee. And—what do you say to having ices somewhere?"

That was just what Julia wished for.

"It's no use; she'll find out and make a fuss," she said, with another sigh, intended to stimulate Harry.

It had the desired effect. Harry vowed he would manage it somehow. Only let her trust to him, he said tenderly.

"But Mrs. Russell might blame you, and that would make me so unhappy," said Julia, with one of her most killing glances. "I know how very strict her notions are."

"Oh, bother her notions!" said Harry. "As I said, it's all very well for Estelle. But you just tell me whether you want a run, and see if I'm not

at your service. I'd go to the world's end to serve you—I would indeed, Julia."

"Thanks," Julia murmured, giving him her jewelled hand, and turning her head away with another long-drawn sigh. Harry squeezed her fingers till she winced. He forgot her rings in his ardour.

"You are so kind," she murmured; "like a brother almost. I never had a brother."

"Let me be one," said Harry, "if I mayn't be anything better."

So the seal of fraternity was set on Julia's white forehead. She received it with the most charming *naïveté*. "I hope dear little Estelle won't be jealous," she said, with her sweetest smile.

She did not blush in the least. Why should she?

That project of a walk round the Botanic Gardens was destined never to be realized. Mathurine was too sharp for them. They had made sure all was safe, and were going out one evening between the lights, when they were pounced upon by the lynx-eyed lady's-maid, and forced to turn back ignominiously.

"Fie upon you!" she exclaimed,

putting her back against the low door leading from the quadrangle into a back street, where she had waylaid them.

"Fie upon you! What! you, a young lady belonging to a good family, go to walk at dusk with a young man! No! not while I have the honour to be in Madame's service shall such a scandal as this take place. It would ruin Mademoiselle Estelle's prospects for life, and I swear it shall not be!"

It was useless for Harry to argue. Mathurine was as firm as the Pic du Midi, and turned a deaf ear to his vehement assertions of freedom. She did not even answer him when he proved in execrable but forcible French that both he and Miss Maurice were British subjects. She followed Julia to her room, and made her understand that if there was a repetition of the impropriety, it would become her unavoidable duty to inform Madame. Indeed, she added, she ought, if she knew her duty, to speak to her at once.

"Do so by all means!" was Julia's answer.

But Harry interposed, and once more paid her for silence.

It cost him a third napoleon.

(To be continued.)



## THE EUROPEAN SITUATION.

POLITICAL events on the Continent have of late been unusually fruitful in hopes and disappointments. It really seemed at the beginning of last month that the tendency to general peace and reconciliation which the advent of Christmas is supposed to create in the ordinary relations of life, was at last also making itself felt in the treacherous and stormy atmosphere of foreign politics. Stocks rose on all the exchanges, troops were sent home on furlough, and Paris and Berlin correspondents declared that peace was certain. This pleasant belief, however, was soon rudely shaken by the news of a rupture between Turkey and Greece. Apprehensions of a general war again depressed journalists and financiers, and the sanguine speculators of three weeks ago have become the despondent prophets of to-day. But such signs of the times are hardly to be trusted. It is impossible to gather any accurate impressions of the European situation from newspaper telegrams, which are often only formidable by reason of their unintelligibility, or from those senseless panics which now periodically agitate the money-market. Let us endeavour, by a careful survey of the elements of disturbance now existing in Europe, and the checks upon them, to form an independent opinion on the subject.

It seems to be generally supposed that war has been prevented by the Spanish revolution. But could France have made war if the revolution had not occurred? We showed in the last Number of this Magazine ("The Rhine Frontier") the tremendous difficulties of a campaign on the Rhine conducted by France alone—difficulties which make a duel between France and Prussia almost an impossibility. Even if Napoleon had been sure of the

alliance of Spain—of which there is no evidence—it could scarcely have enabled him to face these difficulties, for a Spanish contingent would in no case be of much use for a war in Germany. The Spanish troops, it is said, were to have taken the place of the French in the Roman States. This would, no doubt, have added a few thousands to the French army; but what a temptation it would have been to Italy to make one more attempt to complete her unity! And if the Italians won a victory over the Spaniards on Papal territory, as they probably would, with the superiority given them by greater numbers and a patriotic cause to fight for, could France have left her new allies and the Holy Father undefended? The same objections would, of course, apply to Spanish support under the new revolutionary government, supposing—as was seriously believed in Paris a few weeks ago—that it were really disposed, notwithstanding all internal difficulties, to plunge into a European war.

Fortunately for the interests of peace, the list of available alliances is just now very small. That of Italy, if it were worth having, Napoleon could at any time have for the asking, if he would withdraw his protection from the Pope. But in such a case Italy would have too much to do at home to give any effectual assistance abroad; and the alienation of the clerical party in France would be a heavy price to pay for an uncertain ally in a war which would tax to the utmost the united energies of the French people. After the brilliant, but too brief leadership of Cavour, Italy has again become what she was in the time of Dante: "Nave senza nocchier ed in gran tempesta." Her chief statesmen are either honest conservative mediocrities, like Menabrea, impracticable

radicals, like Crispi and Mordini, or clever intriguers, like Ratazzi. The ship is strong enough, no doubt, to weather the storms which will probably for many years to come still impede her progress; but it is to be feared that there is no one on board capable of directing her skilfully and speedily through the dangers which beset her.

The persistent repetition in the French press of the rumours of an offensive and defensive alliance with Belgium and Holland rather shows what France desires than what it is in her power to accomplish. Among the Dutch there is undoubtedly a very prevalent impression that Germany has aggressive designs on their country; and it must be confessed that their fears are not entirely without foundation. Since the days of the "great Elector," the founder of Prussia's greatness, Holland and Prussia have been constantly at issue, in consequence of the attempts of the Prussian rulers to establish a fleet; and the identification of the policy of Prussia with that of Germany, which may be said to date from the great national revival of 1848, made these attempts still more alarming, for the natural harbour of a German fleet would obviously be at the mouth of the Rhine. It is said that when Count Bismarck was ambassador at Frankfort, he openly declared that Prussia wanted a sea-board, and that this ought to consist of the coasts of Holland, North-Western Germany, and Jutland. This theory has since enjoyed a certain popularity in Germany, and it had beyond question a good deal to do with the national movement for Schleswig-Holstein. Now that the German flag waves at Bremen, Hamburg, and Kiel, say the Dutch, might not another great war carry it to Rotterdam and Antwerp, and thus complete the programme of the aspiring Prussian Minister? Moreover, Holland has always been more or less the enemy of Prussia, and her complicity with Napoleon in the Luxemburg affair excited a hostility in Germany which is still fresh. Nor could she be capable of resisting for a moment the attack of her big German

neighbour. Holland has already been twice occupied by Prussian troops—in 1787 and 1813—and it is very doubtful whether she would again be patriotic enough to protect herself by an inundation, as when she was threatened with invasion by Louis XIV. From France, on the other hand, she has little to fear, and much perhaps to gain. If Napoleon had his own way in a war with Prussia, he would probably try to annex the Walloon provinces of Belgium, in which case the Flemish provinces would fall naturally to Holland, both as a reward to an ally, and a homage to that principle of nationality which has always been the stalking-horse of French Imperialism. There is, therefore, much to attract Holland to France; while, from a strategical point of view, it is of the highest importance that France should cultivate the friendship of Holland.

At least as valuable to France, however, as the alliance of Holland, would be that of Belgium. We may be pretty sure that if war breaks out, neither of the antagonists would be very scrupulous about respecting the neutrality of this country, which seems to have been made expressly by nature for a battle-field. The Luxemburg affair, in which the farce of neutralization was gone through merely for the sake of appeasing the susceptibilities of France, clearly showed that political treaties are now-a-days regarded as binding only so long as it does not suit one of the contracting parties to break them. It may be doubted whether even the great diplomatic abilities of Leopold I., if he were still living, would be a sufficient safeguard for Belgian neutrality in a European crisis; and his successor is admittedly quite incapable of coping with any serious political difficulty either at home or abroad. This the Belgians themselves feel and say, and the violent antagonisms of race and religion in their country make the dangers of their position still greater. Doubtless, as a nation, they desire to remain independent; but the French party in the south, and the German party in the Flemish provinces, form elements of disintegration which might

be used with fatal effect in the midst of the convulsions of a great war. On the whole, if no other course were open to them, they would rather be annexed to France than to Germany, but either alternative would be disagreeable; and it will certainly not be their interest to court political extinction by allying themselves with Napoleon.

But even supposing that France had both Belgium and Holland on her side, those Powers, however valuable for defence, would be useless for attack. Much has been said of late about an alliance with Austria, and there are people even now in Paris who maintain that such an alliance has actually been concluded. Without professing to have any special information on this subject, it will be useful to examine whether the general tendency and requirements of contemporary Austrian politics furnish any grounds for such a report. There is one fact about Austria which those who speculate about her foreign policy do not take sufficiently into account—namely, that, with the exception of Turkey, no state in Europe is so beset with difficulties of every kind. The charming picture drawn by Count Beust in his last Red Book, of an Austria united at home, influential abroad, and strong enough to crush her enemies both within and without, rather represents her as her friends would wish her to be than as she really is. A less partial pen would show the majority of her people so discontented as to be almost rebellious, her policy abroad viewed with distrust and suspicion, and her treasury well-nigh exhausted by the results of past mismanagement and the expenses of the new military organization. Such a position, it might be said, must in the end drive this clever, scheming Minister—whom a Frenchman once wittily characterized as “*non seulement un homme d'état, mais un homme dans tous les états*”—to seek a diversion from his troubles in a great war. An alliance offered under such circumstances could in no case be worth much; but it is hardly credible that with all his fondness for intriguing, Count Beust should commit himself to

a policy so utterly irreconcilable with that he has hitherto pursued. The one great object he has had in view ever since he was called to the direction of affairs at the Burg, is to attract the Germans to Austria by making their countrymen in the Empire the leaders of a free constitutional state. He wishes, it is true, to undo the work of Sadowa, but only by playing off the liberal government of Vienna against the military despotism of Berlin; and to join France in an attack on Germany would be simply to give the deathblow to his plans, for it would at once put an end to all sympathy for Austria in the Fatherland. Granting, however, that he is blind enough to believe it possible to restore the state of things which existed before 1866 by another war, neither the German majority in the Reichsrath—who are already more German than Austrian—nor the Hungarians—who owe their present power and almost total independence to the events of that year—would permit him to attempt it.

Whatever may be the truth, therefore, of the report of a Franco-Austrian alliance, we may be pretty certain that it would produce no practical result. The only other power which could be of any assistance to France against Prussia is Russia; and here we tread on very uncertain ground, for all depends on the will of one man, or rather on the influence which at any given moment may predominate over his weak and inconstant spirit. Fortunately, Alexander II. dislikes war because he is one of the most timid as well as the most irresolute of monarchs. He could sanction without flinching horrible cruelties in Poland, but his way of pursuing the traditional policy of the Czars in Turkey is by underhand agitation and small diplomatic intrigues at the trumpety courts of Bucharest and Belgrade. In Germany, too, though he held aloof during the last war, he thinks to stem the rising tide of unity by his family influence among the petty sovereigns; and it is more than probable that, having missed the opportunity of playing a great part, as he might have done, in 1866, he will



not embark in a much more hazardous conflict now. This disposition is encouraged by the policy of the party—represented by M. Milutin in the Cabinet, and M. Katkoff in the press—which ever since the last Polish insurrection has been predominant at the Russian Court. All the efforts of this powerful and active faction are now directed with an almost fanatical ardour to their favourite object of crushing out all differences of nationality and religion in the empire, and reducing the motley populations of which it is composed to one dead level of Russianism. While the Government is so busy at its hopeless task of turning Protestant Germans and Catholic Poles into Russians and “True Believers,” it can have but little time or energy to spare for thoughts of a foreign war. Moreover, the army is as yet very scantily provided with breech-loaders, and the ignorant and brutalized Russian soldier is so slow to learn the use of the new weapon, that some of the Prussian officers lately employed in Russia as instructors of musketry have been known to give up their task in despair.

But though we may reckon with some certainty on Russia's present desire to be at peace, all may be changed both there and elsewhere under the disturbing influence of a European conflict. Indeed, once the flame of war is kindled in Europe, it is very difficult to say where it would stop. Italy would certainly strike another blow for Rome; the Greeks would again attempt to realize their “great idea;” and Russia could hardly fail to profit by the universal hubbub in gathering the fruits of her Pan Slavist propaganda in Turkey and Austria. All the plans of conquest and revolution which were laid during the war of 1866, and were suspended by its abrupt and unexpected conclusion, would reappear in a more mature, and therefore more dangerous, form. The Eastern question especially, that bugbear of Western diplomacy, which, if carefully watched and left to its own natural development, may in course of time settle itself, would perhaps be arranged in a manner

fatal to the independence of Europe, by the establishment of Russia, or one of her satellites, at Constantinople. For, without going into the intricacies of this great question, for which we have no space here, it is above all important to bear in mind that the chief dangers of the Turkish empire proceed, not from within, but from without. The extraordinary blunder—we will charitably suppose it was nothing else—made by Lord Stanley in his speech at Lynn, when he represented the late disturbances in Turkey as disputes between a Government and its subjects with which no foreign state has a right to interfere, shows a total misconception of the real state of things. The great majority of the population of Turkey proper consists of Bulgarians, a quiet, homely, agricultural people, almost entirely destitute of political feeling, and therefore without any political grievances, desirous of remaining under the government of the Sultan, and only asking to be allowed to manage their own religious affairs—a demand which has now been granted. Of the remainder, the Greeks of the mainland are a crafty, grasping, degenerate race, who think only of enriching themselves at the expense of the Government; those of the islands are not numerous enough to endanger the integrity of the empire; and the warlike Albanians are as much attached to the Sultan as the Turks. With the reforms now being gradually introduced in her Christian provinces, Turkey is assured of a long lease of existence, if she is only left to deal with her own people. But if Greece on the one side, and Russia on the other, are allowed to continue pouring bands of revolutionists into her territory, the best and wisest government in the world will not be able to save her from destruction. The energetic remonstrances of Austria, supported by France, England, and Prussia, have now succeeded, to a certain extent, in removing this scandal of our modern diplomacy. The weak but ambitious Hospodar of Roumania, finding himself snubbed by his royal relative at Berlin, has replaced his adventurous Minister

Bratiano by a man of more conservative views ; and the determined step just taken by Turkey towards Greece will, it is to be hoped, bring the Government at Athens to a proper sense of its international duties. So long as the guaranteeing powers sincerely desire peace, Turkey will be as secure on the side of Greece as she is on that of Roumania. But peace in the East can only be secured by peace on the Rhine. A new war would again let loose all the wild ambitions and tortuous intrigues which seem to find their natural home on the Lower Danube.

It would seem, from the above considerations, that even if a war with Prussia were the last card Napoleon could play to save his dynasty, the risks are so tremendous that, gambler as he is, he would probably not dare to encounter them. The alternative would be either to perish grandly in the midst of a universal conflagration, or be ignobly driven from the throne by a popular rising. But have matters gone so far in France as to give him no other choice? M. About published an interesting though slightly coloured account the other day, in an Imperialist paper, of the present state of feeling among the various sections of the population, and we have been given the opportunity of supplying, from an independent source, some of the facts he has toned down or left unnoticed. The strength of the empire has always lain in the support of the agricultural population ; and this class, which reads few newspapers and no pamphlets, is as much attached to the dynasty as ever. It complains of the high taxation, and is by no means satisfied with the new military law : but it not only has no thought of overthrowing the Government, but would be ready, if necessary, to defend it. Among the *ouvriers* there is no such attachment to the dynasty. They neither like nor dislike it, and as long as the Government gives them plenty of work and good wages they will leave it alone. What will happen when the ruinous constructions which have made Paris a huge quarry are completed, is a question which justly arouses the apprehensions of all far-

sighted politicians ; but at present there is no danger to be feared from that quarter. The loudest opposition has hitherto come from the middle class, which is the only one that really feels the want of a free political life, and feels it only the more strongly because it has now been thrust into the background by the superior numbers of the *ouvriers* and the agricultural population. "Le suffrage universel," says an able writer in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, "est toujours ou séditieux ou servile," and the mass of intelligence and talent scattered in the middle-class of France, being too liberal-minded for servility, and too weak for parliamentary opposition, is sometimes driven into sedition by its intense yearning for political activity. But such manifestations, harassing as they are to the Emperor, are usually more noisy than popular. Their frequency shows that there is much discontent ; but the discontent is confined within too narrow a sphere to portend any immediate danger to the Government.

That Napoleon would recover his popularity by a successful war there can be little doubt, for the desire among the French people, taking them in the mass, for a victory over the Prussians, is unfortunately stronger than that for liberty. But war being now almost out of the question, would he not find it his interest, if not to "crown the edifice," at least to make the structure more solid and complete? Standing alone in his old age at the head of discontented France, broken down by illness, and deprived by death of the faithful companions who assisted to build up his throne, would it not be well, not only for his country, but for himself and his dynasty, if he shared the responsibilities of rule with some of the brilliant statesmen who are now the most formidable opponents of his Government, but who could be converted by a truly liberal policy into trusty advisers and firm supporters? He is surely strong enough in the attachment of the army and the majority of his people to take such a step without danger ; and although it might to a certain extent diminish his

power, it would do more to consolidate his dynasty than even a successful war. The French nation will always appreciate the advantages of liberty, but will soon forget the transient joys of military glory.<sup>1</sup>

What the Emperor himself thinks on this subject his reticence will permit no one to know; probably he will declare it before long in one of those oracular utterances with which he is accustomed to surprise the world. But there is every reason to expect, from his own practical good sense, and the known opinions of those who have most influence over him, that he will not pronounce for war. The Empress's sympathies are now entirely absorbed by the misfortunes of Pius IX. and Queen Isabella; and M. Rouher, the "Grand-Vizier," is a strong advocate of peace. In such a question the tendencies of the Foreign Minister, too, would naturally have some weight. M. de Lavalette, who has just been appointed to that post, represents, together with M. Benedetti, the French ambassador at Berlin, the views of that party among French politicians which sees in the unification of Germany no injury or danger to the interests of France. When the plans of Napoleon with regard to the distribution

<sup>1</sup> The *Times* argued the other day that it is useless for Napoleon to give France any more liberties, because what the opposition really wants is not freedom, but a change of rulers. This last assertion seems to us an utterly groundless libel on the political intelligence of the French people. But granting it to be true, why should it be easier to plot treason under a liberal than under a despotic régime?

of power in Germany had failed in consequence of the unexpected issue of the war of 1866, it was M. de Lavalette who was selected, as the successor of M. Drouyn de Lhuys, to inaugurate a policy of conciliation by the famous despatch in which "the agglomeration of small states" was accepted as the natural solution of the great questions of European politics. Such a statesman would hardly now be entrusted with the direction of affairs at the Quai d'Orsay, if the Emperor were seriously contemplating a warlike policy.

The result of our review is, that peace with Prussia is imposed on the ruler of France by every consideration of national expediency, as well as of personal interest. And, so long as France is at peace, there is no reason to expect war from any other quarter. Prussia, occupied in consolidating her conquests, has no cause to provoke any of her neighbours; the Spanish revolution, though no longer bloodless, can hardly afford any pretext for a war; Italy is powerless against the Pope while French troops protect Rome; and the only effectual measures have at length been taken for putting an end to the machinations of the disturbers of peace in the East. How long this state of things will last must depend on circumstances and events which it is impossible to foresee. At any rate, it will be satisfactory to note that the general aspect of affairs in Europe, though still not without "black spots," is more pacific this Christmas than it has been at any time since 1866.



## CHRISTINGLES.

Christingles are made in this way. A hole is made in an orange, and a piece of quill, three or four inches long, set upright in the hole, and usually a second piece inside this. The upper half of each quill is cut into small strips, and the end of each strip inserted into a raisin. The weight of the raisins bends down the little boughs of quill, forming two circles of pendants. A coloured taper is fixed in the upper quill, and lighted on Christmas Eve. The custom is German.

THE children stood and watched me  
 As I cut them one by one,  
 In the bright December morning,  
 In the clear December sun.  
 The church-clock struck eleven  
 Ere the first quill was done,  
 And the children listened to the strokes,  
 And counted them one by one.

And they looked from the nursery windows  
 High up under the eaves,  
 Where the creepers used to climb and cling  
 With their clusters of crimson leaves,—  
 They looked from the nursery windows  
 On the churchyard down below,  
 Where so many their quiet Christmas kept  
 Out of sight of the snow;  
 They looked at the gentle shadows  
 And the wintry beams that crossed  
 The sprinkled snow on the happy graves,  
 And the glittering white hoar-frost.

And before the talk was over  
 That the clock had made by striking,  
 Or the eager eyes were wearied out,  
 I had fashioned the quills to my liking.  
 They were very patient children,  
 And they had not long to wait;  
 There were six quills only this Christmas-time,  
 And there always used to be eight.

So then my Christmas-keepers  
 They rushed away to be dressed,  
 To go out for the coloured tapers,  
 And the raisins, and all the rest.  
 Oh merry Christmas shopping!  
 And the little grey old man  
 That kept the shop where the tapers were  
 Could talk as children can;

*Christingles.*

He showed such store of colours,  
 And he was as pleased as they,  
 And said the brightest were the best,  
 For one must be good to be gay!  
 Only the little faces  
 Grew silent when he said,  
 "Red is better than yellow,  
 Will nobody have the red?"

Before we put the holly up  
 That busy afternoon,  
 I called for the tapers and oranges,  
 And the children brought them soon:  
 And we gave each slender quill-stem  
 An orange for its root,  
 And made the delicate branches bow  
 'Neath the load of raisin fruit.  
 And the tapers stood in the middle,  
 Yellow, and green, and white;  
 And the Christingles were ready  
 To be lit at fall of night.

Then I stooped for a bough of holly  
 That had fallen on the floor,  
 And there fell to the ground, as I lifted it,  
 A berry, or something more,—  
 And after it fell my eyes could see  
 More clearly than before.  
 But oh for the red Christingle  
 That never was missing of yore!  
 And oh for the red Christingle  
 That I miss for evermore!

I lit the three Christingles,  
 I lit them one by one,  
 On the merry, merry Christmas eve,  
 When all the work was done.  
 I lit the three Christingles,  
 And they burned with a joyous ray,  
 But the faces that bent above them  
 Were fuller of light than they.

But the table had four corners,  
 And the lights were only three,  
 So I put the gifts at the other end,  
 That the father might not see.  
 Perhaps I hoped a little  
 That he would not count how many,  
 Nor miss the red Christingle  
 That was more to me than any.  
 Of all the tapers I saw it best,  
 For my eyes were too dim to see the rest!

I went and sat a little apart,  
Lest some of the thoughts that thronged my heart  
Should trickle out at my eyes,  
And the children should see them there, and start,  
With a sorrow in their surprise.

But nearer than all the talking  
Came a whisper low at last,  
And down from the heavens of the future,  
And up from the tombs of the past,  
It brought my thoughts back trooping  
To the present Christmas Even :  
“Mamma, the red Christingle—  
Are they lighting it up in heaven?”

I did not look behind me,  
Though the little voice was there ;  
But I looked across to the table  
Where the other children were,  
And I saw that two were watching  
Like vestals of days bygone,  
But I glanced at the white Christingle,  
And it burned unwatched, alone.

A minute passed in silence  
Ere I could answer make,  
Ere the power of speech that slept in me  
Was willing at all to wake.  
I was thinking thoughts in plenty,  
But I waited for words in vain,  
Till the child grew shy of her question,  
And stole away again.

But, as she was the eldest daughter,  
When the other two were gone  
With the Christmas kiss to their happy sleep,  
I let her linger on.  
And I put my arm around her,  
And kissed her on the brow,  
And she knew full well what I meant thereby—  
“I am ready to hear you now.”  
And I kissed her on the dear white lids  
Of her loving, heaven-blue eyes,  
And a little smile came on her lips  
And floated away, cloud-wise.

And after a thoughtful silence  
The little daughter said,  
“Mamma, four Christmases ago,  
When it first came into our head,  
And we chose our Christmas colours,  
Each one to keep to his own,



*Christingles.*

And never to change them any more  
 Till we were all up-grown,  
 Then Allan and I talked over it,  
 And he chose the red, you know,  
 Because it was like a brave, strong boy,  
 And King David's cheeks were so.  
 So Allan had the red one,  
 And for me, I chose the white,  
 For I thought, as the angels wear white robes,  
 They might notice my white light ;  
 And I wanted the beautiful angel eyes  
 To give me one kind glance ;  
 So I held my face over the taper, close,  
 And thought they were looking, perchance.  
 And I thought that likely, even then,  
 The light of their eyes might mingle  
 (Though I could not tell the lights apart)  
 With the light of my Christingle.

"And now there is one thing I want to know,  
 The reason I cannot find,  
 For I should have been so glad to go,  
 And Allan to stay behind.  
 I love you very dearly,"  
 (And a close caress was given,)  
 "But I want to see what heaven is like,  
 And I want to live in heaven.  
 Why did they come for Allan,  
 And why not come for me?  
 For I have my headaches so oftentimes,  
 And Allan was always free ;  
 And I miss Allan every day,  
 And he would not have so missed me."

I sobbed deep down within my heart,  
 It was so hard to bear—  
 "I have lost one little child of mine,  
 And I have not another to spare!"  
 Again I kissed the forehead small,  
 So round, and soft, and fair :  
 "The time is short, my darling,"  
 I said, as I smoothed her hair,  
 "And it matters little who goes first,  
 We shall all so soon be there."

But was it true, the thing I said?  
 I know it matters to me,  
 For, oh my children, the time is long  
 Until your face I see!  
 And I weep for the red Christingle  
 That faded first and fast;  
 And I yearn for the white Christingle,  
 That the angels took at last!

I could not tell her why it was  
That Allan was first to die,  
And though she often thought of it  
She never could find out why ;  
But there came a deep content, and lay  
On her face, that was sweeter every day,  
And she said, " I shall know it by and by."

The angels had long patience,  
And another Christmas came,  
And the white Christingle burned once more,  
And she bent over the flame ;  
And the angels watched her taper,  
Standing scarce out of view,  
And they loved the white so well, so well,  
That they made her cheek white, too !

And at last, on a bright May morning,  
My snowdrop faded quite ;  
And the first day of the gentle June  
We buried her out of sight.  
The other two stay with me,  
But oh, they seem so few !  
I cannot forget that I once had four,  
And now I have only two.  
And I try to think the time is short,  
And growing shorter daily ;  
But my heart goes heavily all day long,  
And the children's go so gaily !  
And I, that used to smile with them  
Whenever they smiled at all,  
I have quite forgot my smiling now,  
And it will not come at my call.

But by and by, as the months go on,  
The pain will wear away,  
And I shall be glad that the gathering home  
Is nearer every day,  
And my David of the ruddy cheeks  
Will greet me glad and gay,  
And the little girl the angels loved  
Will not want to go away.

B. B. B.

## RECENT SOLAR DISCOVERIES.

BY J. NORMAN LOCKYER.

As far as I know, the first mention of those strangely beautiful and weird appendages of the sun, variously called "red flames," "prominences," and "protuberances," which are visible, and only visible, during a total eclipse of our great luminary, occurs in a letter addressed by a Captain Stannyan to Flamsteed in 1706; that is, 162 years ago.

Stannyan was at Berne, observing the total solar eclipse of that year, when the sun was totally darkened for four minutes and a half: he seems to have had sufficient presence of mind to have given the marvellous and awful accompanying phenomena only their due share of attention, for he carefully watched for the sun's reappearance, and was rewarded by observing that "his getting out of his eclipse was preceded by a blood-red streak of light from his left limb, which continued not longer than six or seven seconds of time; then part of the sun's disc appeared all of a sudden as bright as Venus was ever seen in the night,—nay, brighter; and in that very instant gave a light and shadow to things as strong as the moon uses to do."

It seems pretty clear that Stannyan believed this "blood-red streak" to belong to the sun, for he does not mention the moon; but unfortunately, authority, in the shape of Flamsteed, referred it without question to the moon; and the height of our satellite's atmosphere was at once calculated to a nicety. This error was not banished from men's minds till the year 1860; it held its own therefore, for over a century and a half—a pretty long run for an assertion made on such a slender basis, but one not altogether unprecedented.

From 1706 to 1860, total eclipses of the sun have swept over Europe. I believe that in every case—certainly

in every late case—the remarkable phenomena first observed in 1706 have been seen: in astronomical observation, as in other matters, *Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coute*—the mind helps the eye as well as the eye the mind; but the records are singularly unsatisfactory till the year 1842 is reached, and then the golden age begins. The "red flames" in that year were watched by several observers of the highest eminence. Mauvais compared two of the prominences in shape and colour to the peaks of the Alps illuminated by the setting sun. Mr. Airy likened them to saw-teeth in the position proper for a circular saw. Mr. Baily describes those seen by himself encircling the black moon as follows:—"They had the appearance of mountains of a prodigious elevation; their colour was red, tinged with lilac or purple: perhaps the colour of the peach-blossom would more nearly represent it. They somewhat resembled the snowy tops of the Alpine mountains when coloured by the rising or setting sun."

The next swing of the Eclipse pendulum brings us to 1851, and to Sweden, which was in consequence the rendezvous of European, but especially of English, astronomers, who were now convinced, particularly by the observations of 1842, of the enormous interest and importance of the problem. Of this eclipse we have admirable records. Airy, Adams, Dawes, Hind, Carrington, Robinson, Dunkin, Lassell, were among the eminent observers who were there to endeavour to settle the question. Prominences there were in abundance, some of them of great magnitude and striking form. So enormous in height and so brilliant was one of them that it was clearly visible to the naked eye, and Dawes saw it five seconds after the sun had reappeared! We owe to that



lamented observer the most minute account of the prominences. One of them was cone-shaped, of a deep red colour; another was a bluntly triangular pink body, disconnected with the sun; and another like a "Turkish cimeter," 70,000 miles in height if it belonged to the sun, with one of its edges of a rich carmine colour. Besides these, two low ridges were seen, stretching along the moon's edge: in one of them was a flame like a "dog's tusk;" its colour and brilliancy varying from those of the lower ridges. The prominence which reminded Dawes of a "cimeter" was likened by Airy to a "boomerang;" its colour "full lake red:" the latter also saw one of the ridges, which he called a "sierra," situated along the sun's edge at the part where it was just *fitted* by the edge of the moon; this sierra being "more brilliant than the other prominences, and its colour scarlet."

This eclipse left a very distinct impression on the Astronomer Royal's mind as to the exact place of the prominences. "It was impossible," he said, "to see the changes that took place in "the prominences without feeling the "conviction that they belonged to the "sun and not to the moon."

Still Professor Adams was not quite convinced. Mr. Dunkin held a contrary opinion to Airy; other observers, if they had formed one, did not express it, and we believe that the general *consensus* will be faithfully represented by saying that at this period the whereabouts of the prominences—*i.e.* whether they belonged to the sun or moon—was "not proven." There was strong evidence going to show that they could only belong to the sun, but the theory was not thoroughly established.

The next attack was made in 1860, the astronomical forces having in the meantime secured an ally of tremendous power. By this time celestial photography, in the hands of Mr. Warren De la Rue, had arrived at a high state of perfection, and now *the prominences were photographed*, not only by Mr. De la Rue himself, but by Father Secchi, who has followed in the

wake of all work of this nature. Mr. De la Rue was able to obtain the sun's own evidence of the famous Spanish eclipse, in an almost unbroken series of photographs, from the time the moon made her first appearance on the sun till the time she had entirely crossed it.

Just before the sun was totally hid, the prominences became visible in the telescope, and were recorded on the photographic plate, a long line of low ridges being visible when the eastern edge of the moon, which was travelling from west to east, was coincident with the just hidden edge of the sun.<sup>1</sup> Tops of high prominences were also registered where the moon (which appeared much larger than the sun), extended grossly beyond the sun's edge, especially the western one. Just before the sun began to reappear on the opposite side, and when the western edge of the moon nearly fitted the still hidden western edge of the sun, another low sierra appeared at the western edge, *the one formerly observed being by this time covered up by the moon.*

Nothing could be more complete than the proof thus afforded that these appendages belonged to the sun; the prominences were eclipsed and uncovered exactly as the sun itself was; their whereabouts, therefore, could no longer be questioned; and if, as I shall show presently, this fact was not established up to and including 1842, to Mr. De la Rue belongs the full credit of having solved this important question, which had remained *sub judice* for a century and a half.

But Mr. De la Rue was not content with his own photographs. He made a careful comparison of them with those taken by Father Secchi, who observed the eclipse at some distance from his station, and he found important differences in them—exactly such differences, too, as must have arisen from the difference of position of the observers if the prominences really belonged to the sun.

<sup>1</sup> To thoroughly understand this, let the reader slide a shilling representing the moon, over a sixpence representing the sun, from right to left, *i.e.* west to east.

It was distinctly evident that the elevation of the prominences above the moon's northern limb was much higher in Mr. De la Rue's pictures than in Father Secchi's, a fact accounted for by the moon having been seen much higher at Desierto (Father Secchi's station) than at Rivabellosa, where Mr. De la Rue was placed. Similarly, the prominences seen beyond the moon's southern limb were most uncovered in Secchi's photographs.

Next came the eclipse of 1868, and in the long preceding preparations for it, there was one question which occupied men's minds above all others; for as by photography a great victory had been gained, and the fact that these strange things were part and parcel of the sun established, so now it was hoped that by the aid of spectrum analysis another bigger battle would be fought and won, and the very nature itself of the things determined.

In 1865 and 1866 my attention was drawn to the subject of spectroscopic observations of the sun and to the nature of the prominences, in consequence of some observations of sun-spots made in the early part of the former year; and having had the benefit of several conversations with my eminent friend Dr. Balfour Stewart, the conclusion we arrived at was, that the prominences were probably built up of incandescent gas. On this hypothesis it became at once obvious (from considerations I propose to state in a subsequent article) that their existence should be revealed by the spectroscope without the occurrence of a total eclipse, as they are not then rendered visible by any magical or mysterious process, but simply by the absence of the overpowering light of the sun.

I began to act upon this idea in 1866, but the only result of my efforts was to show me that the means at my disposal were not sufficient to attack the problem with any chance of success. It was essential that I should obtain the spectrum of the edge of the sun and the regions just outside it, and that the latter should be dark enough to form a background for the bright lines that

would be seen here and there projecting from the solar spectrum if the hypothesis that the prominences were gaseous was correct. In my instrument, however, the illumination of the sun's atmosphere by the light reflected from the outer bright shell of the sun itself,—called the photosphere,—and the illumination of our own atmosphere especially, were so great, near the sun, that the background was not dark enough to allow bright lines to be easily visible, and I failed to detect any lines, though I diligently "fished" round the sun's limb many times, and in all probability passed over prominences.

I therefore communicated my idea to the Royal Society, and my difficulties to the Government Grant Committee. The matter was thought worthy of their aid, and in the beginning of 1867 an instrument was being constructed which, owing to a chapter of accidents, I received incomplete on the 16th of October, 1868,—that is, about two months after the eclipse had been observed in India, and a large part of the problem settled by other observers sent out by the scientific bodies of our own and other lands.

The result of the observations in India was decisive as to the nature of the prominences. The spectroscope settled this as satisfactorily as the camera had settled their whereabouts in 1860. They were gaseous. All the observers had seen those tell-tale lines during the eclipse which had in vain been looked for in the full glory of the sun with my small instrument. One large part of the final question was for ever put to rest. The prominences were built up of incandescent gas or vapour.

But which gas? or what vapour? This would be indicated by the relative positions of the bright lines referred to the solar spectrum itself—that glorious band of rainbow hue, from red, through orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, and lavender, crossed at right angles to its length by innumerable black lines, which is the very cypher of the universe, but which nevertheless have been read a little. With which of

the black lines did these newly-discovered and all-eloquent bright lines coincide? Here the eclipse gave out an uncertain sound. A total eclipse of the sun is an awful phenomenon, and it was scarcely to be expected that in its presence a tremendous problem should be solved at the very first attempt. All the observers found all their laborious preparations of many months culminating in a few minutes, and those minutes rendered part almost of a new existence in a new world by the unaccustomed look of things: the mental tension must have been extreme; the hope of widening the range of knowledge, and the fear of losing a single precious instant, are not calculated to steady either the hand or the eye, and it is no discredit to these men to point out that the results they obtained were terribly discordant as to the positions of the bright lines observed.

Such was, as I imagined, the condition of things when, on the 20th October, four days after I had received my instrument, I at last saw for the first time the long-wished-for lines, and at my leisure, though not without excitement, measured their absolute positions on the solar spectrum itself, both the bright lines proceeding from the prominences and the brilliantly coloured cypher-band proceeding from the sun's edge being spread out before me, allowing an absolute means of determining the position of the former with reference to the latter, an advantage which the eclipse observers were deprived of, owing to the temporary obscuration of the sun.

Three beautifully coloured lines of light were visible: one a glorious red, stretching away from the line designated C in the spectrum of the sun's edge; another a delicate yellow one, corresponding to no visible dark line; and still another, a green line, almost in prolongation of the line F. Here, then, was all doubt and uncertainty removed as to the position of the lines, and a method discovered of mapping the prominences every day the sun shines, instead of glimpsing them every ten years or so. Immediately after my

discovery and some further details had been communicated to the president of the Academy of Sciences in Paris, a letter was received from M. Janssen, one of the observers of the eclipse, to the effect that the same idea which I had published in 1866 had struck him during the eclipse itself; that he had applied it the next day, and had determined the absolute positions of the lines at his leisure, as I did. The fact, which was determined by both of us, that bright lines corresponding to C and F in the solar spectrum appeared in the spectrum of the prominences settled the question as to their nature, for these are the two principal lines given out by hydrogen gas. The spectroscope, therefore, had taught us that the prominences were composed wholly, or in part, of hydrogen—incandescent hydrogen gas bursting up in tongues of flame and cloud-like masses from the photosphere.

M. Janssen continued to observe the prominences for seventeen days after the eclipse. We do not yet know the details of his observations, but they cannot fail to be of the highest importance, for he is a practised observer, has long devoted himself to spectroscopic research, and had a sun not far from the zenith to work upon.

Between the 20th October and the 5th of November, my spectroscope had been rendered more complete, and its next revelation startled me as much as the first one. Not only were the prominences proved beyond all question to be hydrogen, *but the fact that they were merely local heapings up of a hydrogen envelope which entirely surrounded the sun was established.* The examination of light from all parts of the sun's edge showed that outside the photosphere the prominence spectrum was never absent, and I may add that since the day named, except once in a dense fog, it has never been absent from the field of view of my instrument whenever I have looked at the sun—which, thanks to our terrible climate, has happened at intervals, alas! few and far between.

And here before I go further a retrospect is necessary. When I commenced



my observations, I had no idea that it had ever been suggested that the prominences were part of a continuous envelope. After I had established the existence of this envelope, an examination of Mr. De la Rue's admirable photographs and of other records led me to believe that it had really been indicated over and over again, though the indications had been neglected. I have lately, however, been referred by Mr. De la Rue to a report by M. le Verrier which I had not previously seen, on the eclipse of 1860, in which the idea of a continuous envelope is distinctly enunciated, and since I have begun this article I have found that such an idea was suggested by Professor Grant before the eclipse of 1851! from a most complete analysis of all the observations made up to that time and reported in his admirable "History of Physical Astronomy."<sup>1</sup> It is true that Mr. Grant does not refer this third envelope to what we now know to be the right cause, but to him undoubtedly belongs, as far as I now know, the credit of having suggested that the prominences *might be* merely a part of such an envelope, while I have shown they really *are*. As I have confessed my own prior ignorance of Mr. Grant's masterly analysis of this matter, I may be permitted to express my surprise that it had been so generally overlooked: as far as I am aware such an idea was never broached either in connexion with the eclipse of 1860 or 1868; whereas, had it been, the continuity of the envelope might have been established easily by observations at properly chosen stations, quite independently of the spectroscope.

In the same chapter, Mr. Grant shows also that the early eclipses afford ample evidence that the prominences belong to the sun, although, as we have seen, this fact was not considered to be definitely settled till 1860. To the hydrogen envelope, the existence of which, as an envelope, has now been established by means of the spectroscope, I have, at the suggestion of my friend Dr. Sharpey,

given the name of Chromosphere, as it is the region in which all the various and beautiful coloured phenomena are seen.

Here at last, then, is the veil somewhat uplifted. Who shall dare to say how little? Under it we see the meaning of the "blood-red streak" observed one hundred and sixty-two years ago by Stannyan at Berne—a meaning finally revealed to us by a process which renders the invisible sensible to the human eye, which allows us, as it were, to feel from world to world. And is this the end? No; the veil is still being uplifted, for modern science moves apace; though "*Ars longa, vita brevis*," is, alas! still too true, its truth is not the old truth; it is now becoming a question more of extent than of time. The wondrous cypher-band has other secrets to reveal, and it seems already as if we were about to dwarf our prior efforts to dive into the secrets of the sun. The spectrum is, in fact, a link which binds worlds so closely together, that every terrestrial laboratory is an observatory; and *per contra*, the sun may teach us chemistry.

At the beginning of my observations, the behaviour of one of the new bright lines was so strange and unexpected, that I was for a time completely puzzled; its message was hard to read, but an alteration in the instrument made the matter clearer. The hydrogen spectrum at the upper surface of the chromosphere was different from the spectrum of the lower surface—precious indications, going far to prove that with patient research we may not only increase our knowledge of the hydrogen spectrum by observations of the prominences, but may arrive at a knowledge of the temperature and density of these circumsolar regions.

In the present article I have endeavoured, at the risk of being tedious, to look at the work done last year from the historical side. In a future one I shall enter more into the nature of the work itself, and to other widenings of our knowledge of the sun which we may expect from it.

<sup>1</sup> Pp. 395—401.

## STEPHEN ARCHER.

STEPHEN ARCHER was a stationer, bookseller, and newsmonger in one of the suburbs of London. The newspapers hung in a sort of rack at his door, as if for the convenience of the public to help themselves in passing. On his counter lay penny weeklies and books coming out in parts, amongst which the *Family Herald* was in force, and the *London Journal* not to be found. I had occasion once to try the extent of his stock, for I required a good many copies of one of Shakspeare's plays—at a penny, if I could find such. He shook his head, and told me he could not encourage the sale of such productions. This pleased me; for, although it was of little consequence what he thought concerning Shakspeare, it was of the utmost import that he should prefer principle to pence. So I loitered in the shop, looking for something to buy; but there was nothing in the way of literature: his whole stock, as far as I could see, consisted of little religious volumes of gay binding and inferior print; he had nothing even from the Halifax press. He was a good-looking fellow, about thirty, with dark eyes, overhanging brows that indicated thought, mouth of character, and no smile. I was interested in him.

I asked if he would mind getting the plays I wanted. He said he would rather not. I bade him good morning.

More than a year after, I saw him again. I had passed his shop many times, but this morning, I forget why, I went in. I could hardly recall the former appearance of the man, so was it swallowed up in a new expression. His face was alive, and his behaviour courteous. A similar change had passed upon his stock. There was *Punch* and *Fun* amongst the papers, and tenpenny Shaksperes on the counter, printed on straw-paper, with ugly wood-cuts. The former class of publications had not

vanished, but was mingled with cheap editions of some worthy of being called books.

"I see you have changed your mind since I saw you last," I said.

"You have the advantage of me, sir," he returned. "I did not know you were a customer."

"Not much of that," I replied; "only in intention. I wanted you to get me some penny Shaksperes, and you would not take the order."

"Oh! I think I remember," he answered, with just a trace of confusion; adding, with a smile, "I'm married now;" and I fancied I could read a sort of triumph over his former self.

I laughed, of course—the best expression of sympathy at hand—and, after a little talk, left the shop, resolved to look in again soon. Before a month was over, I had made the acquaintance of his wife too, and between them learned so much of their history as to be able to give the following particulars concerning it.

Stephen Archer was one of the deacons, rather a young one perhaps, of a dissenting congregation. The chapel was one of the oldest in the neighbourhood, quite triumphant in ugliness, but possessed of a history which gave it high rank with those who frequented it. The sacred odour of the names of pastors who had occupied its pulpit, lingered about its walls—names unknown beyond its precincts, but starry in the eyes of those whose world lay within its tabernacle. People generally do not know what a power some of these small *conventicles* are in the education of the world. If only as an outlet for the energies of men of lowly education and position, who in connexion with most of the churches of the Establishment would find no employment, they are of inestimable value.

To Stephen Archer, for instance, when I saw him first, his chapel was the sole door out of the common world into the infinite. When he entered, as certainly did the awe and the hush of the sacred place overshadow his spirit as if it had been a gorgeous cathedral-house borne aloft upon the joined palms of its Gothic arches. The Master is truer than men think, and the power of His presence, as Browning has so well set forth in his "Christmas Eve," is where two or three are gathered in His name. And inasmuch as Stephen was not a man of imagination, he had the greater need of the undefined influences of the place.

He had been chief in establishing a small mission amongst the poor in the neighbourhood, with the working of which he occupied the greater part of his spare time. I will not venture to assert that his mind was pure from the ambition of gathering from these to swell the flock at the little chapel; nay, I will not even assert that there never arose a suggestion of the enemy that the pence of these rescued brands might alleviate the burden upon the heads and shoulders of the poorly prosperous caryatids of his church; but I do say that Stephen was an honest man in the main, ever ready to grow honest: and who can demand more?

One evening, as he was putting up the shutters of his window, his attention was arrested by a shuffling behind him. Glancing round, he set down the shutter, and the next instant boxed a boy's ears, who ran away howling and mildly excavating his eyeballs, while a young pale-faced woman, with the largest black eyes he had ever seen, expostulated with him on the proceeding.

"Oh, sir!" she said, "he wasn't troubling you." There was a touch of indignation in the tone.

"I'm sorry I can't return the compliment," said Stephen, rather illogically. "If I'd ha' known you liked to have your shins kicked, I might ha' let the young rascal alone. But you see I didn't know it."

"He's my brother," said the young woman, conclusively.

"The more shame to him," returned Stephen. "If he'd been your husband, now, there might ha' been more harm than good in interferin', 'cause he'd only give it you the worse after; but brothers! Well, I'm sure it's a pity I interfered."

"I don't see the difference," she retorted, still with offence.

"I beg your pardon, then," said Stephen. "I promise you I won't interfere next time."

So saying, he turned, took up his shutter, and proceeded to close his shop. The young woman walked on.

Stephen gave an inward growl or two at the depravity of human nature, and set out to make his usual visits; but before he reached the place, he had begun to doubt whether the old Adam had not overcome him in the matter of boxing the boy's ears; and the following interviews appeared in consequence less satisfactory than usual. Disappointed with himself, he could not be so hopeful about others.

As he was descending a stair so narrow that it was only just possible for two people to pass, he met the same young woman ascending. Glad of the opportunity, he stepped aside with his best manners and said:

"I am sorry I offended you this evening. I did not know the boy was your brother."

"Oh, sir!" she returned—for to one in her position, Stephen Archer was a gentleman: had he not a shop of his own?—"you didn't hurt him much; only I'm so anxious to save him."

"To be sure," returned Stephen, "that is the one thing needful."

"Yes, sir," she rejoined. "I try hard, but boys will be boys."

"There is but one way, you know," said Stephen, following the words with a certain formula which I will not repeat.

The girl stared. "I don't know about that," she said. "What I want is to keep him out of prison. Sometimes I think I shan't be able long. Oh, sir! if



you be the gentleman that goes about here, couldn't you help me? I can't get anything for him to do, and I can't be at home to look after him."

"What is he about all day, then?"

"The streets," she answered. "I don't know as he's ever done anything he oughtn't to, but he came home once in a fright, and breathless with running, that I thought he'd ha' fainted. If I only could get him into a place!"

"Do you live here?" he asked.

"Yes, sir; I do."

At the moment a half-bestial sound below, accompanied by uncertain footsteps, announced the arrival of a drunken bricklayer.

"There's Joe Bradley," she said, in some alarm. "Come into my room, sir, till he's gone up; there's no harm in him when he's sober, but he ain't been sober for a week now."

Stephen obeyed; and she, taking a key from her pocket, and unlocking a door on the landing, led him into a room to which his back-parlour was a paradise. She offered him the only chair in the room, and took her place on the edge of the bed, which showed a clean though much-worn patchwork quilt. Charley slept on the bed, and she on a shake-down in the corner. The room was not untidy, though the walls and floor were not clean; indeed there were not in it articles enough to make it untidy withal.

"Where do you go on Sundays?" asked Stephen.

"Nowheres. I ain't got nobody," she added, with a smile, "to take me nowheres."

"What do you do then?"

"I've plenty to do mending of Charley's trousers. You see they're only shoddy, and as fast as I patch 'em in one place they're out in another."

"But you oughtn't to work Sundays."

"I have heard tell of people as say you oughtn't to work of a Sunday; but where's the differ when you've got a brother to look after? He ain't got no mother."

"But you're breaking the fourth commandment; and you know where people

go that do that. You believe in hell, I suppose."

"I always thought that was a bad word."

"To be sure! But it's where you'll go if you break the Sabbath."

"Oh, sir!" she said, bursting into tears, "I don't care what comes of me if I could only save that boy."

"What do you mean by *saving* him?"

"Keep him out of prison, to be sure. I shouldn't mind the workus myself, if I could get him into a place."

A *place* was her heaven, a prison her hell.

Stephen looked at her more attentively. No one who merely glanced at her could help seeing her eyes first, and no one who regarded them could help thinking her nice-looking at least, all in a shabby cotton dress and black shawl as she was. It was only the "penury and pine" that kept her from being beautiful. Her features were both regular and delicate, with an anxious mystery about the thin tremulous lips, and a beseeching look, like that of an animal, in her fine eyes, hazy with the trouble that haunted her mouth. Stephen had the good sense not to press the Sabbath question, and by degrees drew her story from her.

Her father had been a watchmaker, but, giving way to drink, had been, as far back as she could remember, entirely dependent on her mother, who by charing and jobbing managed to keep the family alive. Sara was then the only child, but, within a few months after her father's death, her mother died in giving birth to the boy. With her last breath she had commended him to his sister. Sara had brought him up—how she hardly knew. He had been everything to her. The child that her mother had given her was all her thought. Those who start with the idea "that people with nought are naughty," whose eyes are offended by rags, whose ears cannot distinguish between vulgarity and wickedness, and who think the first duty is care for self, must be excused from believing that Sara Coulter passed

through all that had been *decreed* for her without losing her simplicity and purity. But God is in the back slums as certainly as—perhaps to some eyes more evidently than—in Belgravia. That which was the burden of her life—namely, the care of her brother—was her salvation. After hearing her story, which he had to draw from her, because she had no impulse to talk about herself, Stephen went home to turn the matter over in his mind.

The next Sunday, after he had had his dinner, he went out into the same region, and found himself at Sara's door. She was busy over a garment of Charley's, who was sitting on the bed with half a loaf in his hand. When he recognised Stephen he jumped down, and would have rushed from the room; but changing his mind, possibly because of the condition of his lower limbs, he turned, and springing into the bed, scrambled under the counterpane, and drew it over his head.

"I am sorry to see you working on Sunday," Stephen said, with an emphasis that referred to their previous conversation.

"You would not have the boy go naked?" she returned, with again a touch of indignation. She had been thinking how easily a man of Stephen's social position could get him a place if he would. Then recollecting her manners, she added, "I should get him better clothes if he had a place. Wouldn't you like to get a place now, Charley?"

"Yes," said Charley, from under the counterpane, and began to peep at the visitor.

He was not an ill-looking boy—only roguish to a degree. His eyes, as black as his sister's, but only half as big, danced and twinkled with mischief. Archer would have taken him off to his ragged class, but even of rags he had not at the moment the complement necessary for admittance. He left them, therefore, with a few commonplaces of religious phrase, falling utterly meaningless. But he was not one to confine his ministrations to words: he was an

honest man. Before the next Sunday it was clear to him that he could do nothing for the soul of Sara until he had taken the weight of her brother off it.

When he called the next Sunday the same vision precisely met his view. She might have been sitting there ever since, with those wonderfully-patched trousers in her hands, and the boy beside her, gnawing at his lump of bread. But many a long seam had passed through her fingers since then, for she worked at a clothes-shop all the week with the sewing-machine, whence arose the possibility of patching Charley's clothes, for the overseer granted her a cutting or two now and then.

After a little chat, Stephen put the question:

"If I find a place for Charley, will you go to Providence Chapel next Sunday?"

"I will go *anywhere* you please, Mr. Archer," she answered, looking up quickly with a flushed face. She would have accompanied him to any casino in London just as readily: her sole thought was to keep Charley out of prison. Her father had been in prison once: to keep her mother's child out of prison was the grand object of her life.

"Well," he resumed, with some hesitation, for he had arrived at the resolution through difficulties, whose fogs yet lingered about him, "if he will be an honest, careful boy, I will take him myself."

"Charley! Charley!" cried Sara, utterly neglectful of the source of the benefaction; and rising, she went to the bed and hugged him.

"Don't, Sara!" said Charley, petulantly. "I don't want girls to squash me. Leave go, I say. You mend my trousers, and I'll take care of *myself*."

"The little wretch!" thought Stephen.

Sara returned to her seat, and her needle went almost as fast as her sewing machine. A glow had arisen now, and rested on her pale cheek: Stephen found himself staring at a kind of transfiguration, back from the ghostly to the human. His admiration extended itself

to her deft and slender fingers, and there brooded until his conscience informed him that he was actually admiring the breaking of the Sabbath; whereupon he rose. But all the time he was about amongst the rest of his people, his thoughts kept wandering back to the desolate room, the thankless boy, and the ministering woman. Before leaving, however, he had arranged with Sara that she should bring her brother to the shop the next day.

The awe with which she entered it was not shared by Charley, who was never ripe for anything but frolic. Had not Stephen been influenced by a desire to do good, and possibly by another feeling too embryonic for detection, he would never have dreamed of making an errand boy of a will-o'-the-wisp. As such, however, he was installed, and from that moment an anxiety unknown before took possession of Stephen's bosom. He was never at ease, for he never knew what the boy might be about. He would have parted with him the first fortnight, but the idea of the prison had passed from Sara's heart into his, and he saw that to turn the boy away from his first place would be to accelerate his gravitation thitherward. He had all the tricks of a newspaper boy indigenous in him. Repeated were the complaints brought to the shop. One time the paper was thrown down the area, and brought into the breakfast room defiled and wet. At another it was found on the doorstep, without the bell having been rung, which could hardly have been from forgetfulness, for Charley's delight was to set the bell ringing furiously, and then wait till the cook appeared, taking good care however to leave space between them for a start. Sometimes the paper was not delivered at all, and Stephen could not help suspecting that he had sold it in the street. Yet both for his sake and Sara's he endured, and did not even box his ears. The boy hardly seemed to be wicked: the spirit that possessed him was rather a *polter-geist*, as the Germans would call it, than a demon.

Meantime, the Sunday after Charley's

appointment, Archer, seated in his pew, searched all the chapel for the fulfilment of Sara's part of the agreement, namely, her presence. But he could see her nowhere. The fact was, her promise was so easy that she had scarcely thought of it after, not suspecting that Stephen laid any stress upon its fulfilment, and, indeed, not knowing where the chapel was. She had managed to buy a bit of something of the shoddy species, and while Stephen was looking for her in the chapel, she was making a jacket for Charley. Greatly disappointed, and chiefly, I do believe, that she had not kept her word, Stephen went in the afternoon to call upon her.

He found her working away as before, and saving time by taking her dinner while she worked, for a piece of bread lay on the table by her elbow, and beside it a little brown sugar to make the bread go down. The sight went to Stephen's heart, for he had just made his dinner off baked mutton and potatoes, washed down with his half-pint of stout.

"Sara!" he said solemnly, "you promised to come to our chapel, and you have not kept your word." He never thought that "our chapel" was not the landmark of the region.

"Oh, Mr. Archer," she answered, "I didn't know as you cared about it. But," she went on, rising and pushing her bread on one side to make room for her work, "I'll put on my bonnet directly." Then she checked herself, and added, "Oh! I beg your pardon, sir—I'm so shabby! You couldn't be seen with the likes of me."

It touched Stephen's chivalry—and something deeper than chivalry. He had had no intention of walking with her.

"There's no chapel in the afternoon," he said; "but I'll come and fetch you in the evening."

Thus it came about that Sara was seated in Stephen's pew, next to Stephen himself, and Stephen felt a strange pleasure unknown before, like that of the shepherd who having brought the stray back to the fold cares little that



its wool is torn by the bushes, and it looks a ragged and disreputable sheep. It was only Sara's wool that might seem disreputable, for she was a very good-faced sheep. He found the hymns for her, and they shared the same book. He did not know then that Sara could not read a word of them.

The gathered people, the stillness, the gaslights, the solemn ascent of the minister into the pulpit, the hearty singing of the congregation, doubtless had their effect upon Sara, for she had never been to a chapel and hardly to any place of assembly before. From all amusements, the burden of Charley and her own retiring nature had kept her back.

But she could make nothing of the sermon. She confessed afterwards that she did not know she had anything to do with it. Like "the Northern Farmer," she took it all for the clergyman's business, which she amongst the rest had to see done. She did not even wonder why Stephen should have wanted to bring her there. She sat when other people sat, pretended to kneel when other people pretended to kneel, and stood up when other people stood up—still brooding upon Charley's jacket.

But Archer's feelings were not those he had expected. He had brought her, intending her to be done good to; but before the sermon was over he wished he had not brought her. He resisted the feeling for a long time, but at length yielded to it entirely; the object of his solicitude all the while conscious only of the lighted stillness and the new barrier between Charley and Newgate. The fact with regard to Stephen was that a certain hard *pan*, occasioned by continual ploughings to the same depth and no deeper, in the soil of his mind, began this night to be broken up from within, and that through the presence of a young woman who did not for herself put together two words of the whole discourse.

The pastor was preaching upon the saying of St. Paul, that he could wish

himself accursed from Christ for his brethren. Great part of his sermon was an attempt to prove that he could not have meant what his words implied. For the preacher's mind was so filled with the supposed paramount duty of saving his own soul, that the enthusiasm of the Apostle was simply incredible. Listening with that woman by his side, Stephen for the first time grew doubtful of the wisdom of his pastor. Nor could he endure that such should be the first doctrine Sara heard from his lips. Thus was he already and grandly repaid for his kindness; for the presence of a woman who without any conscious religion was to herself a law of love, brought him so far into sympathy with the mighty soul of St. Paul, that from that moment the blessing of doubt was at work in his, undermining prison walls.

He walked home with Sara almost in silence, for he found it impossible to impress upon her those parts of the sermon with which he had no fault to find, lest she should retort upon that one point. The arrows which Sara escaped, however, could from her ignorance have struck her only with their feather end.

Things proceeded in much the same fashion for a while. Charley went home at night to his sister's lodging, generally more than two hours after leaving the shop, but gave her no new ground of complaint. Every Sunday evening Sara went to the chapel, taking Charley with her when she could persuade him to go; and, in obedience to the supposed wish of Stephen, sat in his pew. He did not go home with her any more for a while, and indeed visited her but seldom, anxious to avoid scandal, more especially as he was a deacon.

But now that Charley was so far safe, Sara's cheek began to generate a little of that celestial rosy red which is the blossom of the woman-plant, although after all it hardly equalled the heart of the blush rose. She grew a little rounder in form too, for she lived rather better now,—buying herself a rasher of bacon twice a week. Hence she began to be

in more danger, as any one acquainted with her surroundings will easily comprehend. But what seemed at first the ruin of her hopes dissipated this danger.

One evening, when she returned from her work, she found Stephen in her room. She made him the submissive grateful salutation, half courtesy, half bow, with which she always greeted him, and awaited his will.

"I am very sorry to have to tell you, Sara, that your brother——"

She turned white as a shroud, and her great black eyes grew greater and blacker as she stared in agonized expectancy while Stephen hesitated in search of a better form of communication. Finding none, he blurted out the fact—

"—has robbed me, and run away."

"Don't send him to prison, Mr. Archer," shrieked Sara, and laid herself on the floor at his feet with a grovelling motion, as if striving with her mother earth for comfort. There was not a film of art in this. She had never been to a theatre. The natural urging of life gave the truest shape to her entreaty. Her posture was the result of the same feeling which made the nations of old bring their sacrifices to the altar of a deity who, possibly benevolent in the main, had yet cause to be inimical to them. From the prostrate living sacrifice arose the one prayer, "Don't send him to prison; don't send him to prison!"

Stephen gazed at her in bewildered admiration, half divine and all human. A certain consciousness of power had, I confess, a part in his silence, but the only definite shape this consciousness took was of beneficence. Attributing his silence to unwillingness, Sara got half-way from the ground—that is, to her knees—and lifted a face of utter entreaty to the sight of Stephen. I will not say words fail me to describe the intensity of its prayer, for words fail me to describe the commonest phenomenon of nature: all I can is to say, that it made Stephen's heart too large for its confining walls. "Mr. Archer," she said, in a voice hollow with emotion,

No. 111.—VOL. XIX.

"I will do *anything* you like. I will be your slave. Don't send Charley to prison."

The words were spoken with a certain strange dignity of self-abnegation. It is not alone the country people of Cumberland or of Scotland, who in their highest moments are capable of poetic utterance.

An indescribable thrill of conscious delight shot through the frame of Stephen as the woman spoke the words. But the gentleman in him triumphed. I would have said *the Christian*, for whatever there was in Stephen of the *gentle* was there in virtue of the *Christian*, only he failed in one point: instead of saying at once, that he had no intention of prosecuting the boy, he pretended, I believe from the satanic delight in power that possesses everyman of us, that he would turn it over in his mind. It might have been more dangerous, but it would have been more divine, if he had lifted the kneeling woman to his heart, and told her that not for the wealth of an imagination would he proceed against her brother. The divinity, however, was taking its course, both rough-hewing and shaping the ends of the two.

She rose from the ground, sat on the one chair, with her face to the wall, and wept helplessly, with the added sting, perhaps, of a faint personal disappointment. Stephen failed to attract her notice, and left the room. She started up when she heard the door close, and flew to open it, but was only in time to hear the outer door. She sat down and cried again.

Stephen had gone to find the boy if he might, and bring him to his sister. He ought to have said so, for to permit suffering for the sake of a joyful surprise is not good. Going home first, he was hardly seated in his room, to turn over not the matter but the means, when a knock came to the shop-door, the sole entrance, and there were two policemen bringing the deserter in a cab. He had been run over in the very act of decamping with the contents of the till, had lain all

but insensible at the hospital while his broken leg was being set, but, as soon as he came to himself, had gone into such a fury of determination to return to his master, that the house-surgeon saw that the only chance for the ungovernable creature was to yield. Perhaps he had some dim idea of restoring the money ere his master should have discovered its loss. As he was very little, they made a couch for him in the cab, and so sent him.

It would appear that the suffering and the faintness had given his conscience a chance of being heard. The accident was to Charley what the sight of the mountain-peak was to the boy Wordsworth. He was delirious when he arrived, and instead of showing any contrition towards his master, only testified an extravagant joy at finding him again. Stephen had him taken into the back room, and laid upon his own bed. One of the policemen fetched the charwoman, and when she arrived, Stephen went to find Sara.

She was sitting almost as he had left her, with a dull, hopeless look.

"I am sorry to say Charley has had an accident," he said.

She started up and clasped her hands.

"He is not in prison?" she panted in a husky voice.

"No; he is at my house. Come and see him. I don't think he is in any danger, but his leg is broken."

A gleam of joy crossed Sara's countenance. She did not mind the broken leg, for he was safe from her terror. She put on her bonnet, tied the strings with trembling hands, and went with Stephen.

"You see God wants to keep him out of prison too," he said, as they walked along the street.

But to Sara this hardly conveyed an idea. She walked by his side in silence.

"Charley! Charley!" she cried, when she saw him white on the bed, rolling his head from side to side. Charley ordered her away with words awful to hear, but which from him meant no more than words of ordinary temper in the mouth of the well-nurtured man or woman. She had spoiled and in-

dulged him all his life, and now for the first time she was nothing to him, while the master who had lectured and restrained him was everything. When the surgeon wanted to change his dressings, he would not let him touch them till his master came. Before he was able to leave his bed, he had developed for Stephen a terrier-like attachment. But, after the first feverishness was over, his sister waited upon him.

Stephen got a lodging, and abandoned his back room to the brother and sister. But he had to attend to his shop, and therefore saw much of both of them. Finding then to his astonishment that Sara could not read, he gave all his odd moments to her instruction, and her mind being at rest about Charley so long as she had him in bed, her spirit had leisure to think of other things.

She learned rapidly. The lesson-book was of course the New Testament; and Stephen soon discovered that Sara's questions, moving his pity at first because of the ignorance they displayed, always left him thinking about some point that had never occurred to him before; so that at length he regarded Sara as a being of superior intelligence waylaid and obstructed by unfriendly powers upon her path towards the threshold of the kingdom, while she looked up to him as to one supreme in knowledge as in goodness. But she never could understand the pastor. This would have been a great trouble to Stephen, had not his vanity been flattered by her understanding of himself. He did not consider that growing love had enlightened his eyes to see into her heart, and enabled him thus to use an ordinary human language for the embodiment of common-sense ideas; whereas the speech of the pastor contained such an admixture of technicalities as to be unintelligible to the neophyte.

Stephen was now distressed to find that whereas formerly he had received everything without question that his minister spoke, he now in general went home in a doubting, questioning mood, begotten of asking himself what Sara would say. He feared at first that the old



Adam was beginning to get the upper hand of him, and that Satan was laying snares for his soul. But when he found at the same time that his conscience was growing more scrupulous concerning his business affairs, his hope sprouted afresh.

One day, after Charley had been out for the first time, Sara, with a little tremor of voice and manner, addressed Stephen thus:—

“I shall take Charley home to-morrow, if you please, Mr. Archer.”

“You don’t mean to say, Sara, you’ve been paying for those lodgings all this time?” half-asked, half-exclaimed Stephen.

“Yes, Mr. Archer. We must have somewhere to go to. It ain’t easy to get a room at any moment, now them railways is everywhere.”

“But I hope as how you’re comfortable where you are, Sara?”

“Yes, Mr. Archer. But what am I to do for all your kindness?”

“You can pay me all in a lump, if you like, Sara. Only you don’t owe me nothing.”

Her colour came and went. She was not used to men. She could not tell what he would have her understand, and could not help trembling.

“What do you mean, Mr. Archer?” she faltered out.

“I mean you can give me yourself, Sara, and that’ll clear all scores.”

“But, Mr. Archer—you’ve been a-teaching of me good things——You *don’t* mean to marry me!” cried Sara, bursting into tears.

“Of course I do, Sara. Don’t cry about it. I won’t if you don’t like.”

This is how Stephen came to change his mind about his stock in trade.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

#### NOTE.

IN the Article on “Local Lectures for Women,” which appeared in the Magazine for November, Birkenhead and Wolverhampton were accidentally omitted from the list of towns in which courses of lectures have been successfully given.

## MUSEUMS FOR THE PEOPLE.

BY ALFRED R. WALLACE.

MUSEUMS of Natural History should be, one would think, among the most entertaining and instructive of public exhibitions, since their object is to show us life-like restorations of all those wonderful and beautiful animals, the mere description of which in the pages of the traveller, the naturalist, or the sportsman, are of such absorbing interest. Strange to say, however, such is by no means generally the case; and these institutions rarely appear to yield either pleasure or information at all proportionate to their immense cost. We can hardly impute this failure to anything in the nature of Museums or of their contents, when we remember that good illustrated works on natural history are universally interesting and instructive; and that private collections of birds, shells, or insects are often very attractive even to the uninitiated, and at the same time of the highest value to the student. We must therefore seek for an explanation of the anomaly in the system on which public museums are usually constituted, in the quality of the specimens, and in the mode of exhibiting them, all which, it is now generally admitted, are equally unsuited for the amusement and instruction of the public and for the purposes of the scientific student.

Public museums of natural objects being such entirely modern institutions, we can hardly wonder that no generally accepted principles have yet been laid down for their construction or arrangement. They most frequently originated with private collectors, whose plan was naturally followed in their enlargement; and when they outgrew their original domicile, an architect was called in, who, according to his special tastes, designed a temple or a palace for their reception. However inconvenient or unsuitable the original mode of exhibition

might turn out, or however ill adapted to its purpose the new building might prove, it would, of course, be exceedingly difficult and expensive to alter either of them, more especially as the modified plan might be found, after trial, to have defects as great as that which it replaced.

Quite recently, two eminent men (Dr. Gray and Dr. Hooker), both connected with great public museums, have made suggestions towards a more rational system; and as it is evident that museums will increase, and may be made an important agent in national education and the elevation of the masses of the people, it seems advisable that the subject should be brought forward for popular discussion.

Accepting the few general principles that seem now to be pretty generally agreed upon, I propose to follow them out into some rather important details.

I shall consider, in the first place, what should be the scope of a Typical Popular Museum, and then sketch out the arrangements best adapted to make it both entertaining and instructive to the young and ignorant, and a means of high intellectual culture and enjoyment to such as may be disposed to avail themselves fully of its teachings.

Museums are well adapted to illustrate all those branches of knowledge whose subject-matter consists mainly of definite moveable and portable objects. The great group of the natural history sciences can scarcely be taught without them; while mathematics, astronomy, physics, and chemistry make use of observatories and laboratories rather than museums. The fine and mechanical arts, as well as history, can also be illustrated by extensive collections of objects; and we are thus led to a broad division of museums, according as they deal mainly with natural objects or with works of art.

A museum of natural objects appears, for a variety of reasons, best fitted to interest, instruct, and elevate the middle and lower classes, and the young. It is more in accordance with their tastes and sympathies, as shown by the universal fondness for flowers and birds, and the great interest excited by new or strange animals. It enables them to acquire a wide and accurate knowledge of the earth and of its varied productions; and if they wish to follow up any branch of natural history as an amusement or a study, it leads them into the pure air and pleasant scenes of the country, and is likely to be the best antidote to habits of dissipation or immorality. Such museums, too, offer the only means by which the mass of the working classes can obtain any actual knowledge of the wonderful productions of nature in present or past ages; and such knowledge gives a new interest to works on geography, travel, or natural history. Owing to the wide disconnexion of these subjects from the daily pursuits of life, they are so much the better adapted for the relaxation of those who earn their bread by manual labour. The inexhaustible variety, the strange beauty, and the wondrous complexity of natural objects, are pre-eminently adapted to excite both the observing and reflective powers of the mind, and their study is well calculated to have an elevating and refining effect upon the character.

Works of art, on the other hand, though in the highest degree instructive and elevating to some minds, are not so universally attractive; and, what is more important, do not exercise so many faculties, and do not offer such wide and easily-reached fields of study for the working classes. Some previous training or special aptitude is required in order to appreciate them; and it may even be asserted with truth that the study of nature is a necessary preliminary to the appreciation of art. It does not seem improbable that, even if our object were to make artists and lovers of art, good museums of natural objects might be the most useful first step. We have further to consider that

objects of art are already widely spread, and more or less accessible. Our great public buildings contain their art-decorations. The houses of the wealthy and the shops of our streets are full of art, and the artisan has frequent opportunities of seeing them; while local exhibitions of art are not uncommon, and will no doubt be more frequent. The very young and the very ignorant would learn nothing in an art museum, while they would certainly gain both knowledge and pleasure in such an one as I am about to describe.

A Typical Museum of Natural History should contain a series of objects to illustrate all the sciences which treat of the earth, nature, and man. These are—1, Geography and Geology; 2, Mineralogy; 3, Botany; 4, Zoology; 5, Ethnology. I will briefly sketch what seems to be the best mode of illustrating these sciences in a museum for the people.

**GEOGRAPHY AND GEOLOGY.**—Some knowledge of the earth and its structure is so essential a preliminary to any acquaintance with natural history, and the working classes have so few opportunities of seeing large maps, globes, or models, that a good series of these should form a part of the museum. In particular, relief-maps, models and maps to illustrate physical geography and geology, large sections and diagrams, and large globes, should be so exhibited as to be closely and conveniently examined.

**MINERALOGY.**—A series of the most important and best marked minerals should be exhibited, with tables and diagrams explaining the principles of their classification. The number should not be too large, and every specimen should be accompanied by a label containing a brief account of all that was most interesting connected with it;—its chemical constitution, its affinities, its distribution, and its uses. Combined with this collection there should be a series of specimens illustrating the mode of manufacture of the more important minerals, and their application to the arts and sciences. To give a local in-



terest, all British specimens should be placed on tablets of one distinct colour, so as at once to catch the eye, and enable the student to form some idea of the comparative productiveness of his own country.

**BOTANY.**—The series of specimens to illustrate the science of botany in a popular museum may be of two kinds: such as show the main facts of plant-structure and classification; and others to teach something of the variety, the distribution, and the uses of plants.

By means of specimens, dissections, drawings, and models, the important radical differences of the great primary divisions of plants—cellular and vascular—acrogenous, endogenous and exogenous—might be made clearly manifest. Alongside of the drawings and dissections there should be cheap fixed microscopes showing the main structural differences, thus giving a reality and intensity to the characters which drawings or descriptions alone can never do.

Each of the most important natural orders of plants should next be illustrated by specimens of various kinds. Their structure and essential characters should first be shown, in the same way as the higher groups. Their geographical distribution should be marked out on a small map. Good dried specimens, and, if necessary, drawings or models of flowers or fruit, of the more characteristic and remarkable species, should then be exhibited; and along with these, samples of whatever useful products are derived from them. Where remarkable forest-trees occur in an order, good coloured drawings of them should be shown, as well as longitudinal and cross sections of their wood. In the same, or an adjoining case, specimens or casts of the most important fossil-plants of the same order may be exhibited, illustrating their range backward into past time.

By such a scheme as this, in a comparatively small space and with a small number of specimens, all that is of most importance in the vegetable kingdom would be shown. The attentive observer might learn much of the

structure, the forms, and the varied modifications of plants: their classification and affinities; their distribution in space and time; their habits and modes of growth; their uses to savage and to civilized man. An outline of all that is most interesting and instructive in the science would be made visible to the eye and clear to the understanding; and it does not seem too much to expect that, so exhibited, Botany would lose much of its supposed difficulty and repulsiveness, and that many might be thereby induced to devote their leisure to this most useful and attractive study.

In order to assist those who are really students, a separate room should be provided, containing a Herbarium of British plants, as well as one illustrative of the more important exotic genera; and to this should be attached a collection of the more useful botanical works.

**ZOOLOGY.**—Owing to the superior numbers and greater variety of animals, their more complicated structure and more divergent habits, the higher interest that attaches to them, and their greater adaptability for exhibition, this department must always be the most extensive and most important in a Natural History Museum.

The general principles guiding the selection and exhibition of animals are the same as have been applied to plants, subject to many modifications in detail. The great primary divisions, or subkingdoms (Vertebrata, Mollusca, &c.), as well as the classes in each subkingdom (Mammalia, Birds, &c. and Cephalopoda, Gasteropoda, &c.), should be defined, by means of skeletons and anatomical preparations or models, so as to render their fundamental differences of structure clear and intelligible. At the head of each order (or subdivision of the class) a similar exposition should be made of essential differences of structure; and in every case the function or purpose of these differences should be pointed out by means of clearly-expressed tables and diagrams.

We now come to the specimens of Animals to be exhibited, in order to

give an adequate idea of their variety and beauty; their strange modifications of form and structure, their singular habits and mode of life, their distribution over the surface of the earth, and their first appearance in past time. To do this effectively requires a mode of exhibition very different from that which has been usually adopted in museums.

Throughout the animal kingdom, at least one or more species of every Family group should be exhibited; and in the more important and interesting Families, one or more species of each Genus. The number of specimens is not, however, so important as their quality and the mode of exhibiting them. A few of the more important species in each Order, well illustrated by fine and characteristic specimens, would be far better than ten times the number if imperfect, badly prepared, and badly arranged. Let any one look at an artistically mounted group of fine and perfect quadruped or bird skins, which represent the living animals in perfect health and vigour, and by their characteristic attitudes and accessories tell the history of the creature's life and habits; and compare this with the immature, ragged, mangy-looking specimens one often sees in museums, stuck up in stiff and unnatural attitudes, and resembling only mummies or scarecrows. The one is both instructive and pleasing, and we return again and again to gaze upon it with delight. The other is positively repellent, and we feel that we never want to look upon it again.

I consider it therefore an important principle, that in a Museum for the People nothing should be exhibited that is not good of its kind, and mounted in the very best manner. Fortunately, specimens of a large number of the most beautiful and extraordinary animals are now exceedingly common, and every well-marked group in nature may be well illustrated without having recourse to the rarer and more costly species. Carrying out these views, we should exhibit our animal in such a way as to convey the largest amount of

information possible. The male, female, and young should be shown together; the mode of feeding or of capturing its prey, and the most characteristic attitudes and motions, should be indicated; and the accessories should point out the country the species inhabits, or the kind of locality it most frequents. A descriptive tablet should of course give further information; and in the immediate vicinity, specimens showing any remarkable points of its anatomy, and any useful products that are derived from it, should be exhibited.

Each group of this kind would be a study of itself, and should therefore be kept quite distinct and apart from every other group. It should be so placed that it could be seen from several points of view, and every part of each individual composing it closely examined. To encourage such examination and study, seats should be placed conveniently near it—a point strangely overlooked in most museums, where it seems to be taken for granted that visitors will pass on without any desire to linger, or any wish for a more close examination. It would add still further to the interest of these typical groups if it were clearly shown how much they represented, by giving a list of all the well-known species of the genus or family, with their native country and proportionate size, and indicating, by means of a coloured line, which of them were exhibited in the museum. This would be an excellent and most intelligible guide to the collection itself, and would enable the visitor to judge how far it gave any adequate notion of the variety and exuberance of nature.

It would also, I think, be advisable, that as far as possible each well-marked group of any considerable extent should occupy one room or compartment only, where it would be separated from all others, where the attention could be concentrated upon it, and where the extent to which it was illustrated could be seen at a glance. This has not, I believe, been yet attempted in any museum; and when I come to speak of the building arrangements, I will explain

how it can be easily managed. In this room, a department would also be devoted to the comparative anatomy of all the more important species and groups exhibited; and a large map should be suspended, showing in some detail their geographical distribution. Here, too, we should place specimens or casts of the fossil remains of the family, with restorations of some of the more important species; and along with these, diagrams, showing the progress of development of the group throughout past time, as far as yet known.

This mode of attractive and instructive exhibition might be well carried out in the Mammalia, Birds, and Insects; less perfectly in the Reptiles and Fishes whose colours can hardly be well preserved except in spirits. Even here, however, by using oblong earthenware vessels with glass fronts, instead of the usual bottles, many fishes and marine animals could be exhibited in life-like attitudes and with their colours well preserved. Mollusca may be well illustrated by means of models of the animals, as also may the marine and fresh-water Zoophytes. The more minute and delicate animals should be shown by means of a series of cheap microscopes or large lenses, fixed in suitable positions; and with a careful outline of the animal's history on a tablet or card, close by.

Connected with this, as with the botanical division of the museum, there should be a students' department, to which all should have free access who wished to obtain more detailed knowledge. Here would be preserved, in the most compact and accessible form, all specimens acquired by the museum, which were not required or were not adapted for exhibition in the popular department. Here, too, should be formed a complete local or British collection of indigenous animals, according to the extent and means of the institution, with the best zoological library of reference that could be obtained. In this department, donations of almost any kind would be acceptable; for, when not required for popular exhibition, an immense number of specimens can be

conveniently and systematically arranged in a very limited space, and for purposes of study or for identification of species are almost sure to be of value. One of the greatest evils of most local museums is thus got rid of—the giving offence by refusing donations, or being forced to occupy much valuable space with such as are utterly unfit for popular exhibition.

**ETHNOLOGY.**—We now come to the last department of our ideal Museum, and it is one to which a large or a small proportion of space may be devoted, according to the importance that may be attached to it. In accordance with the plan already sketched out for other departments, the following would be a fair representation of Ethnological science.

The chief well-marked races of man should be illustrated either by life-size models, casts, coloured figures, or by photographs. A corresponding series of their crania should also be shown; and such portions of the skeleton as should exhibit the differences that exist between certain races, as well as those between the lower races and those animals which most nearly approach them. Casts of the best authenticated remains of prehistoric man should also be obtained, and compared with the corresponding parts of existing races. The arts of mankind should be illustrated by a series, commencing with the rudest flint implements, and passing through those of polished stone, bronze, and iron—showing in every case, along with the works of prehistoric man, those corresponding to them formed by existing savage races. Implements of bone and of horn should follow the same order.

Pottery would furnish a most interesting series. Beginning with the rude forms of prehistoric races, and following with those of modern savages, we should have the strangely-modelled vessels of Peru and of North America, those of Egypt, Assyria, Etruria, Greece, and Rome, as well as the works of China and of mediæval and modern Europe.

The art of sculpture and mode of ornamentation should be traced in like



manner, among savage tribes, the Oriental nations, Greece, and Rome, to modern civilization. Works in metal and textile fabrics would admit of similar illustration. Characteristic weapons should also be exhibited; and painting might be traced in broad steps, from the contemporary delineation of a Mammoth up to the animal portraiture of Landseer.

This comprises a series of Ethnological illustrations that need not occupy much space, and would, I think, be eminently instructive. The clothing, the houses, the household utensils, and the weapons of mankind, can hardly be shown with any approach to completeness, in a Popular Museum; and many of these objects occupy space quite disproportionate to their intrinsic interest or scientific value. They could in most cases be sufficiently indicated by drawings or models.

The Museum here sketched, beginning with illustrations of the earth and its component minerals, passing through the whole vegetable and animal kingdoms, and culminating in the highest art-products of civilized man, would combine a very wide range of objects with a clearly limited scheme, and would, I believe, well answer to the definition of a Typical Museum of Natural History. Although of such wide scope, it need not necessarily occupy a very large space; and I believe it might be instructively carried out in a building no larger than is devoted to many local museums. This brings me to say a few words on the kind of building best adapted to such an institution as is here sketched out.

In his President's address to the British Association at Norwich, Dr. Hooker made some admirable remarks on the situation of museums. He observed: "Much of the utility of museums depends on two conditions often strangely overlooked, viz. their situation, and their lighting and interior arrangements. The provincial museum is too often huddled away almost out of sight, in a dark, crowded, dirty thoroughfare, where it pays dear for ground-rent, rates, and taxes, and

"cannot be extended. Such localities are frequented by the townspeople only when on business, and when they consequently have no time for sight-seeing. In the evening, or on holidays, when they would visit the museum, they naturally prefer the outskirts of the town to its centre. . . . The museum should be in an open grassed square or park, planted with trees, in the town or its outskirts; a main object being to secure cleanliness, a cheerful aspect, and space for extension. Now, vegetation is the best interceptor of dust, which is injurious to the specimens as well as unsightly, whilst a cheerful aspect, and grass and trees, will attract visitors, and especially families and schools." Evidently, then, the proper place for the museum is the centre of the park or public garden. This furnishes the largest and cleanest open space, the best light, the purest air, and the readiest access. With how much greater pleasure the workman and his family could spend a day at the museum, if at intervals they could stroll out on to the grass, among flowers and under shady trees, to enjoy the refreshments they had brought with them. They would then return to the building with renewed zest, and would probably escape the fatigue and headache that a day in a museum almost invariably brings on. How admirably adapted for the National Museum of Natural History would be the centre of the Regent's or Hyde Park!

In designing museums, architects seem to pay little regard to the special purposes they are intended to fulfil. They often adopt the general arrangement of a church, or the immense galleries and lofty halls of a palace. Now, the main object of a museum-building is to furnish the greatest amount of well-lighted space, for the convenient arrangement and exhibition of objects which all require to be closely examined. At the same time they should be visible by several persons at once without crowding, and admit of others freely passing by them. None except the very largest specimens should be placed so as to rise higher than seven feet above the floor,

so that palatial rooms and extensive galleries, requiring proportionate altitude, are exceedingly wasteful of space, and otherwise ill adapted and unnecessary for the real purposes of a museum. It is true that side-galleries against the walls may be and often are used to utilize the height, but these are almost necessarily narrow, and totally unadapted for the proper exhibition of any but a limited class of objects. By this plan, too, the whole upper-floor space is lost, which is of great importance, because a large proportion of objects are best exhibited on tables or in detached cases.

Following out this view, a simple and economical plan for a museum would seem to be, a series of long rooms or galleries, about thirty-five or forty feet wide, and twelve or fourteen feet high on each floor, the four or five feet below the ceiling on both sides being an almost continuous series of window openings, while at rather wide intervals the windows might descend to within three feet of the floor. At such distances apart as were found most convenient for the arrangement of the collections, moveable upright cases might be placed transversely, leaving a central space of about five feet for a continuous passage; and the compartments thus formed might be completed by partitions and doors connecting opposite cases, wherever it was thought advisable to isolate any well-marked group of animals, or other division of the museum. By this means the proportion between wall-cases and floor space might be regulated exactly according to the requirements of each portion of the collection; and abundant light would be obtained for the perfect examination of every specimen.

Two of the great evils of museums are, crowding and distraction. By the crowding of specimens, the effect of each is weakened or destroyed; the eye takes

in so many at once that it is continually wandering towards something more strange and beautiful, and there is nothing to concentrate the attention on a special object. Distraction is produced also by the great size of the galleries, and the multiplicity of objects that strike the eye. It is almost impossible for a casual visitor to avoid the desire of continually going on to see what comes next, or wondering what is that bright mass of colour or strange form that catches the eye at the other end of the long gallery. These evils can best be avoided, by keeping, as far as possible, each natural group of objects in a separate room, or a separate compartment of that room — by limiting as much as possible the numbers of illustrative groups of species, and at the same time making each group as attractive and instructive as possible. The object aimed at should be, to compel attention to each group of specimens. This may be done by making it so interesting or beautiful at first sight as to secure a close examination; by carefully isolating it, so that no other object close by should divide attention with it; and by giving so much information and interesting the mind in so many collateral matters connected with it as to excite the observant and reflective as well as the emotional faculties.

The general system of arrangement and exhibition here pointed out does not at all depend on the building. It can be applied in any museum, and is, I believe, already to some extent adopted in our best local institutions. It has, however, never yet been carried out systematically; and till this is done, we can form no true estimate of how popular a Natural History Museum may become, or how much it may aid in the great work of national education.

## THE MEETING.

After years,  
 After loves together tasted,  
 After griefs in absence wasted,  
 Bitterest bitter, sweetest sweet,  
 In the garden porch we meet,  
 After years.

After years,  
 O'er us as in former time  
 The red roses conscious climb  
 Lattice-up, and hand in hand  
 In the chequered light we stand,  
 After years.

After years,  
 Much had each forecast that day,  
 Each had thought of much to say,  
 Plaint of love till then deferred,  
 Yet we neither uttered word,  
 After years.

After years,  
 Water to the drought-cleft lip,  
 Haven to the long tossed ship,  
 Deepest rest from toil outdone,  
 These were ours and more in one,  
 After years.

After years,  
 Calm no reasoned thought can reach,  
 Thoughts beyond the range of speech,  
 Joys that life and change outlast,  
 Deep as death our lot was cast,  
 After years.

After years,  
 From the never of those years,  
 From the waste where dews are tears,  
 Thus we plucked the Evermore  
 Of the sunlit Eden shore,  
 After years.

After years,  
 In the latter end of May,  
 Bloomed the roses, glowed the day,  
 Hand in hand we stood to know  
 All can love on love bestow,  
 After years.



## PHILOLOGY AS ONE OF THE SCIENCES.

BY F. W. FARRAR, M.A. F.R.S.

It is only in very recent times—in fact, long since the birth of the present generation—that the study of language has claimed the dignity of a science, and it must be confessed that this claim has been rather reluctantly admitted. Even those sciences which have the closest affinity with Philology have repudiated her assistance, and looked with something like jealousy on her encroachments. Any one who is familiar with ethnological literature will remember how frequently the evidence furnished by Language, in attempts to settle the affinities of nations, has been suspiciously accepted, or almost contemptuously ignored; and those who had the pleasure of knowing the late learned and amiable president of the Ethnological Society,<sup>1</sup> will remember that, in spite of his own fame as a Malay lexicographer, he was always disposed to slight a linguistic argument in anthropological inquiries. Mr. Crawford was probably the last living man of any eminence who still refused credence to even the most indisputable discoveries of comparative philology. He was in the habit of stoutly denouncing the unity of the Aryan languages as “the *Arian* heresy,” a pun which he never lost the opportunity of repeating, and in which he found a genuine amusement.

But, in spite of all opposition, the claims of linguistic study to the dignity of a science have recently won their own way with victorious strides. On the Continent philologists have long been regarded as belonging to the fraternity of scientific men. In England their claim, though longer resisted, is now frankly and generously acknowledged. And, indeed, whatever definition of science we may feel inclined to

accept, it is hard to see how we can refuse that illustrious name to the treasury of results which have been attained by inquiries into the nature and laws of human speech. If science be “a knowledge of principles and causes;” if it be the possession of demonstrative certainty as to the necessity of the operation of laws; if its basis be fact, and its coping-stone be reasons; if it be,—as Soper defined it to be,—“an infallible and unchanging knowledge of phenomena,”—then, certainly, on any of those grounds, Philology may aspire to be called a science. It is my wish and object in the following somewhat desultory remarks to furnish a few analogies and illustrations which may perhaps be accepted as tending to establish, or rather to fortify, this ambitious but justifiable pretension.

The history of Philology closely resembles that of all other sciences. Like them it has passed through its theological, empiric, and positive stages. Just as, in Astronomy, there was a time when the stars were regarded as divine animals, or as “nails fixed in the crystalline sky,” or as having no other function than to illuminate the nights of earth,—just as, in Geology, there were periods when it was believed that the earth in its present condition was called into being by the work of six solar days, or that the fossils were mere abortive forms, “the sportings of nature,” or that they were due to the supposed necessity for some deceptive law of “prochronism,”—so in Philology there were times when language was believed to have been given by distinct and immediate revelation to mankind. God was supposed to have spoken visibly with Adam, and to have uttered His creative fiat in articulate sounds of human utterance. Words were believed to sway the dumb blind

<sup>1</sup> J. Crawford, Esq. F.R.S.

motions of circumstance by virtue of a certain natural force, and mystical affinity with the things they signified. The stage in which there began to be an observation of certain obvious phenomena, and a premature attempt to guess at their explanation by natural causes; the stage of the Ptolemaic system in Astronomy; the stage of the Neptunian and Plutonic theories, with their respective cataclysms and conflagrations, in Geology,—had their exact counterpart in the long epoch of linguistic empiricism, during which it was an accepted belief that all languages were derived from Hebrew, and every observed fact was with supreme violence co-ordinated to that *à priori* conclusion. And in Philology, as in other sciences, isolated facts, themselves entirely misunderstood, were seized upon as convincing proofs of foregone conclusions. Every one knows the story of the fossil salamander of Oeningen, which Scheuchzer took for the skeleton of a child four years old, and which a theologian addressed in the touching verses—

“Betrübtes Beingerüst von einem armen  
Sünder  
Erweiche Stein das Herz der heut'gen  
Menschenkinder.”

This fossil, the “Andrias Scheuchzeri,” inspired his once-famous book, the “Homo diluvii testis,” which may be ranked with Kircher’s “Turris Babeli,” just as even the “Reliquiæ Diluvianæ” of Buckland may now (so far as its main theory is concerned) repose on the same shelf with the theological philology of M. de Bonald.

We must, however, remember that the errors were not all on one side. The conventional theory of the origin of language held by such men as Lord Monbodo and Condillac, “qu’on croirait avoir dîné avec nos premiers parents,” are—as *heterodox* attempts to account for the phenomena of language—hardly less absurd than the theory of Voltaire, “that the fossil shells of Europe were scallop shells dropped by the mediæval pilgrims.” But Philology, like its sister sciences, rose from these metaphysical

and empiric stages to the acquisition of scientific methods and positive results. In each instance this advance was due to the powerful influence of an apparently accidental discovery. The external impulse given to Astronomy by Galileo’s discovery of the moons of Jupiter and the phases of Venus,—the external impulse given to Geology by Buffon’s prescient estimate of the facts to be deduced from the fossil bones and shells submitted to his inspection,—was given to Philology when, in 1786, the Asiatic Society was founded by Sir W. Jones; and he announced the then startling conclusion, “that no philologer would examine the Sanskrit, Greek, and Latin without believing them to have sprung from some common source.” But if Sir W. Jones be the Galileo of philology, Halhed was its Copernicus. As the editor of the code of Gentoo law, drawn up by order of Warren Hastings, he was the first who made known the word “Sanskrit” to English ears, and the first to express that astonishment at its resemblance to Persian, Greek, and Latin which was destined to be the fruitful mother of so much marvellous and inestimable knowledge.

It will be seen from this brief sketch, that Philology has suffered as long and as seriously as other sciences from the dominance of merely traditional assumptions,—and has suffered in a precisely similar manner. It took centuries for Astronomy to disembarass itself of the empiric belief in the geocentric hypothesis; for Geology to get rid of the attribution of all marked terrestrial phenomena to violent and sudden catastrophes; and for Philology to disprove the assumption that there must have been a primitive language, and that Hebrew must have been *the* primitive language, and consequently that all languages are deducible from the Hebrew. Few people are aware of the vast mass of linguistic literature which has been rendered practically valueless by the abandonment of this erroneous hypothesis; by the *demonstration* that if there were a primitive language no traces of it are now discoverable, and that, if they

were discoverable, Hebrew is one of the very last languages in which any one moderately acquainted with the facts would think of looking for them. But, although the progress of discovery seems at first sight to rob the labours of past investigators of all importance, we must beware that we do not push too far so ungrateful a conclusion. No honest worker ever worked at any science quite in vain. He at least helped to contribute the solid facts on which all theories must be founded, and to bequeath a sacred heritage of *interest* in the subject to which his labours were devoted. The coral at a certain distance beneath the ocean-surface is the only *living* portion of the gigantic organism, but its life was only rendered possible by the death of those zoophytes who furnished in myriads the calcareous secretions which even now are forming the solid bases of "continents to be."

It would be easy to show that there is hardly a single science which does not furnish us with analogies and illustrations for the study of language so obvious as to force themselves naturally upon our notice, and so luminous as to suggest important conclusions, as well as to furnish the terms in which they are expressed. We talk quite naturally of the *strata* of language; extinct words and forms spontaneously suggest to us the analogy of fossils; we find among them rare varieties and typical forms, and unique examples and intermediate species, and any philologist would instantly catch our meaning if we were to talk to him about a linguistic "dyke," or about the "pipings" in two contiguous linguistic formations. Displacements and denudations and tertiary deposits and palæozoic systems have their existence in language no less than in geological phenomena, and, without any exercise of fancy, it would be easy to multiply such analogies almost indefinitely. They occur indeed spontaneously, and almost unconsciously, in every book which is written on the subject. The very word "roots," involving one of the most essential philological conceptions, is itself an indispensable

and ineradicable metaphor. We talk quite spontaneously of the *soil* on which a language *grows*. "Language," says Bunsen, "has all the distinctive peculiarities of vegetable nature." In fact, the analogy between words and plants has even been sufficiently powerful to influence our linguistic conceptions, and it led Schlegel not only to the striking *metaphor*, but even to the erroneous *conception* that the suffixes of words bourgeoned from the roots like leaves from the stem,—that the roots were in fact "living germs," organized bodies, which carried in themselves the principle of their development. Such a notion would naturally lead to mere mysticism, but it was hardly to be wondered at, previous to the victories won by analysis over inflectional terminations. And although the notion of any inherent and self-developing power in roots is now justly discarded, yet the distinction between the material and formal elements in words,—between the *stem* or *root* and its inflections,—is as important to Philology, and throws as much light on its essential nature, as the discovery that every portion of a plant might be reduced to stem or leaf was to Botany; and if we exclude the notion of a germinative force, we can hardly describe the linguistic discovery without using expressions which would recall to every naturalist the botanical fact. I may conclude this part of my subject by a quotation from a writer, who, not being specially either a botanist or a philologist, may serve to prove how naturally the phenomena of the one science may be described in metaphors which are entirely borrowed from the other. "The operative agencies of language," says Professor Ferrier in his "Institutes of Metaphysics," "are hidden; its growth is imperceptible,—

"*Crescit occulto velut arbor ævo.*"

"*Like a tree, unobserved through the solitudes of a thousand years, up grows the mighty stem and the mighty branches of a magnificent speech. No man saw the seed planted—no eye noticed the infant sprouts,—no mortal hand*



“watered the bursting of the grove—no register was kept of the gradual widening of its girth, or the growing circumference of its shade; till the *deciduous* dialects of the surrounding barbarians dying out, the unexpected *bole* stands forth in all its magnitude, carrying aloft in its *foliage* the poetry, the history, and the philosophy of a heroic people.”

But, however curious and interesting such illustrations may be, and thoroughly as they demand the attention of every student, because the most valuable hints may be often derived from the inter-relation of different studies, a place in the circle of the sciences would hardly be granted to Philology on the ground of such analogies alone. More perhaps may be effected in this direction by endeavouring to prove that the *methods*, no less than the *history*, of philology are identical with those of the natural sciences.

Let us, for instance, compare the processes by which Botany arrived at its present position with those which have resulted in the establishment of the Science of Language. It will require no manipulation on my part to show their complete identity in idea and principle.

Many centuries usually elapse before the first dawn of any science. Even the commonest and most obtrusive phenomena often remain unnoticed for immense periods. But every now and then rises some man whose eyes are opened, and the observations of such men, however elementary, gradually form a nucleus of simple facts which either lead to, or are interpreted by, some theory which at this early stage is usually erroneous. When sufficient facts are accumulated, a wider hypothesis is formed, which is supposed to sum up all past observations, and tends to stimulate the further inquiry which often overthrows the very hypothesis which it was intended to support. At last by the aid of ever-widening induction “by the collection of similar and the distinction of dissimilar things,” the facts are colligated into a final and established conclusion. These processes have taken

place alike in Botany and in Philology. There were long ages during which the rude human swains paid equally little attention to the sounds which they emitted in articulate speech, and to the little “golden flowers” on which they trod daily with their “clouted shoon.” Then followed that era, so well described (as regards botany) in the “History of the Inductive Sciences.” First came the era of *imaginary knowledge*, in which fancy and ingenuity took the place of accurate investigation. The history of etymology, from the days of Cratylus down to those of Menage, passes exactly through the same phases as the history of Botany from the days of Dioscorides down to those of Cæsalpinus. No doubt during both periods the storehouse of reliable facts was being gradually filled, —the habits and more salient peculiarities of plants being observed as well as the external grammatical relation of combined words. In fact, during this long period, the foundations were laid in both sciences for an *artificial* system which gradually led to a *natural* one. Even the ancients had observed the resemblance of Latin to Æolic Greek; and it would have been as impossible in Philology to overlook the mutual relations of the Romance language as it would have been in Botany to miss the general resemblance to each other of the Labiatae or the Umbelliferae. But many mistakes were made in attempting to class either plants or languages by means of rough general resemblances. The selection of a few dozen resemblances between Greek and Hebrew (resemblances due partly to accident, partly to onomatopœia, partly to mutual intercourse) perpetuated the confusion of Semitic with Aryan languages, just as the neglect of differences led to the classing of the rush with the barberry, or the vine with the periwinkle, because they agree respectively in the number of their stamens.

It was by the observation of different and distinct ideas of speech that Philology arrived at a true classification of languages, just as it was by the study of foreign floras that Botany gradually acquired a natural system. If the

wealthy Provençal gentleman, J. de Tournefort, had never travelled in the Levant, or the poor Swedish peasant, Karl Linné, had never visited Lapland, after they had already gained some knowledge of plants, it is probable that they would never have arrived at the conceptions which reformed and almost created the science of Botany; and similarly, Comparative Philology would not even yet have existed but for the mighty Providence which bestowed upon us the government of India, and guided to that country such scholars and Orientalists as Colebrooke and Sir William Jones. Mere unsystematic collections of linguistic facts, like those edited by Pallas for Catherine II. of Russia, or those published by Adelung and Vater in the "Mithridates," would in themselves have been as insufficient for scientific purposes as the mere *horti sicci* which had been collected by many naturalists for their own amusement. It needed an intimate acquaintance with the living languages and the living organisms to lead the way to any fruitful discovery. In this respect Adanson in Senegal, and Brown in New Holland, and Hooker in Hindostan, and Darwin in his voyage round the world, and many other travellers and naturalists have achieved for Botany the series of comparative facts which have been won for Philology by men like W. von Humboldt in Java, Rask in Persia, Castren in Siberia, Zeisberger in North America, Stanislas Julien in China, Sir G. Grey in New Zealand, Caldwell in Southern India, Appleyard and Bleek in Kaffraria, and Crawford in the Malay Peninsula.

All great botanists, from Cæsalpinus down to Linné, had probably foreseen the establishment of a natural system, just as all great philologists, from Leibnitz down to Colebrooke, had realized the conception of linguistic families; but in both sciences the final establishment of the theory on a firm and scientific basis was left to others. Bopp in his "Vergleichende Grammatik," Pott in his "Etymologische Forschungen," did for language what was done for botany by

Antoine Laurent de Jussieu in his immortal "Genera Plantarum." Borrowing from Magnol and Adanson the plan of arriving at a perfect *natural* system by means of the points of resemblance suggested by *many artificial* systems, Jussieu added the immensely important conception of a *subordination of characters*, and thus advanced the science, both in its structural and its classificatory branches, a long way towards its present position. Now Philology has its various branches no less than Botany; its analysis of words corresponds to the study of vegetable structure; its arrangement of linguistic families to botanic classification; its examination of the functions of formative syllables to organography; even its *Lautehre*, or study of sounds, to microscopic histology. And in the present stage of these two sciences the student who adds anything to our knowledge of *one* of these branches probably renders a service to them *all*. This is precisely what has been done by such "fellow-labourers with Hercules" as Bopp, and Grimm, and Pott. By that wide induction which led to the establishment of the *laws* that dominated alike in the resemblances and divergences of words, they introduced a cosmos of guiding principle into the chaos of multiplex phenomena. For instance, a botanist who was a mere corollist would not have been likely to class in the same natural order of Ranunculaceæ, plants so externally dissimilar as larkspur, columbine, and buttercup; one who based his orders on the superficial distinction between herbs and shrubs would not have put clematis in that order; and one who relied on the number of carpels would have separated from it the baneberry and the pæony. Nothing but a *general* observation of the resemblances and subordination of the differences would suffice to give a true conception of the order; and the philologist must go through an exactly similar process. Who, for instance, would think of comparing the Gothic *faihu*, "cattle," with the Latin *pecus*, if his etymology were founded on mere appearances? But now every etymolo-

gist is aware that the identity of these two words results from laws rigorously established by induction from an immense number of instances, beginning with the very simplest and ending in the most complex. Again, the examination of *numerous* species often enables botanists to account for an anomaly by proving that there has been some suppression; thus in the Primrose family, contrary to the *alternate* symmetry in which the different organs of flowers are usually arranged, the stamens are *opposite* to the petals. This would remain an anomaly, if in one of the species of the family—the samolus or brookweed—we did not find five scales representing five abortive petals which, had they been developed, would have re-established the alternation. This is exactly what the philologist finds. He compares, for instance, two such forms as *δῖς* and *βίς*, and would be unable to understand the relation between them, if he were not aware that the original *divis* involves both the *d* and the *b*. Once more, exactly as the botanist assumes a certain *ideal* symmetry, even when every species of a family deviates from it in one or other particular, so the philologist often assumes a primordial form which alone explains its divergent derivatives. If, for instance, he compares the Sanskrit *vahanti*, “they carry,” with *vazenti* (Zend), *ἔχοντι* (Doric), *vehunt* (Latin), *vigand* (Gothic), he is led naturally to see the existence of a primitive form *vaghanti*; nor could he without the intervention of many varying forms conjecture the identity of the words *five* and *quinque*. Often in establishing such affinities he is unexpectedly aided by the discovery of some rare dialectic variety; exactly as the study of “sports” and monstrosities often enables a botanist to understand for the first time the structure of some irregular flower. A single instance of “Peloria” in botany—such, for instance,

as that which sometimes elongates into a spur *each* petal of the toadflax—a single archaic form discovered in an inscription or in the fragments of a lost poet, like the long *ā* of *aquila* in the line of Ennius—

“Et densis aquilā pennis obnixa volabat,”

often furnishes the only explanation of a whole range of botanical or philological anomalies.

It would be easy to mention many other analogies of procedure between Philology and Botany; but, for fear of wearying my readers with technicalities, I will mention but one other point of similarity between the history of the two sciences. One of Dr. Lindley's very numerous services to botany was the recognition of certain intermediate groups (as, for instance, Dictyogens, or endogenous plants, with *net-veined* leaves, between the exogens and endogens) of a transitional character, which tended to prove that there is in nature no solution of continuity, or that *natura non agit saltatim*. This is precisely the attempt which at this moment is being made in the science of language. Some of its very latest efforts have been directed to establish the existence of languages which are in their character transitional between those which *amalgamate* and those which *inflect* their words, or of languages which combine some of the characteristics of the Aryan and the Semitic families. If the existence of such intermediate families should be satisfactorily established, it need hardly be said that it will add much greater probability than now exists to the hypothesis that all languages have been developed from one primordial form of speech. I had intended to show the important light which the science of language may be proved to throw upon the Darwinian theory; but space forbids me, for the present, to add anything further to these remarks.



## "THE RING AND THE BOOK."

AFTER a silence of some years, Mr. Browning has again addressed the public in the book before us, which forms the fourth part of what, when it is completed, will be one of the longest poems in the world. The present volume contains 4,657 lines, which, upon the principle of *ex pede Herculem*, may be taken as a fair basis for comparing the whole work with the "Iliad," the "Divine Comedy," or the "Orlando Furioso." When we tell our readers that in the published sample of this gigantic poem we find but little of the obscurity which made a riddle of Sordello, and nearly all the power and subtlety of thought which went to the creation of Paracelsus, Pippa passes, Karshish, and Cleon, they will understand that "The Ring and the Book" does not promise disappointment. Yet, no doubt, there will be some, even among Mr. Browning's warmest and most intelligent admirers, who will regret the choice of his subject and the style in which he has thought fit to develop it. The poem is written uniformly in blank verse. It contains but few of those "lyrical interbreathings" which relieved the monotony of this metre in the works of our dramatists; and the frequent perplexities and involutions of language which impede the easy progress of the reader seem to have arisen from the constant effort to elude the prosiness into which narrative blank verse is apt to fall, rather than to have been forced upon the poet by the intricacy of his thoughts or the sublimity of his imagination. Mr. Browning has so amply proved his power of pouring forth the most exquisite strains of lyrical music, and of photographing subtle and obscure phases of mental activity and emotion in condensed and artistic pictures, that we cannot but regret the absence of short pieces from his volume. Still it is ungracious, with such a gift conferred upon us, to begin with a complaint. Let us rather take

the poem as Mr. Browning has made it, and as it will remain to all time, the monument of a genius unique in its peculiar qualities of intellectual subtlety and imaginative force.

The first thing that strikes one in reading it is the wholly modern, or rather the peculiarly nineteenth-century character of the poem. Mr. Browning chanced, during a walk upon a hot June day in Florence, to fall upon a volume which contained the history of an old trial for murder. The book was lying on a stall among a heap of insignificant trash. It consisted of some printed pleadings and some MS. additions furnished by the Roman lawyers to their Tuscan clients. The most natural use to which a poet would put such a document, would be to found a tragedy upon it, as Shelley and Webster did, seizing the salient points of the story, and making it a framework for the display of character, and for the development of pathetic and tragic situations. But ours is not a dramatic age. We want to get behind the scenes, to trace the inmost working of motives, to weigh the balance of conflicting evidence, to hear every side of the question, and to study the tissue of facts in their complexity, with all the scientific accuracy of an anatomist. It is precisely in this spirit that Mr. Browning treated the old book which had fascinated him by its record of ancient crime. Instead of dramatizing the tale, and having done with it, he composed a poem of almost twenty thousand lines, in which he determined to expose the simple fact to all the cross lights that his fancy could suggest; and to show his audience how that fact was received in the world by various sets and sorts of minds, what hypotheses were invented to explain it—in a word, to make the modern public judge and jury of a crime long buried in oblivion, and also to lay bare the conscience of the world concerning it at the time of its commission.



hereupon were instituted in the courts, and the scandal became general. Meanwhile Pompilia and her husband lived unhappily at Arezzo; until at last she decamped with a young priest called Caponsacchi toward Rome. The husband followed; overtook them at Castelnuovo, and brought them to justice. Some very obscure facts came out in the ensuing trial. First of all it appeared that Pompilia could not read or write, and yet a letter purporting to be hers had reached the Count's brother in Rome; several, also bearing her signature, had been addressed to Caponsacchi; and these, together with his answers—which however he repudiated, and proved to have been written in a different hand from his own—were produced in open court. Suspicion fell upon the Count, who, it was suggested, might for some dark purpose of his own have forged the whole correspondence. But the Roman courts of law, preferring to divide the good things of justice between the litigants and not fully to satisfy either, decided the point in an ambiguous manner. They sent Pompilia to the house of Convertites, and relegated Caponsacchi to a country village between Rome and Arezzo, but took no notice of the suspicious conduct of the Count. A few months passed quietly; but at the end of them Pompilia received permission to leave her retreat and to rejoin her putative parents in their villa near Rome. There she gave birth to a son. On hearing of this, Count Guido engaged four *bravi*, journeyed secretly to Rome, and on the night of Christmas-day knocked at the Comparinis' villa. The door was opened on his saying that he came from Caponsacchi. He entered and stabbed to death its three inmates, and then fled. The five assassins were soon caught, and brought to trial for the murder. Guido confessed the fact, but pleaded that he was justified in clearing himself of the dishonour of a faithless wife. Pompilia lived long enough, in spite of many wounds, to record her own story of Guido's cruelty, and of the sudden resolve which made her address the young priest, and beseech him to fly with her

to Rome. Caponsacchi again solemnly affirmed the purity of his feeling for the wretched wife, explained their conduct in the flight, and made a free confession of the mystery of the letters, which he once more declared to be forged. Public opinion wavered, and the pleadings on both sides were interminable. At last the Pope, as final arbiter of justice, took cognizance of the whole affair, and condemned Count Guido and his accomplices as guilty. This, with the exception of a multitude of small and delicate points of fact or hypothesis, all of which are most admirably stated or hinted at by Mr. Browning, is a brief of the story. The question now remains, Who was really guilty? Was the Count a monster or a dupe? Did he marry Pompilia with a base motive, drive her parents to desperation, worry her life out in his palace at Arezzo, forge letters in her name, lay a trap for her and Caponsacchi, and after being foiled by their truth and innocence, in the final resort wreak his spite by murder? Or, on the other hand, had Violante tricked him into the marriage, slandered him at Rome, and cozened him out of his rights by pretending that Pompilia was not her child? Had Pompilia really carried on a clandestine correspondence with Caponsacchi? Was the child not Guido's own heir, but the priest's bastard? And supposing all these questions answered in the affirmative, was the Count not justified, after insults and legal delays, in taking the matter into his own hands and blotting out the three faithless lives? These are the two opposite views which can be taken of the dark tragedy. Half Rome, according to Mr. Browning, adopted one side, the other half Rome the other. In nothing is the vigour of Mr. Browning's imagination, the delicacy of his perception, the subtlety and ingenuity of his invention, more remarkable than in the different colour which he has given to the same series of facts and the different inferences which he has drawn from the same premises, according as the speaker represents the one or the other prepossession. But it must be



stated to begin with, that Mr. Browning himself adopts the hypothesis of Guido's villany. In order to give the reader a fair specimen of the style of the poem, we will make the following extract, in which, after having first described how his fancy had retraced the whole drama from its beginning to its horrible *dénouement*,—had watched Pompilia growing up in innocence and beauty, had tracked the devilish workings of Guido and his "fox-faced, cat-clawed" kin, had seen "the young, good, beauteous priest" descend from heaven like an angel to save the wronged lady—At the last, says the poet,

"Through the blackness I saw Rome again,  
And where a solitary villa stood  
In a lone garden quarter: it was eve,  
The second of the year, and oh so cold!  
Ever and anon there flitted through the air  
A snowflake, and a scanty couch of snow  
Crusted the garden walk and the garden  
mould.  
All was grave, silent, sinister;—when, ha!  
Glimmering by did a pack of were-wolves pad  
The snow; those flames were Guido's eyes  
in front,  
And all five found and footed it, the track,  
To where a threshold-streak of warmth and  
light  
Betrayed the villa-door with life inside,  
While an inch outside were those blood-  
bright eyes,  
And black lips wrinkling o'er the flash of  
teeth,  
And tongues that lolled,—O God, that  
madest man!  
They parleyed in their language. Then one  
whined—  
That was the policy and master-stroke—  
Deep in his throat whispered what seemed a  
name—  
'Open to Caponsacchi!' Guido cried:  
'Gabriel!' cried Lucifer at Eden gate.  
Wide as a heart opened the door at once,  
Showing the joyous couple, and their child,  
The two-weeks' mother, to the wolves—the  
wolves  
To them. Close eyes! And when the  
corpses lay  
Stark stretched, and those the wolves, their  
wolf work done,  
Were safe embosomed by the night again,  
I knew a necessary change in things;  
As when the worst watch of the night gives  
way,  
And there comes duly, to take cognizance,  
The scrutinizing eye-point of some star—  
And who despairs of a new daybreak now?  
Lo! the first ray protruded on those five!  
It reached them, and each felon writhed  
transfixed."

Not the least remarkable thing about this poem is that there is no attempt at concealment in it, no reserve of secrecy until the end. The conjurer lays his cards upon the table, and shows you all the passes in his trick. He depends upon the ingenuity of his movements, upon the intrinsic interest of his game, to rouse and rivet and retain the interest of his spectators. And in this expectation he has not miscalculated as far as we can judge from the first instalment of the poem. For, although we are informed pretty plainly of the general conclusion at which we ought to arrive, and though our sympathies are enlisted on one side from the first, there are so many perplexities in the story, that our curiosity is fully whetted and kept alive by watching the mere movement of the intricate machinery which has been explained to us. The first volume of "The Ring and the Book" consists then of three parts—a preface, from which the whole of our analysis is drawn, followed by the two expressions of contemporary opinion to which we have alluded. What remains to be narrated is told us by Mr. Browning. First, we shall receive the verdict of "the critical mind," balancing these two antagonistic views, and hear—

"What the superior social section thinks,—  
In person of some man of quality  
Who—breathing musk from lace-work and  
brocade,  
His solitaire amid the flow of frill,  
Powdered peruke on nose, and bag on back,  
And cane dependent from the ruffled wrist,—  
Harangues in silvery and selected phrase  
'Neath waxlight in a glorified saloon  
Where mirrors multiply the girandole."

Next we shall be told how Guido, after being tortured, spoke. Caponsacchi's evidence before the ultimate tribunal will be then recorded; next, Pompilia's dying words in explanation of her past life; then the two speeches of the lawyers—the one for Guido, the other for Pompilia; afterwards we shall have an insight into the decisive workings of the Pope's mind; and, finally, the very last words of Guido himself will be recorded. This, if we have understood Mr. Browning aright, is what

remains for us to read. And if the whole is executed with the same force and subtlety as the last two sections of the present volume, we have much before us to rouse and satisfy our curiosity. With regard to the first section, the preface and exordium of the whole poem, it may perhaps be permitted to us to be critical, and to confess, that it seems to us needlessly prolix, obscure, and overloaded with repetitions. Mr. Browning takes no pains to be lucid. He is crabbed, and harsh, and self-minded when dealing with matters which would tax the clear mind and fluent tongue of a Lord Westbury. Instead of saying a thing once he repeats it twice or thrice by jerks and fragments. But this is merely when he comes before us as a narrator in his own person. As soon as he begins to speak through the mouth of his *dramatis personæ* he is plain enough to those who have once caught the trick of his style. Therefore we may fairly anticipate that the volumes to come will be free from the faults which deface the first portion of the present one, and will exhibit all the excellences which are so eminent in the other two portions. It may perhaps be wondered whether the majority of minds will find much pleasure in this piecemeal presentation of a bygone tragedy: this minute analysis of facts and motives, —this many-sided exhibition of a single problem. For those, however, who have the patience and the intellect to follow the elaborate and subtle working of the most profound of living artists, who are capable of delighting in the gradual unfolding of an intricate plot, and of weighing and comparing conflicting evidence, this poem offers attractions of the very highest order. As in a novel of Balzac's, their patience will be rewarded by the final effect of the accumulated details grouped together by the artist, and their intellect will be refreshed with the exhibition of prodigious power carefully exerted and marvellously sustained. It is certain that, as the chain of incident and comment gradually uncurls, each link will add some fresh sensation, until, when its huge length has been unwound, our

minds will retain an ineffaceable and irresistible impression of the whole as conceived in the wonder-working brain of Mr. Browning. We are contented to peruse the facts and pleadings of a modern law-case; why should we not bring the same freshness of interest to bear upon this tragedy, not stripped, as happens in the newspapers, of its poetry, but invested with all the splendours of a powerful imagination, while retaining the reality of incidents and details that bear a crime of yesterday home to the hearts of every one?

It would scarcely be fair to Mr. Browning to take leave of his volume without some further quotation; and of the whole, no passage is, perhaps, so well worthy of being extracted as the following beautiful and touching invocation which concludes the first section of the poem:—

"O Lyric Love, half-angel and half-bird,  
And all a wonder and a wild desire,—  
Boldest of hearts that ever braved the sun,  
Took sanctuary within the holier blue,  
And sang a kindred soul out to his face,—  
Yet human at the red-ripe of the heart—  
When the first summons from the darkling  
earth  
Reached thee amid thy chambers, blanched  
their blue,  
And bared them of the glory—to drop down,  
To toil for man, to suffer or to die,—  
This is the same voice: Can thy soul know  
change?  
Hail then, and hearken from the realms of  
help!  
Never may I commence my song, my due  
To God who best taught song by gift of  
thee,  
Except with bent head and beseeching  
hand—  
That still despite the distance and the dark,  
What was, again may be; some interchange  
Of grace, some splendour once thy very  
thought,  
Some benediction anciently thy smile:  
—Never conclude, but raising hand and  
head  
Thither where eyes, that cannot reach, yet  
yearn  
For all hope, all sustainment, all reward,  
Their utmost up and on,—so blessing back  
In those thy realms of help, that heaven  
thy home,  
Some whiteness which, I judge, thy face  
makes proud,  
Some wanness where, I think, thy foot may  
fall!"

JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS.

LORD LIVERPOOL.<sup>1</sup>

WITH the exception of the partially Whig Ministry which held office for fourteen months after the death of Pitt at the beginning of 1806, the English government was carried on for forty-seven years, from 1783 to 1830, by the Tory party. For ten years out of the forty-seven, Pitt, young and courageous, pursued that wise inauguration of the modern policy which gives him a place among the best statesmen of Europe. In 1793, the untoward rush of events on the Continent checked his career; the tide of improvement was turned back; legislation was unfruitful or worse; and the beneficent spirit of social amelioration of which Pitt had been the organ slumbered until the accession of his favourite disciple to supreme power in 1827. These two dates mark the beginning and the end of Lord Liverpool's political career. In 1793, Mr. Jenkinson was invited by Pitt to take a seat at the India Board; and in February 1827, Lord Liverpool's retirement, rendered necessary by a paralytic seizure from which he never recovered, made room for Canning and the revival of Pitt's first and greater policy. Except during the few months of the Grenville Administration, Lord Liverpool never relinquished office for this long period of thirty-four years. He sat in the Cabinets of Addington, Pitt, the Duke of Portland, and Mr. Perceval,—and from 1812, after Perceval was assassinated, down to 1827, he was the head of a Cabinet of his own. Thus he was minister for a whole generation; for half a generation he was minister-in-chief. There is no important office which at one time or another he did not hold. Foreign affairs, Home affairs, Colonial affairs, India, the Mint, the Treasury, each in turn came under

his care, and at the end of fifteen years he abandoned the special supervision of this or that department in order, for fifteen years more, to supervise the whole field of administration, to keep Cabinets together, and to carry out a system. Nothing would be easier than to string together pompous sentences, in numbers numberless, as to the places which he held, and the important events in the history of party, of courts, of parliamentary manœuvring, in which he was a leading character. Yet no politician has ever been at the head of our affairs whose name is so unmistakeably writ in water. The secret of so mean a destiny befalling a statesman with such seemingly unrivalled opportunity of impressing a lasting mark on the history of his country, is not very far to seek. The opportunity came, partly as it comes to an officer who rises by seniority, and partly because Lord Liverpool had the special set of qualities required for the functions of a chief minister in a constitutionally governed country in a stationary time.

The destiny was mean because the time was stationary. The check which came upon Pitt in 1793 continued. The progressive movement of which Pitt's policy was the expression in England, and the earlier measures of the Constituent Assembly in France, had been suddenly brought to an end, in this country by the sight of the excesses of the Revolution, and in France first by the Committee of Public Safety, and then by the retrograde military despotism of Buonaparte. The politicians of stationary periods do not survive in the memories of men. Chatham had four years of power, and he is immortal. Lord Liverpool had fifteen, and he is only a figure in the little chronicles of party and politics, not a force in the large-moving history of his country. Canning was prime minister for about four months, and he only held

<sup>1</sup> "The Life and Administration of Robert Banks, Second Earl of Liverpool." Compiled from Original Documents. By C. D. Yonge. Three Vols. London. 1868.



departmental offices by snatches, not for an epoch, as Lord Liverpool did; yet he is remembered among statesmen, not merely because the brilliance of his oratory and the lustre that shone round his talents have projected their rays down to these later times, but because throughout his career he marched in the central path of human progress, with his face ever turned towards the quarter where the dawn of social enlightenment was again spreading, after the long night of anarchy and battles.

"In the crowd of ministers," says a French philosopher, "who hold the destiny of peoples in their hands for a while, there are few who are worthy to fix the regard of posterity. If they have only the principles or prejudices of their time, what matters the name of the man who did what others in his place would have done like him." It was just the passing principles and local prejudices of his day which Lord Liverpool reflected with perfect accuracy; his name may stand for them; and on that account his career is well worth the attention, if not the admiration of the historic student.

Vehement partisans have no difficulty in finding contemptuous and contumelious terms which may in a certain sense fit Lord Liverpool's name. Of pretensions to high constructive statesmanship he had none. The system of domestic government which he carried out with as much consistency as was possible is one for which even its most sincere apologists in all times can hardly find fine words. It may have been justifiable, but at best it was inglorious. The foreign policy of his party, in like manner, was perhaps inevitably what it was; was possibly prudent, but ending as it did in the Treaties of Vienna, the Holy Alliance, the Spanish invasion, and the triumph of the high Ultramontane party in France before 1830, was assuredly not likely to win the spontaneous eulogies of posterity. Where the grounds for positive praise are so extremely slight, we may be sure that the staunch party-man will find abundant room for tolerably unrestricted censure. The

native virulence of Hazlitt or Cobbett, for instance, needed far less incentive and material than the Toryism of their time supplied. Yet if we clear our minds of the heated fogs of party politics, it is hardly possible to sympathise with the deep contempt in which it is usual to think of Lord Liverpool. Assuredly he had many qualities and talents, of all but the highest value in a country governed as ours is by large chambers and small cabinets, where the minister has to fight against turbulence and faction in the one, and jealousy and intrigue in the other. Lord Liverpool carried into government the cool, steady, impersonal temperament which other men carry successfully into commerce. Without a particle of that small subtlety which passes for diplomatic adroitness, his unsophisticated plainness of understanding, his imperturbable way of looking straight at the immediate end without attempting to penetrate an inch beyond it, a certain solid or stolid loyalty and directness, and an invincible slowness either to take or to give offence, combined to fit him for a difficult and important, if not a very distinguished or elevated, post; and it cannot be said that from the death of Pitt until the accession of Canning the post of Premier was either distinguished or elevated. The same temper which shaped his conduct thus, gave a corresponding tone to his intellect. In debate, he was never eloquent, though sometimes spirited; he took pains to understand and state his issue, and he was careful never to travel out of the record; he argued with something of legal closeness, and he studiously cultivated a legal narrowness and shortness of sight. Nothing can be thought of more diverting and absurd than the picture of Lord Liverpool trying to understand an intensely characteristic letter which Mr. Coleridge addressed to him upon the state of the nation in 1817. The letter<sup>1</sup> contains much about the Lockian philosophy and its crimes, about physics and metaphysics, about demiurgic atoms and the preternatural infrangibility of ele-

<sup>1</sup> Vol. ii. pp. 300-307.

mentary corpuscles; while the whole energies of the politician were devoted to the question of suspending Habeas Corpus, or resuming specie payments. The minister's endorsement ends with pardonable helplessness:—"At least, I believe this is Mr. Coleridge's meaning, but I cannot well understand "him." In Mr. Yonge's volumes, there are ample illustrations of Lord Liverpool's manner of handling his subjects, and it is difficult to select one that is more specially characteristic than another. Perhaps the confidential despatch to Lord Castlereagh, written almost immediately after the news of the victory at Waterloo, is as good as any,<sup>1</sup> where the minister begins by exposing the three alternatives which seemed to present themselves:—

"1st. Louis XVIII. may be restored, Buonaparte being dead, or a prisoner in the hands of the Allies. 2dly. Louis XVIII. may be restored, Buonaparte being still alive and escaped to America or elsewhere. 3dly. The difficulties in the way of the restoration of Louis XVIII. may have rendered that event, however desirable, impracticable, and it may become therefore necessary to treat with some other government as representing the "French nation." And he proceeds to argue his points with curious rigour and narrowness. In fact, constantly, in reading Lord Liverpool's despatches and speeches, we feel as if some portion of the spirit of the late Mr. Austin had got mixed up with the brains of a very dull man, working in a very arid field; so much strenuous dichotomy meets us on every hand. Another excellent illustration of Lord Liverpool's manner may be found in his remarks upon the Chief Justice sitting in the Cabinet. As this is a leading case upon the constitutional aspect of the Cabinet, everybody knows that when Lord Grenville, after Pitt's death, formed the nearest approach to a Whig Administration that we had for half a century, the Tory Lord Sidmouth came into office, and, to strengthen himself in the Cabinet, insisted on Lord

Ellenborough having a seat also, though actually Chief Justice at the time. Lord Liverpool, then Lord Hawkesbury, was the leader of Opposition, and he criticised the general principle with a characteristic closeness and solidity that really amounted to force. He quoted Montesquieu against the union of the judicial with the executive power, but immediately afterwards, protesting that he was "not such an extravagant theorist"—in that day to quote a French philosopher in Parliament would tend to make even a Liverpool *suspect*—"as to wish to push principles beyond practical utility," he hastened to point out the inexpediency of the appointment in question. He gives a number of hypothetical cases, such as a man being tried for libel on the Administration, in which the Chief Justice might have to sit on an offence committed as it were against himself. The Chancellor's case was not analogous, since his jurisdiction was not connected with criminal law; and the same difference was further shown by the fact that the Chancellor is removable at pleasure, being the only judge under that liability.<sup>1</sup> And so forth in the same moderate and argumentative tone, with a constant effort to get to the pith of the matter—in this instance no invincibly hard thing—and an absence of all rancour or personality that was uniformly remarked from the beginning to the last day of his public life, and was conspicuous in an age when rancour and personalities were the rule among politicians.

A more difficult position was that which Lord Hawkesbury had to defend a year later. The Grenville administration had brought forward a measure for some partial relief to Catholic officers in army and navy. The King was angry and alarmed, and there appears to have been one of those confusions or misunderstandings between him and his ministers, with which from first to last this unhappy question abounded. Even if his own unaided fears had not sufficed, it is now clear that the Duke of Portland and Lord Hawkesbury made such repre-

<sup>1</sup> Vol. ii. p. 184.

<sup>1</sup> Vol. i. pp. 212-14.

sentations to him by letter or otherwise as to quicken his apprehensions. Mr. Perceval at the time denied that the King had conferred with any secret advisers ; and this may have been true, if we restrict conference to oral intercourse, but Mr. Yonge prints a letter from Lord Hawkesbury to the King which shows, as Mr. Yonge, an unwilling witness, allows, though without comment, that he "was but following the precedent afforded by Lord Temple and Lord Thurlow in 1783, in urging the King to refuse his consent to measures on which his ministers had resolved." Surely a very bad and unconstitutional precedent. The unconstitutionality, however, was not arrested at this point. The ministers withdrew the measure, but in a minute of Cabinet reserved the right of proposing to the King such measures—on the Catholic question or another—as they might deem advisable. The King, roused by this, desired them to give him a pledge that they would not even so much as offer him any advice on the subject again. They declined to give a pledge of this kind, and the ministry was formed, of which the Duke of Portland was the nominal chief, and which was led by Perceval in the Commons and Hawkesbury in the Lords. Two questions thus arose. Was the pledge constitutional? Who was responsible for its proposal? The first of these does not admit of two answers ; the minister undertakes to counsel the Sovereign to the best of his discretion, and to give such a pledge as the King required would be to promise not to use this discretion. The second question gave room for a controversy, which happens to bear on a dispute of which the country heard much during the last session of Parliament. Was the King personally responsible to Parliament for the proposal of the pledge, and the subsequent dismissal of the ministry? We need not follow the debates. The better opinion was that the Sovereign cannot be held responsible for anything. "He cannot act," Erskine said, "but by advice ; and he who takes office sanctions what is done, from whatever source it

"may proceed." The new ministers by taking office had made themselves responsible for the measures by which their predecessors had been displaced, but they tried—as Mr. Disraeli, a little more justifiably, but not less unconstitutionally tried last year—to invest the Sovereign with a mysterious and indefinite personal authority in certain kinds of acts of which they hold that the Constitution takes no cognizance. Lord Sidmouth, who had separated himself from his late uncongenial colleagues, especially relied on this argument. Lord Liverpool took up a line of his own, which showed to advantage his useful facility of perceiving where the ice was too rotten to bear. Instead of defending the irresponsibility of the new ministry strictly, he applied the principle to the conduct of his adversaries. It was Lord Grenville, he said, who was for dividing the unity of the Executive, and violating the maxim that the King can do no wrong ; for his Cabinet minutes threw the whole odium of opposing the Catholic claims upon the King ; the late ministry it was which by forcing on their measure had provoked the King to extract the pledge ; had shirked their responsibility by letting the matter drop, which they ought not to have done if they thought, as their minute showed, that it was a desirable measure, and had left the King responsible for its withdrawal, by their menace that they would bring it forward as soon as circumstances should throw him sufficiently into their power.<sup>1</sup>

Of such episodes is the history of party government made up, and Lord Liverpool is the kind of man whom party government uniformly tends to bring to the front and into power. It is constantly asserted that, since the first Reform Act, we have never had, as we are never to have again, a strong Government. This may be true ; but, if it be, the Reform Act is not at the bottom of it. It is not too much to say, and these volumes amply confirm such a statement, that there had been no such thing as a strong Government in

<sup>1</sup> Vol. i. pp. 229-236.



any sound sense since Pitt's first retirement at the beginning of the century. The long tenure of office by the Tories misleads superficial observers into the notion that they were strong. In truth, they were only strong in the sense that the support of the Court enabled them usually to command majorities in Parliament. What Addington's Ministry was, everybody who has looked into the Life of Pitt is well aware. Pitt came in again in the spring of 1804; and while Napoleon was ready to make a descent upon England with an army of the finest troops in Europe, the followers of Pitt and of Grenville, of Fox and of Addington, were all engaged in an emphatically meaningless squabble about the terms on which they would consent to save the country. The same edifying sight had been exhibited on an equally imposing scale before Pitt's time, in 1777-78, when we were at open war with the colonies, and on the point of war with France, and everything was black with gloom and disaster, and three or four leaders were all struggling for place and office. And the familiar scene was repeated at short intervals after Pitt's death until the final break-up of the party. The year in which the Portland Ministry came into power, and in which Parliament agitated itself upon the rather sterile constitutional question which we have just considered, was the year of Friedland and Tilsit. The Portland Ministry broke up in two years and a half, and, without Canning or Castlereagh, was re-formed under Perceval in 1809. The fortunes of our enemy were at their zenith; he was absolute master of the Continent, while English statesmen were hard at work as usual with little notes and interviews, and talk about fussy connexions and systems and extended bases of administration. The Percival Ministry came to a temporary end three years after, and the political world was again convulsed with negotiations for strengthening the government. Lord Grey and Lord Grenville had been previously invited to come in; so now were Wellesley and Canning. It was felt, and justly felt, that with men of

their calibre left out, no Ministry could be other than weak. They all declined to co-operate with the high Tory rump, and Lord Liverpool put himself at the head of the body which Perceval had left. As Mr. Yonge remarks:—"It was obvious that Lord Liverpool's chance of carrying on the affairs of the country with credit and success was greatly strengthened by what had taken place." But then we must remember first how feeble the Ministry must have been for Mr. Stuart-Wortley's motion to be brought forward at all, and then to be carried as it was; and next, that no substantial change in the composition of the Government was made on Lord Liverpool's accession. Wellington's despatches would show, if nothing else did, how weak were Governments at this epoch—how strong was party-spirit, how low was public spirit. It is true that between 1812 and 1816 great popularity accrued to Administrations in consequence of Wellington's splendid successes in the Peninsula and afterwards at Waterloo, of Castlereagh's figure at Paris and Vienna, and of the general glory with which the unwearied perseverance of England against the retrograde and tyrannical system of the Corsican freebooter had been so justly rewarded. But this popularity was only transient, and was soon destroyed by the distresses which followed the conclusion of the peace, and which were part of the great sacrifices made by this country. Even in 1816, when the Ministry was strongest, a resolution of Mr. Vansittart, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, to continue the income-tax at one shilling, was negatived by a decisive vote; and earlier on in the same year, in March, we have Lord Liverpool's own word (vol. ii. p. 270) that it was only disgust at some extreme language of Brougham's which saved them from being left in a minority on a direct vote of censure. In 1817 and again in 1819 the country was supposed by the Tories, by a majority of those who had been Liberals until the French Revolution made them Moderates, and by not

a few of the new-born Radicals, to be on the verge of insurrection. The Administration which could only govern by such measures as the Six Acts, was hardly strong in a sense that any modern politician could desire or approve. Then the proceedings against Queen Caroline in 1820 sunk them still lower. During these proceedings Lord Grey had reviled the Cabinet as "a loose, disjointed, and feeble Administration;" and it is probable that no Government since Lord Bute's had been so unpopular and so weak. Canning had left them, and their darkness was supreme.

Sir George C. Lewis divides Lord Liverpool's Administration into two clearly marked periods: the nebulous period of Castlereagh's leadership, from 1812 down to 1822; the semi-luminous period from 1822 to 1827, during which Canning was leader. But if we look to strength, the semi-luminous period was as weak as the nebulous period; and it was the accession of light which led to fresh accession of weakness. For the Catholic question was left open, and upon this open question the Cabinet was divided into two irreconcilable sections, the one headed by Canning, and the other by Peel. The rivalries of personal ambition fitted in with the same line of division, and weakened the Ministry still further. At Lord Londonderry's death, the King wished Peel to take the lead in the Commons, and the arrangement for Canning's departure to India to hold good. Peel had the prudence to discourage a project which would have made him a tool for wreaking the King's spite upon Canning. But during the five years which elapsed before the break-up of the Ministry, the sober judgment of Lord Liverpool was more than once invoked to moderate dissension and intrigue between the followers of the Foreign Minister and champion of the Catholic claims, and those of the Home Secretary and leader of the Anti-Catholics. Wellington, again, whose darkened and obstructionist spirit in domestic politics men pardon for the sake of his splendid faculties for war, and his noble and unswerving passion for peace, was

always more or less uneasy in supporting a Government where Canning was a prominent chief; for Canning had been the enemy of Castlereagh, whom the Duke liked, he was the active maintainer of a foreign policy which the Duke distrusted or hated, and he was eager for the admission to full civil rights of the Catholics, whose exclusion the Duke and Peel intended to uphold as an organic element in the Constitution,—until O'Connell quickened their sense of justice by giving them ground for fear.

All through, from the fall of Pitt to the accession of Lord Liverpool, the Catholic question had been fatal to a strong Government. It kept out able Whigs like Lord Grey and Lord Grenville, and it split the ruling party into two constantly opposed factions, neither of which could co-operate with the other with that cordiality which, whether it comes of common allegiance to a pre-eminently great chief, or of united interest in a common policy, is always the indispensable condition of administrative vigour and tenacity. And the more minutely we go into the history of this long period between the Rebellion and the Reform Act, the more clearly does the fact come out that the secret of the weakness of our Government must be looked for in circumstances which existed to at least an equal extent before the improvement of representation in 1832; must be looked for much lower down than that event, among the very foundations of our party-system.

If a want of initiative has been the grievous drawback to most of our Administrations, in none was this want so conspicuous and so grievous as in the Government to which Lord Liverpool belonged for a period of over thirty years. The bare idea of spontaneous legislative improvement, of active social amelioration, had no place among the duties of ministers. Coercion was the single method, and repression the whole art, of government. You read through these three large volumes—full of letters, despatches, memoranda, and minutes; there are public papers and private papers, revealing together the whole

mind of the principal political actors : if there had been any spirit of wisdom or justice, any germ of that love of good government for its own sake which we find vigorous and irrepressible in men like Richelieu, Cromwell, Turgot—any sense that a ruler should know how to give good gifts to them that are under him—some sign must have disclosed itself. You meet no smallest token that Lord Liverpool or any of his colleagues, with the exception of the Canningites and of Peel (mostly after 1822, be it said), had the faintest appreciation of the evils under which the people were travailing, or any spark of an intelligent and effective desire to set to work to repair them. Lord Liverpool was personally humane and benevolent, but his vision was narrow and his conception of the functions of a ruler mean. Castle-reagh, with greater force and wider capacity, had been evilly trained: he had sat ten years in the Irish Parliament, and had been a chief agent in the soiling corruptions by which the Union had been accomplished; he took his seat in the Imperial Parliament at its most reactionary hour, and the leading transaction in his career had brought him for a long time into contact with the least enlightened persons of the time, the allied sovereigns and their ministers. He was strong, but he was not strong enough to resist such an union of unfortunate influence, and his name became the symbol for all that was worst and darkest in that sinister period from 1815 to his death. Until the final seizure and deportation of Napoleon there was an intelligible reason, if not an adequate one, for absolute stationariness. But after that we need not waste two moments in discussing the claims to high statesmanship of men who, at the close of a long era of war, felt under no necessity of bringing up the vast arrears which, perhaps through no fault of theirs, had necessarily accumulated. Take the session of 1818, the peaceable year between the insurrectionary years of 1817 and 1819, the time which a wise minister would have eagerly seized for legislative improvements. "On the

"whole," says Mr. Yonge, "the session of Parliament proved so comparatively unimportant that it may be said that, next to the Church Building Bill, the most interesting transactions which came under its notice were the marriages of those royal princes who had hitherto remained single." Is it surprising that the next year saw the rise of a party who, in Mr. Yonge's words, "assumed the name of Radicals, to signify their desire to remodel the whole existing system of government from its very foundations"? Is it surprising that discontent, and violence, and seditious speaking arose?

The fiscal legislation produced distress, and intensity of distress engendered disaffection. For instance, in 1815 the ministers effected an alteration in the Corn-laws, by which the importation of wheat was prohibited when the average price in our own markets was under 80s. Previously, foreign wheat had paid 24s. 3d. when the home price was under 50s.; when the home price was between 50s. and 54s. the duty fell to 2s. 6d.; and when the home price rose above 54s. the duty fell down to 6d. The effect of this immense difference in the duty, changing with slight variations in the average price, was a violent and incessant fluctuation in the value of wheat, the evils of which are obvious enough. The measure of 1815 was designed to arrest this fluctuation, and so it did, but it raised the price of bread to such a point as to make the dearness which had been occasional under the old system chronic under the new. The prophecies of Lord Grenville and Lord Grey were fulfilled, and even Mr. Yonge is forced to admit that the new law, though suffered to remain for several years, "was eventually found productive, especially when the harvest was bad, of evils greater than those which it had been intended to avert." Precisely; and in 1816 the harvest was one of the worst that ever was known, the public distress was most grave, and wheat went up to 103s. Did the ministers suffer their understandings to



be enlightened by this, and their energies to be stirred for its reparation? On the contrary, we have seen that the most important business of 1818 was a Church-building bill, and some Court stuff. Discontent and violence ensued, as was natural. The Habeas Corpus was suspended in 1817 twice in a single session. The Duke of York, in 1819, "urged very strongly an augmentation of the army." Lord Sidmouth devised and passed his Six Acts—measures which probably reduced liberty more seriously than had ever been attempted since the time of the second Stuart, and which Sidmouth's biographer enthusiastically designates as "the firm and temperate exercise of constitutional authority." The execrable system of employing spies was a remarkable characteristic of the constitutional authority thus exercised. Such was the statesmanship of the Castlereagh period. Bad laws covered the people with misery, and when their hunger and nakedness drove them mad with wretchedness, they were led into ill-judged risings, which gave the Government a pretext for tyrannical laws, harsh administration, and the violent suppression of liberty. We look in vain through Lord Liverpool's papers as through the public acts of the time, for any evidence of the smallest consciousness that insurrectionary feeling, when persistent and prolonged, invariably has its root in substantial grievances. What we do not look for in vain are such passages as this, from a letter written in 1816 to Peel, then in Ireland:—"I am happy to find you have been so successful in your convictions under the special commission. Though it is dreadful to think of so many executions as must take place in consequence, yet I am thoroughly persuaded there is no chance of peace for the country except by so extensive an example as cannot fail to strike terror into the minds of the disaffected." Terror, not assiduous improvement, was then the Tory remedy.

In our times, when Whig and Tory have come to mean much the same set of

social principles, it is a little difficult to understand the zeal and enthusiasm which Whig doctrine inspired half a century ago. Mr. Yonge's volumes teach us how it was. While Lords Liverpool and Castlereagh could think of nothing but coercion and protected wheat as means of promoting the national happiness, the Whigs were zealous for toleration, for the abolition of slavery, for the reform of our bloody and iniquitous Criminal Law, for Poor Law Reform, for the admission of the nation to direct political power. Public opinion was emerging from the cloud and reaction and dread of movement into which it had been cast by the Revolution. The true statesman would have had the courage to seize this turn of the tide, and instantly to make it the moment for the resumption of that splendid yet most sober policy in which Pitt had been so disastrously arrested. But such a statesman was neither Lord Liverpool nor Lord Castlereagh. Affright at the old revolutionary spectre was what they most sedulously cultivated. No occasion was lost of recalling a mischievous and fatuous alarm which was gradually expiring. Every occurrence, however trifling, was made the base of an imposing superstructure of analogy with the history of France from 1789, just as is the case, to some extent, in our own day; and the fact that the people of France fiercely overthrew a Government which refused improvement or amelioration was counted a good reason for denying improvement or amelioration to the people of England. An interesting memorandum, given in Mr. Yonge's second volume (pp. 419—430), communicated to Lord Liverpool by Lord Grenville, who left the Whigs in the affairs of 1819, illustrates the ingenuity with which men of a certain stamp discovered that this thing and that which had happened, "had been in exact conformity with the beginnings of the French Revolution." Lord Liverpool himself, in supporting the Manchester magistrates for their military suppression of the assembly at Peterloo, resorted to the same unflinching argument.

And the way in which he put it is particularly remarkable as showing the speaker's strange conception of the nearness of the roots of the Revolution to the surface. "In other countries," he said, meaning France, "where revolutions had taken place, they had been brought about, not by the number of the disaffected, not by the sedition which they excited, not by the falsehoods which they insinuated, but by the terror of the whole community; terror had been the unfailing engine with which they had effected their mighty mischief. . . . In every instance it was the desperate conduct of the few, and the fears of the many, that produced revolution." Argal, the Manchester authorities were quite right in suppressing a meeting of sixty thousand persons by the sword.

It would be easy, and perhaps not altogether without edification to those who live under a parliament that has been twice reformed, to cull an anthology of illustrations of the obstructionist temper from the various acts of resistance offered by the Liverpool Ministry in its nebulous time to any project of reform which a Mackintosh, a Grey, or a Romilly ventured to broach. The ground taken up was so characteristic of the obstructionist at all times. It was never the measure which they opposed; only the season, of which they doubted. "When Sir James Mackintosh moved for a committee on the criminal laws, with the design of diminishing the frequency of capital punishment," Mr. Yonge tells us, "Lord Castlereagh, *while guarding himself and his colleagues against being supposed to disapprove of the object of the motion merely because they thought it unreasonable at the moment*, moved the previous question." The obstructionist welcomes every measure of improvement at the right time; if only the right time should ever come. In the same too familiar vein, talking about measures for the amelioration of the state of the country in 1819, Lord Liverpool, while professing an anxious desire for anything which could afford relief to the lower classes, yet urged

that the Legislature must proceed with great caution; measures of that kind could not be viewed as matters of indifference: if they did not effect good, it was possible that they might do much harm: people ought to be taught that evils inseparable from the state of things should not be charged on any Government; and so forth. At the moment while the minister was thus mocking the misery of a nation with pompous platitudes, foreign corn was prohibited from entering the country, unless the home price was over 80s. Was this an evil inseparable from the state of things, and chargeable to no Government?

Of course we must go to Irish affairs, as usual, for the culmination of antipathy or indifference to good government. The letter to Peel, from which we have already quoted, concludes by declaring Ireland to be a "political phenomenon," not influenced by the same feelings as "appear to affect mankind in other countries, and the singular nature of the disorder must be the cause why it has hitherto been found impracticable to apply an effectual and permanent remedy to it." In the same strain are a score of other passages (especially vol. iii. pp. 171—174). Now mark that all this was written and spoken before Catholic Emancipation, and measure the quality of a ruler who could not believe that ordinary human feelings and motives influenced a nation, because, among other things, it objected to the systematic proscription of its religion, and the exclusion of its professors from a seat in the body which made the laws. Nay, not only did the Catholic disqualifications exist at this moment, but the hateful tithe-system was in full force and constant operation—a system so iniquitous, so pregnant with every sort of ill, that even this very minister, who in 1816 could not understand what the "political phenomenon" had to desire, was driven in 1823 to devise a partial and most inadequate remedy, but still an attempt at a remedy, in the Tithe Bill of that year. So the "nature of the disorder" was perhaps not so singular after all. At the same time it is just to Lord Liverpool to say that in spite of

this amazing blindness, in which he was no worse than the majority of the people of England at that time, he saw further to the root of the matter than most people are willing to see now. "He would undertake to show," he said in 1822, "that nine-tenths of the evils which afflicted Ireland were not to be ascribed to the measures directed by Government, but to the state of society in that country, and *the relation of those who laboured to those who possessed property.*"<sup>1</sup> The only defect here is the singular unconsciousness that Government measures have anything to do with the relation in question, and that the latter are susceptible of the greatest modification by means of the former.

The fruits of obstruction were all gathered in due season. The Catholic question, after bringing the kingdom to the verge of a sanguinary civil war, was at length settled in a manner which degraded England, because religious liberty was wrung from her fears, and did not soothe Ireland, because it had only been conceded to her menaces. The tithes continued to fill Ireland with virtual insurrection; the law was not altered until 1833, after a desperate people had deliberately resisted the Government, set the law at defiance, and with tumult and bloodshed triumphed over the tithe-proctors, the police, and the troops. In England, the impossibility of forcing the Government to do the work of Government ripened the movement for organic change, and parliamentary reform was at length carried under pressure of popular violence. And finally, the wrong ply which was given to the spirit of administration after Pitt deepened into a tradition, and we are suffering now and are likely to suffer for some time to come, from the notion which the Tory ministers for forty years sedulously impressed upon the Legislature, that no measure should be proposed which there could be found any pretext for postponing.

It would be unjust to omit the one episode in the history of the Liverpool Government which entitles its head to

the esteem of good men. No praise can be too high for the strenuous efforts which he made during the negotiations of 1814 to press, with all the authority of which Great Britain was then possessed, for the abolition of the Slave-trade by the Governments of France, Spain, and Portugal. Those who care less for the never-ending shuffle of politicians and Cabinets than for the measures which lead directly to the enlarged well-being of men, will find nothing so pleasing in these volumes as the account of this transaction.<sup>1</sup> The difficulties which the French king had in the public opinion of his subjects, show that the mean jealousy of high ideas not of native growth, which some persons hold to be a characteristic of that people, at any rate existed after the restoration of the Bourbons, partly perhaps because that event lowered and demoralized the national tone. It is useful in times when so much is said of the comparative sensibility and depth of the morality of the two nations to recall a negotiation in which the English minister authorizes Wellington to *pay* the great nation two millions, or even three if necessary, if they will abandon the abhorred traffic. The generous prejudice against the suppression arose from a conviction that "we ourselves had abolished the Slave-trade to prevent the undue increase of colonial produce in our stores, of which we could not dispose; and to prevent other nations from cultivating their colonies to the utmost of their power." It is impossible, let us confess, that a nation should have acquired in the minds of her most jealous rivals so bad a reputation as this sort of suspicion implies without having long pursued a policy, system, and manner calculated to tarnish her character and her motives. If this be so, we know of no more probable explanation of the depression of England's good credit than the circumstance that her rulers have so often been of the same quality and the same aims as Lord Liverpool.

J. M.

<sup>1</sup> Vol. iii. p. 172.

<sup>1</sup> Vol. ii. pp. 115-131, 244.



# MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

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## MR. GLADSTONE'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

BY A CLERGYMAN OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

THE ovations with which Mr. Gladstone has been received of late in sundry places were surely a pleasant and hopeful sight to every genial student of human nature. The cynic may say, if he will, that those who crowded round the future Premier were influenced principally by the mere wish to be able to boast that they had spoken with, or shaken hands with, Mr. Gladstone himself: but those kindly hand-shakings were surely a sign of a purer and higher instinct than that of mere vanity—a sign of the wish to claim a simple, hearty, human tie with one whom they looked on as their political leader; to claim him, not merely as a leader, but as a friend, and to express their wish by the simplest and most ancient form of natural language. The student might have recollected, moreover, that this fellow-feeling between the statesman and the people—though no new nor singular sight in England, or in America, or in certain other countries, in proportion to their civilization—is yet both new and singular in the history of mankind as a whole. Sympathy and intimacy between governors and governed is a plant which has its roots far back in the past: but it has blossomed and borne fruit only in very modern times, and only in truly civilized na-

tions; in those, namely, in which every man has learnt to look on himself as a citizen, and to confess a common humanity, a common interest, a common duty with the whole.

Greece and Rome, in the best days of each, recognised somewhat this tie of a common humanity between the governors and the governed—though partially and weakly enough, being (like all other nations) slave-holding aristocracies: and they were, accordingly, the only really civilized people of the old world. In all other ancient nations—as in too many modern ones—men have revered their leaders because they were unlike them, not merely in degree, but in kind. It is a mistake to fancy that Incas, Lamas, Cæsars, Popes, set themselves up above the peoples who worshipped them. The people set them up, voluntarily and gladly; considered them as “tabu,” set apart and consecrated by mysterious ceremonies, which implied an infinite distance between the ruler and the ruled; and found comfort and strength in believing that they were guided and protected by a being utterly unlike, and immeasurably superior to themselves; in short, by a man-god.

That conception of a leader of men was destined to fall, and has fallen,

before the spread of Christianity. From the day when men began to believe in a certain fact which taught them that the highest of all was also the servant of all; not a man-god, but a God-man; that the credentials of His royalty were His sympathy with—nay, more—His sharing in—the wants, aspirations, weaknesses, sufferings, of humanity—from that time, the notion of being led and governed by men-gods became more and more irrational, more and more intolerable. Men demanded more and more of their rulers, that they should be men of like passions with themselves; that they should not only feel for them, but feel with them; that they should surpass them, doubtless, in order to help them to do that which weakness, rather than want of will, prevented their doing for themselves: but that they should only surpass them in those qualities which they valued most. The leaders of men must thenceforth be their representatives.

Of course, this conception of the rightful leader has been—like all human conceptions—liable to abuse and degradation. All depended on a people's notion of what humanity ought to be like. The representative man might be chosen—and too often has been chosen—because he represented, only too faithfully, the worst passions of a people; because he was somewhat more bigoted, somewhat more encroaching, somewhat more money-loving, even somewhat more debauched, than those whom he ruled: or, at best, because he was somewhat more lazy; because he was a good fellow, and represented faithfully the easy, latitudinarian, slightly profligate good-nature of a luxurious and effeminate generation, with whom right or wrong meant simply comfort or discomfort. But (as the sound old proverb has it) "There would be no brass guineas in the world if there had not been gold ones first;" and however men may have erred, or may err hereafter, in the choice of their representatives, they will have merely erred in applying to a wrong case the sound law, that the man who is to lead them must be one like

themselves, whom they can look fairly in the face, and trust as a friend; and whom they may ask to explain himself, and justify himself—not, perhaps, for every move which he makes on their behalf—but, at least, at the end of the game.

At least at the end of the game. If a player is to be continually showing his hand of cards, and discussing his play with the bystanders, the end of the game is likely to be disastrous, if, indeed, it is ever reached. If a statesman is to explain and justify every move to the foolish, as well as to the wise, to enemies as well as to friends; if he is to be perpetually "at the bar of public opinion," there will be an end to all action: for the time which should have been spent in doing will have been spent in talking. A statesman has a right to say to those for whom he labours, "Be patient with me. Trust me. Why did you put me here, save because you thought that I understood these matters better than you? I doubt not your wisdom, of course: but recollect, that if I tell the wise all that is in my mind, I must tell it to fools also." Or rather, a statesman has a right to hope that the public will say as much to themselves; and to act boldly, as one who expects patience and trust. This is the justification of that reticence in political matters which all parties must and will employ at times, simply because without it the affairs of a nation can no more be managed than those of a commercial firm. There can be no fear that a statesman can carry that reticence too far, as long as he acts under the rational and wholesome criticism of a parliamentary opposition and a free press. It is not as against them that political reticence is needed. It is needed often enough, and too often, as a shield against the irrational and unwholesome criticism of the disappointed, the ignorant, the conceited, the simply venomous and unscrupulous, who abound in every nation, age, and clime.

Therefore the statesman must ask to be trusted. But to do that, he must deserve to be trusted; and that not

merely as a statesman, but as a man. The public will not long trust the measures of those whose personal character they do not trust likewise. They will suspect (and they have a right to suspect) ulterior objects, jobs, dishonesties. They will dread (and they have a right to dread) being hoodwinked, entrapped, committed unawares to courses which they disapprove. And suspicion once aroused, being mostly of a gregarious and sheeplike nature, they will be ready to yield to the most foolish panics; to listen to the basest insinuations. And then it fares ill with the statesman, however able, who cannot appeal from calumny to the practical record of his own life, and say, "Judge for yourselves. Am I a man who is likely to have done this thing, or to intend to do it? Have I tried, on the whole, to fear God and to do my duty? Or have I feared nothing—save you; and tried only to advance myself?"

At such a moment it may be necessary for a statesman to give up all reticence for a while, and talk—as much as modesty and good manners will allow him—about himself, wherever and whenever he can get a hearing.

He must know (if he be wise) that personal confidence in him is to be retained, or restored, if the government is to be carried on prosperously; and he must know, too (if he be wise), that no second-hand comments of the press, however favourable, can do as much for him as he can do for himself, by voice, eye, personal presence among the uncultivated many, and by honest autobiography among the cultivated few. His manhood is at the bar of public opinion; and he must prove himself a good man and true, not merely to those who get their notion of a man's character from newspapers and pamphlets, but to those who get them from their own eyes and ears, and judge for themselves—generally by a very sound though unconscious process—of a man's worth and honesty from his speech and manner.

Mr. Gladstone, therefore, acted wisely in going about this summer and autumn, and making speeches to those who would

hear him. His opponents blamed him for it, naturally enough. They may be pardoned for blaming an adversary about to use a tremendous weapon, which he can wield better than they. Some of his friends, too, disapproved. It seemed to them derogatory to a great statesman. They were mistaken. No lawful act can be derogatory to a representative of the people, by which he comes into contact with them without flattering or cringing. And Mr. Gladstone did neither. He simply showed some thousands of persons, men and women of all ranks, to whom he had been nothing but a name, what manner of man he was. He proved, seemingly to their satisfaction, that he had about him no sign of being "inspired by Satan;" that he did not look nor speak like Mephistopheles, a Jesuit, a Red Republican, or anything save an average English gentleman who was in earnest, and had plain sound reasons to render for himself and his opinions. And having thus gained (for he did gain) the trust of his audience, he got a fair hearing for his views about the Irish Church. True, folks heard little save what they might have read in the public prints: but they heard it, instead of reading it. They heard it as the living speech of a man who (they felt) believed his own words; and they accepted for the sake of the man arguments which (if they had merely read them) they might have passed by with an otiose assent, or a comment that there was much to be said on both sides.

It may be said that this is all wrong and unfair; that men ought to judge of questions by the facts, and not on authority: but, as long as men are what they are (and what they are possibly meant to be), they will prefer having the facts stated to them by some one whose honesty and ability they can trust, to stating the facts to themselves, whose honesty and ability (poor souls!) they can often by no means trust. Moreover, earnest human speech, if not the best engine for putting the facts of a case, will be, to the end of time, the best engine for helping men to judge



them, because it is the best engine for awakening that common sense, and common justice, which are but too apt to fall asleep in the hearts of all of us. And so it befell that Mr. Gladstone's words did awaken in all manner of people a common sense and a common justice concerning the Irish Church Establishment, which lay there ready to burn up, and only needing to be kindled; and awakened, too, in very many a sudden sense of gratitude to a man who had not only taught their heads, but purified their hearts; and had made them feel, on one point at least, in harmony with reason and with right.

On the same grounds, surely, Mr. Gladstone has done wisely in publishing this "Chapter of Autobiography." He had to defend himself, not merely against opponents, but against well-wishers. To the bar of public opinion he had not been summoned. That had already decided in his favour, through the House of Commons, the press, and the private sentiments of the majority of cultivated men. But to the bar of the "religious world" he had been summoned, and rudely enough. Accusations had been made against him, of inconsistency and worse, by a class of men, lay as well as clerical, of whose blame a good Churchman and a virtuous man must always be especially sensitive. Those accusations would be repeated during the coming session, probably with still greater violence, as the certainty of defeat irritated still more the unwise of his opponents. His reputation as a sound Churchman (dearer to him, doubtless, than his reputation as a statesman) was openly assailed, if not at stake.

Doubtless, a public man has a right to keep silence under such attacks, if it seem to him the most prudent course. He may decline to plead before any collection of men, lay or clerical, constituting themselves an *imperium in imperio*. But in this case, Mr. Gladstone, as one who had long revered and supported the English clergy, may have felt that an explanation was as

much a courtesy due to them, as a justice due to himself. He may have felt also (for of the fact there is no doubt) that if he became Premier, the hostility of the clergy might seriously imperil the English Establishment, while it might seriously imperil also the passing of more than one useful Liberal measure. In that case it was his duty, not merely to himself, but to Church and State alike, to close the breach, if possible, as far as he himself was concerned, by proving his own honesty and consistency.

Whether or not the clergy, and a certain section, or rather two opposing sections, of the religious laity, accept the explanation offered, it has been given; and it is satisfactory and complete.

It may be (as the leading journal puts it well and bitterly, while itself giving all due praise to the pamphlet,) that "men who read it, convinced already of Mr. Gladstone's sincerity, will find their conviction justified; men who turn to it in a spirit of pre-conceived prejudice will see in it a confirmation of their previous opinion that he is a dexterous sophist." Too true: but happily, between the already convinced and the hopelessly prejudiced, there is a large mass of half-informed people, ready to be convinced, ready, too, to be prejudiced, during the next few months. On such, a plain statement of facts from the man himself will have—indeed is now having—far more influence than any criticisms or debates concerning him. Very many of these people have votes, or influence over votes. Many of them also are pious clergymen, or religious laymen, men worthy of all consideration and respect. From mere timidity, in some cases, or stupidity, but in far more cases from honest caution, humility, scrupulousness of conscience, respect for sacred things as such, they have refrained from passing a judgment on the acts of one whom they fain would praise, but whom they are bidden to blame. Such men deserve to be helped to a right understanding of the case; and Mr.

Gladstone's pamphlet is surely not superfluous if it helps them thereto. For the sake of any such persons who may read these pages, it may be worth while to go through his arguments once more.

In proposing the disestablishment and disendowment of the Irish Church, he has not been untrue to the principles which he laid down in 1838, in his book on "The State in its Relations with the Church."

He then held that it was the duty of the State to propagate a creed which it believed to be true; and its duty also not to help toward the propagation of a creed which it believed to be untrue. On this ground he gave up office in January 1845, because he objected to the remodelling and increasing of the grant to Maynooth. He thus showed an honourable determination to stand by what he believed to be right. He showed also a foresight, which proves that those who dare to act on principle are often the most practically sagacious. For that remodelling of the Maynooth grant has proved a failure. It has lowered, instead of raising, the tone of the Maynooth students; it has made the average of the Romish priesthood in Ireland less, and not more loyal: because it has caused them to be drawn from that very lower middle class which breeds the average Fenian leaders, and other demagogues and adventurers.

In accordance with the principle which Mr. Gladstone had laid down in 1838, he acted in 1868. He had reason to believe (as who had not?) that the Government would propose to endow the Romish Church in Ireland out of the funds of the Protestant Church. He answered by his resolutions—Not that. Anything but that. If Ireland is to be pacified by a concession in religion, let it be by the disendowment of all creeds, and not by their endowment. That would be a fresh concession to the false principle, that the State may endow a creed which it does not believe. He thus showed himself not only true to his old dictum, but a sounder Protestant than the opposite party, in spite of their "No Popery" cry.

But is not Mr. Gladstone, in proposing the disendowment of the Irish Church, untrue to his principle, that the State is bound to propagate a creed which it believes to be true?

Not so. He merely removes the Irish Church from the list of those Churches which the State can propagate, into the list of those which it cannot. He had said in 1838 (p. 73) that there were such cases, in which there was "an external incapacity to act in matters of religion." He had described such a state of things "as a social defect and calamity:" and so it is. But there are defects and calamities to which one must submit for fear of worse: above all, for fear of the worst of all defects and calamities, the wilful commission of injustice. Mr. Gladstone has not discovered (as far as this writer is aware) that the failure of the Irish Church is to be looked on as aught but a calamity, the inauguration of the voluntary principle in Ireland as aught but a defect: but he has discovered that the State cannot propagate the Protestant religion in Ireland by keeping up the Establishment; that, on the contrary, the present state of things is injuring the Protestant religion; and that therefore the State will best serve Protestant interests by abolishing the present state of things. He has altered, not his principles, but his judgment on a matter of fact: and all that is to be regretted is, that he had not, ere he wrote in 1838, seen with his own eyes more of the state of Ireland, and the working of the Protestant Establishment. So acute and so conscientious a man would have only needed, in that very year 1838, to hear "Papist" and "Protestant" (generally with some hideous expletive prefixed) bandied, whenever it was safe to use them, as the commonest terms of abuse; he would only have needed to watch, for a few Sundays, the countenances of priests and of people as they passed the Protestant church on their way to the Romish chapel—to discover that religion, and especially the Protestant Establishment, was at the bottom of Celtic discontent, and of

Anglo-Irish arrogance. He would have found neither doubt nor reticence on that head when he had once crossed St. George's Channel; and would have had, accordingly, neither doubt nor reticence himself.

He has now been convinced by facts; not (seemingly) that his principle is wrong; not (possibly) that the Irish Church as an experiment of the sixteenth century was originally unjust and wrong: but merely that it has failed. Set up in Ireland as a missionary Church, to propagate what the State considered truth, it has not propagated it. It has therefore failed as a religious institution. And as a political institution it has failed equally; for Ireland is at this moment more disloyal than she has been since 1688. The Protestant Establishment has failed: but there is no need to pour execration on her, or on the memories of those statesmen who founded her. While Queen Elizabeth was excommunicate, and doomed to assassination; while the Irish priests were ready and willing to hand over their country to the King of Spain, then the most powerful monarch in the world, what could have seemed more rational and necessary to English statesmen than to found in Ireland a loyal and missionary Church, and to back it—as Charlemagne backed the Romish missionaries—with the power of the law and of the sword?

The scheme was at least a tempting one, but facts have pronounced against it after a fair trial of three hundred years; and a statesman must be pardoned for pronouncing against it likewise; at least by those who believe that facts are the acted will of God.

Beyond this, there is no reason to suppose that Mr. Gladstone has altered his opinions on Church and State, to any material extent, since 1838. It would be a matter of regret had he so done. He laid down then an ideal—impossible, doubtless, in England now—impossible, it may be, for centuries to come in any country: but an ideal still; and one after which every State which has a conscience is certain to strive, whenever it has the power to do

its duty; the same ideal as that after which the Puritans, both in Old and in New England, strove only too earnestly; after which M. Comte himself would probably have striven, had he had the power, and have organized a State religion on the entirely new ground of—the Abyss. And Mr. Gladstone has no need to be ashamed of his ideal. With the exception of certain judgments (notably that on Protestant Dissenters) which he has frankly retracted in his "Autobiography," his book of 1838—especially the second and third chapters of it—is full of wise and weighty truth, fit to be the guide of any statesman; necessary, certainly for one who believes in a Divine order of things in human society, and to whom, therefore, anarchy and disunion (whether temporal or spiritual) is a defect and calamity, only to be endured from fear of practical injustice and cruelty, and by faith in Him who has solemnly forbidden us to root up the tares, lest we root the wheat up with them. Meanwhile—and in passing—it is worth while for those who accuse Mr. Gladstone of being a Jesuit, to recollect that his book of 1838 contains a vindication of the great Reformation in England, and an exposure of the errors of Rome, as protestant as his bitterest opponents could desire.

But even if Mr. Gladstone should find reason hereafter to relinquish more, not merely of the practical results, but even of the principles, of his original ideal, it will be good for him to have had an ideal at all concerning the relations between Church and State. The "ideologue" will be naturally hateful to those who, like Napoleon, believe in nothing but self and expediency: he will be dear, even though he make mistakes, to all who believe that man cannot prosper without the truth; and that he can find the truth (enough at least of it for his prosperity) by sound, patient, and humble reason. The ideologue, as he grows older, and sad experience teaches him the ugly difference between that which ought to be done, and that which can be done, will not (if he be wise) spurn from him, like a broken idol, the



lofty dream of his youth. He will enshrine it rather among the Penates of his inner life; he will speak of it seldom or never, in such a world as this: but he will take counsel with it in secret, as with an ancient and a trusted friend, sent to him *ὄκ ἀνεν Θεοῦ*; and keep it reverently, as "still the master-light of all his seeing;" a guide and an inspirer, even in its decay. And if it should at last, like all things which man makes, fade out and die, he will no more scorn it because it has passed into

the realm of shadows, than he will scorn the memory of a buried love. For it was to him, however imperfect, a heaven-sent token that an ideal there is, though he has not caught sight of it; a city of God, eternal in the heavens, though neither he nor any man can embody it on earth; a "broken light" of Him of whom the poet says—

"Our little systems have their day;  
They have their day, and cease to be:  
They are but broken lights of Thee,  
And Thou, O Lord, art more than they."

## ESTELLE RUSSELL.

## CHAPTER VII.

## MADAME FLEURY'S VIEWS ON MATRIMONY.

THE fact of Mees Estelle—as Estelle Russell was called, the surname of young, unmarried ladies being as often dropped as not in Languedoc—the fact of Mees Estelle being an heiress could not long remain a secret.

Madame de Luzarches, as gossiping as she was rigid, took care to spread the news wherever she went, and more than one scheming matron eyed with a critical look the pale, quiet girl in white muslin, who might be a fitting prize for an extravagant son in case the negotiation with the Montaigu-Breuilh family fell to the ground.

From drawing-room to boudoir the news travelled till it reached Madame Fleury. Mees was a veritable millionaire—the tale lost nothing by dissemination—she was going to marry into a family violently Ultramontane, and the day was named for her reception into the treacherous bosom of the Church of Rome.

The community of the Reformed heard all this with mingled horror and dismay. No renegade Moslem can be viewed by those of his own people who still follow the teachings of the Prophet with more loathing or contempt than is felt by the Protestants towards those who, having been born in the Reformed Church, allow themselves to be perverted by Rome's insidious wiles from that faith for which their ancestors fought and died.

In France, in the south more especially, where the fierce climate, far from inducing languor and inactivity, seems but to add to the fierceness of the race, there is little communication between Catholics and Huguenots. Each party, standing aloof, regards the other with

mingled disdain and suspicion. On the side of the Huguenots this suspicion is fed by the many cruel remembrances which rankle in their bosoms. They have not forgotten—how should they?—the atrocities committed on their sturdy forefathers; the torturing, impaling, the wholesale butchery of Huguenots, young and old, authorized and approved by the Church of Rome. Especially do the Languedoc Protestants remember that the only spot in the broad kingdom of France where the accursed Tribunal of the Holy Office was permitted to take root was Toulouse. In the Rue des Cordeliers, a little beyond the ancient nunnery of the Dames de Sainte-Claire, still stands the Convent of the Inquisition; now occupied, it is true, by a religious brotherhood devoted to the education of poor children, but still retaining its ancient ill-omened name. And within a hundred yards of it stands the Place St. Georges, scene of many a sickening *auto da fe*, as the annals of Languedoc testify.

It was with all this in her mind that Madame Fleury sought her pastor, as soon as she had got rid of the visitor who brought the report of Estelle's forthcoming perversion. It was an untimely hour when she reached M. Cazères' dwelling,—his dinner-hour in fact. But no one was ever turned away from the pastor's door, day or night; and Madame had not long to wait in the study before Madame Cazères entered, and presently the pastor himself. Madame Cazères would then have retired, but Madame Fleury begged her to remain. It was a curious sight, these two women sitting side by side: the banker's wife in the place of honour, the arm-chair to the right of the fire-place, half-buried in the voluminous draperies, the velvets and furs, which made her rotund person appear still

rounder; and the pastor's wife, a poor thin creature, in a rusty cotton gown and plain muslin cap, her once pretty features drawn with lines of care, her patient hands crossed wearily on her lap as if unused to rest. A very Martha she, cumbered with much serving, as M. Cazères said reproachfully to her sometimes. Though, for that matter, it was well indeed for his outward respectability that he had a Martha for his wife instead of a Mary, as he possessed nothing in the world beyond the pittance derived from his position as head pastor of the Temple.

Madame Fleury had soon blurted out her errand. The pastor, sitting at his study table, turned uneasily on his seat as she went on. He knew that she would wind up by begging him to remonstrate with Mrs. Russell, and he knew also that Mrs. Russell was as likely as not to resent any interference in her family concerns.

"You see," he said, when Madame Fleury had done speaking, "these people being Anglicans makes them so much more difficult to deal with. Were they members of our own communion, the weight of consistorial opinion might be brought to bear with advantage. But as for these Englishwomen! If the whole congregation rose up as one man to protest against the scandal, they would treat the protest with contempt."

Madame Fleury could not but think, however, that a quiet, grave remonstrance from the pastor himself would have a proper effect.

The pastor shrugged his shoulders. "These English," said he, "are so frightfully independent! Do you know I once ventured to warn Madame Roussel of the danger she incurred in contracting friendships so exclusively among the Catholics: above all, I entreated her to be on her guard against the Archbishop. And what did she say? That I need be under no apprehension, for that all her Catholic friends knew her to be a hardened heretic."

"What a speech!" exclaimed Madame Fleury, aghast at Mrs. Russell's impertinence.

"The only effectual way of preventing this," said M. Cazères, after a pause, "is to bring some other candidate forward. Could you not help in this, Madame, with your immense circle of acquaintance?"

"There is no lack of young men, certainly," said Madame, "but at this instant I cannot think of a single eligible. An heiress, you know, would naturally be more difficult to please than a girl with a modest dowry. And there must be, besides birth and fortune, a large amount of good looks, or no suitor would have the slightest chance against a Montaignu. There is a kind of diabolic beauty about that young man; he inherits it from his mother."

"Tenez, there is M. Théodore Beaucens."

Madame Fleury's fat face turned red all over. "Ah, but he is as good as married already. That is, my husband and I have arranged a marriage between him and my niece Mathilde as soon as she has reached the age of seventeen. He is a serious man, and we can trust her to him fully and freely." And Madame went on, still feeling uncomfortably hot, "I don't know that he would have suited, even if there had not been this engagement. He is not rich enough for a millionaire like Mees Estelle."

Madame's confusion arose from the fact that her husband had forbidden her to speak as yet of Mathilde's betrothal, even to her chief friend the pastor: "A thousand things may happen," said prudent M. Fleury, "between this and Mathilde's next birthday." And now, without any premeditated breach of faith, the thing had slipped from her tongue, and M. Fleury might be as displeased at her telling, as the pastor would be at her not having told before.

M. Cazères was surprised and displeased as well. He thought he had a right to Madame Fleury's full confidence. He gave no sign, at present, however, but made a note of the reticence for some future occasion, and proceeded with the business in hand.

"I hope Mademoiselle Mathilde will be happy," said Madame Cazères, per-



ceiving that her husband proffered not a word of congratulation.

Madame Fleury thanked her timidly. "You would have been the very first people to whom I should have announced the engagement," she said.

The pastor waved his hand. "The worldly concerns of the members of my congregation are less than nothing to me, except in so far as their eternal interests are thereby affected."

"I remember," said Madame Fleury, attempting to regain her self-possession, "that the Vicomtesse de Méissac, an old friend of mine, wrote to me last winter, begging me to help her to look out for a wife for her son. I could not meet with anybody at all suiting her views just then, and told her so. However, the son cannot be married yet, else I should have received a letter giving notice of the event. Could I mention Mees Estelle to the Vicomtesse? It seems to me that it would be difficult to conduct the negotiation, though; Montpellier, where my friend lives, is such a long way off. You see, there must be a personal interview; and as it would take place at my house, I should stand committed, as it were. Supposing the match were made, well and good. But if nothing came of it, I should be talked of as being an unsuccessful matchmaker."

"You must shake off this faintheartedness, Madame," said the pastor authoritatively. "Those who work for the truth must be bold for the truth. A fainthearted friend is worse than an open enemy. It seems to me that your duty is very plain, although I am not sanguine as to your success. Propose this young Vicomte to Madame Roussel as an eligible son-in-law. By so doing you will probably find out whether the report of her daughter's engagement to Monsieur de Montaigu be true. When we know this, our way will be clearer. Till then we must be content to work in the dark."

Madame Fleury rose. "If only we can save those millions from passing into the hands of such a bigoted family!"

"And the girl's soul, Madame, the girl's soul!" said M. Cazères, in his deepest bass.

"Poor little thing! she looks so sweet, and always has a kind word ready for every one," said Madame Cazères, softly.

All that day did Madame Fleury quake inwardly at her undertaking. She confessed that her pastor's rebuke had been well deserved; that she was one of the fainthearted, unwilling to do battle for the truth, loving a quiet life better than the strengthening of the Reformed interest. She knew that she would never have gone to M. Cazères had she supposed he would make her put herself forward. If Mrs. Russell had been a Frenchwoman, she would have been comparatively easy to deal with. But she was an Englishwoman, who could be very charming when she pleased, but who also had been known to assume an air of extreme *hauteur* when she was offended. It was quite a problem whether she might not receive Madame Fleury's offer of a Protestant son-in-law with a Britannic frigidité which would penetrate through the velvets and furs of the banker's wife, even to the marrow of her bones. But her word was passed to M. Cazères, and she dared not draw back. When, therefore, she found herself actually face to face with Mrs. Russell, she plunged desperately into the business at once, and painted Monsieur Anatole de Méissac in glowing colours, regardless of the fact that she had last seen him when he was a fat, awkward boy of eleven.

Mrs. Russell was too much amused at her volubility to show any haughtiness. "Protestant, of course?" she said, when Madame stopped to take breath.

"To the backbone, dear Madame! Indeed, you would be quite safe in giving him your daughter. There has never been a Catholic in the family. I assure you, we could even give him our niece Mathilde with confidence. But we have already a husband for Mathilde, a truly pious young man. Else——"

"I understand. I am very happy to hear that Mademoiselle Mathilde's establishment is fixed. It is too kind of you to think of me; but I am in no hurry for Estelle to settle."

Madame Fleury opened her eyes in pure astonishment. In no hurry, with

a daughter just eighteen! "Indeed," she said, "but I had heard——"

"Ah, Madame, people will be talking. What can one do? One must let them talk; one can't help oneself. And, after all, it does not matter."

"I can't make it out at all," thought Madame. "Have I been fussing about nothing, perhaps?" Then, aloud: "Without doubt, every virtuous mother wishes to see her daughter well established. That understands itself. I felt delivered from a heavy responsibility when my niece Mathilde's affair was settled. I have all a mother's feelings and instincts, although it has not pleased Heaven to make me a mother. *A-propos*—my husband does not wish Mathilde's betrothal spoken of yet, and we have mentioned it to no one. You will not betray this little confidence, dear Madame?"

"My dear Madame," Mrs. Russell rejoined, "it is as if you had never told me." And, in truth, Mrs. Russell had other things to think of; besides which, she cared very little for her neighbours' affairs.

"My daughter Estelle is an odd child," she went on; "most difficult to please. She does not appear to care about changing her condition."

"How very curious!" Madame had almost said; "How very English!"

"And she might refuse this M. Anatole as she has done many others. You understand that I never could force her inclinations."

"Not force, but guide. Ah, dear Madame, a young girl wants guidance in such a serious step. There is nothing more dangerous than a marriage of inclination."

"They do turn out badly sometimes," Mrs. Russell assented.

"What can a young girl know?" cried Madame. "Shall I tell you how I married? One day, at dinner, my father presented me two young men, both good-looking, and of nearly equal fortune. My father said, after they had taken leave, 'I give you your choice. Take either. But it is time you were established.' It was a toss-up. I said, 'I don't know which is nicest. They are

both nice.' He replied, 'My daughter, of the two, I prefer the one with fine light hair. The dark one, you perceive, has hair of a bristly nature. As far as I know, that is his only defect; still, I have observed that men with this peculiar wiry hair are generally hasty, passionate men.' 'Then let it be the fair-haired one,' I cried."

"And that was M. Fleury?"

"Yes; and he has been a perfect husband to me. Never once has he been out of temper; and that is saying a great deal for nearly twenty years. And only to think, Madame! but for my father's advice I might have chosen the dark man instead of the fair. But, to return. You will remember my young friend, M. Anatole, will you not? And as he will be coming to see me one of these days, I may present him, may I not, on the first occasion?"

"Certainly, dear Madame. But, unless Estelle takes a fancy to him——"

"You are too tender a mother. And yet, one would think you would be glad to have her established. Suppose anything happened to you——"

"What can I do?" said Mrs. Russell, with a shrug.

Madame took an affectionate leave, and went to report progress to M. Cazères. It seemed possible that both the marriage and the perversion were a *canard* after all. Madame Fleury wrote to her friend Madame de Méissac, inviting her and M. Anatole to stay for an indefinite period.

## CHAPTER VIII.

MADAME DE MONTAIGU SPEAKS HER MIND.

MADAME FLEURY considered herself perfectly justified in spreading a counter-report to the effect that there was no truth in the *on dit* about the marriage of the English Mees to M. Raymond de Montaigu. And Madame de Luzarches, hearing it, carried it in hot haste to Madame de Montaigu.

"Is he going to marry that girl, yes or no?" she asked. "It will be shameful if he lets such a fortune slip out of his hands for want of common energy.

Why don't you give him a hint, dear Comtesse?"

"We are all waiting to see whether the little one deigns to like him," sneered Madame de Montaigu. "As if any girl in her senses ought not to be flattered at the bare notice of a Montaigu!"

"English Mees are very odd," said Madame de Luzarches. "Their first education must be defective, I think."

"No doubt. But, however it may turn out, there is no lack of girls with good dowries," said Madame de Montaigu, who was in reality on thorns lest the prize should slip from her son's hands, but was too proud to confess her apprehension even to her bosom friend.

"I don't think you will find many girls with the fine fortune this one has," persisted Madame de Luzarches. "A million—and such diamonds and pearls——"

"Her dowry is not a million," said Madame de Montaigu, peevishly. "I made inquiries long since of M. Peyre, their man of business—I always like to make sure of things—and M. Peyre told me the exact figure was seven hundred and fifty-one thousand francs. He said nothing about the jewels."

"But I have seen them," said Madame de Luzarches; "and I assure you, my dear friend, that I, who know something about such matters, never have seen anywhere three such magnificent sets as are waiting in their caskets to see the light on this little chit's wedding-day. Mrs. Russell told me she could not wear them herself—that they were her daughter's sole property, left to her, with the fortune, by an eccentric godmother. Such diamonds and pearls! Such lovely emeralds! What luck some people have, to be sure," she concluded, with an envious sigh.

After this conversation, it was with some anxiety that Madame de Montaigu awaited her son's daily visit. Interrupting his inquiries after her health, she said brusquely,—

"Never mind my health now. I want to know how you are getting on with that child."

Raymond did not feel sanguine; in-

deed, he had once or twice admitted to himself, in spite of Mrs. Russell's assurances, that he was not progressing at all in Estelle's good graces; but he would not for worlds have made the admission to any one else; least of all to his mother.

"Listen," said Madame, perceiving his hesitation. "I am of opinion that there has been quite enough negotiation in this affair of yours. You say that you are content, so am I, and Madame Roussel is, or pretends to be so. What more is wanted? I am getting weary of this inexplicable delay. And if the affair is not decided soon, I shall look out for another wife for you. This little Huguenote gives herself mighty airs. Is she a duchess, then, that so much deference is paid her? Is it not sufficient that her mother's consent is given? These English are well enough in their way, but they ignore the respect due to the head of the family. Do you imagine that I was asked whether I wished to marry your father? No, indeed: what well-born girl expresses an opinion of her own in such matters? There is a want of propriety in the bare idea which disgusts me. You may find, perhaps—always supposing this little chit does not offer you the affront of a refusal—that it is a great misfortune to have a wife who begins by exercising her own will."

"My good mother," said Raymond in his most winning voice, "I am sure you will find her all you can wish. She is very reserved, and as timid as a hare. You should see how she starts and blushes when I speak to her, and how she looks at her mother when she replies."

"Of course! she is well brought up, so far. But remember what I say. This delay annoys me. Finish it. I shall go into the country to perform my Easter duties. Let the affair be definitely settled when I return. If not, I seek another daughter-in-law."

"My good mother," said Raymond, kissing her hand, "I entreat you not to act hastily. I know you have the kindest intentions——"



"Of course. I have your interest at heart. Why else should I trouble myself? Your marriage entails a heavy responsibility on me—that of *forming* a daughter-in-law who may possibly prove an indocile and ungrateful subject."

Madame invariably took a gloomy view of things in Lent. Her son knew this, and pitied her.

"I assure you, mother, that if I marry this young English girl all such trouble will be spared you. Mees Estelle is formed to all the usages of the world already by her virtuous mother, a woman of the most distinguished, and very instructed, as you must have perceived."

Madame shrugged her shoulders contemptuously. "I doubt if the English mode of forming be to my taste. However, I can't say I have any particular objection to the girl; and truly, the dowry is the principal thing. Only let the 'Yes' or 'No' be settled. That I will have, Raymond."

"As soon as possible, mother."

When Madame spoke her "I will" in that tone, Raymond knew resistance was useless.

"Another thing," Madame continued. "Of course, we do not broach the subject of religion at once. But as soon as she becomes one of the family, I shall see about having her instructed. It will be hard indeed, if, with a little judicious management, we do not bring her within the pale of the Church. Thou canst understand, of course, that I should dislike any one bearing our name to be damned eternally."

"I entreat you, mother," cried Raymond, anger struggling with politeness, "not to use such horrible expressions in speaking of Mees Estelle."

"Why, what would you have?" returned Madame. "There is no salvation out of the Church. How could the poor little thing avoid damnation if she died a heretic? It is not being married into a Catholic family that will save her."

"I must be gone," cried Raymond, starting up. "Mother, I kiss your hands."

He dared not trust himself with his mother when she spoke in this strain.

"Better—better a thousand times," he muttered, as he regained his own apartment on the *entresol*, "live without a God, than acknowledge such a bugbear as the God of these Catholics! Surely—surely, if there is a Supreme Being—if—such homage as is offered to Him must be loathsome to His Majesty. No, Madame la Comtesse, you shall *not* make my wife a Catholic. Her God is at any rate less of a monster than yours."

Madame de Montaignu would have been greatly shocked had she known what was passing in her son's mind, or had she heard what his Mentor, M. de Luzarches, said to him, *à-propos* of the match with Miss Russell.

"Religion, my dear boy," said the Baron, "is well enough for women, children, and men in their dotage. And for the women, since the fair creatures are so foolish and weak that they must have some faith to cling to, the Protestant faith is the most convenient, on account of its dispensing with the sacrament of confession. Confession, my dear boy, is a nuisance, a breeder of discord; in a word, a most intolerable impertinence. I ought to know, *parbleu*, with a wife like the one I am blest with."

Madame de Montaignu did not know of these heretical utterings, and was quite comfortable about Raymond's soul. She was perfectly aware that he was not devout; but then it was not fashionable for young men to be devout. There would be plenty of time for that by and by. Witness her own husband, whose devotion now was both admirable and astonishing, and who had nevertheless sown a plentiful crop of wild oats in his time—a much more plentiful one than there seemed any prospect of Raymond's sowing—and yet M. le Comte had never possessed a tenth part of his son's talent and *esprit*.

It was with no slight degree of trepidation that Raymond sought Mrs. Russell after this interview with his mother. Never in his life had he failed in getting the thing he wanted, and the prospect of failure in getting this thing—a wife—of all things in the world,

was exasperating. He was wroth with his mother for her interference, wroth with himself for caring so much for a girl who had the power of rejection in her hands, and wroth with Harry Russell for not showing him more friendliness. In truth, the young lieutenant was not unfriendly; he considered Monsieur Raymond not bad for a Frenchman, but he found French conversation too great a tax on his philological powers, and he could not swallow Monsieur Raymond's favourite mode of address in English, "My dear." Raymond even felt angry for a moment with Mrs. Russell. But, unreasonable as was his mood, he soon had sense to perceive that Mrs. Russell was, and always had been, his best friend. He would never have had the slightest misgiving had he had the barest conception of her singular tenacity of purpose. That fragile, fairy-like creature had settled in her secret mind that her daughter was to marry Raymond after Easter. All through Lent she had been preparing Estelle for this event, never once swerving aside from its accomplishment, in spite of the child's tears and entreaties to be let alone. She had satisfied herself of the advisability of taking M. Raymond as a son-in-law, and stuck to it, limpet-like, all the more for the unlooked-for opposition she met with from Estelle.

But Estelle was vanquished at last; and Mrs. Russell was able to send Raymond away elated, with a promise that he should see her daughter that evening.

The girl was very quiet; more automaton-like than usual, Raymond might have observed, had he been an uninterested bystander. But he saw nothing except the perfect outline of her face, the marble contour of her shoulders, and the good taste of her dress. He sat watching her as she played a noisy piece at a given sign from her mother, and thought of the story of Pygmalion. He too would breathe life into the marble maiden—would kindle love in her still heart by the power of his own love, and make her the crown and joy of his hitherto incomplete existence. And then, curiously enough, flashed across his mind, close upon the Greek myth, a

sentence which he had heard or read somewhere:—

"And God created man in His own image; . . . male and female created He them . . . and blessed them . . ."

Strange, these mythical ideas obtruding themselves where they were so peculiarly out of place; where the last new opera and the last new novel, and political gossip of the thinnest sort, formed the staple of conversation; where Mrs. Russell was already discussing bridal arrangements in a low voice with Madame de Luzarches. What had Raymond and Estelle to do with the Supreme, or with Pygmalion either? He smiled, and roused himself in time to thank his future wife as she finished her piece. And she, emboldened by the sunny look in his face, said:—

"Do you smile because the piece is so noisy? Mamma always tells me to play that piece when she wants to talk." And then she stopped, frightened at having said so much.

"Perhaps I will tell you one day why I smiled," said Raymond. This was the first time she had ever spoken to him spontaneously. He thought it augured well.

There was some relief to Estelle now that the engagement was absolutely fixed. Louis Vivian's name was never mentioned. Her mother's favour was restored to her; she was kissed and caressed, and no longer upbraided with the cruel words, "disobedience, obstinacy;" no longer told she was breaking her mother's heart. Yet the fit of obstinacy had never been overcome but for Mrs. Russell's heroic measures. She was sorry to have been forced to use them, but she could not brook defiance from the creature who had been pliant to her will from the hour when she had first been laid on her bosom. She told her one day that she had written to Louis Vivian, desiring him to cease from his pursuit. "And I flatter myself," she continued, "that there will be no renewal of the correspondence."

"You wrote to him, and never told me?" cried the girl, with upraised head and flashing eyes. "It was to me

he wrote—to me——” She stopped, choked, blinded with passion for one moment. Mrs. Russell took quick advantage of the silence.

“He never ought to have written to you at all. It was an enormous piece of presumption on his part, of which I could scarcely imagine him to have been guilty, except for undue encouragement on your side. However, let the matter rest. I have answered his letter, and there is an end of it.”

“When?” demanded Estelle, quivering in every limb, and looking at her mother as one woman looks at another who has done her deadly wrong.

“Oh, ages ago,” said Mrs. Russell, lightly, as she left the room, pleased, yet ever so little frightened at the success of her few words.

“Ages ago!” A half lie. But when a half lie answers, why tell a whole one?

The girl’s heart sank within her. Her mother had stabbed her with those two words. She knew now there was no hope. If Louis Vivian had loved her, he would not have taken her mother’s “No” for an answer. He would have trusted in her love, and written again and again, hoped against hope, looked, waited for the barest chance of a meeting. He had given her up, then! He, the patient, the enduring, had let her go, because of a half-dozen scornful lines in her mother’s handwriting! And then, with a sudden revulsion of feeling, her heart turned towards that mother. “Was it worth while,” she thought, “to break her heart, for this man who can give me up so easily? Why not content her? She will be happier when she sees me married. Why not M. de Montaigu as well as another?”

So the wedding-day was fixed, and Mrs. Russell felt relieved of half her anxiety.

“Very well,” said Madame de Montaigu, when her son announced his approaching marriage with the English heiress. “I shall speak to my director immediately, and I shall endeavour, if possible, to obtain a private audience of Sa Grandeur to-morrow. We must see

now about converting the poor little thing as quickly as we can.”

Sa Grandeur the Archbishop of Toulouse was Madame de Montaigu’s third cousin.

## CHAPTER IX.

### SA GRANDEUR.

It was evening. Delivered for a short space from episcopal cares, Sa Grandeur the Cardinal Archbishop of Toulouse sat in his study, spectacles on nose, enjoying his newspaper. He was interrupted by his valet, who in a confidential manner announced Madame de Montaigu.

The Archbishop laid down his paper with a sigh, and took off his spectacles, muttering, “One can never get a moment’s peace.” Then he rose and received his cousin with the affectionate cordiality due to one who deemed herself a most faithful daughter of the Church.

The Archbishop was emphatically a man of the world; a man who believed it not only possible, but right and fitting, to make the best of both worlds. He had had a hard life, while striving to be all things to all men, before the cardinal’s hat, that *summum bonum* of a Churchman’s earthly wishes, had dangled within his reach. Now that he had got it, he allowed himself the luxury of speaking his mind on rare occasions—and emphatically on *rare* occasions only. For, from the constant habit of repression practised from his youth up—beginning from the time he entered the little seminary of Auch, at the age of nine—silence, and not speech; that is to say, the expression of his own thoughts—in contradistinction to the distillation of other men’s thoughts through his brain and tongue—silence, I say, and not speech, had become most natural to him.

His attitude of forced attention soon changed to one of real interest, as Madame de Montaigu unfolded her errand. He listened, taking snuff with an air as profound as it was courtly, and displaying a hand ornamented with a magnificent diamond ring; both of which were objects of an inordinate degree of



vanity. It was impossible for him to be ignorant of the fact that he gave the benediction, aided by this jewelled hand, with a grace unequalled by any brother archbishop in France.

"And now, Monseigneur," Madame de Montaignu concluded, "I rely upon you to help me."

"I could have wished the girl to be converted before the marriage took place, nevertheless," said Monseigneur gravely.

Madame shrugged her shoulders.

"So should I. But we can't always have everything we want. Just imagine my poor Raymond having to enter that Protestant temple! I shall not go, of course." (Here Madame gave a most expressive shudder.) "But you see the mother stipulates so strictly for the free exercise of religion, that—that, in short, we—I, that is—felt it prudent to be quiet about this Protestant celebration. And frankly, Monseigneur, it is a capital match for Raymond—and I am glad to have him range himself. And, do you know, this girl would have been snapped up in no time——"

"Was there no heiress to be found in all Languedoc, that your son must pitch upon a heretic?" asked the Archbishop with some severity.

"I looked out for one last year," Madame answered, with a contrite sigh. "I spoke most particularly to the Mother Superior of the *Sacré Cœur*. But really they were such an ugly set of girls, that I dared not propose one of them to Raymond. And the only one with a dowry that I call respectable, was—well, Monseigneur, she was the ugliest creature I ever saw in my life, and not of a very good family either. I do assure you I was at my wits' ends about a wife for Raymond, when all at once he pitched upon this girl, who is—religion apart—unexceptionable." And here Madame proceeded to enlarge on divers hopeful signs she had perceived in her future daughter-in-law. "As to her conversion, I think everything will depend on the kind of curé we get," she concluded.

"And that," said the Archbishop, throwing himself back in his chair, and letting his jewelled hand hang down

over the red velvet arm with artful carelessness, "that is precisely the most difficult part of the affair, Comtesse. He must be a gentleman to the backbone, you say. I agree with you. But where shall we find him? Men of family, attainments, and so forth are not content to settle down to a miserable country pastorate of one hundred souls, the denizens of *Château Montaignu* included. And then this poor old curé, whom you want to get rid of, what am I to do with him, Comtesse?"

"Dear me, what's a curé more or less to you?" replied Madame de Montaignu. "You can surely find a nook for him somewhere in your diocese. Mind, I say nothing against him, poor old man. I believe him to be admirably fitted for the guidance of those wretched peasant-souls; and all the less adapted for the reconciliation of this fastidious English girl to the Church."

"I know him," said Sa Grandeur, "a rough piece of goods. But this super-fine curé, where and how am I to lay my hand upon him?"

"Would not the Jesuit fathers supply what we want?" asked Madame de Montaignu, doubtfully.

"The Jesuit fathers! God forbid!" exclaimed the Archbishop, with a start. Then recollecting himself, he continued in a cautious whisper, "Have nothing to do with them, Madame, as you value your peace. These holy fathers are too clever by half. You don't want your daughter-in-law's dowry to go to fill their purse, do you?"

"I should think not indeed," said Madame, startled.

"Then what can you be about, even to hint at associating them with the pious work you contemplate? Look yonder,"—he pointed over his shoulder to a window whence might be seen a tall spire, rising high above the irregular mass of buildings behind the garden of the archiepiscopal palace,—“have you watched the progress of that church? I have. From the day the foundation-stone was laid, till now, the work has never stopped. Now the building is roofed in. One by one the stained-glass

windows will appear, each emulating the other in richness of design. When finished, it will put to the blush, for splendour, for magnificence of outline, for richness of detail, every church and chapel in my diocese. Look at their Seminary, at their Preparatory College, two establishments in this one city, which three years ago knew them not. Do you know where and how they began? In an obscure mean house near the Jardin Royal, where they fitted up a miserable barn of a chapel that would scarcely hold a hundred souls. And now, look at them; prosperous, self-satisfied, arrogant; credited, petted in the highest quarters. How have they managed? Where has the money come from? I'll tell you. They understand the art of leading captive silly women laden with sins. *'Penetrant domos, et captivas ducunt mulierculas oneratas peccatis, quæ ducuntur variis desideriiis.'* Remember that all their establishments are self-supporting. Even in Paris that fundamental rule was rigidly enforced, at a time when the branch house was so poor that its inmates did not know where the next day's dinner was to come from. That's a fact!

"These poor fathers! How wretched!" observed Madame, who was by nature fond of good living.

"Bah!" returned Sa Grandeur, a cynical smile hovering over his thin lips; "it gave the Dominical prayer a meaning for once in their lives. *'Panem nostrum supersubstantialem da nobis hodie.'* They sent the handsomest and most eloquent of the fathers on a begging mission to all the drawing-rooms. And, take my word of Archbishop, he did not return empty-handed. The rascal was hungry, and looked it, and made a profound impression thereby on the ladies' hearts. Dear, susceptible creatures! They passed scores of beggars in their daily promenades; hungry *canaille*, vociferous for stray coppers, which would have been forthcoming oftener had not aristocratic hands been too lazy to reach the purse in the pocket. But it is the nature of *canaille* to be hungry, one conceives that. But a handsome, hungry

Jesuit father! That was indeed a touching spectacle in a Faubourg St. Germain drawing-room. Bah!" Throughout this philippic Sa Grandeur had preserved a subdued tone of voice.

"Surely you are too severe," murmured the Comtesse.

"Not a bit. That branch establishment has held its head on a level with the principal house ever since. No, no, dear Comtesse. Don't have anything to do with the Jesuit fathers if you value your peace. I have been worried enough by them in one way and another, I can tell you. What do I know?" said Sa Grandeur, sinking his voice still lower, "perhaps this very conversation that you and I fondly imagine to be quite private and confidential, is being taken down word by word as we utter it, to be transmitted to Rome by to-morrow's post. The very walls have ears!"

"But," whispered the Comtesse, with a stealthy glance at the thick velvet drapery that hung across the door, "you have the cardinalate, Monseigneur; and surely that ought to place you out of the reach of annoyance from the order."

"If I were the Holy Father himself," rejoined the Archbishop, "I should not be exempt. They cannot wrest the Cardinal's hat from me, but they may make it a very crown of thorns." He stopped, and then resumed hastily, "Take my advice, Madame, let this conversation remain strictly confidential, and do not even mention to any one that you have been here. I do not mean that you should deny the fact if you happen to be taxed with it. You may depend upon my not forgetting to look out for the sort of curé that will be likely to suit you." Then Sa Grandeur rose, and Madame de Montaigu knew that his rising was an intimation that his time was too precious to be further trespassed on. "Adieu," said he; "congratulate your son from me: he will have a charming little wife. As for Madame Roussel——"

Sa Grandeur stopped himself in time. He had been going to say that Madame Roussel was still more charming than

her daughter, but had remembered suddenly that Madame de Montaigu could not bear to hear a pretty woman praised: especially when that woman happened to be about the same age as herself. "As for Madame Roussel," he repeated, after an almost imperceptible pause, "she only wants to be a French-woman to be very charming."

"Adieu, Monseigneur. Remember me in your prayers," said Madame de Montaigu.

"Without fail, dear lady." And as the velvet curtains fell over his cousin's exit, the Archbishop threw himself back in his chair, muttering, "I wish that tiresome woman may not get me into a scrape with the holy fathers sooner or later."

## CHAPTER X.

### VIVIAN COURT.

ABOUT a mile from the small village of Wembury, on the south coast of Devon, stood Vivian Court, the country residence of Sir George Vivian, Bart., and High Sheriff for the county. It was built round a quadrangle, and lay in a hollow surrounded by trees, which, together with the high undulating ground about it, shut out a view of the sea: a loss for which ample compensation was found in the superior beauty and luxuriance of the rhododendrons and magnolias growing in clumps on the lawn, unscathed by the nipping blasts from the Channel. It was a curious old place. Artists and antiquarians came to look at it during the absence of the family, and were paraded through the suites of rooms under the guidance and supervision of the under-housekeeper, who sailed along on such occasions with great state and dignity, and, keys in hand, gave the usual parrot-like description of the numerous objects of interest, both of art and antiquity. There were collections of almost everything. There was a cabinet of bronzes, another of cameos, another of precious stones, a fourth of minerals; besides which, there was the museum proper, which con-

tained, in addition to the usual stock of doubtful bones, stuffed alligators, and tomahawks, the embalmed remains of one of the Pharaohs, brought from Egypt just after the victory of the Nile. There was a gallery, too; a long, dismal room, looking north, with rows of portraits of the knights, squires, and dames of the house, down to Lady Caroline Vivian, with her two boys at her knee, exhibited in 185—.

The exterior of the house was picturesque, whether seen from the quadrangle or the gardens. The quadrangle was covered with fine soft grass, intersected by four paths, which met at a large pond in the middle, and were paved with small stones in a zigzag pattern. One of these paths led to the gardens through a covered archway under the clock-tower; a second to the iron-studded gate with its mighty knocker, which gave entrance to the great hall; and the two others to doors in the lateral part of the building. In an angle of the grassy space was a flowering myrtle which reared its head above the highest chimney. The windows looking out on the quadrangle were small diamond-paned casements, dating some three hundred and odd years back. On the other side these had given way to bay windows, guillotine windows, every sort of window, in short: the south-east and south-west fronts contained an unbroken chain of window history, from the early Tudor down to the modern style, filled with plate-glass. The library and drawing-room windows occupied the whole of the south-west ground-floor, looking out on a beautifully kept lawn, with clumps of flowering shrubs and beds of choice flowers interspersed, which made the air heavy with their perfume.

It was spring-time; a bright, sunny, treacherous day, very bleak and biting near the shore, but suave and smiling within the precincts of Sir George Vivian's shrubberies and gardens; where tulips and hyacinths, and other spring flowers, coaxed alike by nature and art, put forth their blossoms a full fortnight earlier than in other places to



which the winds had freer entrance. Usually, on such a day as this, the drawing-room windows were thrown open, and you might see Lady Caroline Vivian seated at her writing-table or her embroidery-frame, or else out wandering among the flower-beds, with gardening gloves and a broad hat on, and scissors and Swiss basket at her side.

But on this spring morning the windows were all shut, and the blinds drawn down. Not a soul was to be seen in the garden, not a sound could be heard except the buzz of an early bee among the hyacinths, or the note of the cuckoo flitting in and out of the seringa bushes.

By and by the opening of one of the drawing-room windows broke the silence, although the action was performed stealthily. Two people issued forth, one of them a woman in a widow's cap. Her companion, a dark tall man, with a stoop in his shoulders, shut the window noiselessly, and then the two walked on the grass, avoiding the gravelled path, to a point where the lawn was separated by a wire fence and a ditch from the park beyond.

These two people were Louis Vivian and his mother.

They crossed a wooden bridge, and took the road leading through the plantation down to the sea.

They walked on slowly and silently, till a turn in the path hid the house from sight. Then they quickened their pace, and the widow spoke.

"I am glad you came out with me. I can't enjoy your society in that dreadful house yonder, with those two poor boys lying dead in one room, and their mother raving in another."

Louis Vivian made no answer. He walked along with a heavy abstracted air, as though he had not heard the observation addressed to him.

That he had heard, was evident; for a moment after he raised his head, and said, half to himself, looking vacantly at the outline of the firs against the sky:

"Yes; it is a very sad thing. Poor Uncle George!"

"The fashion of this world vanishes

away," observed the widow. "The last time I was here, Louis, Lady Caroline insulted me."

"She did!" exclaimed her son, breaking a small switch he held in his hand. "She insulted you, and you never told me, mother! And you stayed, and let me stay! Mother, how could you?" His face flushed, and deep lines crossed his forehead. "If I had known," he cried, throwing the remnant of the switch away, "I'd have gone to Uncle Vivian. I'd have spoken to him about it then and there."

"And made mischief for both of us," said the widow, laying her hand on his arm. "No, my dear. Sir George had been so kind to me—"

"Yes, he gave you a hundred pounds once," Louis Vivian muttered between his teeth.

"—so kind, that I might well bear a hard word or two from his wife. Besides, as a Christian I was bound to accept all such slights as part of my daily cross. The flesh was weak, but for your sake I endeavoured to resist the temptation of a quarrel, and through mercy I was upheld till the close of my sojourn here last year. And now, see, the Lord has laid His hand upon her, and she is brought very low. Truly, His ways are mysterious, past finding out."

"I see nothing mysterious in it," Louis replied, with a slight curl of his lip. He was very fond of his mother, but her sanctimonious phrases were sometimes a source of great annoyance to him. "It is as clear as daylight, mother, if you will but look at it in a straightforward, matter-of-fact way. The poor boys brought the seeds of scarlet fever back with them from school, and their mother has taken the disease from them. And, owing to her distress and fatigue, it is likely to prove fatal!"

"Ah," said Mrs. Vivian, shaking her head solemnly, "but all these things are pre-ordained. If you could only hear dear Mr. Gillicks on that point! He is such an awakening preacher."

"Now, mother, don't begin bothering me about your ministers, for I am not

going to have anything to do with them, and you know it."

"But, my dear boy, think of your eternal interests—of your poor soul."

"My poor soul won't be benefited by my listening to—no, sitting under—that's the phrase, isn't it?—sitting under a fellow who sings through his nose, and drops his *h's*."

"Ah, my dear, you'll be on your death-bed to one day, like that poor creature up there, and what will carnal learning profit you then?"

"Not much, I daresay," was Louis's reply, in a most irreverent tone.

"You ought to improve the solemn warning before you," she pursued.

"Is that all you wanted to say to me, mother?" he asked. "Because, if so, I'll return to the house. I have plenty of work to do."

"No; don't go in yet," said the widow hastily. "I want to know whether you think it would be proper for me to sit with Lady Caroline. I don't want to appear hard-hearted, and if I never go near her people may talk, you know."

"Afraid of Mrs. Grundy, eh, mother?" said Louis.

"N—o," said the widow, with a slight touch of hesitation; "only you see we were never what could be called friendly, and now the Lord has taken her two sons, and everybody must know I'm the future baronet's mother—unless Sir George marries again, which is not at all likely."

Louis Vivian winced. He knew perfectly well that it might be as his mother said, but he had had a great liking for his two little dead cousins, and he did not want to dwell upon his altered prospects more than he could help. He felt annoyed with his mother for her bluntness.

Mrs. Vivian went on.

"And so, between the fear of being thought presuming on the one hand, and neglectful on the other, I really don't know how to act."

Her son considered for a moment, and then replied: "I don't see the slightest necessity for your going to Lady

Caroline's room. She has her husband, her doctor, her maid, and the nurse: four people in constant attendance. You would only be an intruder."

"I'm so glad you think so, my dear," said the widow, with a sigh of relief.

She would have once more improved her opportunity of exhortation, but something in her son's face warned her not to pursue the subject.

At length their walk brought them to the plantation, and they stood in full view of the sea. The grey Mewstone rose opposite; to the right lay the Breakwater, and beyond it Mount Edgecumbe, with its shady woods and green lawns. The Cornish coast stretched away to the west, a long line of red losing itself in the misty horizon. The sea was dotted far and near with craft of all kinds, from the white-sailed schooner to the dusky fishing-smack, of which scores were congregated between the Whitesands and Bovisand.

Louis Vivian's face brightened as he looked on all this. He enjoyed all that he saw around him with a zest of which habitual dwellers in the country know nothing. What to them is only suggestive of stagnation was rest and renovation to the hard-working London barrister.

Mrs. Vivian was tired, and sat down on a bench to rest, placing herself however with but little regard for the prospect; her point of attraction was her son Louis, whose back was all she could see, as he stood looking out towards the grey Mewstone. It was quite happiness enough for her to be sitting near him, and to know that he was enjoying himself, albeit she could not understand why pretty views and country air should exercise such a fascination over her clever son. She lived in the country, and thought it dull enough; she would have willingly exchanged it for London, only the place where Louis lived was so confined that it seemed to choke her, and he as yet could afford no better. So she remained in lodgings in Dorking, and there he went to see her as often as he could. These visits were literally her only pleasures, unless making and mending her son's linen may be

classed as such. There was, it is true, the occasional entertainment of an itinerant preacher belonging to the dissenting body of which she was a member. But such entertainments were few and far between, and were as much misery as pleasure to her, because, in spite of the blessing invoked upon her by the preacher before partaking of her bounty, she knew in her own secret heart that she grudged the meats spread on the board, that she would far rather have put the money by for some possible want, some rainy day—not for herself, in justice let it be said—but for her beloved son.

Poor Mrs. Vivian! her secret parsimony may be excused. Her life had had many a hard and bitter day in it since her handsome husband's death. He had speculated wildly, and, dying in the midst, had left her to bear the brunt of the failure of all his schemes. People were loud in their blame of the dead man; even those who had not the most remote interest in the matter made as great an outcry as if they had had a large stake in his concerns. The widow was the great sufferer, and she suffered in silence. She made good, as far as lay in her power, all claims on her husband's estate, and retired into obscurity on a bare two hundred a year, a pittance—less than Lady Caroline Vivian's upper housekeeper's salary—upon which she both contrived to live herself and to educate Louis, the only son left to her out of a family of seven children. For her struggles and sacrifices she had her reward in the deep devotion of her son as he grew up and learnt under what untoward circumstances she had been left at his father's death.

"Mother," he said to her once, "dear old mother, you are the noblest woman that ever lived. Mother, I don't know whether I honour or love you most; because you might have kept a great deal which you sacrificed voluntarily: you might, and no man would have dared wag his finger. And you did not: you were courageous enough to be poor. My strong, brave old mother!"

It had been worth even a longer trial,

the widow thought, to hear such words as these from her son when he came to man's estate. At this present time the trial, in so far as poverty went, was much lessened. There is a balance in the lives of most people; neither unmitigated sunshine nor unmitigated shade. Now that Louis was no longer dependent in any way upon her slender resources, she had to fear for his health. This fear had first presented itself to her mind two summers ago, when his system had suddenly begun to tell of overwork, and he had been advised to lay by for a time and go abroad. It was wonderful air indeed, thought the widow, which could send him back so changed for the better. She was loud in her praises of the Pyrenees: they had made quite another man of her dear Louis, she said gratefully. He, smiling, thought how much of the brightness infused into his daily life was the work of Estelle Russell.

He was thinking of her now, as he stood inhaling the briny air. He was wondering whether she had ever received his letter, or whether her stern mother had kept it from her. He was considering whether to write to her again, or to write to Mrs. Russell, or to wait a while longer; not fretting, not chafing, but considering. Not the shadow of a doubt of her fidelity had ever entered his mind since that day at Cauterets when, as he bade her adieu, something in her sweet face kindled the fire smouldering within him, and he spoke out his love to her; told her his life was bound up in hers henceforth, and that rejection at her hands would be a life-long sorrow. But she, with her grey eyes veiled, and her lips trembling childlike, had replied, "I believe in you; I trust you—as I trust myself." And he had returned to London with a hope that made the days bright even in the midst of November fogs. But he kept it to himself as yet: it was a delicious secret, to be hugged and fondled and hid away even from his mother. It would be time enough to speak of it when the wished-for answer came.

There was a long silence between



mother and son, interrupted at length by the arrival of a tall footman, who, in consideration of the present presumptive-heirship of the baronet's nephew, had condescended to come so far from the house to inform him that luncheon was on the table. A week ago, the page would have been the bearer of the message. But things were changed; and in Mr. Louis the *valetaille*, from butler downwards, saw a possible master.

"The luncheon-bell had not been rung," the footman said, "for fear of its disturbing her ladyship."

"How is Lady Caroline now?" Louis inquired.

"Very bad indeed, sir; worse if anything, I heard her maid say. Sir George won't leave her, sir."

Louis gave his mother his arm, and they returned to the house. There was luncheon laid out for two in the dining-room, on what appeared to Mrs. Vivian a scale of unprecedented magnificence. She had always seen it much the same on former visits to Vivian Court, but then she was a nobody, and she had merely considered the show of silver vases and Bohemian glass and costly china that passed before her eyes at each meal as so many texts for silent moralizing. Now, in spite of her humility, in the very teeth of all her efforts after what she believed to be a true spiritual life, she found herself in a frame of self-congratulation, of enjoyment almost. She felt conscious every moment of being the future baronet's mother, and she could not help making a mental inventory of effects. All that ancient family plate glittering on the sideboard, all that priceless Palissy ware,—the only thing, her husband had often said, in which he envied his brother the baronet,—all that, besides the broad lands stretching along the banks of the pretty river Yealm, the mining property in Cornwall, the estates there; and the house in Hyde Park Gardens, where Lady Caroline "received" during the season,—all this would be the portion of her boy, as she still fondly called the tall, stooping, silent man sitting opposite her.

She looked round, inhaling the atmosphere of luxurious refinement that filled the room, and thought,—

"After all our poverty and our struggling, it has come to this. My dear boy—my good, hard-working, self-denying Louis—will be Sir Louis Vivian."

Thinking all this, she, nevertheless, admired the air of unconsciousness which pervaded Louis's behaviour. "He knows it all as well as I do," she thought, "but it does not alter him in the least."

When they rose from the table, she asked him what he was going to do.

"I have some proof-sheets to look over," was the reply.

"Can't that wait?" she asked with some impatience.

"Wait! My dear mother, it's for a most important work; and I must have them ready to send when the postboy calls at five o'clock."

"At least," she said, as he turned to leave her, "you might bring them down into the library, instead of remaining shut up in your own room. I shan't disturb you, you know."

So the two sat together in the library that afternoon, she with her knitting and he with his proof-sheets. And, like a good, wise mother, she never spoke till his work was finished and laid on the hall-table. Then she looked up and pointed to the vacant seat beside her, saying,—

"My boy, here's room for you."

And Louis came and threw himself down on the sofa, and stretched his ungainly length to his heart's content.

"What a dear old mother it is!" he said. "I wonder how many women could hold their tongues for three hours, when they saw a fellow was busy!"

"'Tis not every woman who has such a clever son as you," was the answer. "How could any one speak, if they thought they were spoiling a man's work?"

The sunshine had faded away, and the evening wind was blowing chilly, when Sir George entered the room. Both rose to meet him, but neither

spoke. It seemed such a mockery to ask, "How is she?" Mrs. Vivian forgot all about her son's prospects when she saw the baronet's distracted face. He threw himself into a chair like a man worn out. Louis silently took a seat beside him.

"I have been quite rude to you, Mrs. Vivian," Sir George said presently; "but I am sure you have excused me."

Mrs. Vivian remarked that he must be sadly worn out. Was there anything she could do?

Nothing. Sir George shook his head. He left the room before long, saying he was going to take a turn on the terrace, and would they excuse his not coming in to dinner?

Mrs. Vivian's mind was in a conflicting state that evening. There was death in the house, and dangerous sickness; there was no knowing who of the household might next be laid low. It was a time for prayer and for self-examination. She wished to pray: she did pray, both for herself and for every member of that household; but, as the remembrance of the one great contingency ever and anon returned to her, she found herself dwelling involuntarily on the splendour and profusion which at no distant period she had regarded as a vain show, only of importance to the carnal-minded. She would have preferred her own dingy lodgings that evening. It seemed to her that she would not have felt so carnally-minded in her dull little room, with one candle, as she felt here in the Vivian Court drawing-room, with its pictures and mirrors, and its chandeliers in a blaze of light. As the evening wore on, every one seemed more anxious. Sir George did not appear. The house grew strangely silent. Neither Mrs. Vivian nor her son could talk to each other, but sat side by side: he with a book from the library shelves, she with her Bible, speculating after her fashion on the future to which the poor soul upstairs was passing.

And about midnight the housekeeper came in and told them in whispers that

my lady was gone, and that Sir George was in a state of distraction.

Lady Caroline, according to Mrs. Vivian's stern creed, had never been convinced of sin. She had lived a worldly life; and from the nature of her illness, there had not even been the possibility of a deathbed repentance. But Mrs. Vivian forgot, now that she was dead, the antipathy with which the daughter of earls had regarded her *parvenu* connexion; and her distress was deep, when in her nightly devotions she remembered Lady Caroline, and broke off suddenly in her supplication; she could no longer pray for her soul.

## CHAPTER XI.

### A PLEASANT ENGLISH HOUSEHOLD.

NOT far from Wembury Church stood a red-brick, one-storied building, dignified by the high-sounding title of Wembury Hall. It differed in no respect from the many country residences found in the West, built more or less on the pattern of old Queen Charlotte's house at Kew, and specially adapted, it would seem, to country squires with large families and moderate incomes. It had a portico—all such houses have porticoes—supported on a pair of spindle-shafted white columns. On either side this excrescence were two windows, and in the upper story five; window-frames with small panes, three in a row; wood-work and sills painted white—a chilly, cheerless white: windows that stared hard and blank at you, repudiating all romance, in spite of the Virginia creeper that climbed lovingly up their frames, and thrust its pink tendrils into the chinks of the wood, as an infant thrusts its innocent fingers into the stranger's bosom—windows, in fine, which declared once and for ever that they were plain, matter-of-fact apertures, wall-piercings to let in a moderate quantity of air and light, and no more.

It was the downright look of the windows that decided Admiral Maurice on taking Wembury Hall, when he was placed on the retired list. It had a

sensible, ship-shape look about it, he said. Moreover, it was not far inland, and the rent, from its being distant from a town, was very moderate. This last was the most important point with the Admiral, a man with half-a-dozen daughters of all ages, all wanting to be provided for, as he told them angrily about once a week. These daughters were the grief of his life. He had wanted boys, and the boys had never come; only this half-dozen of good-for-nothing girls, whom he daily wished at Jericho.

Wembury Hall was as commonplace inside as it was out. There was the usual quantity of stuffed birds, Indian bows and arrows, and third-rate pictures. The only feature to distinguish its interior from any other small country-house was the number of its clocks and barometers. There were four barometers; one in the porch, one in the vestibule, one in the Admiral's dressing-room, and one in the passage upstairs. As for clocks, they literally swarmed. And they all struck. That was the most aggravating feature about them. If they had but indicated the flight of time by the pointing of their hands on the dial-plate alone, so that all who chose to run might read—well; but every one of them told the hour, and a good many struck the quarters as well. There was no possibility of ignoring the time of day in that house, unless you became blind and deaf at once. Moreover, there was a Chinese gong, with a sepulchral, judgment-day note, enough to destroy anybody with delicate nerves. This gong was never silent from morn till night. People were gonged to breakfast, luncheon, dinner, tea, and supper; besides family prayers twice a day, and a kind of supplementary service which went by the name of "morning reading."

One word about the mistress of this commonplace house, whose motto seems to be "*Tempus fugit*;" though, after all, the title of mistress is but ill-applied to one who never took upon herself to give an order. Mrs. Maurice had been in her youth a very silly, perfectly

amiable, perfectly beautiful woman. The amiability and the silliness remained in full force, the beauty had almost faded away. Her only visible mission seemed to lie in keeping up the stock of drawing-room anti-macassars, chaperoning her daughters, and personating the scape-goat whereupon the Admiral might vent his ire at some uncome-at-able person; as the First Lord of the Admiralty, for instance, or Joe the stable-boy. We have said before that Julia from her earliest girlhood had completely set aside her mother's authority. More than this; she even made her little whims and peculiarities the butt whereon to exercise her wit. Mrs. Maurice was undeniably whimsical. She was nervous; and nervous people, especially when not naturally strong-minded, are apt to take illogical fancies into their heads. A loving daughter would either have been blind to these whims and causeless fancies, or else have striven tenderly to hide them from every eye. But Julia had not a spark of tenderness in her.

Mrs. Maurice, among other weaknesses, had that of breakfasting in bed. In this George Augustus Sala, for one, would have sympathised with her. The Admiral did not. The inevitable gong sounded at a quarter to eight for prayers. At the stroke of eight, winter and summer, Henrietta began to pour out the tea and the Admiral to cut up the loaf. As the half-hour struck from the timepiece in the drawing-room and the clock in the hall, the Admiral would rise from table and walk round to all the clocks, watch in hand, and then examine the barometers and make his observations on the weather.

Mrs. Maurice, poor thing, liked to dawdle over her breakfast, and taking it in bed was the only way to manage this. She had another reason, but one that she never put into words herself, and would have thought herself a very wicked woman if she had; and that was, that it insured her a short respite from her irascible husband's society.

She certainly never could have written a book of her morning meditations:



I doubt whether she ever had any. She used to consider what she would like to do, or to have, sometimes; as, for instance, that she would like—if it were fine in the afternoon, and the Admiral had no objection, and Julia did not require it herself—to have the pony-carriage and drive into town to get herself a new cap, or a pattern of a *lacet* collar, or some Shetland wool to try that new stitch in Mdlle. Riego's last knitting book. With a good deal of dawdling, first over her breakfast and then over her toilette, Mrs. Maurice would get through the morning. No one ever knew her leave her room till one o'clock, however tempting the day might be out of doors. Then she would appear at the luncheon-table, listen in silence to the Admiral's objurgatory remarks, and answer inquiries after her health with an invariable "Pretty well, thank you,"—a response which served as a target for the sharpening of Julia's wit, whenever there happened to be a visitor present, or a new governess.

"My mamma," she would say, "is always pretty well. I have left off asking her how she is, because I am so sure beforehand of the answer. For years I never remember her to have been anything but 'pretty well.' She never will admit that she is quite flourishing. There would be something the matter, you know, if she only took time to think before she spoke. 'Pretty well' is a safe compromise. Have you never noticed that people who are never very well are just those who are never very ill? Curious thing, is it not?"

Mrs. Maurice knew better than to stop Julia when she was in one of her mocking moods. Once she had attempted to stem the tide of that young lady's impertinence. Her husband had looked up, and, only being aware that she was finding fault—not having attended to the piece of ill-bred, unfilial behaviour which had preceded it—had sharply desired her to let Julia alone. She remembered to hold her peace on such occasions ever afterwards, and her annoyance was only betrayed by a flushed cheek and a nervous little

cough. Perhaps she wept in the solitude of her own room. If she did, no one knew or cared. Henrietta was devoted to the poor, and the younger ones had their own school-room duties and their own little plans and amusements, which Julia directed. Not one of them ever thought of penetrating to "Mamma's room." Once there, Mrs. Maurice was as completely separated from them all as if they had not belonged to her. She might fret and cry as long as she pleased, and, when tired of crying, she might return to the drawing-room with her crochet-work, quite sure that no one would take the trouble to notice her red eyes. She was very silly—provokingly so at times—but she was very amiable, and had a large capacity for affection. The undeserved coldness and neglect she experienced at her daughters' hands made her heart very sore sometimes, although she was not clever enough to say so, or to remonstrate in words that would have been worth their attention. And yet she had done her duty by them all as far as she knew, and she loved them all very dearly, even Julia, who took about as little notice of her as if she had been an old chair, excepting when she was wanted to act as chaperone; and then Julia exercised her supervision only in order to make her mother, as she phrased it, "fit to be seen." For Mrs. Maurice, like a good many middle-aged ladies, was completely in the dark as to the amount of cap that was good for her. And Julia, of course, did not choose to take a chaperone who might in any way throw discredit on herself in the matter of appearance. "If you don't care about looking like an old cook," she would say, "I do. And I won't have you wear that cap. If you will make yourself a guy whenever I want you to take me out, I won't go at all."

What, after all, could be expected of a daughter whose earliest recollections were that Papa was always calling Mamma "silly"?

Lizzy, Lucy, Emily, and Clara were still in the schoolroom, the plague and terror of a conscientious, middle-aged

governess, who lived in a state of chronic dismay at their deficiencies, and strove to drive grammar, geography, history, and a few *ologies*, into their heads, at the cost of many a throb to her own.

It must be admitted, however, that Miss Brydges went rather too far when she turned their daily stroll in the lanes and fields into a peripatetic botanical lecture. But the poor woman was not without some excuse. The last governess had been summarily dismissed because Clara, on being put through her chronology by the Admiral one day at luncheon, had given 56 B.C. as the date of William the Conqueror; and had stuck to it, averring that Miss Harris had told her so that very morning. Clara had had her ears boxed, and Miss Harris had been discharged as incapable.

To escape the fate of her predecessor, Miss Brydges hit upon the plan of constant *impromptu* examinations, in order to sound the depth of her pupils' ignorance. And having found, during one of these, that they were completely ignorant of botany, she from that time made their walks grievous to them, by her botanical lectures.

To-day Lizzy and Emily had quietly dropped behind, leaving Lucy and Clara to Miss Brydges, who, with one on each side of her, discoursed learnedly upon phanerogamia and cryptogamia to their unwilling ears.

Lizzy had been partly emancipated from schoolroom thralldom during her sister's absence from home. She had been to several balls, and longed for more. Julia, she knew, would be against her being taken out, and she wanted to enjoy herself as much as possible before Ju came back.

"It was so nice at Government House last night," she said. "I danced fourteen dances, and every one of my partners were nice. Sir Henry Reade, the aide-de-camp, was most particularly attentive, and the General came up and spoke to me, and asked Mamma if she had any more pretty daughters at home. I think, without flattering myself, you

know, that I've made quite a sensation for the short time I've been out."

"Oh," sighed Emily, who was only sixteen, "how dreadful to think that I have to stay in the schoolroom two years more, learning history and German and all that stuff. Much good it will be to me after I come out. Lizzy, I do wish you would coax Pa to let Ma take me out just once, before Ju comes back."

Lizzy shook her head gravely. "It would be no earthly good my trying. Papa would box my ears if I said anything about it. Never mind, Emmy, two years will soon be over."

"It seems an awful long time, though," sighed Emily.

"Well, you know, I shouldn't have gone out at all this winter, if Ju had been here. She wouldn't have let me."

"I wish Ju would make haste and marry somebody," was Emily's next remark. "I'm sure it's high time. She's getting on to five-and-twenty."

"How do you know?" asked Lizzy, eagerly.

"Because I looked in Papa's big Bible where all our names are written. And only think, Lizzy, Henrietta is twenty-nine. Poor Hen!"

"Twenty-nine! Only one year from thirty! How enormously old! I think I should be ready to drown myself, if I were to live till twenty-nine without even having had one offer, like Hen," said Lizzy, in a tone expressive of contemptuous pity.

"Ah, but then, you know, Hen is not pretty. I don't think she will ever marry anybody unless it is a clergyman. And you are so different from Hen. I think you are prettier than Ju even. Won't Mamma catch it for taking you out, when she comes home!"

"I am not going to be put back into the schoolroom for her, now I am partly out of it, whatever she may say," replied Lizzy.

"Oh, come, there's Miss Brydges shrieking back at us; and there's the Vivian carriage. Where can Sir George be going so soon after his wife's death, I wonder?"

The occupant of the carriage was not Sir George, however, but Louis Vivian, on his way to catch the evening train to London.

The girls went home with their governess: Emily, Clara, and Lucy to the schoolroom tea; and Lizzy to dress for dinner.

"Where's Henrietta?" said the Admiral, giving a sharp glance round the dining-room as he entered.

The Admiral was short and stumpy, and spoke with a loud voice and authoritative manner. He was in the habit of treating his household much like a man-of-war's crew, and loud and long were his complainings at finding seven women harder to manage than seven hundred men. Henrietta devoted herself to visiting the poor and sick in the parish, and when, as happened on this day, she returned late from her long rounds, the Admiral was without mercy for her unpunctuality; and after an angry tirade against the lower classes, would wind up by ordering her, on pain of his displeasure, to cease altogether from parish visiting.

"Where's Henrietta?" he demanded sharply. There was a dead silence. Wallis the footman stood with his hand ready to lift the cover off the soup-tureen. He knew where Henrietta was, for he had himself carried the message from the poor woman at Revelstoke, who had begged her to come that afternoon. But every one in the house was more or less afraid of the Admiral; and it was not till he repeated the question that his wife answered in a low voice that Henrietta was out seeing a sick woman who lived four miles off.

"What's that? Speak up, Ma'am!" shouted the Admiral, who was rather deaf.

"Gone to see a poor woman," said Mrs. Maurice, in a higher key.

The Admiral said a short, snappish grace, and sat himself down with a grunt. As he finished his soup, he suddenly turned round on Wallis.

"You were two minutes late to-day!"

"I sounded the gong, sir, exactly as the hall clock struck six."

"I tell you, you were two minutes late by my watch, and I set the hall clock by it last night. It had not lost this morning, and I don't believe it has lost now, unless any one has been tampering with it."

Lizzy was sometimes inclined to be pert. She looked up, and said,—

"How can any one tamper with the clock, Papa, when you keep it locked on purpose?"

The Admiral had very bright, prominent eyes. He glared at Lizzy across the table.

Lizzy looked down abashed.

"Young woman! if you were a maid, I'd mast-head you! Is this the subordination to your superiors which you learn from Miss Brydges in the schoolroom? Because, if so, she doesn't understand her business, and the sooner she packs off the better. I'll have subordination taught in my house—and practised too."

"But Lizzy is not under Miss Brydges any longer," Mrs. Maurice interposed, in a plaintive voice. "You forget; she only goes into the schoolroom for Italian and singing now."

"Don't interfere, Ma'am," snarled the Admiral, who never troubled himself to be civil to his wife, even before the servants.

"Well, you know," Mrs. Maurice pursued, thinking she was saying a very clever thing, "it is quite impossible for Miss Brydges to teach them everything. I am sure, as it is, she teaches much more than most governesses would, for the salary you give her."

The Admiral would not have relished this remark at any time; but, being put out already by his eldest daughter's unpunctuality, it was most ill-calculated to restore him to good humour.

He turned sharply round on his wife.

"Madam!" he exclaimed, in a voice of thunder.

Mrs. Maurice coughed nervously, and bent her head over her plate.

Not a word more was spoken; and the meal was half-finished when Henrietta glided into the room and took her place beside her sister.



Henrietta Maurice was decidedly the plain one of the family. She was short, had a turned-up nose, and a wide mouth, and nothing clever in her face to atone for the want of regular features. A long time ago, when a girl in her teens, she had had a pretty complexion; but that had vanished, and left no trace behind in her thin bloodless cheeks. Her mouth looked like the mouth of a woman who had foresworn laughter for the whole of her earthly existence. Her eyes were sunken, and lines of weariness were written already on her forehead. There was a settled, grey, statuesque look about her altogether, which sometimes provoked her father into telling her that she wanted a good shaking up.

Years before, when Admiral (then Captain) Maurice was commanding a ship on the New Zealand station, and Mrs. Maurice and her children were living quietly in a little cottage on *Laira Green*, Henrietta had met her fate in the shape of a young surgeon with whom she had fallen deeply in love. The measles were in the nursery, and Mr. Vandeleur had frequent opportunities of observing the elder sister's devotion to the suffering little ones. Mrs. Maurice thought him clever and attentive, and encouraged his visits after his medical attendance was no longer necessary. She saw that Henrietta took pleasure in his society, and it never once entered her head that her husband could object to Mr. Vandeleur as a son-in-law. The young people had been engaged for several months, when Captain Maurice came home, and learnt from his unsuspecting wife of the love which had sprung up during his absence. His rage both at his wife and daughter knew no bounds. He commanded Henrietta to give up every letter she had of Mr. Vandeleur's. He burnt them with his own hands, and wrote a furious epistle to the surgeon, demanding his daughter's correspondence. The Irishman might have answered him in the same kind, had he not received at the same time a piteous, tear-blotted letter of renunciation from

Henrietta. Disgusted with what he supposed to be her fickleness in giving him up at the first angry blast that blew, he enclosed her letters to her, with a few lines of hasty reproach. Shortly afterwards he left the neighbourhood. With his departure, all the light seemed to fade out of Henrietta's life. She utterly refused all girlish gaieties: she shut herself within herself; ceased to take an interest in the children; eschewed even her mother's companionship. She could not forget, though she believed she forgave, her mother's want of support to the engagement she had allowed to grow up before her eyes. She did not take into account the terror Mrs. Maurice experienced whenever her husband went into one of his rages. She bowed before them as a reed before the wind. She had not dared exonerate herself, much less uphold her daughter.

But Henrietta only felt that she had been shamefully treated, and gradually her heart grew cold alike to mother and father, and to the young, growing-up sisters. Her only pleasure seemed to consist in attending church services and visiting the poor and sick, whose sorrows made her forget for the time the gnawing at her own heart.

She saw *Julia* petted and spoiled because she was pretty; she saw *Lizzy* growing up pert and self-willed. And she thought bitterly, "Either of these two would get what they wanted; but I was never indulged, even when it would have been good for me and another."

This feeling, never expressed, was the canker which combined with the disappointment to eat away all the loveliness from Henrietta's existence. At twenty-nine she was a cold, heavy-hearted woman, living a sluggish, morbidly religious life, not worthy the name of life. When her father asked her surlily why she persisted in avoiding society, she would answer that she never intended to marry, and therefore had little inducement to go out. The very few whom she cared to see she could see at home. And the lines in

her face would deepen as she spoke, and her mouth draw downward at the corners, till she looked older and greyer than ever.

She sat now, more like a stone than a woman, silently eating what Wallis had handed to her from the sideboard. It was a Friday: she therefore only partook of bread and vegetables. The Admiral was pre-occupied; had he observed her abstinence from meat, he would have thundered at her for half-an-hour. Lizzy saw, and nudged her sister under the table. Henrietta took no notice; she was accustomed to being nudged. The sisters had numerous telegraphic signals in use among themselves when their father was by.

The Admiral's voice broke the silence.

"What do you mean by coming in when dinner is half over?" he asked brusquely.

"Papa," replied Henrietta, in the icy, toneless voice she used at home, "I have been to visit a sick woman, and I could not possibly get back sooner. I had some difficulty in finding the house; it was a long way beyond Revelstoke: more than four miles off."

"Very well; then you should have set out earlier," was the Admiral's prompt retort.

"I went as soon as I could; as soon as I knew I was wanted, that is."

"Then you should not have gone at all. It's twenty minutes to seven by my watch; and I ask you, Miss Maurice, whether you consider it proper ladylike behaviour to be tramping up and down country lanes alone after six o'clock at night? Because if you do, I don't, and I won't have it done."

"The days are getting longer now," hazarded Lizzy.

"Hold your tongue, Miss," said the Admiral.

"Papa," replied Henrietta, quietly, "I could not help going. My poor people look to me for help, and I cannot deny them. Little as I can do, that is better than nothing; and when everything else is out of my power, I can give them a kind word, and they are glad even of that."

"Upon my word, then, Miss Maurice, I think you had better take up your abode among them altogether, you seem so fond of them."

"So I would, if you would let me," rejoined Henrietta. "What good do I do here? Who wants me? Nobody!"

And that was true enough. But she had brought it on herself by keeping out of the way when she was wanted. Now she was beginning to resent their not wanting her, but it was too late. She was only reaping what she had sown, but the harvest was not the less bitter for that.

"What a pity it is that Mr. Grey should be saddled with a delicate wife," sneered the Admiral. "If he could only get rid of her, what a helpmeet you would be to him."

Poor little Mrs. Grey had a spine-complaint, which kept her nearly always on the sofa. The Admiral had said when he first saw her—she had received the Maurice party lying down—that the woman had nothing the matter with her but idleness and affectation, and he had never chosen to alter his opinion.

Henrietta was accustomed to the sneer, and let it pass. She merely said, "If you only went with me once, Papa, you would go again; and it would end with your being the most enthusiastic district-visitor in the parish."

Lizzy smothered a laugh at the idea of their father poking his nose into the Revelstoke and Wembury cottages. "He would set their clocks in order the first thing," she thought.

"I should just like to catch myself among 'em," he growled. "I've got enough to do as it is to keep order here. I don't believe you would be down to breakfast by eleven o'clock if it were not for me. As for Mamma there, she'd never get up at all."

Mrs. Maurice coughed deprecatingly.

"If I had only been there half-an-hour earlier," Henrietta continued, in the same dreary monotone, "I might possibly have saved a life. It may be best as it is perhaps," she murmured to herself; "but yet I should so have liked to save him, poor little fellow."

"What's that?" demanded the Admiral.

"I thought it was a woman you went to see?" said Lizzy, getting interested.

"So it was. She has had low fever very badly, and still has it hanging about her. Her baby had been ill for weeks with whooping-cough, and this morning it went into convulsions. Her husband was gone to his work; he is a day-labourer. There was no cottage near, and she had neither strength to fetch water from the well to heat for a bath for the child, nor power to walk to the nearest cottage. The baby is dead. Had I been there half-an-hour earlier, I might have been of use. I made up her fire, and fetched some water, but it was too late." Henrietta made a feint of eating her dinner as if it did not matter, but the food choked her. She laid down her knife and fork, and pressed her hands together under the table.

"You couldn't help it's having convulsions," was Lizzy's comforting remark.

"Just the way with the common people," said the Admiral severely; "always leave everything to the last minute. Why didn't she send before?"

"How could she? It was only through a little boy's passing by accident that she was able to send at all. The poor little creature died in my arms."

"Do be quiet, Hen!" exclaimed Lizzy, moving her chair away. "I declare you give me the horrors, talking about death in that quiet, cool way. I wish you wouldn't!"

The Admiral said nothing till he had finished his cheese. Then he said, with a shade of kindness in his voice,—

"Take a glass of wine, Hen."

"I would rather not, thank you, Papa," was the reply.

"Nonsense! Wallis, take that port to Miss Maurice." It was the Admiral's own especial port, and Wallis hoped, as he poured it out, that it was a sign "that master warn't a going to worrit Miss Maurice for a while to come." "For he du worrit 'em enough to make their very vittles turn agin 'em," was Wallis's frequent remark below stairs.

"Drink that!" said the Admiral peremptorily. "It will make you look less ghost-like. And don't commit the folly of walking eight miles between luncheon and dinner again."

Later in the evening, Wallis was almost scared out of his senses by seeing Miss Maurice enter his pantry while he was sorting his forks and spoons. He dropped them all with a clatter.

"Wallis," she began in a whisper, as if afraid of the Admiral's hearing, "I want you to do something for me."

"Anything I can do for you, Miss, I shall be most 'appy," said Wallis, recovering himself.

"Wallis, I want to know how many glasses there are in a bottle of Madeira?"

"What can she be driving at now?" thought Wallis.

"There's ten good glasses, Miss," he replied. "Years ago there used to be twelve; but now the bottles are made smaller, not but what you have to pay just the same."

"Ten glasses," meditated Henrietta. "Wallis, I want some wine for that poor woman at Revelstoke. She has had a dreadful fever, and cannot get her strength back. I shall leave off taking my glass at dinner. I don't require it at all, and in a few days I shall ask you for half a bottle to take to her."

"Half a bottle!" exclaimed Wallis, aghast. "I daren't, Miss; I should lose my situation. Consider, Miss. You know how"—"sharp" he was going to say, but he altered it to "particular,"—"how particular the Admiral is, and he would be sure to miss it. All I can do, Miss, would be to pour away a glass or two at a time into a little bottle, and that I'll do with the greatest pleasure, Miss."

"But how bad the wine would get, Wallis; and I should not be able to go to Revelstoke every day, or even two or three times a week. Twice a week would be the very utmost," she said, with a sigh of fatigue.

"Of course the wine wouldn't be very good, Miss, but them that had never tasted anything of the kind wouldn't see no difference. I'll look about for a



boy to send once a week or so, if you wish, Miss, only you must please do up the bottle as if 'twere physic, else there will be tricks played with the wine. You can't trust them boys. But, Miss, what will the Admiral say when he finds you are going without your wine?" Wallis had lived so many years in the family that he could venture on the liberty of such a question.

"Oh," said Henrietta, smiling, "I don't think he will find it out. But I might sit lower down, and then there would be no danger. I will change places with Miss Lizzy."

Wallis looked doubtful. "The Admiral will find it out, Miss; I'm morally certain he will, and he won't like it."

"I must try at all events," said Henrietta. "Wine the woman must and shall have."

"Well, Miss, I'll do what I can for you. I hope it will be all right."

"Thank you, Wallis." As she turned to go, the drawing-room bell sounded with a furious peal. Wallis rushed to answer it.

"Why don't you sound the gong for prayers?" demanded the Admiral.

"I was just going to do so, sir," Wallis said.

"Going to do so? It ought to have been done five minutes ago! I suppose you will be laying the blame on the hall-clock again?" said the Admiral, holding up his watch.

"Papa, I was speaking to Wallis about something I wished done," said Henrietta, who entered as the man hurriedly placed a big Bible and Prayer-book before the Admiral.

"Then you will be so good as to choose some other time for giving your orders. Dinner two minutes late to begin with; prayers five minutes late. There's seven minutes lost in the day,—seven precious minutes! And a bad example given!"

The servants came trooping in at the voice of the gong, with faces expressive of fear and dislike, as each glanced at the master's face on passing to his or her seat; and the Admiral proceeded, first turning the leaves angrily to find

the longest chapter and prayer, as a punishment both to Wallis and his daughter Henrietta for not hearing the clock strike.

Mrs. Maurice followed Henrietta to her room when the latter said "Good-night," and took her bed-candle. She thought the Admiral had been rather hard on her, and she wanted to say something kind to make up for it. Only she did not exactly know how to begin. She went up to the chimney-piece, and stood fingering the vases and knickknacks which stood on it, irresolutely.

"You looked very tired at dinner to-day, dear," she at length ventured to say.

Henrietta was already seated at her dressing-table, and turning over the leaves of a large "Manual of Devotion," with red margins, and a beautifully embossed ecclesiastical binding. She did not speak till she had found the place.

"I am quite well, thank you, Mamma."

And then she became absorbed in her reading.

"I hope, dear, you won't take such very long walks often; because you did look very tired, whether you thought so or not. And I've heard such things about people getting spine-complaints. Now there's Mrs. Grey. I have no doubt she got hers from over-walking. Naturally, you know, as a clergyman's wife she would have to walk a good deal—and I wish you wouldn't, my dear Henrietta. I declare the thought makes me quite nervous. Do take care of yourself."

Mrs. Maurice's voice rose to a plaintive treble as she spoke. She had taken it into her head that her daughter was wearing herself out secretly.

"I assure you I am perfectly well, Mamma," was the reply again, cold and unsympathetic in the extreme.

Poor Mrs. Maurice sighed, and left the room without another word.

Henrietta, after completing her devotions with the aid of two or three red-margined books besides the great "Manual," retired to bed with a good conscience and an aching back.

*To be continued.*

## ON THE MODERN ELEMENT IN LITERATURE.

BY MATTHEW ARNOLD.

[WHAT follows was delivered as an inaugural lecture in the Poetry Chair at Oxford. It was never printed, but there appeared at the time several comments on it from critics who had either heard it, or heard reports about it. It was meant to be followed and completed by a course of lectures developing the subject entirely, and some of these were given. But the course was broken off because I found my knowledge insufficient for treating in a solid way many portions of the subject chosen. The inaugural lecture, however, treating a portion of the subject where my knowledge was perhaps less insufficient, and where besides my hearers were better able to help themselves out from their own knowledge, is here printed. No one feels the imperfection of this sketchy and generalizing mode of treatment more than I do; and not only is this mode of treatment less to my taste now than it was eleven years ago, but the style too, which is that of the doctor rather than the explorer, is a style which I have long since learnt to abandon. Nevertheless, having written much of late about Hellenism and Hebraism, and Hellenism being to many people almost an empty name compared with Hebraism, I print this lecture with the hope that it may serve, in the absence of other and fuller illustrations, to give some notion of the Hellenic spirit and its works, and of their significance in the history of the evolution of the human spirit in general.

M. A.]

It is related in one of those legends which illustrate the history of Buddhism, that a certain disciple once presented himself before his master, Buddha, with the desire to be permitted to undertake a mission of peculiar difficulty. The compassionate teacher represented to him the obstacles to be surmounted and the risks to be run. Purna—so the disciple was called—insisted, and replied, with equal humility and adroitness, to the successive objections of his adviser. Satisfied at last by his answers of the fitness of his disciple, Buddha accorded to him the desired permission; and dismissed him to his task with these remarkable words, nearly identical with those in which he himself is said to have been admonished by a divinity at

the outset of his own career:—"Go then, O Purna," are his words; "having been delivered, deliver; having been consoled, console; being arrived thyself at the farther bank, enable others to arrive there also."

It was a moral deliverance, eminently, of which the great Oriental reformer spoke; it was a deliverance from the pride, the sloth, the anger, the selfishness, which impair the moral activity of man—a deliverance which is demanded of all individuals and in all ages. But there is another deliverance for the human race, hardly less important, indeed, than the first—for in the enjoyment of both united consists man's true freedom—but demanded far less universally, and even more rarely and imperfectly obtained; a deliverance neglected, apparently hardly conceived, in some ages, while it has been pursued with earnestness in others, which derive from that very pursuit their peculiar character. This deliverance is an intellectual deliverance.

An intellectual deliverance is the peculiar demand of those ages which are called modern; and those nations are said to be imbued with the modern spirit most eminently in which the demand for such a deliverance has been made with most zeal, and satisfied with most completeness. Such a deliverance is emphatically, whether we will or no, the demand of the age in which we ourselves live. All intellectual pursuits our age judges according to their power of helping to satisfy this demand; of all studies it asks, above all, the question, how far they can contribute to this deliverance.

I propose, on this my first occasion of speaking here, to attempt such a general survey of ancient classical literature and history as may afford us the

conviction—in presence of the doubts so often expressed of the profitableness, in the present day, of our study of this literature—that, even admitting to their fullest extent the legitimate demands of our age, the literature of ancient Greece is, even for modern times, a mighty agent of intellectual deliverance; even for modern times, therefore, an object of indestructible interest.

But first let us ask ourselves why the demand for an intellectual deliverance arises in such an age as the present, and in what the deliverance itself consists? The demand arises, because our present age has around it a copious and complex present, and behind it a copious and complex past; it arises, because the present age exhibits to the individual man who contemplates it the spectacle of a vast multitude of facts awaiting and inviting his comprehension. The deliverance consists in man's comprehension of this present and past. It begins when our mind begins to enter into possession of the general ideas which are the law of this vast multitude of facts. It is perfect when we have acquired that harmonious acquiescence of mind which we feel in contemplating a grand spectacle that is intelligible to us; when we have lost that impatient irritation of mind which we feel in presence of an immense, moving, confused spectacle which, while it perpetually excites our curiosity, perpetually baffles our comprehension.

This, then, is what distinguishes certain epochs in the history of the human race, and our own amongst the number;—on the one hand, the presence of a significant spectacle to contemplate; on the other hand, the desire to find the true point of view from which to contemplate this spectacle. He who has found that point of view, he who adequately comprehends this spectacle, has risen to the comprehension of his age: he who communicates that point of view to his age, he who interprets to it that spectacle, is one of his age's intellectual deliverers.

The spectacle, the facts, presented for  
No. 112.—VOL. XIX.

the comprehension of the present age, are indeed immense. The facts consist of the events, the institutions, the sciences, the arts, the literatures, in which human life has manifested itself up to the present time: the spectacle is the collective life of humanity. And everywhere there is connexion, everywhere there is illustration: no single event, no single literature, is adequately comprehended except in its relation to other events, to other literatures. The literature of ancient Greece, the literature of the Christian Middle Age, so long as they are regarded as two isolated literatures, two isolated growths of the human spirit, are not adequately comprehended; and it is adequate comprehension which is the demand of the present age. "We must compare,"—the illustrious Chancellor of Cambridge<sup>1</sup> said the other day to his hearers at Manchester,—“we must compare the works of other ages with those of our own age and country; that, while we feel proud of the immense development of knowledge and power of production which we possess, we may learn humility in contemplating the refinement of feeling and intensity of thought manifested in the works of the older schools.” To know how others stand, that we may know how we ourselves stand; and to know how we ourselves stand, that we may correct our mistakes and achieve our deliverance—that is our problem.

But all facts, all the elements of the spectacle before us, have not an equal value—do not merit a like attention: and it is well that they do not, for no man would be adequate to the task of thoroughly mastering them all. Some have more significance for us, others have less; some merit our utmost attention in all their details, others it is sufficient to comprehend in their general character, and then they may be dismissed.

What facts, then, let us ask ourselves, what elements of the spectacle before us, will naturally be most interesting to a highly developed age like our own, to

<sup>1</sup> The late Prince Consort.



an age making the demand which we have described for an intellectual deliverance by means of the complete intelligence of its own situation? Evidently, the other ages similarly developed, and making the same demand. And what past literature will naturally be most interesting to such an age as our own? Evidently, the literatures which have most successfully solved for *their* ages the problem which occupies ours: the literatures which in their day and for their own nation have adequately comprehended, have adequately represented, the spectacle before them. A significant, a highly-developed, a culminating epoch, on the one hand,—a comprehensive, a commensurate, an adequate literature, on the other,—these will naturally be the objects of deepest interest to our modern age. Such an epoch and such a literature are, in fact, *modern*, in the same sense in which our own age and literature are modern; they are founded upon a rich past and upon an instructive fulness of experience.

It may, however, happen that a great epoch is without a perfectly adequate literature; it may happen that a great age, a great nation, has attained a remarkable fulness of political and social development, without intellectually taking the complete measure of itself, without adequately representing that development in its literature. In this case, the *epoch*, the *nation* itself, will still be an object of the greatest interest to us; but the *literature* will be an object of less interest to us: the facts, the material spectacle, are there; but the contemporary view of the facts, the intellectual interpretation, are inferior and inadequate.

It may happen, on the other hand, that great authors, that a powerful literature, are found in an age and nation less great and powerful than themselves; it may happen that a literature, that a man of genius, may arise adequate to the representation of a greater, a more highly developed age than that in which they appear; it may happen that a literature completely interprets its epoch, and yet has something over; that it

has a force, a richness, a geniality, a power of view which the materials at its disposition are insufficient adequately to employ. In such a case, the literature will be more interesting to us than the epoch. The interpreting power, the illuminating and revealing intellect, are there; but the spectacle on which they throw their light is not fully worthy of them.

And I shall not, I hope, be thought to magnify too much my office if I add, that it is to the poetical literature of an age that we must, in general, look for the most perfect, the most adequate interpretation of that age,—for the performance of a work which demands the most energetic and harmonious activity of all the powers of the human mind. Because that activity of the whole mind, that genius, as Johnson nobly describes it, “without which judgment is cold and knowledge is inert; that energy which collects, combines, amplifies, and animates,” is in poetry at its highest stretch and in its most energetic exertion.

What we seek, therefore, what will most enlighten us, most contribute to our intellectual deliverance, is the union of two things; it is the coexistence, the simultaneous appearance, of a great epoch and a great literature.

Now the culminating age in the life of ancient Greece I call, beyond question, a great epoch; the life of Athens in the fifth century before our era I call one of the highly developed, one of the marking, one of the modern periods in the life of the whole human race. It has been said that the “Athens of Pericles was a vigorous man, at the summit of his bodily strength and mental energy.” There was the utmost energy of life there, public and private; the most entire freedom, the most unprejudiced and intelligent observation of human affairs. Let us rapidly examine some of the characteristics which distinguish modern epochs; let us see how far the culminating century of ancient Greece exhibits them; let us compare it, in respect of them, with a much later, a celebrated century; let

us compare it with the age of Elizabeth in our own country.

To begin with what is exterior. One of the most characteristic outward features of a *modern* age, of an age of advanced civilization, is the banishment of the ensigns of war and bloodshed from the intercourse of civil life. Crime still exists, and wars are still carried on; but within the limits of civil life a circle has been formed within which man can move securely, and develop the arts of peace uninterruptedly. The private man does not go forth to his daily occupation prepared to assail the life of his neighbour or to have to defend his own. With the disappearance of the constant means of offence the occasions of offence diminish; society at last acquires repose, confidence, and free activity. An important inward characteristic, again, is the growth of a tolerant spirit; that spirit which is the offspring of an enlarged knowledge; a spirit patient of the diversities of habits and opinions. Other characteristics are the multiplication of the conveniences of life, the formation of taste, the capacity for refined pursuits. And this leads us to the supreme characteristic of all: the intellectual maturity of man himself; the tendency to observe facts with a critical spirit; to search for their law, not to wander among them at random; to judge by the rule of reason, not by the impulse of prejudice or caprice.

Well, now, with respect to the presence of all these characteristics in the age of Pericles, we possess the explicit testimony of an immortal work,—of the history of Thucydides. “The Athenians first,” he says—speaking of the gradual development of Grecian society up to the period when the Peloponnesian war commenced—“the Athenians first left off the habit of wearing arms:” that is, this mark of superior civilization had, in the age of Pericles, become general in Greece, had long been visible at Athens. In the time of Elizabeth, on the other hand, the wearing of arms was universal in England and throughout Europe. Again, the conveniences,

the ornaments, the luxuries of life, had become common at Athens at the time of which we are speaking. But there had been an advance even beyond this; there had been an advance to that perfection, that propriety of taste which prescribes the excess of ornament, the extravagance of luxury. The Athenians had given up, Thucydides says, had given up, although not very long before, an extravagance of dress and an excess of personal ornament which, in the first flush of newly-discovered luxury, had been adopted by some of the richer classes. The height of civilization in this respect seems to have been attained; there was general elegance and refinement of life, and there was simplicity. What was the case in this respect in the Elizabethan age? The scholar Casaubon, who settled in England in the reign of James I., bears evidence to the want here, even at that time, of conveniences of life which were already to be met with on the continent of Europe. On the other hand, the taste for fantastic, for excessive personal adornment, to which the portraits of the time bear testimony, is admirably set forth in the work of a great novelist, who was also a very truthful antiquarian—in the “Kenilworth” of Sir Walter Scott. We all remember the description, in the thirteenth and fourteenth chapters of the second volume of “Kenilworth,” of the barbarous magnificence, the “fierce vanities,” of the dress of the period.

Pericles praises the Athenians that they had discovered sources of recreation for the spirit to counterbalance the labours of the body: compare these, compare the pleasures which charmed the whole body of the Athenian people through the yearly round of their festivals with the popular shows and pastimes in “Kenilworth.” “We have freedom,” says Pericles, “for individual diversities of opinion and character; we do not take offence at the tastes and habits of our neighbour if they differ from our own.” Yes, in Greece, in the Athens of Pericles, there is toleration; but in England, in the England of the sixteenth century?—the Puritans are

then in full growth. So that with regard to these characteristics of civilization of a modern spirit which we have hitherto enumerated, the superiority, it will be admitted, rests with the age of Pericles.

Let us pass to what we said was the supreme characteristic of a highly developed, a modern age—the manifestation of a critical spirit, the endeavour after a rational arrangement and appreciation of facts. Let us consider one or two of the passages in the masterly introduction which Thucydides, the contemporary of Pericles, has prefixed to his history. What was his motive in choosing the Peloponnesian War for his subject? Because it was, in his opinion, the most important, the most instructive event which had, up to that time, happened in the history of mankind. What is his effort in the first twenty-three chapters of his history? To place in their correct point of view all the facts which had brought Grecian society to the point at which that dominant event found it; to strip these facts of their exaggeration, to examine them critically. The enterprises undertaken in the early times of Greece were on a much smaller scale than had been commonly supposed. The Greek chiefs were induced to combine in the expedition against Troy, not by their respect for an oath taken by them all when suitors to Helen, but by their respect for the preponderating influence of Agamemnon; the siege of Troy had been protracted not so much by the valour of the besieged as by the inadequate mode of warfare necessitated by the want of funds of the besiegers. No doubt Thucydides' criticism of the Trojan war is not perfect; but observe how in these and many other points he labours to correct popular errors, to assign their true character to facts, complaining, as he does so, of men's habit of *uncritical* reception of current stories. "So little a matter of care to most men," he says, "is the search after truth, and so inclined are they to take up any story which is ready to their hand." "He himself," he continues, "has endeavoured to give a true picture, and

believes that in the main he has done so. For some readers his history may want the charm of the uncritical, half-fabulous narratives of earlier writers; but for such as desire to gain a clear knowledge of the past, and thereby of the future also, which will surely, after the course of human things, represent again hereafter, if not the very image, yet the near resemblance of the past—if such shall judge my work to be profitable, I shall be well content."

What language shall we properly call this? It is *modern* language; it is the language of a thoughtful philosophic man of our own days; it is the language of Burke or Niebuhr assigning the true aim of history. And yet Thucydides is no mere literary man; no isolated thinker, speaking far over the heads of his hearers to a future age—no: he was a man of action, a man of the world, a man of his time. He represents, at its best indeed, but he represents, the general intelligence of his age and nation; of a nation the meanest citizens of which could follow with comprehension the profoundly thoughtful speeches of Pericles.

Let us now turn for a contrast to a historian of the Elizabethan age, also a man of great mark and ability, also a man of action, also a man of the world, Sir Walter Raleigh. Sir Walter Raleigh writes the "History of the World," as Thucydides has written the "History of the Peloponnesian War;" let us hear his language; let us mark his point of view; let us see what problems occur to him for solution. "Seeing," he says, "that we digress in all the ways of our lives—yea, seeing the life of man is nothing else but digression—I may be the better excused in writing their lives and actions." What are the preliminary facts which he discusses, as Thucydides discusses the Trojan War and the early naval power of Crete, and which are to lead up to his main inquiry? Open the table of contents of his first volume. You will find:—"Of the firmament, and of the waters above the firmament, and whether there be any crystalline Heaven, or any



“primum mobile.” You will then find:—“Of Fate, and that the stars have great influence, and that their operations may diversely be prevented or furthered.” Then you come to two entire chapters on the place of Paradise, and on the two chief trees in the garden of Paradise. And in what style, with what power of criticism, does Raleigh treat the subjects so selected? I turn to the 7th section of the third chapter of his first book, which treats “Of their opinion which make Paradise as high as the moon, and of others which make it higher than the middle region of the air.” Thus he begins the discussion of this opinion:—“Whereas Beda saith, and as the schoolmen affirm Paradise to be a place altogether removed from the knowledge of men (*locus a cognitione hominum remotissimus*), and Barcephas conceived that Paradise was far in the east, but mounted above the ocean and all the earth, and near the orb of the moon (which opinion, though the schoolmen charge Beda withal, yet Pererius lays it off from Beda and his master Rabanus); and whereas Rupertus in his geography of Paradise doth not much differ from the rest, but finds it seated next or nearest Heaven—” So he states the error, and now for his own criticism of it. “First, such a place cannot be commodious to live in, for being so near the moon it had been too near the sun and other heavenly bodies. Secondly, it must have been too joint a neighbour to the element of fire. Thirdly, the air in that region is so violently moved and carried about with such swiftness as nothing in that place can consist or have abiding. Fourthly,”—but what has been quoted is surely enough, and there is no use in continuing.

Which is the ancient here, and which is the modern? Which uses the language of an intelligent man of our own days? which a language wholly obsolete and unfamiliar to us? Which has the rational appreciation and control of his facts? which wanders among them

helplessly and without a clue? Is it our own countryman, or is it the Greek? And the language of Raleigh affords a fair sample of the critical power, of the point of view, possessed by the majority of intelligent men of his day; as the language of Thucydides affords us a fair sample of the critical power of the majority of intelligent men in the age of Pericles.

Well, then, in the age of Pericles we have, in spite of its antiquity, a highly-developed, a modern, a deeply interesting epoch. Next comes the question: Is this epoch adequately interpreted by its highest literature? Now, the peculiar characteristic of the highest literature—the poetry—of the fifth century in Greece before the Christian era, is its *adequacy*; the peculiar characteristic of the poetry of Sophocles is its consummate, its unrivalled *adequacy*; that it represents the highly developed human nature of that age—human nature developed in a number of directions, politically, socially, religiously, morally developed—in its completest and most harmonious development in all these directions; while there is shed over this poetry the charm of that noble serenity which always accompanies true insight. If in the body of Athenians of that time there was, as we have said, the utmost energy of mature manhood, public and private; the most entire freedom, the most unprejudiced and intelligent observation of human affairs—in Sophocles there is the same energy, the same maturity, the same freedom, the same intelligent observation; but all these idealized and glorified by the grace and light shed over them from the noblest poetical feeling. And therefore I have ventured to say of Sophocles, that he “saw life steadily, and saw it whole.” Well may we understand how Pericles—how the great statesman whose aim was, it has been said, “to realize in Athens the idea which he had conceived of human greatness,” and who partly succeeded in his aim—should have been drawn to the great poet whose works are the noblest reflection of his success.

I assert, therefore, though the detailed proof of the assertion must be reserved for other opportunities, that, if the fifth century in Greece before our era is a significant and modern epoch, the poetry of that epoch—the poetry of Pindar, Æschylus, and Sophocles—is an adequate representation and interpretation of it.

The poetry of Aristophanes is an adequate representation of it also. True, this poetry regards humanity from the comic side; but there is a comic side from which to regard humanity as well as a tragic one; and the distinction of Aristophanes is to have regarded it from the true point of view on the comic side. He too, like Sophocles, regards the human nature of his time in its fullest development; the boldest creations of a riotous imagination are in Aristophanes, as has been justly said, based always upon the foundation of a serious thought: politics, education, social life, literature—all the great modes in which the human life of his day manifested itself—are the subjects of his thoughts, and of his penetrating comment. There is shed, therefore, over his poetry the charm, the vital freshness, which is felt when man and his relations are from any side adequately, and therefore genially, regarded. Here is the true difference between Aristophanes and Menander. There has been preserved an epitome of a comparison by Plutarch between Aristophanes and Menander, in which the grossness of the former, the exquisite truth to life and felicity of observation of the latter, are strongly insisted upon; and the preference of the refined, the learned, the intelligent men of a later period for Menander loudly proclaimed. "What should take a man of refinement to 'the theatre,'" asks Plutarch, "except to see one of Menander's plays? When do you see the theatre filled with cultivated persons, except when Menander is acted? and he is the 'favourite refreshment,'" he continues, "to the overstrained mind of the laborious philosopher." And every one knows the famous line of tribute to

this poet by an enthusiastic admirer in antiquity:—"O Life and Menander, which of you painted the other?" We remember, too, how a great English statesman is said to have declared that there was no lost work of antiquity which he so ardently desired to recover as a play of Menander. Yet Menander has perished, and Aristophanes has survived. And to what is this to be attributed? To the instinct of self-preservation in humanity. The human race has the strongest, the most invincible tendency to *live*, to *develop* itself. It retains, it clings to what fosters its life, what favours its development, to the literature which exhibits it in its vigour; it rejects, it abandons what does not foster its development, the literature which exhibits it arrested and decayed. Now, between the times of Sophocles and Menander a great check had befallen the development of Greece;—the failure of the Athenian expedition to Syracuse, and the consequent termination of the Peloponnesian War in a result unfavourable to Athens. The free expansion of her growth was checked; one of the noblest channels of Athenian life, that of political activity, had begun to narrow and to dry up. That was the true catastrophe of the ancient world; it was then that the oracles of the ancient world should have become silent, and that its gods should have forsaken their temples; for from that date the intellectual and spiritual life of Greece was left without an adequate material basis of political and practical life; and both began inevitably to decay. The opportunity of the ancient world was then lost, never to return; for neither the Macedonian nor the Roman world, which possessed an adequate material basis, possessed, like the Athens of earlier times, an adequate intellect and soul to inform and inspire them; and there was left of the ancient world, when Christianity arrived, of Greece only a head without a body, and of Rome only a body without a soul.

It is Athens after this check, after this diminution of vitality,—it is man



with part of his life shorn away, refined and intelligent indeed, but sceptical, frivolous, and dissolute,—which the poetry of Menander represented. The cultivated, the accomplished might applaud the dexterity, the perfection of the representation—might prefer it to the free genial delineation of a more living time with which they were no longer in sympathy. But the instinct of humanity taught it, that in the one poetry there was the seed of life, in the other poetry the seed of death; and it has rescued Aristophanes, while it has left Menander to his fate.

In the flowering period of the life of Greece, therefore, we have a culminating age, one of the flowering periods of the life of the human race: in the poetry of that age we have a literature commensurate with its epoch. It is most perfectly commensurate in the poetry of Pindar, Æschylus, Sophocles, Aristophanes; these, therefore, will be the supremely interesting objects in this literature; but the stages in literature which led up to this point of perfection, the stages in literature which led downward from it, will be deeply interesting also. A distinguished person,<sup>1</sup> who has lately been occupying himself with Homer, has remarked that an undue preference is given, in the studies of Oxford, to these poets over Homer. The justification of such a preference, even if we put aside all philological considerations, lies, perhaps, in what I have said. Homer himself is eternally interesting; he is a greater poetical power than even Sophocles or Æschylus; but his age is less interesting than himself. Æschylus and Sophocles represent an age as interesting as themselves; the names, indeed, in their dramas are the names of the old heroic world, from which they were far separated; but these names are taken, because the use of them permits to the poet that free and ideal treatment of his characters which the highest tragedy demands; and into these figures of the old world is poured all the fulness of life and of thought which the new world had accu-

mulated. This new world in its maturity of reason resembles our own; and the advantage over Homer in their greater significance for *us*, which Æschylus and Sophocles gain by belonging to this new world, more than compensates for their poetical inferiority to him.

Let us now pass to the Roman world. There is no necessity to accumulate proofs that the culminating period of Roman history is to be classed among the leading, the significant, the modern periods of the world. There is universally current, I think, a pretty correct appreciation of the high development of the Rome of Cicero and Augustus; no one doubts that material civilization and the refinements of life were largely diffused in it; no one doubts that cultivation of mind and intelligence were widely diffused in it. Therefore, I will not occupy time by showing that Cicero corresponded with his friends in the style of the most accomplished, the most easy letter-writers of modern times; that Cæsar did not write history like Sir Walter Raleigh. The great period of Rome is, perhaps, on the whole, the greatest, the fullest, the most significant period on record; it is certainly a greater, a fuller period than the age of Pericles. It is an infinitely larger school for the men reared in it; the relations of life are immeasurably multiplied, the events which happen are on an immeasurably grander scale. The facts, the spectacle of this Roman world, then, are immense: let us see how far the literature, the interpretation of the facts, has been adequate.

Let us begin with a great poet, a great philosopher, Lucretius. In the case of Thucydides I called attention to the fact that his habit of mind, his mode of dealing with questions, were modern; that they were those of an enlightened, reflecting man among ourselves. Let me call attention to the exhibition in Lucretius of a modern *feeling* not less remarkable than the modern *thought* in Thucydides. The predominance of thought, of reflection, in modern epochs is not without its

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Gladstone.



penalties; in the unsound, in the over-tasked, in the over-sensitive, it has produced the most painful, the most lamentable results; it has produced a state of feeling unknown to less enlightened but perhaps healthier epochs—the feeling of depression, the feeling of *ennui*. Depression and *ennui*; these are the characteristics stamped on how many of the representative works of modern times! they are also the characteristics stamped on the poem of Lucretius. One of the most powerful, the most solemn passages of the work of Lucretius, one of the most powerful, the most solemn passages in the literature of the whole world, is the well-known conclusion of the third book. With masterly touches he exhibits the lassitude, the incurable tedium which pursue men in their amusements; with indignant irony he upbraids them for the cowardice with which they cling to a life which for most is miserable; to a life which contains, for the most fortunate, nothing but the old dull round of the same unsatisfying objects for ever presented. “A man rushes abroad,” he says, “because he is sick of being at home; and suddenly comes home again because he finds himself no whit easier abroad. He posts as fast as his horses can take him to his country-seat: when he has got there he hesitates what to do; or he throws himself down moodily to sleep, and seeks forgetfulness in that; or he makes the best of his way back to town again with the same speed as he fled from it. Thus every one flies from himself.” What a picture of *ennui*! of the disease of the most modern societies, the most advanced civilizations! “O man,” he exclaims again, “the lights of the world, Scipio, Homer, Epicurus, are dead; wilt thou hesitate and fret at dying, whose life is well-nigh dead whilst thou art yet alive; who consumest in sleep the greater part of thy span, and when awake dronest and ceasest not to dream; and carriest about a mind troubled with baseless fear, and canst not find what it is that aileth thee when thou

“staggerest like a drunken wretch in the press of thy cares, and welterest hither and thither in the unsteady wandering of thy spirit!” And again: “I have nothing more than you have already seen,” he makes Nature say to man, “to invent for your amusement; *eadem sunt omnia semper*—all things continue the same for ever.”

Yes, Lucretius is modern; but is he adequate? And how can a man adequately interpret the activity of his age when he is not in sympathy with it? Think of the varied, the abundant, the wide spectacle of the Roman life of his day; think of its fulness of occupation, its energy of effort. From these Lucretius withdraws himself, and bids his disciples to withdraw themselves; he bids them to leave the business of the world, and to apply themselves “*naturam cognoscere rerum*—to learn the nature of things;” but there is no peace, no cheerfulness for him either in the world from which he comes, or in the solitude to which he goes. With stern effort, with gloomy despair, he seems to rivet his eyes on the elementary reality, the naked framework of the world, because the world in its fulness and movement is too exciting a spectacle for his discomposed brain. He seems to feel the spectacle of it at once terrifying and alluring; and to deliver himself from it he has to keep perpetually repeating his formula of disenchantment and annihilation. In reading him, you understand the tradition which represents him as having been driven mad by a poison administered as a love-charm by his mistress, and as having composed his great work in the intervals of his madness. Lucretius is, therefore, overstrained, gloom-weighted, morbid; and he who is morbid is no adequate interpreter of his age.

I pass to Virgil; to the poetical name which of all poetical names has perhaps had the most prodigious fortune; the name which for Dante, for the Middle Age, represented the perfection of classical antiquity. The perfection of classical antiquity Virgil does not represent; but far be it from

me to add my voice to those which have decried his genius; nothing that I shall say is, or can ever be, inconsistent with a profound, an almost affectionate veneration for him. But with respect to him, as with respect to Lucretius, I shall freely ask the question, *Is he adequate?* Does he represent the epoch in which he lived, the mighty Roman world of his time, as the great poets of the great epoch of Greek life represented theirs, in all its fullness, in all its significance?

From the very form itself of his great poem, the *Æneid*, one would be led to augur that this was impossible. The epic form, as a form for representing contemporary or nearly contemporary events, has attained, in the poems of Homer, an unmatched, an immortal success; the epic form as employed by learned poets for the reproduction of the events of a past age has attained a very considerable success. But for *this* purpose, for the poetic treatment of the events of a *past* age, the epic form is a less vital form than the dramatic form. The great poets of the modern period of Greece are accordingly, as we have seen, the *dramatic* poets. The chief of these—*Æschylus*, *Sophocles*, *Euripides*, *Aristophanes*—have survived: the distinguished epic poets of the same period—*Panyasis*, *Chcerilus*, *Antimachus*—though praised by the Alexandrian critics, have perished in a common destruction with the undistinguished. And what is the reason of this? It is, that the dramatic form exhibits, above all, *the actions of man as strictly determined by his thoughts and feelings*; it exhibits, therefore, what may be always accessible, always intelligible, always interesting. But the epic form takes a wider range; it represents not only the thought and passion of man, that which is universal and eternal, but also the forms of outward life, the fashion of manners, the aspects of nature, that which is local or transient. To exhibit adequately what is local and transient, only a witness, a contemporary, can suffice. In the *reconstruction*, by learning and antiquarian ingenuity, of the local and

transient features of a past age, in their representation by one who is not a witness or contemporary, it is impossible to feel the liveliest kind of interest. What, for instance, is the most interesting portion of the *Æneid*,—the portion where Virgil seems to be moving most freely, and therefore to be most animated, most forcible? Precisely that portion which has most a *dramatic* character; the episode of Dido; that portion where locality and manners are nothing—where persons and characters are everything. We might presume beforehand, therefore, that if Virgil, at a time when contemporary epic poetry was no longer possible, had been inspired to represent human life in its fullest significance, he would not have selected the epic form. Accordingly, what is, in fact, the character of the poem, the frame of mind of the poet? Has the poem the depth, the completeness of the poems of *Æschylus* or *Sophocles*, of those adequate and consummate representations of human life? Has the poet the serious cheerfulness of *Sophocles*, of a man who has mastered the problem of human life, who knows its gravity, and is therefore serious, but who knows that he comprehends it, and is therefore cheerful? Over the whole of the great poem of Virgil, over the whole *Æneid*, there rests an ineffable melancholy: not a rigid, a moody gloom, like the melancholy of *Lucretius*; no, a sweet, a touching sadness, but still a sadness; a melancholy which is at once a source of charm in the poem, and a testimony to its incompleteness. Virgil, as *Niebuhr* has well said, expressed no affected self-disparagement, but the haunting, the irresistible self-dissatisfaction of his heart, when he desired on his death-bed that his poem might be destroyed. A man of the most delicate genius, the most rich learning, but of weak health, of the most sensitive nature, in a great and overwhelming world; conscious, at heart, of his inadequacy for the thorough spiritual mastery of that world and its interpretation in a work of art; conscious of this inadequacy—the one inadequacy, the one weak place in the

mighty Roman nature ! This suffering, this graceful-minded, this finely-gifted man is the most beautiful, the most attractive figure in literary history ; but he is not the adequate interpreter of the great period of Rome.

We come to Horace : and if Lucretius, if Virgil want cheerfulness, Horace wants seriousness. I go back to what I said of Menander : as with Menander so it is with Horace : the men of taste, the men of cultivation, the men of the world are enchanted with him ; he has not a prejudice, not an illusion, not a blunder. True ! yet the best men in the best ages have never been thoroughly satisfied with Horace. If human life were complete without faith, without enthusiasm, without energy, Horace, like Menander, would be the perfect interpreter of human life : but it is not ; to the best, to the most living sense of humanity, it is not ; and because it is not, Horace is inadequate. Pedants are tiresome, men of reflection and enthusiasm are unhappy and morbid ; therefore Horace is a sceptical man of the world. Men of action are without ideas, men of the world are frivolous and sceptical ; therefore Lucretius is plunged in gloom and in stern sorrow. So hard, nay, so impossible for most men is it to develop themselves in their entireness ; to rejoice in the variety, the movement of human life with the children of the world ; to be serious over the depth, the significance of human life with the wise !

Horace warms himself before the transient fire of human animation and human pleasure while he can, and is only serious when he reflects that the fire must soon go out :—

“ Damna tamen celeres reparant cœlestia  
lunæ :  
Nos, ubi decidimus—”

‘For nature there is renovation, but for man there is none!’—it is exquisite, but it is not interpretative and fortifying.

In the Roman world, then, we have found a highly modern, a deeply significant, an interesting period—a period more significant and more interesting, because fuller, than the great period of Greece ; but we have not a commensurate literature. In Greece we have seen a highly modern, a most significant and interesting period, although on a scale of less magnitude and importance than the great period of Rome ; but then, co-existing with the great epoch of Greece there is what is wanting to that of Rome, a commensurate, an interesting literature.

The intellectual history of our race cannot be clearly understood without applying to other ages, nations, and literatures the same method of inquiry which we have been here imperfectly applying to what is called classical antiquity. But enough has at least been said, perhaps, to establish the absolute, the enduring interest of Greek literature, and, above all, of Greek poetry.



## ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST.

“And blessed is he, whosoever shall not be offended in Me.”

O Jesus, if one minute, if one hour  
Thou wouldst come hitherward and speak with John!  
Nay, but be present only, nay, but come:  
And I shall look, and as I look on thee  
Find in thine eyes the answer and the end.

And I am he who once in Nazareth,  
A child nor knowing yet the prophet's woe,  
In childly fashion sought thee, and even then  
Perceived a mute withdrawal, open eyes  
That drooped not for caressing, brows that knew  
Dominion, and the babe already king.

Ah Mary, but thou also, thou as I,  
With eager tremulous humilities,  
With dumb appeal and tears that dared not flow,  
Hast laid thy loving arms about the boy,  
And clasped him wistfully and felt him far.

And ever as I grew his loveliness  
Grew with me, and the yearning turned to pain.  
Then said I,—“Nay, my friends, no need is now  
For John to tarry with you; I have seen,  
I have known him; I go hence, and all alone  
I carry Jesus with me till I die.”

And that same day, being past the Passover,  
I gat me to the desert, and stayed to see  
Joseph and Mary holding each a hand  
Of one that followed meekly; and I was gone,  
And with strange beasts in the great wilderness  
I laid me, fearing nothing, and hardly knew  
On what rough meat in what unwonted ways  
I throve; or how endured the frost and fire;  
But moaned and carried in my heart for him  
A first and holy passion, boy for boy,  
And loved the hills that look on Nazareth  
And every fount that pours upon the plain.

Then once with trembling knees and heart afire  
I ran, I sought him: but my Lord at home  
Bright in the full face of the dawning day  
Stood at his carpentry, and azure air  
Inarched him, scattered with the glittering green:  
I saw him standing, I saw his face, I saw  
His even eyebrows over eyes grey-blue,

From whence with smiling there looked out on me  
 A welcome and a wonder,—“Mine so soon?”—  
 Ah me, how sweet and unendurable  
 Was that confronting beauty of the boy!  
 Jesus, thou knowest I had no answer then,  
 But leapt without a word, and flung away,  
 And dared not think thereof, and looked no more.

And after that with wonder rose in me  
 Strange speech of early prophets, and a tale  
 First learnt and last forgotten, song that fell  
 With worship from the lonely Israelites,  
 Simeon and Anna, for these twain as one  
 Fast by the altar and in the courts of God  
 Led a long age in fair expectancy.  
 For all about them swept the heedless folk,  
 Unholy folk and market merchandise,  
 They each from each took courage, and with prayer  
 Made ready for the coming of a King.  
 So, when the waves of Noe on forest and hill  
 Ran ruinous, and all herbs had lost the life  
 Of greenness and the memory of air,  
 The cedar-trees alone on Lebanon  
 Spread steadfastly invulnerable arms.

That was no sleep when clear the vision came,  
 Bright in the night and truer than the day:—  
 For there with brows newborn and locks that flew  
 Was Adam, and his eyes remembered God;  
 And Eve, already fallen, already in woe,  
 Knowing a lovelier promise for the pain;  
 And after these, unknown, unknowable,  
 The grave gigantic visage of dead men,  
 With looks that are not ours, with speech to say  
 That no man dares interpret; then I saw  
 A maiden such as countrymen afield  
 Greet reverently, and love her as they see;  
 And after that a boy with face so fair,  
 With such a glory and a wonder in it,  
 I grieved to find him born upon the earth  
 To man's life and the heritage of sin;  
 And last of all that Mary whom I knew  
 Stood with such parted lips and face a-glow  
 As long-since when the angel came to her;  
 And all these pointed forward, and I knew  
 That each was prophet and singer and sire and seer,  
 That each was priest and mother and maid and king,  
 With longing for the babe of Nazareth,  
 For that man-child who should be born and reign.

And once again I saw him, in latter days  
Fraught with a deeper meaning, for he came  
To my baptizing, and the infinite air  
Blushed on his coming, and all the earth was still ;  
Gently he spake ; I answered ; God from heaven  
Called, and I hardly heard him, such a love  
Streamed in that orison from man to man.  
Then shining from his shoulders either-way  
Fell the flood Jordan, and his kingly eyes  
Looked in the east, and star-like met the sun.  
Once in no manner of similitude,  
And twice in thunderings and thrice in flame,  
The Highest ere now hath shown him secretly ;  
But when from heaven the visible Spirit in air  
Came verily, lighted on him, was alone,  
Then knew I, then I said it, then I saw  
God in the voice and glory of a man.

And one will say, " And wilt thou not forget  
The unkindly king that hath forgotten thee ?"  
Nay, I remember ; like my sires who sat  
Faithful and stubborn by Euphrates' stream,  
Nor in their age forgot Jerusalem,  
Nor reared their children for another joy.

O Jesus, if thou knewest, if thou couldst know,  
How in my heart through sleep and pain and prayer  
Thy royalty remaineth ; how thy name  
Falls from my lips unbidden, and the dark  
Is thick with lying shades that are not thou,—  
Couldst thou imagine it, O tender soul !  
At least in vision thou wouldst come to me ;  
I should not only hear of dumb that sing  
And lame that leap around thee, and all thy ways  
Joyful, and on thy breast another John.

How should I not remember ? Is dusk of day  
Forgetful, or the winter of the sun ?  
Have these another glory ? or whom have I  
In all the world but Jesus for my love ?  
Whereinsoever breath may rise and die  
Their generations follow on, and earth  
Each in their kind replenisheth anew,  
Only like him she bears not nor hath borne  
One in her endless multitude of men.

And these were ever about me ; morn by morn  
Mine eyes again desired him, and I saw  
The thronging Hebrews thicken, and my heart  
Sank, and the prophet served another day.



But when the children came I pitied them,  
 Knowing I scarcely met their innocent eyes  
 With gaze that sought beyond them ; what was I  
 For these to love and look to ? what was John  
 Among them but a voice ? a lonely man,  
 Heart-broken with the ruin of the world,  
 Wild with expecting, drowned in my desire,  
 Sealed from the womb forerunner of a king.  
 Yet sometimes when by chance the rulers came,  
 Encharnelled in their fatness, men that smile,  
 Sit in high seats, and swell with their desire,  
 My strong limbs shook, and my heart leapt and fell  
 With passion of sheer scorn, with speech that slew,  
 With glances that among them running dealt  
 Damnation, as on Egypt ran the flame.  
 For such men never when I look on them  
 Can keep their pride or smiling, but their brow  
 Droops from its base dominion, and their voice  
 Rings hollower with a stirring fear within,  
 Till flushes chill to paleness, and at length  
 From self-convicted eyes vanisheth  
 The false and fickle lumour of their joy.

For quick and fitfully with feast and song  
 Men make a tumult round them, and console  
 With sudden sport a momentary woe ;  
 But if thou take one hence, and set him down  
 In some strange jeopardy on enormous hills,  
 Or swimming at night alone upon the sea,  
 His lesser life falls from him, and the dream  
 Is broken which had held him unaware,  
 And with a shudder he feels his naked soul  
 In the great black world face to face with God.

This also for that miserable man  
 Is a worse trouble than his heart can know,  
 That in the strait and sodden ways of sin  
 He has made him alien to the plenteous day,  
 Cut off from friendliness with woods that wave  
 And happy pasture and carousing sea,  
 And whatsoever loving things enjoy  
 Simply the kind simplicity of God.  
 For these are teachers ; not in vain his seers  
 Have dwelt in solitudes and known that God  
 High up in open silence and thin air  
 More presently reveals him, having set  
 His chiefest temples on the mountain-tops,  
 His kindling altar in the hearts of men.  
 And these I knew with peace and lost with pain,  
 And oft for whistling wind and desert air

Lamented, and in dreams was my desire  
For the flood Jordan, for the running sound  
And broken glitters of the midnight moon.  
But now all this fades from me, and the life  
Of prophecy, and summers that I knew.  
Yea, and though once I looked on many men,  
And spake them sweet and bitter speech, and heard  
Such secrets as a tempest of the soul  
Once in a lifetime washes black and bare  
From desperate recesses of shut sin,  
Yet all is quite forgotten, and to-day  
From the strange past no sign remains with me  
But simple and tremendous memories  
Of morning and of even and of God.

Ah me, ah me, for if a man desire  
Gold or great wealth or marriage with a maid  
How easily he wins her, having served  
Seven years perchance, and counting that for gain ;  
But whoso wants God only and lets life go,  
Seeks him with sorrow, and pursues him far,  
And finds him weeping, and in no long time  
Again the High and Unapproachable  
Evanishing escapeth, and that man  
Forgets the life and struggle of the soul,  
Falls from his hope, and dreams it was a dream.

Yet back again perforce with sorrow and shame  
Who once hath known him must return, nor long  
Can cease from loving, nor endures alone  
The dreadful interspace of dreams and day,  
Once quick with God ; nor is content as those  
Who look into each other's eyes and seek  
To find one strong enough to uphold the earth,  
Or sweet enough to make it heaven : aha,  
Whom seek they or whom find ? for in all the world  
There is none but thee, my God, there is none but thee.

And this it is that links together as one  
The sad continual companies of men ;  
Not that the old earth stands, and Ararat  
Endureth, and Euphrates till to-day  
Remembers where God walked beside the stream ;  
Nay rather that souls weary and hearts afire  
Have everywhere besought him, everywhere  
Have found and found him not ; and age to age,  
Though all else pass and fail, delivereth  
At least the great tradition of their God.

For even thus on Ur and Mahanaim  
 By Asian rivers gathering to the sea,  
 When the huge stars shone gold, and dim and still  
 Dewed in the dusk the innocent yearlings lay,  
 With constant eyes the serious shepherd-men  
 Renewed the old desiring, sought again  
 The mute eternal Presence; and for these  
 Albeit sometimes the Sundering firmament  
 One moment to no bodily sense revealed  
 Unspeakably an imminence of love;—  
 Yet by no song have our forefathers known  
 To set the invisible in sight of men,  
 Nor in all years have any wisdom found  
 But patient hope and dumb humility.

Yea, Lord, I know it, teach me yet anew  
 With what a fierce and patient purity  
 I must confront the horror of the world.  
 For very little space on either hand  
 Parts the sane mind from madness; very soon  
 By the intenser pressure of one thought  
 Or clearer vision of one agony  
 The soothfast reason trembles, all things fade  
 In blackness, and the demon enters in.—  
 I would I never may be left of thee,  
 O God, my God, in whatsoever ill;  
 Be present while thou strikest, thus shall grow  
 At least a solemn patience with the pain;—  
 When thou art gone, what is there in the world  
 Seems not dishonoured, desperate with sin?  
 The stars are threatful eyeballs, and the air  
 Hangs thick and heavy with the wrath of God,  
 And even pure pity in my heart congeals  
 To idle anger with thy ways and thee,  
 Nor any care for life remains to me,  
 Nor trust in love, nor fellowship with men,  
 But past my will the exasperated brain  
 Thinks bitter thoughts, and I no more am John.

It is not when man's heart is nighest heaven  
 He hath most need of servant-seraphim,—  
 Albeit that height be holy and God be still,  
 And lifted up he dies with his desire,  
 That only once the Highest for dear love's sake  
 Would set himself in whispers of a man:—  
 Nay, but much rather when one flat on earth  
 Knows not which way to grovel, or where to flee  
 From the overmastering agony of sin,



Then his deed tears him till he find one pure  
 To know it and forgive : " For God," saith he,  
 " Still on the unjust sends unchangeable  
 These scornful boons of summer and of rain,  
 And howsoever I fall, in dawn and day  
 Drowns me, and splendidly ignores my sin."

And how should pity and anger cease, or shame  
 Have done with blushes, till the prophet know  
 That God not yet hath quite despaired of men?  
 Oh that the heavens were rent and one came down  
 Who saw men's hurt with kindlier eyes than mine,  
 Fiercelier than I resented every wrong,  
 Sweated more painful drops than these that flow  
 In nightly passion for my people's sin,—  
 Died with it, lived beyond it,—nay, what now?  
 If this indeed were Jesus, this the Lamb  
 Whom age by age the temple-sacrifice  
 Not vainly had prefigured, and if so  
 In one complete and sacred agony  
 He lifted all the weight of all the world,—  
 And if men knew it, and if men clung to him  
 With desperate love and present memory,—  
 I know not how,—till all things fail in fire;  
 That were enough, and, O my God, for them,  
 For them there might be peace, but not for me.

And even Elias often on the hills  
 Towered in a flaming sunset, sick at heart;  
 Often with bare breast on the dewy earth  
 Lay all night long, and all night comfortless  
 Poured his abounding bitterness of soul:  
 I know that not without a wail he bore  
 The solitude of prophets till that day  
 When death divine and unbelievable  
 Blazed in the radiant chariot and blown fire,  
 Whereof the very memory melts mine eyes  
 And holds my heart with wonder: can it be  
 That thus obscurely to his ministers  
 Jehovah portioneth eternal love?

Here in the hazardous joy of woman and man  
 Consider with how sad and eager eyes  
 They lean together, and part, and gaze again,  
 Regretting that they cannot in so brief time,  
 With all that sweet abandonment, outpour  
 Their flowing infinity of tenderness.  
 God's fashion is another; day by day  
 And year by year he tarrieth; little need  
 The Lord should hasten; whom he loves the most

He seeks not oftenest, nor woos him long,  
 But by denial quickens his desire,  
 And in forgetting best remembers him,  
 Till that man's heart grows humble and reaches out  
 To the least glimmer of the feet of God,  
 Grass on the mountain-tops, or the early note  
 Of wild birds in the hush before the day,—  
 Wherever sweetly in the ends of the earth  
 Are fragments of a peace that knows not man.

Then on our utter weakness and the hush  
 Of hearts exhausted that can ache no more,  
 On such abeyance of self and swoon of soul  
 The Spirit hath lighted oft, and let men see  
 That all our vileness alters God no more  
 Than our dimmed eyes can quench the stars in heaven :—  
 From years ere years were told, through all the sins,  
 Unknown sins of innumerable men,  
 God is himself for ever, and shows to-day,  
 As erst in Eden, the eternal hope.

Wherefore if anyway from morn to morn  
 I can endure a weary faithfulness,  
 From minute unto minute calling low  
 On God who once would answer, it may be  
 He hath a waking for me, and some surprise  
 Shall from this prison set the captive free  
 And love from fears and from the flesh the soul.

For even thus beside Gennesaret  
 In solemn night some demon-haunted man  
 Runs from himself, and nothing knows in heaven  
 But blackness, yet around him unaware  
 With standing hills and high expectancy,  
 With early airs and shuddering and calm,  
 The enormous morning quickens, and lake and tree  
 Perceive each other dimly in a dream :  
 And when at last with bodily frame forspent  
 He throws him on the beach to sleep or die,  
 That very moment rises full and fair  
 Thy sun, O Lord, the sun that brings the day.

I wait it; I have spoken; even now  
 This hour may set me in one place with God.  
 I hear a wantoning in Herod's hall,  
 And feet that seek me; very oft some chance  
 Leaps from the folly and the wine of kings;—  
 O Jesus, spirit and spirit, soul and soul,—  
 O Jesus, I shall seek thee, I shall find,  
 My love, my master, find thee, though I be  
 Least, as I know, of all men woman-born.

## TWO GIRLS OF THE PERIOD.

[The two following papers have come into the hands of the Editor of *Macmillan's Magazine* at the same time. He has reason to know that both are genuine; and as they are written with reality and earnestness, and describe with apparent fidelity the wants and complaints of persons at opposite ends of the social scale, he has ventured to print them together, in the hope that they may prove not uninteresting or uninstrucive illustrations of one of the great social problems of our day.]

## I.

## THE UPPER SIDE.

## OUR OFFENCE, OUR DEFENCE, AND OUR PETITION.

BY A BELGRAVIAN YOUNG LADY.

"Whereat he stared, replying, half amazed,  
 'You would not let your little finger ache  
 For such as *these!*'—'But I would die,' said she.  
 \* \* \* \* \*

'Oh ay, ay, ay, you talk!'—'Alas!' she said,  
 'But prove me what it is I would not do.'"

TENNYSON, *Godiva*.

MAY we be allowed to say a word in our own defence? We have been silent long enough under the torrent of abuse which has been poured upon us from Pulpit and Press during the past two years. These powers are almost equally in the hands of men, and it is against this formidable array of enemies that we now for the first time take the field.

We wish to state our case fairly, without exaggeration and without partiality: we are too much in earnest to desire either. The question, which is an easy subject for an occasional article or sermon, is to us one of vital importance. It may be pleasant to write a pointed, stinging satire on the frivolity and the vices of women, seasoning it with that flavour of impropriety which the public takes for wit, and then to hug oneself with the feeling that a duty to society has been performed; but the matter changes its aspect altogether when looked at from *our* point of view. What is sport to others, is death—moral and intellectual—to us.

We are not going to discuss here the whole question of the rights and position of women. We stretch out the

right hand of sympathy to all those who are working earnestly and wisely in the cause of our poorer sisters, but at the same time we ask a patient hearing of our own case.

We wish to say something on the position and opportunities of English ladies. We use this word in no invidious sense, but take it in its usually accepted meaning of non-professional women. Ruskin, in an eloquent passage, derives "Lady" from "Loaf-giver," and this derivation will exactly suit our purpose here—a distributor of, not a seeker after, the good things of this world. It is against this class that all the abuse has been of late directed, and it is this class alone which has hitherto found no opportunity of public defence. The grievances of labouring women—of female artisans, artists, and governesses—are constantly being brought before the public; ours alone have hitherto been passed over in silence.

Let us first state plainly the whole charge brought against us; and here we shall tread well-worn ground. Young ladies, then, are said to be wholly given



up to a mad search after pleasure; to care for nothing save dress, extravagance, and the vanity of personal appearance; to sacrifice modesty, nay, decency itself, in their endeavours to secure what is said to be the only object of their lives, a rich or a noble marriage; to have abandoned the decorous feminine ways of their ancestors, and to have adopted a style of life and conversation unbefitting womanhood—to sum up everything, to have ceased being “ladies,” and to have become “fast girls of the period.” A heavy accusation truly, and one which weighs none the lighter upon us because we confess that there is much of truth in it. We know—none better—the deep degradation of the life we live; but none but God and our own hearts can tell how bitter is the struggle in most cases before we submit in utter hopelessness to the yoke imposed upon us by fashion.

It would be easy to prove that in the present day there is scarcely any alternative for a girl in fashionable society, between reckless dissipation and a convent life. The latter is becoming oftener chosen year by year; but the many hindrances which English feeling throws in the way of it makes the world still the commonest choice for those whose eyes are open to the dangers and the evils of both. It seems the wisest course to choose the evil you can abandon rather than that from which there is no withdrawal. We ask all those—and their name is legion—who are terrified out of all common sense, by the rapid spread of monastic institutions in this country, to follow us for a few minutes while we point out the reason of their sudden growth. There is no smoke without fire, no effect without a cause; and the cause of the success of Church of England convents is to be found in the frivolity of the life which custom now enforces on most of us. To minds not wholly broken-in to the customs of society, it is refreshing to turn from a life the purpose of which is entirely selfish,—in which the adornment, comfort, and amusement of the great idol Self is the only duty,—to

one from which self-indulgence, luxury, and vanity are (theoretically at least) banished. Yet, strange to say, the very writers who inveigh the most bitterly against our useless lives are the same who the most eagerly oppose the establishment of convents.

To make our meaning clear, we will now briefly sketch the usual course of a young lady's life. We will leave out of the question the many cases when the death of parents, or some similar misfortune, throws definite duties upon a girl's shoulders. Circumstances such as these sometimes form noble women; they have never, in our experience, resulted in the production of a “girl of the period,” so we pass them by.

Let us, then, imagine the case of a girl who at seventeen finds herself a member of a prosperous and wealthy family, with a father and mother still in the prime of life. Let us also suppose her (and we trust no Englishman will think it too great a strain on his imagination) to be by nature intelligent, high-minded, and warm-hearted. A desultory education has shown her glimpses of much that is interesting in the world around her, and probably the poetry of three or four modern languages has left the traces of many a noble thought and aspiration in her mind. The newspapers lying on her father's table show her each morning the great world with all its sorrow and all its needs. The religious revival, too, affects her powerfully, as in sermon after sermon she hears the preacher extol the merits of self-denial and the glories of self-sacrifice. She is stirred with enthusiasm, and she looks about her for her own personal duties, and asks to have a post assigned her in the battlefield of life. Strange, while all around are up and stirring, there seems to be no place left for her. She reads in stilted phrases in many a “good” book that woman's work is home work and home influence, but this is scarcely applicable to herself. Her home is a luxurious one, and servants are at hand, often in unnecessary numbers, to per-

form every household duty; and her mother, blessed with many daughters, only asks for her occasional society. She has a great deal of leisure, and all the more time to think. We must not forget also the change which has taken place in the physical training of girls. In the days when Lord Byron "could not endure to see a woman eat," fashionable ladies lived, or tried to live, on next to nothing; robust health was vulgar, and exercise never dreamt of by those who did not wish to be supposed capable of doing anything beyond lying on a sofa, pretending to read the "Corsair." Our modern young lady, on the contrary, has been taught to ride, drive, walk, skate, &c., and from thence results a decided increase in muscular power and energy, which in their turn demand exercise.

Finding no field for the exercise of her energies inside her father's house, she will probably direct her first attempt towards the parish-school. Often, however, she finds it well supplied with trained teachers, who look upon her amateur labours with contempt, more or less disguised, and she perceives that a subscription would be much more acceptable than a visit; or, in other cases, when her services might be of real use, her mother finds out that "the school is close," or that scarlatina, measles, or whooping-cough are prevalent, and forbids her attendance on that score. The same objections are raised against her visiting the poor, even if she feels that her youth and inexperience fit her to comfort the misery and cope with the vice of which she knows nothing. And now that several schemes of usefulness have been found to be impracticable, she begins to feel life rather dull and uninteresting. She finds no beaten track, and hers happens not to be one of those extraordinary characters which can carve out a path for itself in spite of every obstacle. Feeling, however, that she must do something, she pulls out her old schoolbooks, and determines to study by herself, but she presently becomes dissatisfied with her work, discovering her original

grounding to be so indifferent that she is building on very insecure foundations. Her family discourage her in every way, deriding her as a "blue," and interrupting her studies continually. Lastly—and this discourages her more than anything—she reflects that her education and her accomplishments can never be of the slightest use to any one save herself, and she cannot see clearly that they will even help her. Her mother, distressed at perceiving in her the germ of such unorthodox and troublesome tastes, calls her "morbid," and thinks it right to "rouse" her, by a course of gaiety, probably beginning with a ball at home. A first ball is a pleasant prospect to every girl, and she flings herself energetically into the work of preparation. The mere physical exertion of dancing for five hours together is a pleasant change from the listless torpor of her life. She enjoys it thoroughly, and when it is over finds that it has left a hundred amusing reminiscences. The little trivial flatteries and compliments which she received would not hurt her if she had anything else to think about; but, as it is, she finds that she dwells more upon them than she at all desires. She begins to despise herself. Perhaps she hopes that the Church may restore her to her better self, and she flies thither. We believe we may say, without any want of charity, that the real reason why church-going has become so popular of late is, because it supplies an imaginary duty to fill up hours for which girls really can find no other harmless occupation. Then, again, this reacts with deteriorating influence upon her character. The contrast between the life of active charity and self-denial preached, and the useless self-indulgent one she is compelled to live, first startles the conscience and then kills it. What shall our heroine do? Some of her friends fly for refuge to the bosom of the Romish or extreme High Church, and recover from self-contempt behind the veil which marks their death to the world. Others—and these are by far the most numerous class—outlive their better



feelings, or drown them in the flood of fashionable life. Let us imagine that the girl whose life we are sketching chooses to remain in the world; in many instances she would have no other choice.

The pleasures of society soon pall upon her. From week to week, and month to month, there is no cessation from the weary, purposeless round of gaiety. She has probably found herself popular on her first appearance in society,—the bright smiling face of one who is young enough to enjoy herself always attracting flattering notice among the bored crowd of those who are not,—but gradually as she ceases to be pleased she ceases also to please. She has been forced to drink too deeply of the stimulating draught to be able to do without it now. Society is odious, but a quiet life is unendurable.

She no longer cares for dancing for its own sake, she must relieve its monotony with flirtation. Then gradually as she feels herself falling farther and farther away from her own girlish ideal, she clings the more desperately to the only excitement with which she can kill time and smother conscience. Hence arises all the evil against which the moralist and satirist alike inveigh. Hence also the wretched extravagances of tasteless fashion (whose only object is to attract attention), and, worse still, the low tone of morality which all agree in declaring to be daily gaining ground. The affectation of schoolboy slang which was in vogue ten years ago is fast being superseded by conversation of a far more dangerous type, and she who would earn the reputation for being fashionably "fast" must stifle every feeling of delicacy and amuse herself by making good men blush while bad men laugh. Worse still, horrid stories creep about, hinting at deeds worse than words; and scandal, which no one seems able to contradict, caps every story with a worse. The High Church party say that the confessional has brought to the knowledge of the clergy a state of things which can be coped with only by a return to the ancient Catholic usage, while their opponents with a yell of execra-

tion declare that priestcraft has undermined the national morals, and has created the evils which it pretends to have discovered. Let us pass on from this sad subject, merely observing that men must not be surprised if an evil tree brings forth evil fruit.

"Non ragionam da lor  
Ma guarda e passa!"

And yet perhaps at the bottom of it lies a better feeling. She sees some of her friends saved all this degradation by a happy marriage, and wishes to change her lot for one in which she might have some object to live for besides herself, some purpose in life not wholly selfish. Hence proceed many unhappy marriages, when the bride only flies to marriage to save her from the insipid uselessness of her life. Hence also many mercenary marriages which often tempt girls by offering them a larger sphere of action. We think if men oftener had themselves the chance of winning power, wealth, independence, and rank, by a flattering word or an expressive smile, we should hear fewer hard words on this subject. They would then learn the severity of a girl's temptation; especially when it is contrasted with the alternative of an unmarried life, soured by the recollections of a wasted youth, and the prospect of a purposeless old age. We ask any intelligent man to put himself for a moment into the place of any unmarried woman of his acquaintance. Treated up to the very confines of middle life as if still a child, with no more liberty or independence than at sixteen, obliged to conform to the habits and practices of her father's house, whether congenial or not to her own temper and principles, with no definite object in view, and no prospect of being able to form larger interests till the breaking up of her home (often late in life) leaves her even more desolate than before, can we wonder that with many fear overcomes delicacy in their struggle to escape? Far be it from us to say that an unmarried woman's life must be an unhappy one; we only maintain that any intelligent being must



find an existence without duties and without cares very monotonous, and consequently very dangerous. She may devote herself to wood-carving, illumination, or lace-making, and with these pursuits she may kill a certain amount of time, but they never can satisfy the conscience or give sufficient employment to the mind when followed merely for the sake of amusement. It is idle to say that this state of things lasts but for a few years, and that in most cases she is her own mistress after thirty. Granting that this were true, which we do not allow, is it not adding insult to injury, after keeping her for ten or twelve years in forced and demoralizing idleness, to bid her then set to work and begin a new life when she feels years have consumed all her energy and enthusiasm, without giving her any compensating experience?

This then is the life which the world has hitherto thought fit to impose upon the daughters of the rich; and now that the world itself is dissatisfied with the result, may we not ask for a reconsideration of our sentence?

Up to this time the only employment in which a girl is not hindered is the pursuit of pleasure. We now ask for more liberty of choice. It is strange that while no thinking man can look without anxiety on the future of a boy who is brought up without any profession or occupation, hundreds and thousands of girls should without scruple be abandoned to that condition. Do the good folks think that Satan is not ingenious enough to find mischief for our idle hands and thoughts, as well as for those of our brothers? Formerly, perhaps, it was otherwise, when the hands of the daughters of even the greatest houses were fully occupied in household work, and spinning, preserving, and general housewifery filled up the days of those to whom education had never given more intellectual aspirations. Some men may pretend to deplore the change, but, whether they approve it or regret it, they must accept it as an established fact. We have now

women authors, artists, doctors; and, having these, we cannot expect to keep one particular class uninfected by the atmosphere around them. And surely no one could desire such an anomaly,—that the daughters of our middle classes should be useful beings, contributing to the advancement of literature, science, and art, while the girls of the higher ranks of society should be ignorant, useless, and frivolous?

It is a question worthy of consideration, and never more so than now. History has repeated to us over and over again, that in the long run the most worthy class will obtain and keep political power. Woe betide the nation when any class has the right to despise those above them in social rank! The French Revolution did not take place till the *bourgeoisie* was more worthy—more intelligent and more moral, that is to say—than the *noblesse*, who had degraded themselves by their self-indulgent luxury and vice.

We have said enough about the working of our present system; let us now glance at the effect we desire to produce. We suppose, then, that it is wished to train these girls as leaders of English society, to be capable of using rightly the wealth and power which will be theirs hereafter; as leaders of fashion, to be refined to the uttermost by the elevating influence of art and literature; and, as the future mothers of our statesmen and heroes, to have their minds enlightened by history and ennobled by patriotism. To be brief, it is desirable that our ladies should be trained to be models of perfect womanhood. A vain wish, we fear—though it is the ideal which lies buried in every right-minded girl's heart; but, though we must wait for the Millennium before we can expect to see it fulfilled altogether, might we not approach somewhat nearer to it than we do?

We are progressing in our ideas on female education, as in all else, but, curiously enough, we have begun at the wrong end. The first improvement was made in the national schools, then good middle-class schools were instituted for

training the teachers of the poor, and lately we have been busying ourselves with schemes for raising the standard of female education, by granting women the advantages of University degrees, in order that they may be better qualified to undertake the instruction of ladies. Our last step will be—what ought to have been our first—an attack on the careless and inefficient training which is at present all that is bestowed upon girls in the upper ranks of society. An excellent scheme for a Ladies' College has been started, and we only wish its promoters would declare its objects more boldly than they do. The idea of young ladies who have no need to turn their brains into money requiring a first-class education is so novel, that it has to be masked by references to the good that would be done by testing the attainments of governesses. At the same time the committee must guard against the error of exclusiveness, as one of the chief benefits of the college would be the friendly contact into which it would bring the various classes of society. At present a girl has no opportunity of mixing with any but her own peculiar set, and in most cases looks down with Chinese contempt on all the outer world. We believe that few men, with the exception of a certain set of young London dandies who are girls in everything but name, can at all enter into the absurd feeling of "caste" which still exists among us, and which is a great barrier to much that is good. Another benefit would be the formation of real friendships, for at present a girl's choice is so limited that the attachment, being based on accidental circumstances rather than on true assimilation of character, is seldom lasting, but is forgotten with the occasion which gave it rise. We believe that girls would not fly so readily to confession did they oftener possess a real friend, to whom they dared open their hearts and state their perplexities. A friend, with whom respect is a mutual feeling, is the best safeguard that a girl can have. We believe, then, that this college would be a perfect Godsend to many who now hate and struggle against

the life we have been describing. The emulation and the interests which it would create would fill the void so many have felt, and would give employment to many an active and energetic mind which now, for lack of something better, plunges recklessly into the excitement of dissipation. We know that it is objected by some that the half-yearly residence in college will give young ladies an undomestic character; but this we very much doubt, believing that the exercise of a moderate amount of self-dependence, under proper supervision (which, let us remember, they often do not have at home), will render them more and not less fit for the management of others in after life.

None can be better aware than ourselves of the dangers and difficulties with which this scheme is beset, but we must always remember that no great work was ever carried to a successful termination by those who were afraid of failure. The present system has not brought forth such good fruit that we need be afraid to try a new one. Much will depend on the choice of the first head-mistress: we shall require a female Dr. Arnold to create the new college. We want something more than a mere learned woman; we must find one whose character and example will create and guide a spirit of enthusiasm among the students which will raise them into a new and higher region of thought and character. Above all things, we must have one to whom every pupil can look up as to a superior. This has hitherto been the great stumbling-block in the way of a girl's right education. A boy at a public school generally knows that his master is socially his equal, intellectually his superior. A girl, on the contrary, is expected to obey in the schoolroom one who out of it is treated as her inferior, and one whom a clever girl may often without conceit feel to be really such in manners, accomplishments, and knowledge of the world.

The question of what constitutes a really good mental training is one which widens every day. When there is but a small citadel to be defended, those who



command the garrison are justly expected to know thoroughly every part of the fortifications; but when the small fortress widens into a great empire, conquering province after province, there must be many generals; and these, though required to have a general idea of the state of the frontiers, cannot enter into the details of every portion alike, but each takes a separate post, and is required to understand that thoroughly. So it is now with the conquests of Learning over Ignorance. Three hundred years ago, if a man understood Latin, could converse in French, and translate an Italian sonnet, adding thereto a few such accomplishments as riding, fencing, and dancing, he was considered a profound scholar and a most finished gentleman, and the world could not sound his praises with too loud a trumpet. In those days Science was an undiscovered land; History (such at least as we understand it now) was not written; the whole broad domain of modern European literature was not in existence; and Mathematics, Art, Political Economy, were undreamt of. Now it is clear that this programme is far too extensive to be embraced by any single mind, and certainly contains far more than can be crammed into the memory of a boy before he leaves college. So we find ourselves on the horns of a terrible dilemma; for on the one hand we are derided for being superficial, and on the other we are scoffed at if we show ignorance of any of the leading principles of all these branches of knowledge. The difficulty of choosing the most needful out of all these many desirable things is partly increased and partly diminished in the case of girls: increased, because they have no expected profession to guide their choice; diminished, because, if they and their parents so pleased, they might carry on the cultivation of their minds to a much later period in life. It will be well therefore to give, as the committee propose to do, a wide range of choice to the students at the college, that each may follow the bent of her own genius, and master one subject thoroughly.

We have said that this Ladies' College, if established, would fill usefully a dangerous void in girls' lives, but it would be well if we could invent some still more effectual system. It is true that every step made in any branch of knowledge is a conquest gained over evil, and that every really cultivated mind is another weight thrown into the scale of good; but at the same time it must not be forgotten that there are but few minds which soar so high as to pursue Knowledge entirely for her own sake, and that industry is difficult when there is no object in view to excite it. When people compare the attainments of men with those of women, they should remember that it is like a race between two horses, one ridden with whip and spur, the other with neither. Necessity is the spur bringing out men's powers. Ask any man who has distinguished himself in his profession, whether he would have studied to such good purpose had he known that he could never put his learning to account, and that no amount of exertion would in any way alter his future. Here arise our greatest difficulties, for there seems to be a deep-rooted feeling that a woman who is not under the direst necessity is disgraced by earning money by her own exertions. Society considers it a venial offence for a young lady to waste her father's money on her extravagant vanity, but a very black crime that she should do profitable work with her brains. We are gradually abandoning the savage idea that work dishonours a man: may we hope that in time we shall become sufficiently civilized to feel idleness discreditable even to a woman? We believe many homes would be happier if it could be so, for there are many, and these not the least luxurious and extravagant, where it becomes a serious question what will become of the unmarried daughters after their father's death, and many an uncongenial marriage is entered into simply because the bride cannot bear the thought of dependence when she will no longer have a father's love to depend on. The objection which will meet us here is, that by introducing



this new class of workers into the community we should only be taking dinner out of the mouths of those who have none, in order to give extra dessert to those who have already had enough and to spare. It is true new channels must be found in order that the different classes may not interfere with one another, but we believe a little ingenuity might solve the problem with great benefit to society.

Or if remunerative labour be altogether denied us, might not societies of ladies be formed, avoiding all narrow sectarian feeling, for organized work among the poor? A standing army of charity, in which each should have her distinct post and allotted task; each be responsible for a certain amount of daily work, and each accountable to her superiors for the faithful discharge of it. They need wear no nuns' costume, they need lead no conventional lives, they need take no irrevocable vows. All that would be necessary would be for each member to devote a certain portion of the day to the performance of her assigned duties. Work might be found to suit the taste and aptitude of each. Surely here no one could urge that we should trespass on the domain of others; in the wide field of charity there surely are not too many labourers, and an opening might be found for the employment of hundreds of girls, who would find in very truth that the mercy shown by them was "twice blessed," blessing those that give and those that take. Employment such as this need not interfere in the generality of cases with any reasonable idea of home duties; and the progress made by the sisterhoods which have offered young ladies the only opportunity hitherto given them of engaging in this kind of work, shows that it is what they themselves ask for.

We have hitherto been obliged to dwell too exclusively on the dark side of girls' lives; let us turn for a moment to the brighter side of the picture. There is activity in these days for good as well as for evil; and we dare affirm that there never was a time in which so many ladies devoted themselves to good

works as the present. Turn in whatever direction you will, you will see well-born women leaving luxurious homes, and devoting their lives, their fortune, and their energy to charitable and often laborious and repulsive work. According as their tenets may be "Low" or "High" Church, their Bibles or their crosses may be somewhat unnecessarily large and conspicuous; but if all those who mock them possessed half their zeal and earnestness in charity, the world would improve far more rapidly than it does. It is easier to laugh than always to be zealous without extravagance, and wit is always easier than self-denial.

We have said that it would not interfere with any *reasonable* scheme of home duties, but in this we do not include the system which renders it necessary for every English lady to spend the greater part of her life in keeping up the shadow of an acquaintance with hundreds of people for whom she cares absolutely nothing. Society in London has now grown to be such a complete farce that it is difficult to speak of it seriously, and utterly impossible to account for the continuance of such a system except on the supposition that its long drudgery has so deprived those who have undergone it of their reasoning faculties that they believe it to be an eternal ordinance—impossible for mortals to change. We, who are young, perceive that our monster tyrant is not invulnerable, and we ask for help in attacking and perchance in staying him. We are no ascetics; the majority of us have no wish to abandon pleasure altogether; we ask rather to be able to enjoy it. Among men it is usually seen that the active and industrious are the moral and the worthy. Are women so differently constituted that we need fear a contrary effect upon them? Would an apprenticeship in the arts of teaching, nursing, and managing be more dangerous to the character of a future wife and mother than an apprenticeship in dancing and flirtation? Would children be less likely to be well brought up by a mother whose "works praise her

in her gates," than by one whose teaching is confined to very good advice which has never grown to example?

One word more, gentle reader. We do not pretend to be all saints; we do not say that there is nothing but noble feelings and aspirations among us; but this we do protest most solemnly, that there is a very general feeling among us against the life we now lead, and a strong craving for better things. Grant us but one trial, even though you grant it in scorn, and do not go on for ever condemning us untried. Even if it be believed that women's hands are too weak to push forward any *good* cause (though they are deemed powerful enough in every *bad* one), would there be any harm in our trying? We might not move the load of evil one hair's-breadth, but at all events we should not be increasing its weight by any acts of our own. And might we not even do good indirectly by shaming the men around us, who, with such splendid opportunities, are as useless and more actively mischievous than ourselves, to buckle to in the great work, and to prove to us practically their superiority?

In the name therefore of a large class, we demand for girls growing to woman-

hood the opportunity of spending a portion of their young lives in the service of their God and of their fellow-creatures. We implore for them a release from their present bondage of idle selfishness, and the means not only of cultivating their talents, but of exercising them in the cause of good and not of evil. We implore it for our own sakes, that our lives may be brightened by the blessing of God, which ever rests on all good works, whether successful or not in the eyes of the world. We implore it for the sake of those who are still young, that they may be saved the dreariness and degradation which we have undergone. We implore it for the sake of our country, which we feel to be suffering in dignity and character from the example set by the class to which we belong. Lastly, we claim it, because we feel that it cannot be the will of God that so many talents, youth, energy, intelligence, and influence, should be wholly given up to devil's work!

Grant us a fair trial, and it shall be our fault if at the close of the present century it continues to be a reproach to be called

"A GIRL OF THE PERIOD."

## II.

### THE UNDER SIDE.

I WAS walking quickly along one of our quiet country roads the other afternoon, with some fears that the mild December day would close and darkness overtake me before I reached home, when I was attracted by a group standing at the corner of the churchyard wall. There were two policemen and a lady in earnest talk, and, a few steps apart, a girl, her head bent, and a brown cape, faded and weather-beaten, drawn tightly round her. I stopped, and asked if anything were the matter.

"I don't know what to say to the

case," said the lady; "the girl tells such a strange tale. She stopped me just now, and asked me to tell her the way to Hammersmith. She has walked all the way from Ipswich, she says. She has come down in search of her brother, who lives in Bromley near London. She has tried Bromley in the East-end and Bromley in Kent, and, not finding him, she wants to go to Hammersmith, where she has an aunt living."

One of the policemen, a kindly-faced man, was bending down towards the girl and questioning her. She answered the

questions in a depressed and weary tone, but there were no contradictions in her statements. She did not cry, or make any asseveration as to the truth of her singular story. She asked for nothing but to be directed on her way to Hammersmith.

The policeman finished his cross-questioning by asking, "How old are you, my dear?"

"Just turned eighteen, sir." She was small, and had almost the appearance of a child, but her face had an old expression.

"Where do you live?"

She gave an address in Ipswich very promptly.

"Now that's so far so good," said the man, turning to the lady. "You see, ma'am, as I've been in Ipswich myself, and I know as there is such a street, like-wise lane."

"But you see, my girl," said the second policeman, "in case you're not speaking the truth, and your statements ain't correct, we can easily find out by applying to the force in Ipswich. Do you see?"

The girl made no reply.

The lady proposed to take her to the station and pay her fare into London. The policemen favoured the plan. The girl seemed content. As we walked towards the station, I noticed she seemed footsore and worn out. I asked her a few questions about her home, her brothers and sisters, and the like, and whether she had ever been to school. She said, "Yes, for a little while, to a Quaker ragged-school, one that belonged to Miss —, who lived at —," and she mentioned the name and residence of an influential family of Ipswich, old acquaintances of my father. Her answers to my questions strengthened the belief in her truthfulness that her manner alone had raised.

By this time it was nearly dark. Already on the clouds the red light of the City was beginning to flare like a flag of war thrown out above the great battlefield towards our quiet suburb, that we, in the midst of our trees and fields and fresh air, might know of the heat and glare

and roar of the conflict of life that rages so near us. Was it possible to send the girl—a stranger, poor, and disappointed—into London that night, to throw her off into the great roaring eddy that whirls and sucks into its hungry tide, year by year and month by month, not only the green fields and lanes of the country, but also its human sacrifice of innocence and ignorance and poverty? Was there no place near, where the poor child could sleep in peace and safety, and at least meet London in the security of daylight? The policeman "couldn't say as he knew of any respectable place in the village where she could be taken in, and the L—m Union was five miles off." He strongly advised that she should be sent into town. "It's not very likely as she'll find her aunt with the bit of address she has, but she can go to the Union," he said. Suddenly, in the dusk, I saw a figure which helped me in my perplexity. It was my father returning from his evening stroll. I ran to him, and told him the story in a few words. He saw the girl, and, after a few moments of consultation, decided she must remain. We named over the different cottages in the neighbourhood where it was possible for her to sleep, but to each there was an objection. Then we thought, could she not stay here? There was no room in the house, to be sure, but could not a bed be made in the little saddle-room, where there was a stove, and which was clean and dry and airy? There were mattresses, of course, and, as if to suggest the plan, in the very saddle-room stood a pile of blankets, new and sweet, ready for Christmas presents for the poor families in the brick-fields. It was all arranged in a few moments, the whole household full of activity and sympathy. Our pretty little housemaid's face looked quite radiant as she took the orders about the big tub, the can of hot water, towels, &c., and the details of arrangement of the little impromptu bedroom. "Indeed, Miss," she said, "I'm very glad to do it for the poor thing. Once, when father was going a journey on foot from Wales—on the Bath way, you know, Miss—he lost his way as it was



getting dark, and he was tired and very hungry, and he met a gentleman who asked him where he was going, and then took him to his own house, and gave him supper and a beautiful room to sleep in. He was the clergyman of the place, and a rich gentleman beside. Father often told us the story, and I've always thought I should like to do the same for some one myself." And she went off quite flushed and smiling with her bundle of sheets and blankets.

Some clean garments were found to replace the soiled and travel-stained clothes. The lady, her first friend, with whom I had found her, came up herself, bringing her some underclothing and a gift in money. She was not willing that her first kind thought of paying the girl's fare into London should not be fulfilled, and had trebled the gift first intended. After the bath and fresh clothing it was difficult to recognise our little woman. She seemed to have washed away with the soiling of her journey some of the dreary expression of her face.

She sat on a low stool on the hearth, in the genial glow but semi-obscurity of the firelight; and with her small thin white hands spread towards the warmth, and speaking with a strong Suffolk accent, she told the tale of her wanderings. I tell it as much in her own words as possible, only putting into narrative form what I got from her by questions.

"My name is Sarah—Sarah Kidd. We live in lodgings in Upper Bond Street, near St. Helen's Jail, Ipswich. Father is a knife-grinder, and mends umbrellas. I have three brothers, but I am the only girl. George is married, and John—he's the one I've come to London to find—he's married too, and he's a baker. Jimmy is eleven; he goes to school, and can read and write. I never went to school, except for a little bit. I wanted to go to Sunday-school, but I couldn't. Father made me stay at home to sew gloves." (This was said with hesitation.) "I can make three to four pairs of gloves a day, working steady, and I get three-halfpence for

them. Mother works at the gloves too, but she's often ill and too bad to work, and I was the only one to do anything, and we were very bad off sometimes. John came to see us at Whitsuntide, and said his wife was expecting a baby, and he wanted me to come and look after the other little un. He couldn't take me back then, he said, but he promised to send the money in a letter when he got back. But he never sent no money, and we didn't hear anything of him, and things were very bad at home, and I knew my aunt at Hammersmith had work steady, and she had been a glover in Ipswich too before she went to London. And I said to mother, 'I'll walk to London and find John, and then, beside getting my keep, I'll maybe get some work. There's plenty of work in London, and I'll send you some money in stamps in a letter.' She was very bad off when I left, and work had been very slack for a good while. I started from Ipswich on Thursday fortnight, and walked about ten miles; but I took the wrong way, and got to Stowmarket. I did not know my way at all, you see, Miss, and the way I did all the journey was, when I came to a place, I always asked for the London road, and when I got on that I knew I must be going towards London. When I got to Stowmarket I went to a policeman, and asked him for a night order for the Union, for I'd no money to pay for a lodging, and he gave it me, and I slept there that night, and the next day I walked on a good bit, about eighteen miles, I think. I never asked nobody for anything except a bit of bread now and again on the road, but when I was standing on a bridge at the next place—I don't remember the name of the place—a gentleman asked me where I was going, and I said 'London;' and he said, 'You're not going to walk, my girl?' and I said 'Yes.' So then he gave me sixpence. It was nearly dark, and my hands were cold, and when I was trying to find my pocket I dropped the sixpence in the mud; and I stayed there an hour seeking it, but I could not find it. The next place, I think,

was Colchester, and it was getting late when I got there. I went to the station-house for a night order, and then I stopped to ask the way to the Union from a woman who was standing at a door; and she asked me if I was hungry, and I said 'Yes,' and she said, 'You can't get anything to eat at the Union to-night, but I'll give you a cup of tea and bit of bread, for you look tired.' So she took me in, and when I was going she gave me a pair of boots, for mine was all worn out. I slept at the Union that night, and next morning a gentleman came in where I was picking oakum, and he stopped, and asked me where I was going, and I said 'London' again; and he said when he was going I need not do any more work, but might start at once, for I'd a long walk before me, and he gave me sixpence. That day I walked a long way, eighteen miles or more, and I got to Chelmsford. I tried to get a lodging for my sixpence, but I couldn't, and I slept at the Union there. After Chelmsford I come to Brentwood, and there a woman called Smith said she would take me in for the night and give me some tea for sixpence. So I stayed there that night. It was a lodging-house, and there were awful bad people in the house, but she was kind to me, and gave me a cup of tea in the morning. Yes, I often felt tired,—not so much when I had the tea though,—for I always had to do some work at the Union before I started in the morning. Once I did some scrubbing for a woman who said she could not kneel; but it was mostly regular Union work that I did. I think people were very kind to me on the road all the way as I came along, but they were mostly poor people that spoke to me. They gave me something to eat, and spoke kind to me, that was all. I never asked them for money, and they was not likely to spare it. The policemen were always good to me, and the kindest were those near London.

"Well, Miss, the next place was Romford, and there I slept at the Union. I'm not sure, but I think it was there we

had the rats. There was hay under the boards we slept on, and the rats were underneath, and were running over us all night. They ate a hole in my cloak. We were all frightened at them, and couldn't sleep. Next morning I didn't start till late, and it was near dark before I got to a place called Ilford. I could not find a policeman, and I couldn't find the Union, and I lost my way altogether, I think. As I was walking along the road, it was very dark, and I caught my foot on something and fell into some deep water up to my waist. I think it must have been the canal. I screamed out, for I was dreadful frightened, and thought I was going to be drowned; and a man came up and pulled me out, and helped me to wring out my clothes.

"He gave me fourpence, and I went on; but I was cold and wet, and it was dark, and I was very hungry. Then I thought now I had fourpence I could get a lodging, and need not keep on looking for the Union any more. So I walked on to a public-house the man had pointed out to me, and asked them to take me in, but the woman said it was ten o'clock, and the fire was out, and they had no room; she told me to go to another public-house further down the road, but when I got there they would not take me in either—I was so wet and poor-looking, I suppose—but the woman gave me a cup of tea and piece of bread for twopence.

"I walked on and on, for I was wet and very cold; but I could not see anything but a straight road, and every house was closed up for the night. Then at last I sat down against a heap of stones, and cried. I sat there till near morning, I think, and then I got up again and walked on, for I began to see London before me. I knew it must be London at last. I found Bromley in Middlesex, you see it's in London itself, and I went about all that day looking for my brother. A policeman was very kind to me; he took hold of my hand, and said, 'Come along, my dear,' and he went round with me to all the bakehouses to ask for my brother, but

he wasn't there. So then they said it might be Bromley in Kent, and I had better try there next day. So I went and asked for a night ticket, and the policeman said, 'We don't give night tickets here; just you go and stand against the wall with the women, and go in when the door opens.' I think this was the nicest Union I was in. They gave me some gruel there, beside a piece of bread. We had carpet beds there, swung between two boards, and each a blanket, but it was very cold, for I couldn't sleep in my clothes they were so wet. The women in the room talked awful bad, but I was so tired I soon fell asleep. On Saturday I started for Bromley in Kent, and that night I slept at Croydon, and stayed there all Sunday too, for I had a pain in my knee, and it rained hard all day. The policeman let me stay nearly all day in the station-house, and gave me something to eat too. They were very kind to me there. So then on Monday I went to Bromley, and all that day long I was searching for my brother, but I couldn't so much as find the street in which he said he lived, and I had to go to the Union again that night, thinking to myself he might be dead. To-day I came on here to find my way to Hammersmith, when the lady met me. I don't know what I shall do if I don't find my brother. I don't want to go back to Ipswich. I think I might get work in London, perhaps, and send mother the stamps in a letter."

The next day Sarah went into London to seek her aunt. It was the first time she had ever been in a train in her life, and she seemed much reassured when she found she was under the care of the guard, whom I suppose she regarded, in the same way as she did the policeman, in the light of a guardian angel. She had sufficient money to provide for food and a respectable lodging for two days in case she did not find her aunt, and on the day but one following, we arranged to meet her in town at the Working Women's College at five o'clock.

Letters from Ipswich came the next morning in reply to our inquiries, fully corroborating the account Sarah had given of herself and family, beside revealing one of those sad, but, alas! too frequent pictures of household misery arising from the intemperance and cruelty of the father.

My sister on the day appointed went to Queen Square, and gave me the further account of Sarah's adventure as follows:—

"Mrs. Circlestone, the housekeeper at the College, told me when I got in that the girl had come. 'She's been telling me her story, Miss, and I think she seems a sensible girl, for the first thing she said, when she found you were not here, was, might she have a little water to wash her face and hands? and then she took a comb out of her pocket, and went into the yard, and combed her hair, which seemed decent and sensible, you know, Miss.' I ordered Sarah some tea, and then sent for her to come to the office to tell me how she had sped since we saw her off in the train from our station. She came in, her face shining with soap and friction. The history of her two days was discouraging. She had found her aunt, but the woman had evidently wished to have no responsibility about the girl, and had told her she was going to leave the neighbourhood, and refused to say whither she was going. She however gave Sarah a letter from her mother, which had been sent to Hammersmith, on the chance of Sarah's going there. Sarah stayed all night in Hammersmith, and the next morning early started for Queen Square. She had safely navigated the confusion of streets, and at two o'clock reached the College steps, and then had walked patiently to and fro those three long hours, till the time appointed. And here she was again drifted to our feet, a poor waif and stray, without anchor or haven."

"I took Mrs. Circlestone into my counsel as to what must be done next, and a bed was made for Sarah in one of the empty class-rooms, where she slept surrounded by desks, maps, and black-



boards. Before she went to bed Sarah told me that Mrs. Circlestone's little maid Celia had lent her a petticoat to wear till her own could be washed and mended, thus taking from her own scanty wardrobe to provide for the necessity of her poorer sister.

"The next morning early I started with Sarah,—who, with her small bundle under her arm, followed me through the crowded streets with the unquestioned meekness of a dog,—in the hope of finding for her a temporary home in some charitable institution, where she could remain till work could be got for her. We went to one or two industrial schools and refuges before we found a suitable place for Sarah: she seemed to present a somewhat exceptional case, to which the object of the charities did not apply. In some they needed a character of some months' standing to be given; in others they required her to have been convicted of some crime; for some her plight was too bad, for some, thank God, it was too good. In each place, however, we were met with kindly interest and good-will; and though one or two of the institutions represented the extreme shades of religious difference, we found a hearty sympathy and spirit of co-operation existing between them which must increase their usefulness and influence very much.

"Towards evening we found a haven; 'The Refuge,' in Newport Market. The Sister, standing in her long grey dress and spotless linen cap, asks a few business-like questions, knitting briskly at a grey stocking the while, and closing with the welcome words, 'I will take her.'

"I said good-bye to Sarah, promising that we would come to see her in a few days, and so left her by the pleasant fire in the women's dormitory."

Three days later we went up to London to see Sarah at the Refuge. It was two days before Christmas, and the Charing Cross Station wore a bustling holiday face. There were heaps of luggage, hampers and parcels, piled on the platform; gentlemen and ladies,

acting their own "Christkindel," with arms filled with parcels, for some Christmas-tree or other; lots of bright-faced eager children going home for the holidays. Out of this scene of bustle we passed into the streets, among the gay shops decked out with Christmas green, and through the jostling crowd into narrower and yet narrower streets, till the daylight of the waning winter's afternoon seemed almost closed out by the shadowing walls; and the open stalls of vegetables and meat were lit up with flaming gas-lights. But even here, into these dark passages, amid the filth and squalor, a whisper of the message of Christmas had come. Holly and mistletoe were hung on the stalls, and people were buying their Christmas dinners. A careworn-looking woman stood near us for a moment in the crowded passage; she held one child by the hand and another on her arm. She was buying a piece of meat. It was not a large piece, neither was the store large to which it was added; in the basket; but, after a moment's eyeing of the pile of green, she said, "I'll have a penn'orth of Christmas, please," and she put the bit of green into the baby's hand, and moved on.

Suddenly we came to the flat front of a building two stories high, rising above the dingy houses that surrounded it. It looked as if it might have been built for workshops, and afterwards converted into a dwelling-place. We rang at a bell, and a porter opened the wide dark door. We asked to see "Sister Priscilla." We stood a moment or so in a wide-paved entry, and then the inner door opened, and we found ourselves in a large bright room, with a clean scrubbed floor and a hospitable fire, which reflected its smiles in rows of shining tins hung against the wall.

A young man in a white apron and two bright-faced boys were busy pouring out coffee, and arranging piles of bread on plates on the long table. A tall, handsome young woman, in a black dress, white cap, and carrying keys in her hand, appeared, and led us

up a narrow staircase, through a long room, down each side of which were ranged beds covered with brown blankets, and each bed had a bench set at the foot. The room was lofty, warm, and bright; and, raising my eyes, I saw upon the rough-hewn rafters, in clear letters, "Blessed are the pure in heart;" "Blessed are the poor in spirit;" "Blessed are the meek." At the end of the room Sister Priscilla met us, and took us to her little sitting-room, simple and small, but bearing the indescribable touches which show refinement and cultivation. It was just "taking-in-time," or the time when the doors are open to admit the men and women who seek the Refuge for the night. "Should we like to see the 'taking-in?' You will hear some very sad stories," said Sister Priscilla, "but I think you will be interested."

We went and sat in the little office behind the window at which the applicants stood and gave their names, and answered the questions of the receiver who sat at the desk. There were a few moments of waiting, and then the great door was opened, and out of the darkness a crowd of white faces pressed forward to the light.

The women came first, each stepping up to the window into the light, giving her name, age, &c., and then passing on till the full number, twenty-seven, was made up. Each person may stay in the Refuge seven nights, and every effort is made to get them employment before the week expires.

Some of the women were middle-aged, some very young, but the faces varied little in their stolid expression of misery. Some one or two looked sad and pitiful: only one, a girl, with a veil tied over her face, smiled; it was the worst face there. The questions were nearly the same to all. "What is your name?" "Are you from London or the country?" &c. And the answers were, "I have done sempstress work;" "I have been a servant;" "Have no friends;" "Out of work;" "Have been ill;" "Seeking work all over London;" "No home;" "Slept in dormitories or

refuges, sometimes in dry doorways—anywhere."

There was a dreary monotony about the stories which seemed to make tragedy the rule of life, and awfully commonplace. So twenty-seven passed away into the haven of firelight, safety, and warm coffee. Many were turned away, for whom there was no room. They did not murmur, but passed away, vanishing like forlorn spirits into the darkness of the street. The men followed. They seemed to represent more varied classes than the women had done. Some were boys, and some men. Carpenters, labourers, bricklayers, plumbers, clerks,—every trade almost had its representative. Several men from the country come to London in the hope of finding work, and had found none. Some were dressed with a painful effort to maintain appearances of respectability. One man spoke with the accent of a gentleman. I thought he seemed reluctant to answer the questions put to him.

It was touching to see the eagerness that lit up the faces when there was a mention of work. One especially struck me,—a young, stoutly-built man, with a fine face. He stepped up into the light of the window: "A ship's carpenter, aged twenty-two." He spoke with a north-country accent. "Come to London to seek work."

"I think I've got you something to do," said the superintendent at the desk, addressing him, as he did each one, with a pleasant smile. (Such a look of eagerness spreads over the anxious haggard young face.) "It's to go to sea. Will you go?"

"Yes, sir."

"The ship *Providence*, Captain Frank, bound for North Shields: she is loading now at the — Wharf, and sails at half-past eight to-night. Will you go?"

"Yes, sir."

"Have you had anything to eat since you left here this morning?"

"No, sir."

"Then here is threepence to get some tea, and here is the letter from me to Captain Frank. I'll keep your place

open for you here till half-past eight in case you don't get it, of course."

"I'm very much obliged to you, sir, very much obliged," he repeated, and pushed his way through the waiting crowd of men, some looking after him with half-listless, half-envious eyes for his good luck. A thin, tall man followed, who looked ill.

"Let me see; you have been a policeman, and you say they won't take you on the force again. I have been thinking you might get into the army though, into a regiment going to the Cape. The climate might suit your health better than that of home."

"I'm very willing, sir."

"Then I will talk to you about it in awhile. All right, pass on." And the next steps up.

A man dressed in black, with a highly-smoothed hat, held very carefully, and the coat buttoned up closely, a pin supplying the place of a missing button. A very sad face.

"You were here last night; your name is ——. You are a clerk, I believe."

"I was a clerk," is the reply.

"Well, yes, I meant that—I hope you will be again. Have you found any work yet?"

"No, sir. I went to"—&c. &c.—(mentioning different addresses,) "and I couldn't get anything. I cannot last much longer, if I don't get work soon."

"Here's a place here I've got as a light porter in a draper's shop, but they want a young man. How old are you?"

"Thirty-six, sir."

"Ah! I am afraid it won't do. They want a younger man."

"I'm not particular, sir; I'd take boys' wages, you know."

"No, I am afraid it won't make any difference. Never mind, I'll try to get something better for you. Pass on."

And so he passes on, and another follows, with a fresh story, told in a few words, of the strife for work—only work, the highest boon that life can give the poor.

When we went upstairs again, we saw

the women who had come in sitting on the benches at the foot of the beds, waiting for their coffee and bread. They had taken off their bonnets, and talked quietly to each other. After seeing Sarah, and talking with her awhile, we went again to the little sitting-room with Sister Priscilla, and sat awhile by her pleasant fire, while she told us much that was interesting of her work.

She kindly promised to give Sarah employment in the house during the following days, but she strongly advised her being removed as soon as possible. "I can make no discrimination as to character, here," she said. "I take in those whose simple claim is their being homeless and miserable, and there must necessarily be here companionship which is injurious to a girl such as Sarah."

She spoke again of the immense difficulty of finding work for the women, and the almost hopelessness of their ever being helped to a new and better status in society. "And some of the most pitiful cases are the most hopeless," she continued. "That poor woman there with the baby, that you stopped to speak to as you came up the room: what is to become of her and the child when there are so many industrious and respectable girls seeking for work in vain? Yet the child is a great blessing to the woman; and," she continued, looking up from her knitting for a moment with a smile, "it is pleasant to me to have a little child here at Christmas time."

All honour to the love and courage of the heart that, forsaking the ease and refinements of life, could thus cast in its lot with the poor and miserable, and in the midst of the dreariness of London poverty shed around it through womanly love and sympathy a light which shows to these desolate hearts something of the lost Eden—home.

I think these were the thoughts in our hearts as we said "Good-night" to Sister Priscilla, and left her standing among her women.

Three hours later we were in the midst of a large party in Hyde Park.



It was strange to look at the long glittering supper-table and remember the last scene of hospitality we had witnessed. Here also there were Christmas decorations, and here also there were pleasant Christmas greetings interchanged, and here also there were kindly hearts.

One lady in the company listened to the tale of Sarah, and made an offer for her of work and kindly interest, and a home in the country, not far from one of the villages where not three weeks

ago she had slept in the casual ward of the Union.

Sarah is now in an Industrial Home for female servants, where she will remain till she is fitted to take her situation.

This sketch is literally true, an uncoloured picture of life—as we “respectable” classes so seldom see it—from the Under Side.

AGNES T. HARRISON.

## CAPTAIN GEORGE AND THE LITTLE MAID.

BY MARY BROTHERTON.

## CHAPTER I.

My first curacy planted me at Troutle-mouth, a little town in Westshire, by the seaside. Before I went there the vicar's wife wrote me a benevolent note, saying that she had secured "a nice suitable little lodging."

It was not uncomfortable, only, being over a shoemaker's shop, it naturally smelt a good deal of leather—an odour which many people think inferior to that of violets.

Every day for a week, and then once or twice a week for a month, I declared to myself that I must get another lodging. After that I never thought of such a thing.

I had few visitors. The vicar, an excellent purple gentleman, called on me once, and invited me to dinner. The vicarress, a busy lady in a high-shouldered fur tippet, with the best intentions, and perhaps *too* strong a sense of the duties of her position, often came to see me. She chose to think me ill, took a benevolent pleasure in my delicate health, and went about the parish tapping her own ample bosom significantly, and shaking her head over "that poor young man and his poor chest, my dear."

She was a very wide lady—a world too wide for my little suitable lodging; and she moved briskly, and the wind of her skirts created a cyclone in my bit of a parlour, in which all my papers blew wildly about, sometimes into the fire, and sometimes out of the window.

One day she brought the doctor to see me, to prescribe for a slight cough I had, and thereby obliged me very much; though I did not feel in the least grateful at the time, and called her hard names in my heart for her officiousness.

But the doctor was a cheery old

gentleman, and a pleasant talker: his jolly face beaming into my little room did me more good than his physic ever effected. He found out my complaint in a twinkling;—that I was a homesick young fellow, used to live among my own near and dear people, and that I wanted his kindly company much more than his cod-liver oil.

One afternoon he was sitting with me, and, discontentedly sniffing the leathery smell, which happened to be wonderfully potent that day, asked me with a grimace why I had chosen that apartment. I explained to him that I had not chosen it; that the vicarress had kindly done so for me, as a nice little suitable lodging.

Then the doctor said he wondered why I stayed there, when I could get the ironmonger's airy first-floor at the other end of the town. At the moment I myself wondered too, and was rather vexedly trying to discover a reason for it in my own mind, when there came a tap at the door. Then it was opened, and my landlady's voice said outside, "Go and give it to the gentlemen, there's a good maid."

There entered, and the door was shut behind her, a very small apple-faced child, fresh combed and washed, in a clean pinafore over a brown frock, and carrying with both hands a white jug full of hothouse flowers. And the moment she entered, the child behind her flowers appeared to exorcise that evil-odoured demon of discontent which possessed my room, like the little angel and minister of grace that a child is meant to be.

She did not say a word, but when I got up and took her too heavy burthen off her wee hands, she gave a long sigh as of satisfaction and relief from a tremendous though dignifying responsibility.



"Thank you, Milly," said I, setting her on my knee, where she perched square and calm as a little Egyptian image, and as if well accustomed to the seat, which indeed she was. "And where did that beautiful nosegay come from?"

"Jewslem," replied Milly, after a moment's consideration, and very gravely, but began to laugh when she saw the doctor and me do so.

For a month or two past I had, by way of amusement, been teaching Milly to read. She was five years old, though smaller than some children of three, and, being a quick young woman in every respect except that of growth, she had already mastered the approaches of learning. But the only long word she had yet tackled was "Jerusalem," which city she had conquered by reducing it to two syllables. Now it was her practice, when in reading she arrived at a puzzling bit, to say "Jewslem," and pass on. It was a truly ingenious way of getting over difficulties; a sort of portable bridge which she carried in her pocket for the passage of all broad words. And there was something imposing, I thought, in the selection of the Hebrew capital for the performance of this function. She had in this instance applied her invention to conversational purposes, probably finding it impossible to explain the source of the nosegay.

"Now I know," quoth I, "why I stay in this lodging. The ironmonger's first-floor is more convenient, but I should lose Milly for a neighbour there."

"I see," said the doctor, pinching her apple cheek, "and all the rest is leather and prunella."

Milly was not the shoemaker's daughter; she was the child of a young woman dying of consumption in the lodging (over the post-office) next door.

Her husband, George Ford, worked with his father, who rented a small farm two or three miles inland.

The young couple lived with the old folks until Mrs. George let go her too feeble hold on health, and was ordered to the seaside for the winter, unmistakably dying of decline. They took a

little lodging for her in the house of a relation, a respectable old maid who kept the post-office. Her husband accompanied her, and never quitted her but to attend to his daily business on the farm.

I made his and Milly's acquaintance a short time after my arrival at Troutle-mouth. I had gone into the little back garden to smoke the pipe of contemplation one fine Sunday evening in February, between the two last services of the day. Young Mr. Ford came out of the back door of his lodging, adjoining mine, and asked me in a civil, gentle voice, if so be I had seen his little maid?

He was a handsome young fellow of six or eight and twenty, healthy-looking and square-built, with a sun-burnt, weather-beaten face, pleasant dark eyes, and white teeth. He looked like a seafaring man, not a rustic.

He explained that his little girl was missing, and supposed to have hid herself somewhere: that she was to be conveyed by him back to her granny at the farm, but being bent on remaining with her mother, had doubtless secreted herself, in the hope that daddy would go home without her. He conjectured that she was possibly along of Master Dodds's little pigs, "his little maid was that fond of little pigs, I should be astonished." He did not seem alarmed about her, so I detained him a moment to ask how his wife was, hoping she felt better for the fine mild weather. His healthy florid face changed directly, and he shook his head without a word. Then we went together to the shed near the end of my landlord's garden.

Milly was speedily discovered behind the door of the pigstye, and being taken, was very softly shaken and very mildly scolded by her good-natured young father. Mr. Ford then proceeded to narrate to me, and pointedly for my behoof, the terrific history of a little maid who frequented the society of little pigs, and who the very day before had been mistaken for one, killed, cooked, and eaten, under that erroneous impression. Milly looked a good deal awe-



struck, and asked, though without any lurking scepticism in the inquiry, if the people were sorry when they knew, and if the little maid had her best things on?

I doubt for my own part if anything should induce us to tell a child a falsehood, even of this very white kind. But it is a thing continually done, and seems indeed to most persons an indispensable expedient for checking the creature's insatiable curiosity or frightening it from any particular naughtiness, and is scarcely taxed as immoral. And the poor baby believes the lie so implicitly, swallows it with such solemn-eyed, round-mouthed innocence!

Milly, thus conveniently subdued in spirit, was tucked unresisting into the hollow of daddy's arm. To soothe her troubled mind I ventured to offer her a couple of oranges, which, although declined by an eloquent little shoulder, I was permitted to put into daddy's pocket. "For poor daddy, who is so grieved because Milly's a bad maid," explained the post-mistress, who had come out and assisted in the capture and reduction of the rebel.

Mr. Ford and I were going the same way, so we walked together down the street, and up a lane at the town-end. I asked him if his wife would like me to pay her a neighbourly visit.

"Yes, sure," he said. "Poor Mary's too weak for much talk herself now; but I know she'd take it kind if you would be so good as to call. She's very lonesome when I'm gone. Mary's a lovely scholar, sir: she went to boarding school six year, and knows a little of a'most everything, I sim. She talks the French beautiful, Mary du, and sings—ah, sweeter than any greybird I ever heerd. Nay" (recollecting himself), "poor Mary's voice is clean gone: it's but a very small leetle whisper now. My poor lass won't sing no more—never no more."

The poor young fellow's own voice died away in a strangling sob. I caught his hand and wrung it: I had not a word to say.

We walked on quite silently till I

reached the door of the first cottage I had to visit. Ford had then recovered his speech, and said, as we shook hands, "Good-bye, sir. You'll step in and cheer her up a bit while I'm away, won't 'ee? I can't stop along with her always, as I'm minded to. Father says things is going to the bad without me, and I've a duty to be too: and so I have, and he've been a good father—but I hate to leave her. She can't abide no nurse nor servant about her but me, and it's—it's a lonely dying for my poor lass!"

Ford was perfectly aware that his wife's case was hopeless; and the misery he suffered in his enforced absence from her for many hours together was greater than he could well bear.

## CHAPTER II.

I WENT to see young Mrs. Ford next day.

She was sitting in an easy chair by the fire, fiddling with a little bit of fancy work. The small, shabby parlour was gay with hothouse flowers in glasses and saucers; and on the table in the midst were several books in gilded bindings that looked rather too fine for the room.

Mrs. Ford was still pretty, with the remains of a fair rosy prettiness; but the bright pink flame at the top of each wasted cheek had burned away much of the round, girlish beauty.

She spoke in a thin, weak voice, and I speedily discovered that her accent was not West-country, like her husband's, but Irish—that Hibernian clipping of syllables which is sometimes so *gentil*.

At first she appeared fluttered by my entrance, and even embarrassed, I thought; but she quickly recovered herself, and said she was glad to see me.

Presently, when I began to speak as a clergyman speaks with the sick whom he visits, she hastily stopped me.

"Sir," said she, "my husband should have told you—I am a Catholic, sir."

Of course after that I visited Mrs. Ford as a friend, but not as a minister. Now and then I met in her little room, or at the house door, a quiet, polite

gentleman, whom I already knew by sight as Mr. Grady, a Catholic priest. He was the chaplain in an Irish family called O'Neil, that lived in a pretty villa a few miles off.

This family appeared to interest themselves in the sick young woman; and their carriage often stopped at the post-office, bringing baskets of game, hot-house fruit, and flowers to the invalid. Sometimes one or two ladies got out, and paid the sick woman a visit. The priest himself seldom came without a magnificent nosegay in his hand. If petting could have kept the poor young creature alive, she had every chance of living.

George Ford and I became very good friends. Many half hours, when the days lengthened, we sat and talked together on the bench beside the one trellised porch that enclosed the back doors of both our lodgings, and smoked neighbourly pipes, that did not, to my thinking, spoil the pure open air of the spring evenings.

A kind of junction of back gardens made a wide open space behind our lodgings, bounded at the bottom by a strip of grass. Beyond this, the little Troutle ran straight and swift under a wall of shrubby red cliff, into the sea. A great sloping green meadow crowned the cliff, and thence the steep ascent went up field after field, to the furze-brakes that covered the spine of the hill, and roughened its outline against the sky.

The children used to play about these long back gardens till their mothers called them in to bed; and afterwards a quiet that was not silence fell on the homely landscape. The clink of a blacksmith's hammer in the next little street seemed far off; the sounds all about of people talking seemed to sink into murmurs, as though the twilight had been a door softly shut between them and us. The sea that broke on the beach very near, though not in sight, seemed to whisper and sigh like a spirit.

I found Ford a frank, affectionate young man, with a need of sympathy, and, when sure he had it, a confiding way of expressing all he felt. His

amiability and intelligence soon attached me to him; and he had seen enough in his short life to make him very good company. Bit by bit he told me all his honest joys and sorrows; and in the telling, the straightforward, hearty, practical goodness of his nature revealed itself to me.

I do not know if George Ford profited by my talk in those spring evenings, but I do know that I got a deal of good out of his. I learned to respect as much as I liked and pitied him.

When the days grew quite long, he did not come out until his wife was in bed. He always helped her to undress, brushed her pretty fair hair, and gave her the night draught which was to quiet her cough a little. Then he emerged through the trellised porch and joined me. But his wife had a long wand placed by her bedside, and if she wanted, or fancied she wanted, anything, she had but to tap the window underneath which was the bench we sat on: the faithful fellow shot into the house, up the stairs, and was at her side in a moment. She often thus interrupted our talk: her restless suffering body made her exacting and fretful. But George never lost his sweet patience with her, never tired of trying in vain to content her discontented spirit, never once complained of her unreasonable complaints. Sometimes he would return, after obeying her summons, with a grieved, grave look, and moistened eyes; sometimes with a smile as touching, a nosegay in his brown fist, and—

“Mary sends 'ee this posy with her respects, sir. It come from the villa to-day along with the ladies; but Mr. Grady he brought her the double of it—so will 'ee please to accept of it, Mary says.”

Thus I shared the good things of the rich man, and his hothouse posies brightened up the dingy little sitting-rooms on both sides of the wall. The nosegay that Milly brought me from Jerusalem was the first of a series.

Bit by bit, as I said, George Ford told me the humble little story of his life.

He had had an uncle on the mother's



side who was the captain and part owner of a small trading vessel. When George was about sixteen years old, his uncle took him on board *The Lovely Polly*, and taught him seamanship. At that time he was not an only son, and could be spared from his father's little farm. When George was twenty-two, Captain Way died, leaving all he had to leave to his only child, Mary. It was almost nothing, for the poor captain had made some unsuccessful ventures, and encountered much adversity: anxiety and disappointment had shortened his life. His strong recommendation ensured to George the good offices of *The Lovely Polly's* co-owners, and of his uncle's commercial friends.

Mary Way was a year or two younger than George. Her mother had died before the girl was old enough to remember her. Mrs. Way was a pretty Irishwoman, and had been the pet servant of Mrs. O'Neil, of Abbeyland, near Wexford, where honest Captain Way saw and fell in love with her.

When she married him, the O'Neils gave her a little dowry. Her husband was glad to take a lodging for his pretty wife near them at Wexford, where she could still be within reach of their protecting kindness during his frequent absences, and while occupied with his business in great waters.

But poor young Mrs. Way being consumptive, died when her child was three years old, and then the O'Neils took little Mary, and in a manner adopted her for love of their dead servant. They professed to bring her up to be a servant also, but she was the plaything and pet of the house, and could never have taken an ordinary service, I fancy. She saw her father as often and as much as he could make opportunities for going to see her; but he was an unselfish, tender-hearted fellow, and felt that he could hardly ensure his delicate little Polly such home care as would justify his taking her from her rich friends. His sister, Mrs. Ford, the farmer's wife, was a good soul, but a strong, hardy woman, with strict notions about young folk; not likely, he knew, to pet and cocker a

child—and his little Polly wanted petting and cockering, and got it at Abbeyland. She should stay there till he could settle down in a cottage ashore; and then nephew George should marry his little maid, and be captain of *The Lovely Polly*, and he would lie up and take care of the captain's wife while George was away.

Alas! the terrible equinoctial winds raged, and the great sea waves arose and engulfed many ships, their crews and cargoes, and half wrecked *The Lovely Polly*, carrying a heavy venture insufficiently insured, and swept away the poor captain's dream-cottage, and broke his heart.

Six months after, lying on his death-bed in his narrow berth on board *The Lovely Polly* (repaired and seaworthy again, but at the cost of that cottage which was never to be built), he imparted to George the hopes he had cherished in vain. I will tell you the rest in George's own words.

“‘But if so be thou and my Polly can so conform together, why there's my blessing,’ Uncle says, ‘which it's pretty nigh all I have to give 'ee; for I know thou'lt be kind to my poor maid. She's a pretty leetle maid, George,’ he says, ‘like her mother wur; blue eyes, and a face like a piece of waxwork, and curly light hair—there's a bit of it in my watch-case, take and look at it;’ which I do; and ‘ain't it pretty?’ he says. ‘Polly's a bit too eddicated and ladyfied like, p'raps, for we rough chaps,’ Uncle says, ‘but they've learned her useful things too. Look'ee here, George, at this handkercher,’ which he had clean, under his hand on the bed; ‘thy mother couldn't a' hemmed un neater, could she now? So, Georgy, boy,’ Uncle continny, when I'd praised the handkercher, ‘I lays my dying command on 'ee: go and see my little lass, first thing. I don't advise nothing onprudent, but just you go and see her; and if so be you can fancy each other mewchal, why it's my dying wish that you and she takes one another to be spliced in holy matterimony, till death you part.’

“‘Them was Uncle's words, sir,’” said



George. "I had propped him up, and was giving him his physic, and I sim I see him now! 'Thou'rt young and strong, George,' he says, 'and hast time and heart to work and to wait, as I ha'nt; thou'lt bring Polly to that cottage yet; and here's my love to you both,' he says, smiling kind, and nodding with his eyes like, as he drank off his dose—which was something of a sedlative natur, for he fell off to sleep presently, and didn't ever rightly wake up again—not in *this* world, dear old chap."

George dutifully went to see his orphan cousin "first thing" after his uncle's death; and without the least effort of duty fell headlong in love with her. And although she was, he owned, "terribly coy for a good bit," she ended by accepting his devotion, and consenting to marry him. Her friends urged her strongly, it seemed, and were entirely on George's side in the affair. *The Lovely Polly* was just then at Hamburg, but on her next voyage George was to sail in her as captain. Backed by her friends' influence, he persuaded Mary that they could not better employ the interim than by getting "spliced." He married his sweetheart from Abbeyland, as his uncle had done by her mother; brought her home to his parents' West-country farm in England; and three months after sailed on a voyage to the Brazils that lasted three years.

During that time much happened. In the first place his wife fell ill after his departure. Perhaps she fretted at their separation; perhaps the comparatively rough life at the farm affected the spoiled, peaking girl; no doubt her husband's parents, kindly as they really were, did not make sufficient allowance for the spoiledness and the peaking, and treated the ailing young woman's daintiness as affectation that it was best to laugh at, or to disregard. No doubt she was both ill and miserable until the O'Neils invited her to try the remedy of her native air.

Five months after her marriage she made her home with them again, accompanying them also while they travelled for more than a year on the

Continent. At last she returned to Westshire, but with her friends, who then came to England and rented a pretty villa called *Bel Respiro*, near Troutlemouth, some member of the family being consigned by the doctors to Westshire air.

When, shortly after, George returned to England, he found Mary and his child at *Bel Respiro*. Letters had been necessarily rare between husband and wife during that far and wide separation: both were travelling, and communication was difficult. But George knew that a child had been born to him, and that the little maid was called *Millicent*, after Mrs. O'Neil, its godmother. He had also been assured that his wife's health was re-established: but his heart sank when her shattered and nervous condition became but too manifest to him as soon as he once more took her home to the farm.

Just then his only brother was killed by falling from a rick, and it was evident that George must fill his place at home, and give up the seafaring life he liked so well, and prospered so fairly in. George was too dutiful a son to desert his parents in their need of him, and much too fond of his wife and child to take to heart the altered prospects that would at any rate keep them all together for the future. He would now have been happy enough but for one cause of anxiety—his wife's health. Day by day this yielded inch by inch to hopeless disease.

"At first we thought the little maid wern't long for here below," said George; "you never see such a mite of a babe as she wur when I first come home. You wouldn't a' believed she wur in her three if you hadn't knowed it. I wur in a real fright every time I took hold on her with my big fisties—she wur that frail and leetle. But you see she have grow'd up hearty, have my little maid, and it's her mother that's to be took. My poor Mary! my poor lass! No, sir, I won't—I won't give way, not yet, not while she's here. Thank 'ee, sir, you're very kind—Yes, sir, for my little maid's sake the Lord 'll help me—"

Thus poor George generally ended our talks; his big heart heaving, his hand over his face, tears trickling through his fingers—while I could only press his other hand, and say a broken word or two of sympathy.

### CHAPTER III.

YOUNG Mrs. Ford got a little better in the summer, as persons smitten by her disease are apt to do.

She fancied that Troutlemouth would be the source of health to her, and fretted at the idea of returning to Corner Farm. I saw plainly that the young woman felt a strong distaste both for the coarse way of life there, so different from that to which her patrons had accustomed her, and to the society of her husband's parents, which certainly could be neither congenial nor soothing to her.

The old farmer and his wife did not belong to my parish, but I had seen them several times in Mrs. George's little room, and had also met them in my walks abroad. They were rough folks, clumsy of speech and manner, with loud, unrestrainable voices and noisy ways. They meant to be good to their son's sick wife, but hardly knew how, and had little patience with what they called her "items."

"Sick folk have no call to be peevish: the Lord He sent un sickness, and hur must bear it like a Christen, hur must," grumbled Mrs. Ford. "Hur's so itemy as a teethin' babby, hur is."

"Hur should beheave hursel' 'cordin tu that steation in life it have pleased God tu call her tu," growled Conservative old Ford. "Parson's lady cudent be fuler o' faddles."

Poor Mrs. George needed comfort and indulgence in this lingering death-sickness of hers, and there could be neither at the farm for her, with that rough-tongued couple. I said so as delicately as I could when poor George consulted me, anxious only for his part to adopt the plan that should be best for "Polly, dear lass." It was settled that she should remain at her sea-side lodging,

and that nothing should be altered in their way of life, inconvenient, fatiguing, and expensive as it was to himself.

Every morning he gave his wife her breakfast in bed, helped her to dress, and saw her comfortably settled in her little pranked-out sitting-room, with everything she could need "to her hand." Then he set off on a three-mile walk to the farm, and worked hard at whatever farm business was going forward, until three or four o'clock, when he plodded back again to his wife's lodging to be her faithful "nurse and servant," as he had called himself with touching unconsciousness.

As the weather grew hot—and it was a very hot summer, that last of his Polly's life—he often seemed exhausted, strong and healthy as he was; and often in the cool twilight dropped asleep beside me on that bench by the porch. Sometimes I caught his pipe as it fell from his fingers, and as his head sank sideways against the trellis among the honeysuckle. But he slept seaman-fashion, with his ears open, and at the least tap on the window above he was awake and alert again.

I used to look at him as he slept with the deepest compassion and respect. The good tired face had then both pathos and dignity. My heart bowed down before that humble generous spirit, as before something great and holy. I counted George Ford far above his wife, whose poor little second-hand refinements and smattering of polite education were nothing beyond what any vain, sentimental lady's-maid might achieve by ambitious copying.

And her character had a secretiveness about it, a taint of cunning, that impressed me disagreeably. Nor did there appear to me any higher quality to set against these defects than a kind of passive sweetness that did not lie much deeper than manner, or stand the test of sickness and suffering.

Frequently I found her in a strange nervous state, with furtive, frightened looks and embarrassed utterance, that puzzled me very much. Nothing seemed further from tragic or romantic than



little commonplace Mrs. George Ford, or I might have suspected that some hidden dread and trouble were oppressing her. Sometimes I fancied that my visits, although she invited and welcomed me, might be regarded with distrust by her Roman Catholic friends, especially the priest, and that she was bidden to be on her guard against my heretical machinations. But I know now that I overrated my importance in their eyes, and that they were not in the least apprehensive or jealous of my influence over their thoroughly obedient *protégée*.

Most of the time I spent with her was employed in reading aloud, for her sight became very weak as her malady grew. I read anything that she herself chose, and it was generally poetry from some of the gilt books on her round table: "Selections" from Moore, and Byron, and Mrs. Hemans, and L. E. L. I might have desired to alter or vary these lectures, but, you see, I believed that my mission in that sick room was simply to give a little comfort, in any innocent way that I was permitted to do so.

What most interfered with my personal liking for young Mrs. Ford was the discovery, which I soon made, that she had no love for her husband. She accepted all his devotion because she needed it, but I saw that she felt the sweet unwearying faithfulness of it only with her body, as it were. She savoured George's tender service without the least gratitude or love, just as she ate grapes when parched, or leaned her aching bones on down pillows. His simple talk did not interest her; she was more than half ashamed of his West-country tongue and his unpolished manners, gentle as they really were.

She seemed fond of her child, but Milly was a romp, and her mother's tiny parlour was as much too small for her gymnastics as mine for the whisking skirts of the "parson's lady." The little one made more noise than her sick mother could bear, and was now almost always at the farm with the old folks.

In the fine summer afternoons, young Mrs. Ford would come out, leaning on her husband's arm, and walk feebly to and fro in the back garden reaching down to the narrow meadow that bordered the Troutle. I used to see them from my bedroom window, and I fancied that I could discern the daily, nightly touch of disease on her waxen face. The nose became longer and finer; the eyes darker and larger; the flaxen hair would hardly curl now, and lung lifeless on her neck; the doll-pretiness had vanished, and the insignificant features were strangely spiritualised. Her husband took little slow steps at her side: his dark square face, florid through all its weather-tan, his black, bushy, curly hair, his bright brown eyes under thick eyebrows, his look of health, vigour, vitality—not red and beefy, but robust—were quite awfully contrasted by that death-smitten figure.

When the days shortened, Mrs. George had to take her slow walk alone, or leaning on her landlady the postmistress; the sun had got too low, and the air too chill for her, by the time that her husband could return from the farm. I used to go out and give her my arm when I could, but there was much sickness in the parish just then, and I was very little at home. Just at this time, the O'Neil family left Bel Respiro, the invalid daughter being again ordered to winter at Rome.

At last, one late September morning, the end came. I was at breakfast when my landlady entered my parlour, followed by her neighbour the postmistress; both women agitated and awe-stricken. Young Mrs. Ford was dead. And, notwithstanding all her husband's tender watchfulness, she had died alone.

On that one morning, George had been compelled to leave her early, before she was able to rise. He had promised, however, to return at noon, and recommended her to remain in bed until then. At nine o'clock, Miss Pike the postmistress, who kept no servant, had gone into her lodger's parlour to light the fire. The bedroom opened by folding-doors into the sitting-room, and these



doors were always set wide at night, not only for air, but that George, who for many months had slept on the sofa in the parlour, might be within sight, and indeed within reach, of the sick woman.

Miss Pike had got to the grate, sticks in apron and candle in hand, when, as she expressed it, she seemed to *feel* that there was no sound of breathing from the bed. The curtains were open at the foot; she made a step forward and looked in. She confessed to me that, instantly seeing what had happened, she screamed, and at once ran out of the house into her neighbour's. The foolish woman had been so scared that she did not even go close enough to ascertain if life were really extinct. First sending her for the doctor, I went at once to her house, and into the room where young Mrs. Ford lay; and when I entered it I felt, just as the postmistress had done, that nothing breathed behind the white curtains of the bed.

Young Mrs. Ford was quite dead. She lay in the attitude of sleep, very calm-looking, statue-like. One arm was stretched on the pillow, her eyes nearly closed. Her little nightcap had worked slightly off her head, but this was the only sign of the least struggle.

As I turned away, I found Miss Pike at my elbow. She had come up behind me, emboldened by my presence, and I saw by her excited face that she was going to indulge in a flood of tears. She was a nervous woman, and upon such occasions nervous women, especially of the less educated classes, are not particularly welcome to men. I asked her, rather brutally, why she had not fetched the doctor, and went away abruptly, hardly listening to her explanation that my landlady's son had gone for him. In truth, my mind was revolving painful thoughts of poor George, who must be sent for, and who must be told the fatal tidings. I knew that I ought to be the person to tell them, and I shrank from the duty that had fallen on me. But I had to do it, and I at once set off to walk to the farm, thinking it best that he should there hear what had happened, with his parents to care for him.

But I had not gone half a mile on the road when I met all three in the farmer's chaise-cart. George had found the old folks preparing to come into Troutlemouth to consult a lawyer concerning some small neighbourly quarrel; and he finished what he came to do as quickly as possible, so that he might return with them the more quickly to his wife.

They stopped when I met them, and I have no doubt that my grave face alarmed George, for he turned visibly pale, and jumped down at once. I only told him that his wife had been taken worse since he left her. I believe he knew the whole truth instantly, but would not admit it even to himself. He stared at me piteously; tried to speak, but only nodded silently to his parents, and walked on with me as I turned back towards Troutlemouth.

I will not tell you of the poor fellow's first anguish. Some joys and some sorrows should alike be treated as secrets between the creature and God. In the evening his mother came to me, and implored me to get her son out of the room where his dead wife lay. I found the little parlour next door filled with people: I passed through them, and saw George sitting by the bed in the other room. He sat with his elbows on his knees, and his face in his hands, motionless as his dead Mary who lay there beside him.

They had made the toilet of death; had closed her eyes and mouth, bound up her head and chin, folded her in her long night-gown, setting her arms by her side, and laid a sheet over her.

He had remained thus for some hours, his parents and friends vainly attempting to remove him: he took not the least notice of word or touch.

It is impossible to say how deeply I sympathised with that man, as he sat in his quiet grief, by his dead wife.

I felt disposed to be angered at the foolish intermeddling of the folks about him, and to exhort them for pity's sake to let him alone. But, as I saw they would not do so, I thought it might be best to get him away from them into my lodging, where he would be undis-

turbed. I spoke to him very gently, and entreated him to come away with me for the present, for a while only. He seemed to be roused by my voice, and, with that childlike reverence for my office which he had always manifested, made an effort to rise; but as he did so he caught sight of his wife's shrouded figure, and fell down crushed in a heap on the floor. Plucking her hand from that awful artificial symmetry of position which they had contrived, he delivered himself up to the passion of his grief—kissing the cold bones, and bathing them with his hot tears.

#### CHAPTER IV.

YOUNG Mrs. Ford was carried to the Roman Catholic burying-ground at Tuxeter, and George went home from the funeral to the farm.

Next day he brought a cart to Troutlemouth to fetch away his dead wife's belongings from Miss Pike's. About twilight he came in to see me, having despatched the cart and the luggage under charge of a farm lad.

He carried in his hand a small rose-wood writing-desk, which I recognised as having been his wife's, and which I had often seen on the table beside her.

"If you'll excuse the liberty and the taking up of your time, sir," said poor George, entering the room with sorrowful face and reddened eyelids, "I'd ask leave to open this here leetle dexse in your presence. My dear wife's last will and testyment be in it, I sim. My dear lass could do as she liked with her own, as was correct and fitting, and for my little maid's sake I should like for you to see as I acts upright and honourable by her, and ezactly as her dear mother may have exprest the wish. I ha'nt opened him, I assure you, sir," added George earnestly; "never saw his inside in my life."

I signified my readiness to bear witness that he did not in any manner cheat his child, and he unlocked the desk.

One compartment, the lower one, had

been used as a trinket-box, and contained various pretty ornaments neatly laid in cotton wool. I perceived that George was surprised at the number of these things, and that he saw most of them for the first time.

"I suppose the O'Neils give her they things," said he, "the most on 'em. Her father and me we give her a pair or two of earrings and such like, and I give her a leetle watch and chain the day we got married; but the cap'n he wur always savin' for her, and so wur I —towards that cottage, you know, sir. Ah! my poor lass had small pleasure out o' them trinkum-trankums. I sim I hate to see 'em shine as if they was alive, they trash, and Polly, dear love—"

George shut the lid of the lower compartment with an impatient half-sob, and opened the upper one.

Here were only two or three thin packets of letters, through which George glanced, and handed them to me to do the same, that I might see there was among them no testamentary paper of any kind whatever. I could not help silently taking notice that the dead woman had not preserved a single line from her husband. There were only letters and notes from Mrs. O'Neil, one or two from her father, and a few from old schoolfellows of her own class at the Wexford boarding-school to which she had been sent for some years.

"There seems to be no will," said I, as I retied the last packet; "but it can make no difference, George, to you or little Milly. Most likely your wife knew that."

"Yes, sir, yes sure," assented George; "still I cud a' wished as she had exprest a desire, just that I might a' follered it strict. But thank'ee, sir, kindly, kindly, for all—and God for ever bless 'ee, sir, and good night."

He had shut and locked the desk, and taken it up in his left hand, while he held out his right to me, when a sudden, a fatal thought struck me.

"Stop!" I cried, "there may be a secret drawer."

Oh, my poor George, that my lips should have said it! He put the desk

down again on the table before me, unlocked it, and re-opened it. Knowing the usual trick of these contrivances, I lifted the lid of the upper compartment, and then tried to pull up the slip of wood that partitioned off the cell for the ink bottle: it yielded readily, and as it came up a spring clicked, and the wooden lining at the head of the compartment jumped loose. I laid aside the piece of wood that had, as I expected, masked a small secret drawer. This I drew out and gave to George.

Oh, my poor George, that my hand should have done it!

The drawer contained nothing but a single small envelope, undirected. It had been sealed, but the seal was already broken.

"There's your wife's will, George," said I, "or I'm mistaken."

I was mistaken.

George, as he stood there near my lamp, took out two or three folded papers, the contents of the envelope, and began to examine them. I sat by, tranquilly looking at him. I saw surprise and perplexity disturb for a moment his quiet sad face; then a great terror and horror growing and growing; then his poor reddened eyes stared at me, dilated, wild, frenzied! At last, with a shrill yell like the scream of physical torture, George let fall envelope and papers, began to beat his head savagely with his two fists, and laughed loud and long!

Mad, suddenly mad, he seemed.

For a minute I was too much dismayed to do or say anything. Then I spoke gently and tenderly to him, trying in vain to calm him. Meanwhile his dreadful cry had penetrated every corner of the little house, and my landlady came running into the room. I told her that George had broken down through fatigue and grief, and was in a kind of hysterical fit. I begged her to fetch Mr. Wilson, the doctor, who would be able to calm him, I hoped, by some sedative medicine. The doctor was with us in ten minutes. He found George rushing to and fro, backwards and forwards, as a pendulum swings.

Every now and then he burst into a loud laugh, and beat his head on the wall as he came to one end or the other of my little parlour.

I had kept my eyes on him, but feared to aggravate this frightful excitement by the least attempt to soothe it. And I had collected that fatal thin packet of papers, which evidently contained the poison that was convulsing him, and locked it in a drawer.

The doctor only watched poor George as I did: he knew that paroxysm of mental agony could not last much longer. In a low voice he inquired, and I told him, what had produced it, without however entering into particulars.

Gradually George began to falter and to stagger in his fierce pendulum-like swing from wall to wall. His loud laugh became thin and gasping; at last he stopped short, staring wildly at us. Then I put my arm tenderly round his shoulder, and drew him and pushed him gently down on the sofa. The poor fellow gripped my hand convulsively, and began to whimper feebly like a woman.

"Let him cry," whispered the doctor, "and give him this." He drank the opiate docilely, and we presently got him to bed in my room, where he soon slept exhausted, and slept for many hours.

I lay down on the sofa in my parlour, which, like its twin next door, opened by folding-doors into the sleeping-room.

About eight o'clock next morning I was already up and dressed, and seated at my writing table. All of a sudden George, in the next room, roared out a ghastly and savage oath that brought me to my feet in an instant.

I hurried to him, fearing a fresh paroxysm of that excitement which had looked so like insanity. He had either awakened himself by his own imprecation, or had uttered it immediately on awaking to consciousness and memory. I cannot properly describe the incredible change that had transformed poor George. As I came up to the bedside, he turned to me a face not only haggard and miserable, but reckless, defiant, *wicked!*

Before I could speak, he spoke in a



dare-devil way, utterly unnatural to the man, in a hoarse voice, and a broadened West-country accent.

"All right, sir! I be all right; doan't 'ee fear. I baint agoing to break my heart, I baint, for e'er a d——d trollop of 'em all. Polly's dead and d——d, and there's an end o' she. No, sir, no; I baint a cussin' and swearin': I only holds as the Lord is just, and as the devil have got his own."

George was not in a condition to be preached to: the doctor could do more than the parson for him, and I waited anxiously enough for the early visit that my friend Wilson had promised.

George did not wish to get up, and refused the breakfast I brought him. He lay there on his back, with a frown and a sneer on his face, fiercely picking the dry skin from his parched lips till they were sore and bleeding. Now and then he broke out into coarse and brutal invectives, ruffianly threatenings of wrath and vengeance against persons unnamed. And yet there was a kind of undercurrent of wild, fanatic religiousness running beneath his blasphemous rant!

Suddenly he asked, more quietly, "Have 'ee burnt it, sir?"

I knew he meant that fatal packet, and I told him gently, "No; I had locked it away, and no one but he himself had seen, or, unless he chose, need see it."

"Then," said George, getting excited again, "you doant know what Polly wur. Why, she wur worse than the poor drunken drabs in the street, Polly wur!"

"Hush!" said I, for he had raised his voice to a shout, "for your child's sake, hush, George! Think 'of your little Milly."

A dreadful spasm twisted his face, and a most horrible execration broke from his lips. It seemed to produce a lull in his fury, as a silence follows a great thunderclap.

"I humbly ask your pardon," said he, almost timidly, after that pause.

"Never mind *me*, George," returned I, sorrowfully.

"The Lord forgive me," murmured poor George, abashed, with a return to his gentle, pious self.

Then he spoke in a subdued tone, and asked me to take out the envelope I had locked up, and to read the contents for myself. I did so.

If I could convey to you by any brief summary of my own a true idea of the horror which those contents must have produced in the mind of Mary Ford's husband, I should prefer to do so. But you must read what he read, and realize that he read it, in order to judge him as justly, as tenderly, as I wish you to do.

There were only two letters in the envelope: both dated from London some years back, with no more particular address; both in the same legible masculine handwriting.

The first in date ran thus:

"MY DEAR LITTLE MARY, — Since you think it unkind that I never write to you, I will do so, relying on your promise to burn my letter directly, and to follow my wishes, if I will express them myself. I wish you to do exactly as my mother directs. You may be sure she will keep your secret for my sake, for you know she loves me better than anything else in the world, and would make any sacrifice to save me from my father's displeasure. *She knows all*, and her plan is to take you abroad with her when she and old Nora set off shortly to join my father in Rome. She will stay three or four months at Vienna, where she has some relations. *What takes place there* may be represented, when necessary, as having taken place last year. As for my father, he hates babies, and will never look at yours, though he will naturally be told that Mary Ford has one that was too young to be left behind. In a few months the child will only look small for its alleged age. You will see there is nothing to fear, if you will be reasonable, and trust to your best friends.

"I write in great haste, but I would not have you think me unkind or unmindful of you.

"Yours affectionately,

"MAURICE."

"Remember your promise, and burn this *at once*."

The second note was very short, and dated some months later :—

“MY DEAR LITTLE MARY,—I’m glad you are all right. It is very kind of my mother to give her name to the young one. Now that all is well over and safe, you must see it is useless to fret over what is past and irreparable. I send little Millicent something to buy a rattle, and remain in haste,

“Yours affectionately,

“MAURICE.

“P.S.—*Burn this note directly,* as you assure me you burnt the other.”

There were in the envelope, besides these two notes, three visiting cards. Two were tied together with silver twist, and bore respectively the names of “Mr.” and “Mrs. Maurice O’Neil, No. — Grosvenor Place.” On the third card was engraved the name of “Miss Hawes,” and the same residence. The lady’s name on both cards was slashed through, as by a penknife.

Here was the *mot d’énigme*. I knew when I saw these cards that Mr. Maurice O’Neil, Mary Ford’s cold-blooded seducer, had married a well-known middle-aged and very rich heiress, and *why* his affectionate mother had aided and abetted him in suppressing a scandal that might have interrupted so fortunate an arrangement of his affairs. He had asserted no more than the fact when he assured his mistress that her shameful secret would be guarded by his mother “at any sacrifice” — even of truth, of honour, and of chaste matronhood!

As for the dead weakling, I dared not pronounce the verdict of my wrath on her sin. My heart rose against her too hotly, thinking of George. Her inconceivable falseness looked so black beside his pure and tender loyalty. Treacherous even to her lover, she had broken faith with him, and preserved the only two letters with which he had been induced to trust her. The doll-faced waiting-woman, by her double deceit, had exploded the deadly secret which, bursting like an infernal machine, had morally

destroyed her husband, and maimed and defeatured her child? What would be the end?

I sat aghast, conscious of George’s bloodshot eyes fixed on me, hungry for sympathy and perhaps for counsel, but struck dumb, feeling that I had nothing to say which I dared say.

It was a great relief to me when, at this juncture, the doctor came in. He found his patient quiet, and pronounced him much better. George assured him, as he had assured me, that he was “all right.” The doctor advised him to be up and doing, said that occupation would be his best physic, shook hands with him, and went away. I was cowardly enough to be thankful for a summons from a sick parishioner which called me from poor George as soon as we were left alone again. I dared not speak of his awful trouble until I could shape my sympathy into words that had at least some likeness of comfort and sober counsel. As yet I could not; as yet I felt wholly possessed by such emotions as I believed it would ill become me to strengthen his own sense of injury by expressing to him.

Vainly, vainly I wished, afterwards, I had uttered even that undisciplined, impulsive sympathy: it might have soothed him more than wiser, better considered speech. But, perplexed and afraid, I seized the first excuse, and fled, until I could force myself to speak good words to him. I saw the disappointment in his face as I wrung his hand affectionately, saying that I must leave him then, but would return soon. Alas! there was no “must” but that which my cowardice invented. My sick parishioner was not so sick as this poor struggling soul. I knew that George was waiting hungrily for the expression of my sympathy, yet I left him. The unaffected humility of the man caused him to mistake my silence and avoidance; prevented him from knowing, until too late, that the very strength of what I felt for him made me afraid to utter it.

*To be continued.*

## THE LAST OF NELSON'S CAPTAINS.

On the 8th of January the last survivor of Nelson's captains, the Paladins of the great war, sank to his rest calmly at Greenwich, a hale old sea-king of eighty-six. Sir James A. Gordon had been Governor of the Hospital since 1853, and became Admiral of the Fleet just a year since, on the 30th of January, 1868. He entered the navy in November 1793, at the mature age of ten years, straight from his father's house, Kildrummie Castle, Aberdeen; was posted in May 1805, several years before the Premier was born; and had been nine times gazetted for conspicuous gallantry in the face of an enemy while Mr. Gladstone was still in the nursery. The race to which he belonged stands out as clearly as Napoleon's marshals, of whom they were the contemporaries. Nelson's captains, now that we can look at them as a group of historical personages, strike us as on the whole the most daring set of men ever thrown together for one work. Were it not for their uniform success, and the thoroughness with which they carried through that work, one might be inclined to call them foolhardy disciples of the chief who "did not know Mr. Fear."

As a boy, Sir James fought in the general actions, under Lord Bridport, at Cape St. Vincent and the Nile, and took part in a dozen minor engagements and cuttings-out, which are chronicled in the faithful pages of James.

But it was not until 1811 that his great chance in life came. In that year he was captain of the *Active* frigate, cruising in the Adriatic under Hoste. They were three frigates and a 22-gun ship, the *Volage*, when off Lissa a French and Venetian fleet of six frigates, a 16-gun corvette, and two gunboats came in sight. Hoste wore at once, and signalled "Remember Nelson," and the four English ships went into action with 128 guns less

than the enemy, and 880 men against 2,600. In half-an-hour the *Floré*, 40-gun frigate, struck to the *Active*; but Gordon, without waiting to send a prize crew on board, followed the *Corona*, another French frigate, and took her within shot of the batteries of Lissa. Meantime, the *Floré* had stolen away, no one knew where, and the able editors of the day denounced her captain for treachery in not waiting for her captor's return, and blamed Gordon for not securing her. Hoste only remarked that they didn't know Gordon if they thought he would waste a minute on a prize while an enemy's flag was flying.

Six months later in the same waters, Maxwell in the *Alceste*, and Gordon in the *Active*, came up and fought through a long autumn day with the *Pomone* and *Pauline*, French frigates running for Trieste. Gordon's leg was carried away by a 36-pounder, but the *Pauline* was taken, and Maxwell brought the sword of Rosamil, the French captain, to Gordon, as his by right.

In 1812 Gordon, now with a wooden leg, was again afloat, captain of the *Sea Horse*; and in 1814 was under Cochrane on the American station. In August, Cochrane and Ross resolved on the raid on Washington; and Gordon, with a small squadron, was ordered to sail up the Potomac, in support of the land-fores. He started on the 17th, and struggled up to Fort Washington in ten days. "We were without pilots," he writes, "to assist us through that difficult part of the river called Kettles Bottoms, consequently each of the ships was aground twenty times, and the crews were employed in warping five whole days." On the 27th he took Fort Washington, and on the next day appeared off Alexandria, and offered terms of capitulation to the town which our cousins found hard of digestion. Washington city had been abandoned



by Ross on the 25th, after the public buildings were burnt. The whole country was rising, and here was this impudent one-legged captain insisting that the merchant ships which had been sunk on his approach should be delivered to him, with all merchandise on board, or——. The army was already back at the coast, there was not the slightest chance of support, and his difficulties were increasing every hour; but the Alexandrians soon found that nothing but his own terms would get rid of this one-legged man. So the sunk merchantmen were “weighed, masted, hove down, caulked, rigged, and loaded” with the cargoes which had been put ashore, even down to the cabin furniture, and with twenty-one of them as prizes, at the end of three days Gordon started to run the gauntlet back to the sea, our cousins vowing that they would teach him something about “terms of capitulation” before he got there. And they worked hard to keep their vow, and at one point (name unknown) had nearly effected their purpose by aid of a strong battery and three fireships. But Gordon in the *Sea Horse*, and Charles Napier in the *Euryalus*, anchored at short musket range right off the battery, and succeeded in almost silencing it: a daring midy or two towed away the fireships, and the whole fleet of merchantmen slipped by. And so Gordon got down to the sea, with a total loss of three officers and sixty-one men, after twenty-three days’ operations in which the hammocks were down only two nights. No stranger feat of daring was ever performed than this, now nearly forgotten.

His last command was in his old ship the *Active*, to which he was appointed in 1819; and in 1826 he was made superintendent of Plymouth Victualling Yard, at which time, so far as we know, his work as a fighting-man

ceased. Stop—we are wrong; on one occasion the old sea-lion was brought to bay. He attended the coronation of William IV., like a loyal messmate, in full admiral’s uniform, with his orders, and the gold medal which had been awarded him after Lissa, on his breast. He walked away from the ceremony, and at a narrow street-corner in Westminster was hailed by a leading rough in the crowd with, “By God! that’s Jem Gordon. He flogged me in the *Active*, and now, mates, let’s settle him.” The Admiral put his back to the wall, and looked the fellow in the face. “I don’t remember you,” said he, “but if I flogged you in the *Active*, you d——d rascal, you deserved it. Come on!” Whereupon the crowd cheered, and suppressed his antagonist, and the Admiral stumped back to his hotel in peace.

Even with a wooden leg, he must have been a very formidable man in those days; for he stood six feet three inches, and had been all his life famous for feats of strength and activity. He could heave the lead further than any man in his best crews, and before his accident had been known to leap in and out of six empty water hogsheads placed in line on the deck.

For the last sixteen years he has been living, full of years and honours, at Greenwich, and now he lies buried amongst his comrades, and has left the grand heritage of an unsullied name to his numerous grandchildren.

Heaven keep England from any such war as that in which James A. Gordon earned his good-service pension of 300*l.* a year and his Grand Cross of the Bath; but, if England is ever fated to endure the like again, Heaven send her such captains as James A. Gordon and his peers.

T. H.

## ELEGY

IN MEMORY OF PERCY, LORD STRANGFORD :

*Died 9 Jan. 1869, aged 43 years.*

ONE statesman the less,—one friend the poorer,—  
 While the year from its cradle comes lusty and gay ;  
 In its strength and its youth we seem'd younger and surer ;  
 Death said 'Ye are mine!—lo, I call one :—obey !'

Could'st thou not take one ripe for the reaping,  
 Spare to our love the true-hearted and brave ;  
 Lightning of insight, and brightness unsleeping,  
 Wit ne'er too trenchant, nor wisdom too grave ?  
 Thirty years more, in our blindness we reckon'd,  
 This heart, all his graces and gifts, were our own :  
 One came between in a moment and beckon'd,  
 And he rose in silence and follow'd alone :—  
 Follow'd alone from the house where we knew him  
 Into the darkness that no man can trace :—  
 Thither our eyes will strain oft and pursue him,  
 Glimpses and hints of a vanishing face.

Thirty years more, should the friends who deplore him  
 Meet, as in days without foresight or fear,  
 One place will vacant be, one seat kept for him,  
 One voice be listen'd for . . . Ah ! he is here !  
 —Nevermore, O, nevermore!—and the gladness  
 Drops from our eyes and our voices away ;  
 Hopes that are memories ; smiles that are sadness ;—  
 Love should be never, or be Love for aye !

Youth with his radiance leaves us, and slowly  
 Shadow-wing'd night hovers nearer above ;  
 Star after star from our heaven fades wholly,  
 Blankness where shone the bright faces of love.  
 Ah we shall cling to him yet, yet revere him,  
 Guarding the brightness no more seen again ;  
 Memories and dreams of the past that endear him,  
 Hopes that elsewhere their fulfilment attain.

World that in blatant success has its pleasure,  
 Little it knows of the soul that was here ;  
 Judgment with learning allied in full measure,  
 Mind of the statesman, and eye of the seer.  
 On our horizon as danger is growing  
 'Were he but here!' the heart whispers, and sighs :  
 Now, where earth's knowledge seems hardly worth knowing,  
 He may not teach the new lore of the skies.  
 Faithful and true!—Affection unsleeping,  
 Wisdom mature, ere thy summer had flown ;—  
 Ah, in thy youth thou wert ripe for the reaping ;  
 He who had lent thee, now calls back His own.

Tender and true!—One look more as we leave thee  
 Silent and cold in the bloom of thy day ;  
 One more adieu, ere the Master receive thee ;—  
 Love that has once been, is Love for aye.

F. T. P.



## DISESTABLISHMENT AND DISENDOWMENT.

BY W. D. HENDERSON, OF BELFAST.

THE object of the following paper is to point out clearly and in some detail the consequences of "disendowment" and "disestablishment." I do not intend to discuss the reasons why the branch of the Church of England in Ireland should be disendowed, nor have I anything to do with that which the State did not give to the Church, and which it cannot take away from it—its spiritual life. I assume that the people of the United Kingdom decided at the late election in favour of religious equality in Ireland: that is, they decided to take away from the English Church in Ireland the exceptional privileges enjoyed by its members, and to destroy the 1,500 ecclesiastical corporations originally created and endowed by the State,—by which corporations hitherto the bishops and rectors of that Church have been provided for,—preserving, however, to the persons composing these corporations their incomes for their lives, and leaving to the Church its buildings and some minor funds. I shall first give the reasons why these life-interests, &c. should be left with the clergy and the Church. I shall next point out what the value of these is, and I shall inquire what equivalents for them should be given to the other religious denominations in Ireland. Then will come up in due order the position of the State and the Church after the separation; and I shall conclude with some suggestions as to the disposal of the surplus. I think that this survey, necessarily rapid and incomplete, will show two things:—it will show that the people instinctively arrived at the right conclusion when they agreed to respect vested interests, and to be both just and generous. It will also show that the difficulties of disendowment and disestablishment are less than they are supposed to be.

1. *The reason why the life-interests and buildings should be left with the Church.*

To use a distinction which the accounts of railway companies have forced on public attention, the life-interests may be said to represent the *revenues* of the Church, whilst the buildings represent its *capital*; and the reasons why the State should leave each with the Church are as different as capital is from revenue. The life-interests are left with the Church,—that is, the bishops, rectors, and other incumbents are allowed to retain their present incomes for their lives,—because of the deep-rooted feeling that a clergyman should engage in no secular employment. The whole community, in a greater or less degree, accepts the dogma, "Once a priest always a priest." There would, therefore, be a great obstacle to a clergyman getting any secular employment, and probably there is some weight in the popular notion that if he did get it he could not keep it. His previous training and habits are not looked upon as the best preparation for the struggle of life. He has accepted a post, at the request of the State, which, in part at least, disables and disqualifies him for any other; and the State, therefore, feels that it should preserve his present income.

No doubt there is a farther feeling that to touch the incomes of the bishops and rectors during their lives would be an infringement of what is popularly called the rights of property. The clergyman is a corporation, and he has a freehold in his rectory or bishopric for life. With many this reason will be the supreme and determining motive. With others, the broad principle of justice which has been mentioned above will be the more weighty. But from no quarter, and certainly not from the Catholics of Ireland, does there seem to be a wish to treat the clergy of the Established Church with anything but kindness and consideration.

It is farther proposed to leave with

the Church what I have called its "capital,"—the money sunk in building of churches, glebe-houses, and school-houses; and here also there are good reasons for the liberality. The churches are consecrated buildings, and there is something repugnant to the feelings of every person in the idea of selling consecrated buildings, or using them for any secular purpose. Again, many of the churches are modern edifices, and the parishioners have subscribed largely to the building of them. If the State recognises any private bequests, it is bound to recognise these; and in many cases the churches, if sold, would not bring as much as the private subscriptions given to erect them.<sup>1</sup>

The buildings of the glebe-houses are not, in any sense of the word, consecrated, but they too have been frequently built by private funds, and in many cases there is a debt upon them. Besides this, the present incumbents have a right to them for their lives, and the reversionary value of an "oldish" house which needs constant repairs and is mortgaged is not worth much. When it is further borne in mind that the class of resident gentry who would be likely to buy such houses is, in Ireland, a very small one, there cannot be much doubt that to the State these houses would be of little value. With the glebe-house, the Church would get whatever small portion of the glebe-land—the avenue and kitchen-garden—needed to secure the reasonable privacy and comfort of the house. But the farm of 10, 20, 30, and sometimes 100 and 200 acres, which is attached to the rectory and farmed by the rector, must after his death be treated as national property. Upon the whole, therefore, the buildings, &c. are left with

<sup>1</sup> There are a few edifices, such as St. Patrick's Cathedral, which are really national monuments, and, as parts of the history of Ireland, can never be given over to any sect. It will be easy to make special arrangements for the few such cases which may occur. The fact that the late Sir Benjamin Guinness laid out a large sum in repairing St. Patrick's is a mere accident of the question, and may induce the nation to give compensation to the Dean and Chapter, but it does not give any claim to the Church.

the Church, because they would be of little value to the State, although of much value to the Church, because it would give much trouble to ascertain the rights of private donors in them, and because the sale of consecrated buildings would be a bitter wound to the feelings of Churchmen.

The other payments with which the State will be burdened may be briefly enumerated. The advowsons are private property, and will have to be paid for as such. The number of these is not very large, some 250, and the amount to be paid will be perhaps 350,000*l.* It is likely that the owners of these advowsons will in many cases hand over the compensation to the new and unendowed Church; but of course this is a matter exclusively for voluntary and private arrangement. Then, again, some compensation will require to be given to the 600 curates. They all labour under the same disability to which I have already referred in the case of rectors, viz.: that they are disqualified for any other occupation. The old curates, many of them men of advanced years, with families, would require to be liberally dealt with. The younger ones might receive a moderate sum in one payment as compensation, so that they might enter other Churches, either in England, the Colonies, or the United States. The value of the compensation would not likely be less than 350,000*l.*; and when sundry other payments, such as compensation to diocesan registrars, payment as an equivalent for the amount expended by Sir Benjamin Guinness on St. Patrick's, be taken into account, the amount of these miscellaneous items will not be less than 1,000,000*l.* and may be more.

There are, of course, minor matters. For example, the school-houses should be left with the church, because they are of small value in themselves. They were largely built by private subscription, and they are generally in immediate and close proximity to the church. The parish graveyards, on the other hand, must be at once treated as national property, and probably it would be proper to hand them over to some body like the poor-

law guardians, who would make regulations to secure the rights of the people without infringing upon the comfort of the worshippers in the neighbouring church.

The private bequests it is not proposed, as a rule, to touch at all; whilst it will probably be found that some portion of the impropriate tithes, now amounting to 82,000*l.* a year, is burdened with payments to ecclesiastical persons, and that the reversion of such payments might be treated as national property. The property of Trinity College, Dublin, and the endowed schools will naturally be made to assist in the spread of education generally, and need not enter into any of these calculations as to purely Church matters.

2. *What is the value of the life-interests, and what proportion do they bear to the total property of the Church?*

It is scarcely necessary to say that these gifts are really large, but probably not many people were prepared to hear that they were between one-half and two-thirds of the entire property of the Church; and yet there can be no doubt of the fact. The simplest plan to show this will be to put down in figures the capitalized value of the revenue and property of the Church, and then as a charge upon this to state the sums which would be required to purchase annuities for the rectors and bishops, the compensation to curates, &c., and the value of the buildings left with the Church.

It is no easy matter to ascertain the exact revenue of the Church, and the recent report of the Church Commission does not throw as much light on the subject as might be expected. No summary is given of it in the private income of the Church, and even in the summary of the public income there are some evident errors. For example, the value of the lands occupied by the clergy as farms or for other purposes should have been stated separately from the value of the glebe-houses. The former item is, to repeat the distinction I have already drawn, clearly "income," whilst the latter is "capital." The gross value of these houses and lands as given in Griffiths' valuation, which is a very low

one, should have been stated without any deduction; but in Tables 9, 10, and 11, a number of deductions for poor-rate, county-cess, &c. are made from this valuation. Taking, however, the public income of the Church as stated in Table 13, at 582,000*l.* and adding to this the cost of collection, 30,000*l.*, and estimating the value of the Church lands in the hands of the clergy at 20,000*l.*, the total income of the Church will be 632,000*l.* Of this income about 212,000*l.* a year is from Church lands, and 420,000*l.* is the tithe. It may be estimated that this 632,000*l.* is now spent as follows:—

Income of Bishops . . . . .	£60,000
Ditto of Rectors, Deans, and sundry persons, Organists, Sextons, &c. . . . .	477,000
Ecclesiastical Commissioners, that portion of their income upon which no life-interest would seem to arise . . . . .	65,000
Cost of collection . . . . .	30,000
	<hr/>
	£632,000
	<hr/>

A kind of balance-sheet may be made up from this, which is of course a mere approximation, but which will be of some value:—

Revenue, £632,000 at 22½ years' purchase . . . . .	£14,220,000
This number of years' purchase is as much as could be safely calculated on.	
Perpetuities . . . . .	300,000
The Church lands produce £200,000 a year, and are largely let out on leases renewable yearly for ever. The sum of £300,000 represents what fine would likely be given to convert these inconvenient leases into perpetuities.	
Churches, glebe-houses, school-houses, &c. . . . .	2,500,000
This may be estimated as their value to the Church. It would probably cost much more than £2,500,000 to build these churches and glebe-houses, whilst, on the other hand, they would likely sell for less. There are upwards of 1,510 parishes, and thus the average value of the buildings as here estimated is less than £1,700 for each.	
In all . . . . .	£17,020,000
	<hr/>



The charges on this sum of 17,000,000*l.* may be estimated as follow:—

Value of life-interests at 4 per cent. viz.—	
Bishops' annual income £60,000, say	£500,000
Rectors' and Deans' ditto, £477,000, average age 48 to 49 . . . . .	6,200,000
Advowsons, compensations to Curates, &c. . . . .	1,000,000
Value of churches, glebe-houses, &c. . . . .	2,500,000
	<u>£10,200,000</u>

The life-interests in the grant of the Regium Donum to the Presbyterians are worth about £600,000, and in the Maynooth Grant to the Catholics the life-interests are about £400,000. These are a further charge upon the Church property, and together amount to . . . . .	1,000,000
Surplus, available for national purposes . . . . .	5,820,000
	<u>£17,020,000</u>

It will be observed that the surplus has been stated nominally at 5,820,000*l.*, but this is subject to two contingencies: the first is the accuracy of the calculations, the second is the right of the other denominations to get an equivalent for the buildings left for ever with the Church. Both of these questions will be considered in the sequel, but meantime it will be desirable to explain fully the precise meaning of these calculations as to life-interests.

Two different sets of errors have been made as to the nature of these calculations. The *Spectator*, for example, has more than once stated that the surplus here estimated at nearly 6,000,000*l.* will some day or other be largely increased when the incumbents die off. And on the other hand, the *Economist* has hinted that there is some difference in the financial result between giving a single payment as the value of the life-interests, and paying to the incumbents their incomes during their lives. Now both of these views are equally erroneous. Assuming that the calculations are correct, then 6,000,000*l.* is the present value of the surplus; and if it be dealt with now, at no future time will it ever be increased, even when the last

rector is dead. In the same way it is precisely the same thing financially, both to the Church and the State, whether the life-incomes continue to be paid as at present, or a capitalized value be paid in one sum by the State to the Church.<sup>1</sup>

Perhaps the simplest illustration of this will be derived from the consideration that the surplus is the sum for which the reversion of the tithes and lands would sell. The present landlords and tenants would give this amount now if they had not to pay any more tithes and rents after the death of the present incumbents; or in cases where they were not prepared to do this, the reversion of the tithes could be sold to capitalists for this sum. Of course the difference between what the reversions of the Church would sell for and what the entire revenue of the Church would sell for, may fairly be said to be the amount left with the Church.

Or again, if the State had to purchase annuities equal to their present incomes for the bishops and rectors of the Church, it would require this sum of 6,700,000*l.* to do so. Or (to reverse this process) if the present incumbents chose to sell their life-incomes, they could get for them 6,700,000*l.* But if the bishops and rectors, instead of selling their life-incomes, chose to capitalize a portion of them, they could accumulate a fund which at their deaths would amount to 6,700,000*l.* In other words, if they only drew during their lives (trusting to their people to make up the difference) what would be the interest upon 6,700,000*l.*, say 300,000*l.*, and capitalized the difference between this 300,000*l.* and the amount of their incomes, 537,000*l.*, this difference, 237,000*l.*, would at their deaths amount to 6,700,000*l.*

Or, thirdly, the phrase has been

<sup>1</sup> I am speaking now exclusively of financial results. There are important moral and political advantages in the plan of capitalizing the life-interests, and there are some incidental financial advantages, but these do not affect the principle that capital and interest are really the same thing; and whether the State deals with a surplus of 6,000,000*l.* now, or of 14,000,000*l.* a generation hence, or of 35,000,000*l.* a generation after, will make no difference to it.

used, "the people making up the difference," and this is probably the best way to look at the whole matter. This making up of the difference is really the same thing as a life assurance premium. It is the people insuring the lives of the present incumbents for the benefit of their successors. In point of fact, the preservation of the life-interests to the present incumbents gives the people the opportunity of providing for the next generation of ministers. In this generation the people are not required to pay anything, and they may properly, being so favoured, share the burden with posterity. If, for example, the people commenced now to pay 100,000*l.* a year, which would be about 1*l.* for every family, it would produce at the death of the present incumbents a capital sum of more than 3,000,000*l.*, and this would, if properly invested, secure an endowment of 130,000*l.* a year for ever to the future ministers.<sup>1</sup>

It is of importance also to observe that as the figures stated are simply equivalents for each other, no one part of the scheme shadowed by these calculations

<sup>1</sup> The example of Canada is of great value, but there are important points of difference between the Church there and here. There the Church was paid off, and the laity undertook, in consideration of the clergy funding the capitalized value of their life-incomes, to keep them indemnified against all pecuniary loss. In Ireland the funding will not be necessary to the same extent. Canada is a new country, with an ever-increasing population, and a constant demand for new churches. In Ireland the population is decreasing, and the Church could advantageously (as will be pointed out in the sequel) have the number of its clergy reduced from 2,200 to 1,200. The proposal, therefore, which I make is not that the entire 6,700,000*l.* should be preserved, which would require an annual payment of considerably above 200,000*l.* a year, but only that the half of this sum should be preserved, and that of course the laity should only pay 100,000*l.* a year. The financial results of so doing are stated under the fourth section. Of course, if the clergy paid over to the Church their 6,700,000*l.* of life-interest, they would be entitled to draw their full incomes; and if the people supplemented this by a payment of only 100,000*l.* a year, the principal would be slowly eaten into, so that at the death of the last rector it would be reduced to nearly 3,000,000*l.*

depends on the other. The life-interests, for example, might be capitalized and paid over to the new disendowed Church, and no surplus fund be dealt with till the rectors had all died off. In the same way the surplus might be voted for some national purpose, and yet the life-interests need not be capitalized. For example, the State might borrow money by creating Consols equal to the amount of the surplus, and use the money for educational purposes, buying lands and building school-houses and residences for the school teachers (I take this use of the money simply as an illustration, and not as being certainly the best possible application of the Church surplus). For the money so borrowed it would have to pay interest, and the only fund which it would have to meet this interest would be the tithes, &c. of the parishes as the incumbents died off. At first the deaths would be few, and would be far under the amount of interest to be paid. The State would require to make up the deficiency by further borrowings, upon which interest would also require to be paid; and if the calculations were all correct it would not be till the death of the last rector that the total income of the Church would defray the interest upon the original amount borrowed, together with the compound interest upon it. Precisely in the same way the State might borrow money to pay off the rectors, and use the present tithes, &c. to pay the interest on the amount so borrowed, and to redeem a portion of the principal. And here again, only when the last rector had died would the principal of the debt have been redeemed, and the State come into receipt of the entire unencumbered income of the Church. Or, to repeat the illustration already used, if the State refuse to capitalize the incomes of the clergy, the members of the Church can do so for themselves by paying what has been called a life insurance premium.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The phrase a "life insurance premium" is only used for the sake of clearness. It is not meant that life premiums must necessarily be paid to an insurance company. The laity of the Church can, with the greatest ease, convert the Church into what, in its financial aspects,



3d. *Are the other religious denominations in Ireland entitled to an equivalent; and if so, how is this equivalent to be estimated?*

It has been assumed previously that the life-interests enjoyed by the Presbyterians in the Regium Donum and by the Roman Catholics in the Maynooth Grant should be respected. Preserving these life-interests is in principle precisely the same as preserving the life-interests enjoyed by the English Church, and it may therefore be assumed that no serious opposition will be made to any proposal either to capitalize the life-interests or to allow the present recipients to enjoy these incomes during their lives. In the case of Maynooth, a considerable portion of the grant goes to maintain the students, and the life-interest in it is therefore small; but it would only be fair that some arrangement should be made by which the College of Maynooth should receive compensation from the State for the average expectation of life of the Church of England rectors. If this were done, the Catholics would get 400,000*l.* for Maynooth, whilst the Presbyterians for their Regium Donum would get 600,000*l.*

But, in addition to its life-interests, the Established Church will be allowed to retain its buildings, the value of which may be roughly estimated at 2,500,000*l.*, its curates will get compensation to the extent of from 300,000*l.* to 400,000*l.* Many, if not all, of its private endowments will be left with it, although, if the strict rule which alienated the private endowments of Oxford and Cambridge from the Catholics were applied, these private endowments would be transferred to the State. The question, then, as to the rights of the other religious denominations must be fully considered, and a fair and candid consideration will only end, I think, in an affirmative answer; provided, of course, always that the Irish people express a decided wish that this should be a part of the final settlement.

may be called a life insurance society, just as the Church of Scotland has a well-arranged Widows' Fund in connexion with it.

In judging of this question, it must be borne in mind that it is one with which the people of Ireland have peculiarly to do. The great evil of a Parliament for the three kingdoms meeting at Westminster, is that any strong prejudice of the people of England—and they have a strong prejudice against the Catholics—is very apt to overbear all sense of justice, and all consideration for the feelings, and, I might add, dignity, of the people of Ireland. It is simply impossible that the three kingdoms can ever be united in anything more than name if, upon a question such as this, a question which simply deals with the distribution of a purely local Irish fund, local and Irish wishes are not respected. In the case of Canada, which upon this Church question offers a curious analogy in many points to the Irish Church question, it happened that the rights of the Catholic Church were protected by treaty with France, and the Canadians were allowed to settle their own Church difficulties in their own way. Unfortunately for Ireland, there is no treaty of capitulation, or rather none which has ever been observed; and neither the good feeling which should exist between fellow-citizens, nor even the claims of even-handed justice, will be able altogether to prevent the cry of "No Popery" being raised.

Perhaps the best illustration of what is fair and right in the matter will be to leave out religious distinctions altogether, and to consider what would be just between inhabitants of the same country. In this view a small minority of the citizens of Ireland hold some national property in trust, and the majority have decided that these trusts shall cease, and this national property shall revert to the nation. In carrying out this determination, it is, however, found that some portions of the property are so circumstanced that the gain to the nation in re-occupying them would be very small when compared with the loss which the minority would sustain by being deprived of them. This would seem to be a case for a compromise; and if one portion of the citizens are to be largely benefited by retaining the property, the others should clearly get an



equivalent. Suppose, for example, that the county-cess of Ulster had hitherto been paid by the State, and that the rest of Ireland had had to pay a local tax, and it was arranged that when the present contracts had expired, at the March assizes, all portions of Ireland should alike pay their own cess; and suppose further that the court-houses and jails and lunatic asylums of Ulster had been built by Government, and were free of debt, whilst the county buildings of the other provinces had not been built by Government, and were heavily in debt: would it not be fair and reasonable that a "rate in aid" should be raised from Ulster, so that it might pay its quota to defray the debt which weighed on the other provinces? Or suppose that Ulster had been entirely Protestant—Episcopalian and Presbyterian—and that it was the only province where tithes were levied, would there be much hesitation in admitting that out of these Ulster tithes the Presbyterians were entitled to an equivalent for that property which it had been determined to leave with the Episcopalians?

There are two suppositions involved in this proposed settlement; the one is that the Church buildings would sell for very little, the other that the Irish Catholics wish for an equivalent. The evidence as to the former of these is not decisive, but the balance of probability is in favour of its correctness. If, indeed, the buildings would bring anything like a reasonable sum, it would probably be better to sell them, and not to raise the question of equivalents at all. But to give them to the Church, or, what is really the same thing, to sell them at a nominal price, where the Episcopal Church would be the only buyer, would be no settlement. The other supposition is, that the Irish Catholics wish for an equivalent; and here again there is an element of doubt. Probably nothing is more creditable to the Catholic Church in Ireland than the pride which the laity have in providing for their clergy, and the confidence which the clergy have in their people. But this honourable pride leaves the claims of justice still a duty. No one would indeed

propose that Parliament should make an offer which the Irish people were certain to reject; but the Government is clearly bound to state to the Irish members of Parliament its views as to the equity of the case, and ascertain from them what will be agreeable to the Irish people.

In estimating what amount this equivalent should be, and how it should be paid, it is to be recollected that it is an equivalent chiefly for the Church buildings; and that the surplus and reverendary value of these, if brought to a sale, would, as has been already explained, be small. In addition to this, it is an equivalent for local buildings; and, without going so far as to say that the equivalent should be a purely local one, there can be little doubt that its amount should be based upon local wants. Probably the simplest and fairest way would be to give to other denominations in Ireland a sum of money for each congregation; and as the Catholic congregations are larger than those of any other denomination, and consequently fewer in proportion to the number of worshippers, it would be right to give them a larger sum than the others. In fact, the arrangement would be a compromise between a capitation grant and a congregational grant. To do this equitably would require about 2,000,000*l.* in all, of which the Catholics would get for their 1,200 congregations about 1,500,000*l.*, the Presbyterians 400,000*l.* for their 600 congregations, and the other denominations about 100,000*l.* This would of course be paid out of the surplus of the Church funds, which would then be reduced from about 6,000,000*l.* to 4,000,000*l.* This grant should be the absolute property of the Churches receiving it; it should be paid over to the accredited representatives of the Churches, and should be by them dealt with as they might think most advantageous.

4th. *The position of the State and Church after disestablishment and disendowment.*

The changes consequent upon disestablishment will be to the State of small importance, whilst to the Church it will really mean the right of self-

government. The Prime Minister for the time being will be saved the worry and trouble when a bishop dies of appointing his successor, and the Church will acquire the right of appointing both its clergy and bishops. In fact, by disestablishment both State and Church will gain. The leading changes which may be expected will be the following :—

The bishops who now sit by rotation in the House of Lords will at once cease to do so. At present one archbishop and three bishops sit there by rotation. But it will be impossible for them to continue to do so. The death of one of the archbishops, for example, would destroy the rotation, and in no case could his successor sit in the Lords. To do so would be to keep up the old Protestant ascendancy, nor would the Episcopal Church permit it. It is not improbable that, as the present bishops die off, the Church may wish to revive the old consolidated sees, and have separate bishops for each, or about thirty bishops in all. Whether this be carried out or not, the new bishops will be poor men comparatively, and they will likely be men with plenty of work on hand, who would neither have time nor inclination to spend one season out of three in London. Disestablishment in fact must be immediate.

The Bishops' Courts will cease to have any powers derived from the State, and their jurisdiction will be confined to whatever voluntary powers the Episcopal Church may give them. The public duties now performed by these courts, such as sealing the probates of wills, and granting letters of administration, are merely matters of form and detail, and no trouble will arise in providing other means to accomplish the same end.

In fact the entire control of the State over the Church would cease at once, except indeed that control which the State has over the Catholic and Presbyterian Church, and over all trustees, viz. the right of deciding, when appealed to, if funds left in trust have been expended according to the wishes of the granters. It would be desirable, however, that even here very considerable power of self-government should be given

to the Church, and that, as far as is consistent with justice, it might from time to time use its funds as it wished. The chief other point which is likely to occur is the case of trials before Church Courts for offences of any kind. There is always a danger of actions for libel arising out of these; but, so long as the parties act *bonâ fide*, they are protected by the law, which looks upon the statements made at these trials as privileged communications. At all events no difficulty has hitherto arisen on either of these points in the case of Churches so different in the forms of their Church government as the Presbyterians of Scotland and Catholics of Ireland, and there is no special reason to anticipate any difficulty with the Episcopal Church.

Such seem to be the leading ideas involved in the word "disestablishment," and the chief other question which remains for the State will be to decide what is to be the position of the endowed clergy of an unendowed Church. How will the present generation of bishops and rectors who have incomes for their lives stand toward the new and what may be called voluntary Church? A few years ago this might have been a cause of great diversity of opinion, and upon one side much would have been said of the rights of property possessed by the rectors, &c., and on the other of their duties to the Church. Happily the latter sentiment is now likely to prevail, and some solution which shall be in accordance with both the letter and spirit of the position of the clergy is not very far to seek. The incomes of the clergy must be preserved to them unless they chose voluntarily to resign them, and no inducement should be held out to them by the State to resign their incomes. On the other hand, it cannot be expected that the State will keep up special courts to try ecclesiastical offenders. The Duke of Wellington once complained that two officers who were perpetually quarrelling would need a commander-in-chief to themselves, but it will be impossible to keep up special courts for a few crotchety rectors. It will not be contended that



the State could not if it wished give power to the existing Church to exercise a reasonable discipline over all its clergy both in matters of faith and morals; and it is no injury, therefore, for the State to give this power to the new Church. For the State to substitute another machinery for the present is no breach of agreement, and no loss to the present incumbents. One concession might indeed be made, and that would be that rectors or bishops not wishing to be put under the discipline of the new Church should be allowed to retire from all duty on a pension, the amount of which should be regulated by the pensions allowed to the Civil servants of the Crown, and varying, of course, with the age and length of service of the applicants. The tenure of this pension would be practically for life, and probably the only cause of forfeiture which need be specified would be the conviction of the pensioner of some felony or misdemeanour. Of course, any who did not choose to retire when the old Church was disestablished, but joined the new, should lose the right of afterwards claiming these pensions from the State.<sup>1</sup>

As regards the organization of the Church of the future, probably the simplest plan would be for the State to create some provisional body, in which bishops, clergy, and laity would all be represented, who might act as trustees till the Church had adopted some constitution. The precedent of the Canadian and New Zealand Episcopal Churches would enable a synod to be elected who might act as such trustees, and arrange the details for the after government of the Church.

It has been already explained how great a gift to the Church the preservation of its life-incomes will be; and whether the capitalized value of these life-incomes be given in a lump sum or not, the result is precisely the same. At first, indeed, it might seem that they were very different, and nearly every one would think that 6,700,000*l.* in hand is better than 537,000*l.* paid yearly. It

is easy to see that a person not accustomed to deal with figures might readily fall into the mistake made by Mr. Disraeli, when he complained that in Mr. Gladstone's statement in figures of the value of the life-interests the Church would get too much, and that, freed from State control, it might be dangerous to the State. At the same time, he was quite as willing as Mr. Gladstone that the Church should get its life-interests, and should, therefore, get the same sum. There are, however, some advantages, both to the Church and State, in prompt disestablishment and disendowment, and handing over the life-incomes in one sum; and it may be worth while to state them briefly.

To the State, the advantage would be that the Irish Church question would be settled never to be reopened. The people of Ireland would feel that the old things had passed away and that all things had become new. The change of feeling towards England, which is one reason for disestablishment, would take place a generation sooner than it otherwise would. To the people of England and Scotland there is this great advantage in prompt disendowment and breaking up the Church property. At present there is the fear in their minds that the Catholics, at some future time, will endeavour to secure the property to themselves. By dealing with the entire Church funds now, this will be forever rendered impossible, and no stronger pledge of the *bonâ fides* of the Catholic people and clergy could be found than their willingness thus to renounce all hopes of endowment and ascendancy. There is probably even to the State a financial advantage in selling the Church property, the lands, and tithes, now. Not merely is the State likely to be a bad manager of property, but, under the settlement arrived at thirty years ago, the landlords now get a reduction of 25 per cent. for paying the tithes. It will probably not be possible, perhaps it is not even desirable, to reopen this settlement; but, undoubtedly, the State is entitled in selling the tithes to the landlords, who will in a great majority of cases be the purchasers, to see that proper terms are obtained from them. The whole

<sup>1</sup> The rectors, &c. in this way have the option of either remaining ecclesiastics or of secularizing themselves. In either case they will get full justice.



expense of managing the Church revenue, at least 30,000*l.* a year, will also be saved by promptly but judiciously selling the property.

Nor to the Church will the advantages be less. Financially it will benefit in several ways. The Government will probably pay the Church off at 3½ per cent, whilst by judicious management the Church may get 4¼ per cent. for its money. And this is a perfectly legitimate profit for the Church to make. It represents the care and skill of a number of its laymen in getting good investments. Then again the Church might arrange for a rapid contraction of its lines. At present it has 2,200 clergy, and it is probable that about 1,200 would be sufficient for all purposes. The Church is in fact the most over-officered Church in Christendom; and if it were reduced to the dimensions of the Established Church of Scotland, which has as many and as widely-scattered adherents as the Church of Ireland and only about 1,250 ministers, it would be more efficiently managed than at present. A large portion of this reduction would come from the paying off of the 600 curates, and no doubt some of the older rectors would retire upon full pay from the State, as already proposed. In addition to this, however, it would probably be well that, after disestablishment and disendowment, and the handing over of the capitalized values of the life-incomes to the Church, it should be allowed to make what arrangements it pleased with the clergy: subject always to their right to receive their present incomes as long as they did their work. Some of the poorer clergy would doubtless, from time to time, be willing to take a sum in hand and pass over to the Church in England, or emigrate to the colonies. It may be estimated that, from these two sources of saving, the Church would realize 30,000*l.* or 40,000*l.* a year.

The other financial advantages to the Church will, as has been stated, depend upon the voluntary contributions of its lay members. The great fact of disendowment will be brought home to them by the meetings of diocesan and provincial synods in which they will, along

with the clergy, doubtless take a share. The larger portion of the contributions would come from the annual subscriptions of the great body of the laity, but it might also be expected that the sums paid by the State for advowsons to the rich landed proprietors would be generally handed over by them to the Church. The permanent income from these advowsons might be expected to be 10,000*l.* a year.

The financial position of the Episcopal Church would therefore be this. The voluntary contributions of the laity, if commenced now, and at the rate of 1*l.* per family, would secure at the death of the present incumbents a sum of above 3,000,000*l.*, which if judiciously invested would produce a permanent endowment of 130,000*l.* a year. The 40,000*l.* a year which has just been estimated as the financial advantages of immediate disendowment, would yield at the death of the present incumbents some 50,000*l.* or 55,000*l.* These two items will amount to 180,000*l.*; and this large sum is, as I have described it, a permanent endowment for the future bishops and rectors. It is the interest upon a capital sum which has been actually accumulated, of not less than 4,000,000*l.* But it may be expected that the liberality of the members of the Church will be increased as the rectors die off, and it is not too much to assume that, when the full burden of supporting their clergy falls upon the next generation, an increased exertion will be made, and that instead of contributing 1*l.* per family, 1*l.* 5*s.* will be the average. This would yield 125,000*l.* a year, and added to the 180,000*l.* of endowment would furnish a revenue to the Church of above 300,000*l.* a year. If the number of clergy were reduced to 1,200, this would give an average income to each of 250*l.* a year; and when it is remembered that in addition to the 250*l.* a year they will have churches and glebe-houses, and, above all, the right of self-government, I know of no Church anywhere with the same prospects.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> I have not taken into account the private endowments and prospects of the Church. These may be placed against any over-sanguine

It will complete this view of the ecclesiastical arrangements of Ireland to add that the Catholics will get for Maynooth, 400,000*l.*, and as an equivalent for the buildings left with the Church 1,500,000*l.* or 1,900,000*l.* in all. The Presbyterians will get for the *Regium Donum* 600,000*l.*, and for the buildings, &c. 400,000*l.*, or 100,000*l.* in all. The other denominations, Methodists, &c., will get 100,000*l.* divided among them. After all these payments the full surplus of the Church funds will nominally be 3,800,000*l.*

It would be impossible, without extending this article to an unreasonable length, to enumerate the indirect advantages to the Episcopal Church of prompt disestablishment. By this measure the Church will be at once put in a position when it can co-operate with the other Churches in Ireland, and its position of antagonism, or supposed antagonism, to the people will cease. This measure will stimulate the zeal and activity of the laity. It will enable the Church to move its best men to where they are most required; for if one part of the clergy were endowed by the State and another unendowed, it would be almost hopeless to expect the former to give up their position. It will give the Church at once the right of self-government, and will anticipate by a generation the formation of an independent Church. Indeed it may be doubted if any efficient organization would ever be possible if the status of the bishops and clergy was in one place one thing, and in another another.

The arrangements which the State will make to carry out this scheme need not be particularly elaborate.<sup>1</sup> Commissioners representing all creeds will be appointed to receive and distribute the property of the Church. It will be necessary no doubt that the sales of tithes and lands be managed with care, but there need be no great difficulty in

doing this. The various Churches will be looking out for investments for their money, and the sales which may be made will be to a large extent simply transfers.

Arrangements can also be made with the landlords to redeem the tithes by one, three, or five payments; and with proper care the entire Church of England in Ireland may be wound up in a very few years.

##### 5. *The disposal of the surplus.*

The first inquiry here necessarily is as to the amount of surplus. The balance available for national purposes has already been estimated as 5,800,000*l.*, but upon this a charge may exist of 2,000,000*l.* for the equivalents given to other denominations. This would reduce the nominal surplus to 3,800,000*l.*; and there may be errors in the calculations, which would render it unsafe to act as if the surplus were even this amount. For example, it is possible that the Church property would not sell at so high an average rate as 22½ years' purchase, and a reduction of even one year's purchase would diminish the surplus by 600,000*l.* Then again, it has been assumed, that, of the expenditure of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, no life-interest arises on 65,000*l.* a year. But no doubt strenuous efforts will be made to show that there is a life-interest on a great part of this sum. It is in fact not unlikely that the life-interests may be shown to be 500,000*l.* greater than has been estimated, and this 500,000*l.* would of course be a further deduction from the surplus. Before dealing with the surplus, it will be necessary to ascertain definitely how much it amounts to.

There is, however, a further reason for delay. The Church lands of Ireland are of enormous extent, amounting to far above 1,000,000 acres. The greater portion of these are the bishops' lands, which are let chiefly on leases for 21 years, *renewable every year* at nominal rents to "middlemen" (the word is used in no offensive sense), like the Duke of Abercorn. The right of many of these "middlemen" to annual renewals at nominal rents is no doubt indisputable, but in other cases it is probable no such custom exists; and as regards the glebe-lands,

estimate I may have made of the contributions of the laity, &c.

<sup>1</sup> The Canadian Act of Parliament disestablishing the Church could be printed on two pages of this Magazine.



which amount to 130,000 acres, the tenants have never had such a right, either in theory or in practice. The whole tenure of these lands is, in fact, exceptional, and it will be essential that all the circumstances and conditions should be fully investigated. There is at least a possibility that some scheme may be devised by which, without interfering with the rights of the "middlemen," the tenant farmers on these estates may be converted into freeholders.<sup>1</sup> At all events, the question is of such importance, affecting probably 10 per cent. of the entire arable land of Ireland, that, till it is decided, it would be unsafe to deal with the surplus fund. It would be necessary for a *special* commission to be appointed to investigate and report upon the land; and till their report is received, the provision by which these 21 years' leases may now be converted into perpetuities should be suspended. It is at least within the limits of possibility, that the full settlement of the Irish Church question may lead, even more rapidly and directly than could have been imagined, to the settlement of the Irish land question.

There are other and minor considerations, which render it expedient to defer, for a year or so, the appropriation of the surplus. For example, the people of Ireland have not yet had an opportunity of expressing any opinion upon the subject, and it is necessary they should have such an opportunity. Then again, it is probable, that if the settlement be deferred till the Church

<sup>1</sup> The suggestion made by Mr. Bright, about three years ago, that the Irish land question should be dealt with on the principle by which the building societies in the large towns enable mechanics and others to become the owners of their houses, is no doubt the best which has ever been made. It is not unlikely that the State could make some arrangement, on the one hand, to pay off the "middlemen," and, on the other, to charge the tenants such a rent as would in thirty years make them freeholders. It need not be pointed out how much service the Church surplus would be in facilitating this operation; and, with proper management, it should, after serving as a guarantee-fund, be preserved intact, and be available for extending the benefits of an improved land tenure to all Ireland.

has been disestablished and disendowed, the subject would be approached with less bitterness, and the ultimate decision would be more nearly unanimous. For many reasons, therefore, it would seem to be an act of wisdom not to hasten the settlement.

On the other hand, when public opinion has been definitely made up, there will be decided advantages in dealing promptly with the surplus. To do so will give this generation the benefit of a better land tenure, or an improved system of education, or an increased efficiency in the medical charities of Ireland. There can be no reason why the good which can be obtained from the surplus should be deferred till another generation has arisen.

I have endeavoured in this paper to show how merciful even strict justice to the Episcopal Church will be; and I am persuaded that, in the many changes which have yet to be made in the social condition of Ireland, it will be found that mercy and justice march hand in hand. For the first time for many generations, the two great statesmen at the head of English affairs have secured the good will of the people of Ireland, and any proposals they may make will be received with attention and respect. But the greater the opportunity, the greater the responsibility; and, if a failure in justice be now made, I know not how it can be repaired. The good feeling which has been already created by the accession to power of Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Bright will give place to a more embittered hostility than at any former period, and the people of Ireland will again eagerly watch foreign politics, hoping that, from the far East or from the West, some danger to England may bring deliverance to them. That this alienation may be averted, and that the people of the three kingdoms may be united by a common interest and a real affection, it is necessary that the religious and national bigotry which has so long existed should be laid aside, and that, as in other civilized countries, we should respect the rights, and the feelings, and the sympathies of all classes of our fellow-countrymen.



# MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

MARCH, 1869.

## ODDS AND ENDS OF ALPINE LIFE.

BY PROFESSOR TYNDALL.

### § I.

SINCE the publication, seven years ago, of a little tract entitled "Mountaineering in 1861," I have contributed hardly anything to the literature of the Alps. I have gone to them every year, and found among them refuge and recovery from the work and the worry, which acts with far deadlier corrosion on the brain than real work, of London. Herein consisted the fascination of the Alps for me: they appealed at once to thought and feeling, offering their problems to the one and their grandeurs to the other, while conferring upon the body the soundness and the purity necessary to the healthful exercise of both. There is, however, a natural end to Alpine discipline, and henceforth mine will probably be to me a memory. The last piece of work requiring performance on my part was executed last summer; and, unless temptation of unexpected strength assail me, this must be my last considerable climb. With soberness of mind, but without any approach to regret, I take my leave of the higher Alpine peaks.

And this is why it has occurred to me to throw together these odds and ends of Alpine experience into a kind of cairn to the memory of a life well loved.

No. 113.—VOL. XIX.

Previous to the year 1860, I knew the Matterhorn as others did, merely as a mountain wonder, for up to that time no human foot had ever been placed on its repellent crags. It is but right to state that the man who first really examined the Matterhorn, in company with a celebrated guide, and who came to the conclusion that it was assailable if not accessible, was Mr. Vaughan Hawkins. It was at his invitation that in August 1860 I took part in the earliest assault upon this formidable peak. We halted midway, stopped less by difficulty, though that was great, than by want of time. In 1862, I made a more determined attack upon the mountain, but was forced to recoil from its final precipice; for time, the great reducer of Alpine difficulties, was not sufficiently at my command. On that occasion I was accompanied by two Swiss guides and two Italian porters. Three of these four men pronounced flatly against the final precipice. Indeed they had to be urged by degrees along the sharp and jagged ridge—the most savage, in my opinion, on the whole Matterhorn—which led up to its base. The only man of the four who never uttered the word "impossible," was Johann Joseph Bennen, the bravest of brave guides, who now lies in the graveyard of

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Ernan, in the higher valley of the Rhône. We were not only defeated by the Matterhorn, but were pelted down its crags by pitiless hail.

On the day subsequent to this defeat, while crossing the Cimes Blanches with Bennen, we halted to have a last look at the mountain. Previous to quitting Breuil I had proposed to him to make another attempt. He was adverse to it, and my habit was never to persuade him. On the Cimes Blanches I turned to him and used these words: "I leave Breuil dissatisfied with what we have done. We ought never to have quitted the Matterhorn without getting upon yonder arête." The ridge to which Bennen's attention was then directed certainly seemed practicable, and it led straight to the summit. There was moisture in the strong man's eyes as he replied, falling into the *patois* which he employed when his feelings were stirred, "What could I do, sir? not one of them would accompany me." It was the accurate truth.

To reach the point where we halted in 1862 one particularly formidable precipice had to be scaled. It had also to be descended on our return, and to get down would be much more hazardous than to climb. At the top of the precipice we therefore fastened a rope, and by it reached in succession the bottom. This rope had been specially manufactured for the Matterhorn by Mr. Good, of King William Street, City, to whom I had been recommended by his landlord, Appold, the famous mechanician. In the summer of 1865, the early part of which was particularly favourable to the attempt, one of the Italians (*Carrel dit le Bersagliere*) who accompanied me in 1862, and who proved himself on that occasion a very able cragsman, again tried his fortune on the Matterhorn. He reached my rope, and found it bleached to snowy whiteness. It had been exposed for three years to all kinds of weather, and to the fraying action of the storms which assail the Matterhorn; but it bore, on being tested, the united weights of three men. By this rope the summit of the precipice which had given

us so much trouble in 1862 was easily and rapidly attained. A higher resting-place was thus secured, and more time was gained for the examination of the mountain. Every climber knows the value of time in a case of the kind. The result of the scrutiny was that a way was found up the Matterhorn from the Italian side, that way being the ridge referred to in my conversation with Bennen three years before.

Committed thus and in other ways to the Matterhorn, the condition of my mind regarding it might be fitly compared to one of those uncheerful tenements often seen in the neighbourhood of London, where an adventurous contractor has laid the foundations, run up the walls, fixed the rafters, but stopped short through bankruptcy without completing the roof. As long as the Matterhorn remained unscalded, my Alpine life could hardly be said to be covered in, and the admonitions of my friends were premature. But now that the work is done, they will have more reason to blame me if I fail to profit by their advice.

Another defeat of a different character was also inflicted upon me in 1862. Wishing to give my friend Mr. (now Sir John) Lubbock a taste of mountain life, I went with him up the Galenstock. This pleased him so much that Bennen and I wished to make his cup of pleasure fuller by taking him up the Jungfrau. We sent two porters laden with coverlets and provisions from the *Æggischhorn* to the Faulberg, but on our arrival there found one of the porters in the body of the Aletsch glacier. He had recklessly sought to cross a snow-bridge which spanned a broad and profound chasm. The bridge broke under him, he fell in, and was deeply covered by the frozen débris which followed him. He had been there for an hour when we arrived, and it required nearly another hour to dig him out. We carried him more dead than alive to the Faulberg cave, and by great care restored him. As I lay there wet through the long hours of that dismal night I almost registered a vow never to tread



upon a glacier again. But like the forces in the physical world, human emotions vary with the distance from their origin, and a year afterwards I was again upon the ice. Towards the close of 1862 Bennen and myself made "the tour of Monte Rosa," halting for a day or two at the excellent hostelry of Delapierre, in the magnificent Val du Lys. We scrambled up the Grauhaupt, a point exceedingly favourable to the study of the conformation of the Alps. We also halted at Alagna and Macugnaga. But notwithstanding their admitted glory, the Italian valleys of the Alps did not suit either Bennen or me. We longed for the more tonic air of the northern slopes, and were glad to change the valley of Anasca for that of Saas.

## § II.

THE first days of my vacation of 1863 were spent in the company of Mr. Philip Lutley Sclater. On the 19th of July we reached Reichenbach, and on the following day sauntered up the valley of Hasli, turning to the left at Imhof into Gadmenthal. Our destination was Stein, which we reached by a grass-grown road through fine scenery. The goatherds were milking when we arrived. At the heels of one quadruped, supported by the ordinary one-legged stool of the *Senner*, bent a particularly wild and dirty-looking individual, who, our guide informed us, was the proprietor of the inn. "He is but a rough Bauer," said Jann, "but he has engaged a pretty maiden to keep house for him." While he thus spoke a light-footed creature glided from the door towards us, and bade us welcome. She led us upstairs, provided us with baths, took our orders for dinner, helped us by her suggestions, and answered all our questions with the utmost propriety and grace. She had been two years in England, and spoke English with a particularly winning accent. How she came to be associated with the unkempt brute outside was a puzzle to both of us. It is Emerson, I think, who remarks on the benefit which a beautiful face, without trouble to itself, confers upon him who

looks at it. And, though the splendour of actual beauty could hardly be claimed for our young hostess, she was handsome enough and graceful enough to brighten a tired traveller's thoughts, and to raise by her presence the modest comforts she dispensed to the level of luxuries.<sup>1</sup>

It rained all night, and at 3.30 a.m. when we were called, it still fell heavily. At 5, however, the clouds began to break, and half an hour afterwards the heavens were swept quite clear of them. At 6 we bade our pretty blossom of the Alps good-bye. She had previously to bring her gentle influence to bear upon her master to moderate the extortion of some of his charges. We were soon upon the Stein glacier, and after some time reached a col from which we looked down upon the lower portion of the nobler and more instructive Trift glacier. Brown bands were drawn across the ice-stream, forming graceful loops with their convexities turned downwards. The higher portions of the glacier were not in view, still those bands rendered the inference secure that an ice-fall existed higher up, at the base of which the bands originated. We shot down a shingly couloir to the Trift, and looking up the glacier the anticipated cascade came into view. At its bottom the ice, by pressure, underwent that notable change, analogous to slaty cleavage, which caused the glacier to weather in parallel grooves, and thus mark upon its surface the direction of its interior lamination.

The ice-cascade being itself impracticable, we scaled the rocks to the left of it, and were soon in presence of the far-stretching snow-fields from which the lower glacier derived nutriment. With a view to hidden crevasses, we here roped ourselves together. The sun was strong, its direct and reflected blaze

<sup>1</sup> Thackeray, in his "Peg of Limavady," is perhaps more to the point than Emerson:—

"Presently a maid  
Enters with the liquor—  
Half-a-pint of ale  
Frothing in a beaker;  
As she came she smiled,  
And the smile bewitching,  
On my word and honour  
Lighted all the kitchen."



combining against us. The scorching warmth experienced at times by cheeks, lips, and neck, indicated that in my case mischief was brewing; but the eyes being well protected by dark spectacles, I was comparatively indifferent to the prospective disfigurement of my face. Mr. Sclater was sheltered by a veil, a mode of defence which the habit of going into places requiring the unimpeded eyesight has caused me to neglect. There seems to be some specific quality in the sun's rays which produces the irritation of the skin experienced in the Alps. The solar heat may be compared, in point of *quantity*, with that radiated from a furnace; and the heat which the mountaineer experiences on Alpine snows is certainly less intense than that encountered by workmen in many of our technical operations. But the terrestrial heat appears to lack the *quality* which gives the sun's rays their power. The sun is incomparably richer in what are called chemical rays than are our fires, and to these chemical rays the irritation may be due. The keen air of the heights may also have something to do with it. As a remedy for sunburn I have tried glycerine, and found it a failure. The ordinary lip-salve of the druggists' shops is also worse than useless, but pure cold cream, for a supply of which I have had on more than one occasion to thank a friend, is an excellent ameliorative.

After considerable labour we reached the ridge—a very glorious one as regards the view—which forms the common boundary of the Rhône and Trift glaciers.<sup>1</sup> Before us and behind us for many a mile fell the dazzling *névés*, down to the points where the grey ice emerging from its white coverlet declared the junction of snow-field and glacier. We had plodded on for hours soddened by the solar heat and parched with thirst. There was—

“Water, water everywhere,  
But not a drop to drink.”

<sup>1</sup> Seven years previously Mr. Huxley and myself had attempted to reach this col from the other side.

For, when placed in the mouth, the liquefaction of the ice was so slow, and the loss of heat from the surrounding tissues so painful, that sucking it was worse than total abstinence. In the midst of this solid water you might die of thirst. At some distance below the col, on the Rhône side, the musical trickle of the liquid made itself audible, and to the rocks from which it fell we repaired, and refreshed ourselves. The day was far spent, the region was wild and lonely, when, beset by that feeling which has often caused me to wander singly in the Alps, I broke away from my companions, and went rapidly down the glacier. Our guide had previously informed me that before reaching the cascade of the Rhône the ice was to be forsaken, and the Grimsel, our destination, reached by skirting the base of the peak called Nægels Grätli. After descending the ice for some time I struck the bounding rocks, and climbing the mountain obliquely found myself among the crags which lie between the Grimsel pass and the Rhône glacier. It was an exceedingly desolate place, and I soon had reason to doubt the wisdom of being there alone. Still difficulty rouses powers of which we should otherwise remain unconscious. The heat of the day had rendered me weary, but among these rocks the weariness vanished, and I became clear in mind and fresh in body through the necessity of escape before nightfall from this wilderness.

I reached the watershed of the region. Here a tiny stream offered me its company, which I accepted. It received in its course various lateral tributaries, and at one place expanded into a blue lake bounded by banks of snow. The stream quitted this lake augmented in volume, and I kept along its side until, arching over a brow of granite, it discharged itself down the glaciated rocks, which rise above the Grimsel. In fact, this stream was the feeder of the Grimsel lake. I halted on the brow for some time. The hospice was fairly in sight, but the precipices between me and it seemed desperately ugly. Nothing is more trying to the

climber than those cliffs which have been polished by the ancient glaciers. Even at moderate inclinations, as may be learned from an experiment on the Hölleplatte, or some other of the polished rocks in Haslithal, they are not easy. I need hardly say that the inclination of the rocks flanking the Grimsel is the reverse of moderate. It is dangerously steep.

How to get down these smooth and precipitous tablets was now a problem of the utmost interest to me; for the day was too far gone, and I was too ignorant of the locality, to permit of time being spent in the search of an easier place of descent. Right or left of me I saw none. The continuity of the cliffs below me was occasionally broken by cracks and narrow ledges, with scanty grass-tufts sprouting from them here and there. The problem was to get down from crack to crack and from ledge to ledge. A salutary anger warms the mind when thus challenged, and, aided by this warmth, close scrutiny will dissolve difficulties which might otherwise seem insuperable. Bit by bit I found myself getting lower, closely examining at every pause the rocks below. The grass-tufts helped me for a time, but at length a rock was reached, on which no friendly grass could grow. This slab was succeeded by others equally forbidding. A slip was not admissible here. I looked upwards, thinking of retreat, but the failing day urged me on. From the middle of the smooth surface jutted a ledge about fifteen inches long and about four inches deep. Once upon this ledge, I saw that I could work obliquely to the left-hand limit of the face of the rock, and reach the grass-tufts once more. Grasping the top of the rock, I let myself down as far as my stretched arms would permit, and then let go my hold. The boot-nails had next to no power as a brake, the hands had still less, and I came upon the ledge with an energy that shocked me. A streak of grass beside the rock was next attained; it terminated in a small, steep couloir, the portion of which within view was crossed by

three transverse ledges. There was no hold on either side of it, but I thought that by friction the motion down the groove could be so regulated as to enable me to come to rest at each successive ledge. Once started, however, my motion was exceedingly rapid. I shot over the first ledge, an uncomfortable jolt marking my passage. Here I tried to clamp myself against the rock, but the second ledge was crossed like the first. The outlook now became alarming, and I made a desperate effort to stop the motion. Braces gave way, clothes were torn, wrists and hands were skinned and bruised, while hips and knees suffered variously. I however stopped myself, and here all serious difficulty ended. I was greatly heated, but a little lower down discovered a singular cave in the mountain-side, with water dripping from its roof into a clear well. The ice-cold liquid soon restored me to a normal temperature. I felt quite fresh on entering the Grimsel inn, but a curious physiological effect manifested itself when I had occasion to speak. The power of the brain over the lips was so lowered that I could hardly make myself understood.

### § III.

My guide Bennen reached the Grimsel the following morning. Uncertain of my own movements, I had permitted him this year to make a new engagement, which he was now on his way to fulfil. There was a hint of reproach in his tone as he asked me whether his Herr Professor had forsaken him. There was little fear of this. A guide of proved competence, whose ways you know, and who knows you and trusts you, is invaluable in the Alps, and Bennen was all this, and more, to me. As a mountaineer, he had no superior, and he added to his strength, courage, and skill, the qualities of a natural gentleman. He was now ready to bear us company over the Oberaarjoch to the Äggischhorn. On the morning of the 22d we bade

the cheerless Grimsel inn good-bye, reached the Unteraar glacier, crossed its load of uncomfortable débris, and clambered up the slopes at the other side. Nestled aloft in a higher valley was the Oberaar glacier, along the unruffled surface of which our route lay.

The morning threatened. Fitful gleams of sunlight wandered with the moving clouds above, over the adjacent ice. The Joch was swathed in mist, which now and then gave way, and permitted a wild radiance to shoot over the col. On the windy summit we took a mouthful of food and roped ourselves together. Here, as in a hundred other places, I sought in the fog for the vesicles of De Saussure, but failed to find them. Bennen, as long as we were on the Berne side of the col, permitted Jann to take the lead; but now we looked into Wallis, or rather into the fog which filled it, and the Wallis guide came to the front. I knew the Viesch glacier well, but how Bennen meant to unravel its difficulties without landmarks I knew not. I asked him whether, if the fog continued, he could make his way down the glacier. There was a pleasant *timbre* in Bennen's voice, a light and depth in his smile due to the blending together of conscious power and affection. With this smile he turned round and said, "Herr! Ich bin hier zu Hause. Der Viescher Gletscher ist meine Heimath."

Downwards we went, striking the rocks of the Rothorn so as to avoid the riven ice. Suddenly we passed from dense fog into clear air: we had crossed "the cloud-plane," and found a transparent atmosphere between it and the glacier. The dense covering above us was sometimes torn asunder by the wind, which whirled the detached cloud-tufts round the peaks. Contending air-currents were thus revealed, and thunder, which is the common associate, if not the product, of such contention, began to rattle among the crags. At first the snow upon the glacier was sufficiently heavy to bridge the crevasses, thus permitting of rapid motion; but by degrees the fissures

opened, and at length drove us to the rocks. These in their turn became impracticable. Dropping down a waterfall well known to the climbers of this region, we came again upon the ice, which was here cut by complex chasms. These we unravelled as long as necessary, and finally escaped from them to the mountain-side. The first big drops of the thunder-shower were already falling when we reached an overhanging crag which gave us shelter. We quitted it too soon, beguiled by a treacherous gleam of blue, and were thoroughly drenched before we reached the *Æggischhorn*.

This was my last excursion with Bennen. In the month of February of the following year he was killed by an avalanche, on the Haut de Cry, a mountain near Sion.<sup>1</sup>

Having work to execute, I remained at the *Æggischhorn* for nearly a month in 1863. My favourite place for rest and writing was a point on the mountain-side about an hour westwards from the hotel, where the mighty group of the Mischabel, the Matterhorn, and the Weisshorn were in full view. One day I remained in this position longer than usual, held there by the fascination of sunset. The mountains had stood out nobly clear during the entire day, but towards evening, upon the Dom, a cloud settled, which was finally drawn into a long streamer by the wind. Nothing can be finer than the effect of the red light of sunset on those streamers of cloud. Incessantly dissipated, but ever renewed, they glow with the intensity of flames. By and by the banner broke, as a liquid cylinder is known to do when unduly stretched, forming a series of cloud-balls united together by slender filaments. I watched the deepening rose, and waited for the deadly pallor

<sup>1</sup> A sum of money was collected in England for Bennen's mother and sisters. Mr. Hawkins, Mr. Tuckett, and myself had a small monument erected to his memory in Ernan churchyard. The supervision of the work was entrusted to a clerical friend of Bennen's, who, however well-intentioned, made a poor use of his trust.



which succeeded it, before I thought of returning to the hotel.

On arriving there I found the waitress, a hysterical kind of woman, in tears. She conversed eagerly with the guests regarding the absence of two ladies and a gentleman, who had quitted the hotel in the morning without a guide, and who were now benighted on the mountain. Herr Wellig, the landlord, was also much concerned. "I recommended them," he said, "to take a guide, but they would not heed me, and now they are lost." "But they must be found," I rejoined; "at all events they must be sought. What force have you at hand?" Three active young fellows came immediately forward. Two of them I sent across the mountain by the usual route to the Märgelin See, and the third I took with myself along the watercourse of the Äggischhorn. After some walking we dipped into a little dell, where the glucking of cowbells announced the existence of châteaux. The party had been seen passing there in the morning, but not returning. The embankment of the watercourse fell at some places vertically for twenty or thirty feet. Here I thought an awkward slip might have occurred, and, to meet the possibility of having to carry a wounded man, I took an additional lithe young fellow from the chateau. We shouted as we went along, but the echoes were our only response. Our pace was rapid, and in the dubious light false steps were frequent. We all at intervals mistook the grey water for the grey and narrow track beside it, and stepped into the stream. We proposed ascending to the châteaux of Märgelin, but previous to quitting the watercourse we halted, and directing our voices down hill, shouted a last shout. And faintly up the mountain came a sound which could not be an echo. We all heard it, though it could hardly be detached from the murmur of the adjacent stream. We went rapidly down the alp, and after a little time shouted again. More audible than before, but still very faint, came the answer from below. We continued at a headlong pace, and soon assured our-

selves that the sound was not only that of a human voice, but of an English voice. Thus stimulated, we swerved to the left, and, regardless of a wetting, dashed through the torrent which tumbles from the Märgelin See. Close to the Viesch glacier we found the objects of our search; the two ladies, tired out, seated upon the threshold of a forsaken chateau, and the gentleman seated on a rock beside them.

He had started with a sprained ankle, and every visitor knows how bewildering the spurs of the Äggischhorn are, even to those with sound tendons. He had lost his way, and, in his efforts to extricate himself, had experienced one or two serious tumbles. Finally, giving up the attempt, he had resigned himself to spending the night where we found him. What the consequences of exposure in such a place would have been I know not. To reach the Äggischhorn that night was out of the question; the ladies were too exhausted. I tried the chateau door and found it locked, but an ice-axe soon hewed the bolt away, and forced an entrance. There was some pinewood within, and some old hay which, under the circumstances, formed a delicious couch for the ladies. In a few minutes a fire was blazing and crackling in the chimney corner. Having thus secured them, I returned to the châteaux first passed, sent them bread, butter, cheese, and milk, and had the exceeding gratification of seeing them return safe and sound to the hotel next morning.

Soon after this occurrence, I had the pleasure of climbing the Jungfrau with Dr. Hornby and Mr. Philpotts. Christian Almer and Christian Lauener were our guides. The rose of sunrise had scarcely faded from the summit when we reached it. I have sketched the ascent elsewhere, and therefore will not refer to it further.

#### § IV.

ON my return from the Äggischhorn in 1863, I found Professor Huxley in need of mountain air, and therefore accompanied him to the hills of Cum-

berland. Swiss scenery was so recent that it was virtually present, and I had therefore an opportunity of determining whether it interfered with the enjoyment of English scenery. I did not find this to be the case. Perhaps it was the adjacent *moral* influence which clothed lake and mountain with a glory not their own, but I hardly ever enjoyed a walk more than that along the ridge of Fairfield, from Ambleside to Grisedale Tarn. We climbed Helvellyn, and, thanks to the hospitality of a party on the top, were enabled to survey the mountain without the intrusion of hunger. We thought it noble. Striding Edge, Swirling Edge, the Red Tarn, and Catchedecam, combined with the summit to form a group of great grandeur. The storm was strong on Striding Edge, which, on account of its associations, I chose for my descent, while the better beaten track of Swirling Edge was chosen by my more conservative companion. At Ulswater we had the pleasure of meeting an eminent church dignitary and his two charming daughters. They desired to cross the mountains to Lodore, and we, though ignorant of the way, volunteered our guidance. The offer was accepted. We made a new pass on the occasion, which we called "the Dean's Pass," the scenery and incidents of which were afterwards illustrated by Huxley. Emerson, who is full of wise saws, speaks of the broad neutral ground which may be occupied to their common profit by men of diverse habits of thought; and on the day to which I now refer there seemed no limit to the intellectual region over which the dean and his guides could roam without severance or collision. In the presence of these peaks and meres, as well as over the oatcake of our luncheon, we were sharers of a common joy.

#### § V.

THE gorges of the Alps interested me in 1864, as the question of their origin was then under discussion. Having heard much of the *Via Mala* as an example of a crack produced by an earthquake, I went there, and afterwards examined

the gorge of Pfeffers, that of Bergun, the Finsteraarschlucht, and several others of minor note. In all cases I arrived at the same conclusion—namely, that earthquakes had nothing to do with the production of these wonderful chasms, but that they had been one and all sawn through the rocks by running water. From Tuisis I crossed the beautiful Schien Pass to Tiefen-kasten, and went thence by diligence over the Julier to Pontresina.

The scenery of the Engadin stands both in character and position between that of Switzerland and the Tyrol, combining in a high degree the grandeur of the one and the beauty of the other. Pontresina occupies a fine situation on the Bernina road, at about 6,000 feet above the sea. From the windows of the hotel you look up the Rosegg valley. The pines are large and luxuriant below, but they dwindle in size as they struggle up the heights, until they are cut off finally either by the inclemency of the air or the scantiness of their proper atmospheric food. From the earth itself these trees derive but an infinitesimal portion of their supplies, as may be seen by the utter barrenness of the rocks on which they flourish, and which they use simply as supports to lift their branches into the nutritive atmosphere. The valley ends in the Rosegg glacier, which is fed by the snows of one of the noblest mountain-groups in the whole of Switzerland.

The baths of St. Moritz are about an hour distant from Pontresina. Here every summer hundreds of Swiss and Germans, and an increasing number of English, aggregate. The water contains carbonic acid (the gas of soda water) and a trace of sulphate of iron (copperas); this the visitors drink, and in elongated tubs containing it they submerge themselves. A curious effect is produced by the collection and escape of innumerable bubbles of carbonic acid from the skin. Every bubble on detaching itself produces a little twitch, and hence a sort of prickly sensation experienced in the water. The patients at St. Moritz put me in mind of that

Eastern prince whose physician induced him to kick a football under the impression that it contained a charm. The sagacious doctor knew that *faith* has a dynamic power unpossessed by *knowledge*. Through the agency of this power he stirred the prince to action, caused him to take wholesome exercise, and thus cured him of his ailments. At St. Moritz the water is probably the football—the air and exercise on these windy heights being in most cases the real curative agents. The dining-room of the Kurhaus, when my friend Professor Hirst and I were there, was filled with guests: every window was barred, while down the chilled panes streamed the condensed vapour of respiration. The place and company illustrated the power of habit to modify the human constitution; for it was through habit that these people extracted a pleasurable existence out of an atmosphere which threatened with asphyxia the better ventilated Englishman.

There was a general understanding between my friend Hirst and myself, that we should this year meet at Pontresina, and without concert as to the day both of us reached the village within the same quarter of an hour. Some theoretic points of glacier motion requiring elucidation, we took the necessary instruments with us to the Engadin; we also carried with us a quantity of other work, but our first care was to dissipate the wrecked tissues of our bodies, and to supply their place by new material.

Twenty-four years ago Mayer, of Heilbronn, with that power of genius which breathes large meanings into scanty facts, pointed out that the blood was "the oil of life," and that muscular effort was, in the main, supported by the combustion of this oil. The recent researches of eminent men completely prove the soundness of Mayer's induction. The muscles are the machinery by which the dynamic power of the food is brought into action. Nevertheless, the whole body, though more slowly than the blood, wastes also. How is the sense of personal

identity maintained across this flight of molecules? To man, as we know him, *matter* is necessary to consciousness, but the matter of any period may be all changed, while consciousness exhibits no solution of continuity. The oxygen that departs seems to whisper its secret to the oxygen that arrives, and thus, while the Non-ego shifts and changes, the Ego remains intact. Constancy of *form* in the grouping of the molecules, and not constancy of the molecules themselves, is the correlative of this constancy of perception. Life is a *wave* which in no two consecutive moments of its existence is composed of the same particles.

The ancient lake-beds of the Alps bear directly upon those theories of erosion and convulsion which, in 1864, were subjects of geologic discussion. They are to be found in almost every Alpine valley, each consisting of a level plain formed by sediment, with a barrier below it, which once constituted the dam of the lake. These barriers are now cut through, a river in each case flowing through the gap. *How* cut through? was one of the problems afloat five or six years ago. Some supposed that the chasms were cracks produced by earthquakes; and if only one or two of them existed, this hypothesis might perhaps postpone that closer examination which infallibly explodes it. But such chasms exist by hundreds in the Alps, and we could not without absurdity invoke in each case the aid of an earthquake to split the dam and drain the waters. Near Pontresina there is a good example of a rocky barrier with a lake-bed behind it, while, within hearing of the village, a river rushes through a chasm which intersects the barrier. In company with Professor Hirst I have often stood upon the bridge which spans this gorge, and we have both clearly seen the marks of aqueous erosion from its bottom to its top. The rock is not of a character to preserve the finer traces of water action, but the larger scoopings and hollowings are quite manifest. Like all others that I have seen, it is a chasm of erosion.



The same idea may be extended to the Alps themselves. This land was once beneath the sea, and from the moment of its first emergence from the waters until now, it has felt incessantly the tooth of erosion. No doubt the strains and pressures brought into play when the crust was uplifted produced in some cases fissures and contortions, which gave direction to ice and water, the real moulders of the Alps. When the eye has been educated on commanding eminences to take in large tracts of the mountains, and when the mind has become capable of resisting the tendency to generalize from exceptional cases, conjecture grows by degrees into conviction that no other known agents than ice and water could have given the Alps their present forms. The plains at their feet, moreover, are covered by the chips resulting from their sculpture. Were they correctly modelled so as to bring their heights and inclinations in just proportions immediately under the eye, this undoubtedly is the conviction that would first force itself upon the mind. An inspection of some of the models in the Jermyn Street Museum will in part illustrate my meaning.

In connexion with this question of mountain sculpture, the sand-cones of the glaciers are often exceedingly instructive. The Unteraar glacier and the Görner glacier present numerous cases of the kind. On the 20th of July, 1864, I came upon a fine group of such cones upon the Morteratsch glacier. They were perfect models of the Alps. I could find among them a reduced copy of almost every mountain with which I am acquainted. One of them showed the peaks of the Mischabel to perfection. How are these miniature mountains produced? Thus: sand is strewn by a stream upon the glacier, and begins immediately to protect the ice underneath it from the action of the sun. The surrounding ice melts away, and the sand is relatively elevated. But the elevation is not mathematically uniform, for the sand is not of the same depth throughout. Some portions rise higher than others. Down the slopes little

rills trickle, partially removing the sand and allowing the sun to act to some extent upon the ice. Thus the highest point is kept in possession of the thickest covering, and it rises continually in reference to the circumjacent ice. All round it, however, as it rises, the little rills are at work cutting the ice away themselves, or aiding the action of the sun, until finally the elevated hump is wrought into hills and valleys which seem a mimicry of the Alps themselves.

There is a grandeur in this secular integration of small effects almost superior to that involved in the idea of a cataclysm. Think of the ages which must have been consumed in the execution of this colossal sculpture. The question may, of course, be pushed to further limits: Think of the ages, it may be asked, which the molten earth required for its consolidation. But these vaster epochs lack sublimity through our inability to grasp them. They bewilder us, but they fail to make a solemn impression. The genesis of the mountains comes more within the scope of the intellect, and the majesty of the operation is enhanced by our partial ability to conceive it. In the falling of a rock from a mountain-head, in the shoot of an avalanche, in the plunge of a cataract, we often see a more impressive illustration of the power of gravity than in the motions of the stars. When the intellect has to intervene, and calculation is necessary to the building up of the conception, the expansion of the feelings ceases to be proportional to the magnitude of the phenomena.

The Piz Languard is a ladies' mountain, though 11,000 feet high. But why should this language be employed? There is one Miss Walker in the world who has climbed most of the noted mountains of Switzerland, and this fact overthrows every conclusion regarding man's superior climbing power, just as surely as the existence of one George Eliot and of several Miss Beckers upsets his claim to intellectual superiority. If I might parenthetically say one word upon this subject, it would be to remind the lords of creation that, though it is

true that women have for ages permitted men not only the privilege of voting at elections, and of writing the best philosophy and mathematics, but also of producing the best poetry, the best music, and even the best cookery, it is not to be forgotten how the woman is weighted in the race. No mother can wash or suckle her baby without having a set towards washing and suckling impressed upon the molecules of her brain; and this set, according to the laws of hereditary transmission, is passed on to her daughter. Not only, therefore, does the woman at the present day suffer deflection from intellectual pursuits through her proper motherly instincts, but inherited proclivities act upon her mind, like a multiplying galvanometer, to augment indefinitely the force of the deflection. Even our spinsters are not free from the inherited disturbance. *Tendency* is immanent within them, to warp them from intellect to baby love. But let me not seem to trifle with a grave question. While feeling, in common with the true womanhood of England, a hearty antipathy to the modern developments of Amazonism, I would express my belief in the capacity of women to grasp and to enjoy whatever the brains of men have achieved. To those who are striving to give this capacity healthy exercise I would in all heartiness say "good speed." But the ladies themselves are warping me aside from the ladies' mountain—the Piz Languard. I climbed it on the 25th of July, and a very grand outlook it affords. The heavens overhead were clear, but in some directions the scowl of the infernal regions seemed to fall upon the hills. The group of the Bernina was in sunshine, and its glory and beauty were not to be described. The depth of impressions upon consciousness is measured by the quantity of *change* which they involve. It is the intermittent current, not the continuous one, that tetches the nerve, and half the interest of the Alps depends upon the caprices of the air.

The Morteratsch glacier is a very noble one to those who explore it in its higher

parts. Its middle portion is troubled and crevassed, but the calm beauty of its upper portions is rendered doubly impressive by the turbulence encountered midway. Into this region, without expecting it, Hirst and myself entered one Sunday in July, and explored it up to the riven and chaotic snows which descend from the Piz Bernina and its companions. The mountains themselves were without a cloud, and, set in the blue heaven, touches of tenderness were mingled with their strength. We spent some hours of perfect enjoyment upon this fine ice-plain, listening to the roar of its moulins and the rush of its streams.

Along the centre of the Morteratsch glacier runs a medial moraine, a narrow strip of *débris* in the upper portions, but overspreading the entire glacier towards its end. How is this widening of the moraine to be accounted for? Mr. Hirst and I set out three different rows of stakes across the glacier; one of them high up, a second lower down, and a third still nearer to the end of the glacier. In 100 hours the central points of these three lines had moved through the following distances:

- No. 1, highest line, 56 inches.
- No. 2, middle line, 47 inches.
- No. 3, lowest line, 30 inches.

Had we taken a line still lower than No. 3, we should have found the velocity still less.

Now these measurements prove that the end, or as it is sometimes called the *snout*, of the glacier, moves far less than its upper portions. A block of stone, or a patch of *débris*, for example, on the portion of the glacier crossed by line No. 1, approaches another block or patch at No. 3 with a velocity of 26 inches per 100 hours. Hence such blocks and patches must be more and more crowded together as the end of the glacier is approached, and hence the greater accumulation of stones and *débris* near the end.

And here we meet point-blank an objection raised by that very distinguished man, Professor Studer, of Berne, to the notion that the glacier exerts



an erosive action on its bed. He urges that at *the ends* of the glaciers of Chamouni, of Arolla, Ferpecte, and the Aar, we do not see any tendency exhibited by the glacier to bury itself in the soil. The reason is, that at the point chosen by Professor Studer the glacier is almost stationary. To observe the ploughing or erosive action of the ice we must observe it where the share is in motion, and not where it is comparatively at rest. Indeed the snout of the glacier often rests upon the rubbish which its higher portions have dug away.

### § VI.

WHILE I was staying at Pontresina, Mr. Hutchinson of Rugby, Mr. Lee Warner, and myself joined in a memorable expedition up the Piz Morteratsch. This is a very noble mountain, and nobody had previously thought of associating the idea of danger with its ascent. The resolute Jenni, by far the boldest man in Pontresina, was my guide; while Walter, the official *guide chef*, was taken by my companions. With a dubious sky overhead, we started on the morning of the 30th of July, a little after four A.M. There is rarely much talk at the beginning of a mountain excursion: you are either sleepy or solemn so early in the day. Silently we passed through the pine woods of the beautiful Rosegg valley; watching anxiously at intervals the play of the clouds around the adjacent heights. At one place a spring gushed from the valley bottom, as clear and almost as copious as that which pours out the full-formed river Albula. The traces of ancient glaciers were present everywhere, the valley being thickly covered with the *débris* which the ice had left behind. An ancient moraine, so large that in England it might take rank as a mountain, forms a barrier across the upper valley. Once probably it was the dam of a lake, but it is now cut through by the river which rushes from the Rosegg glacier. These works of the ancient ice are to the mind what a distant horizon is to the eye. They

give to the imagination both pleasure and repose.

The morning, as I have said, looked threatening, but the wind was good; by degrees the cloud-scowl relaxed, and broader patches of blue became visible above us. We called at the Rosegg *châlets*, and had some milk. We afterwards wound round a shoulder of the hill, at times upon the moraine of the glacier, and at times upon the adjacent grass slope; then over shingly inclines, covered with the shot rubbish of the heights. Two ways were now open to us, the one easy but circuitous, the other stiff but short. Walter was for the former, and Jenni for the latter, their respective choices being characteristic of the two men. To my satisfaction Jenni prevailed, and we scaled the steep and slippery rocks. At the top of them we found ourselves upon the rim of an extended snow-field. Our rope was here exhibited, and we were bound by it to a common destiny. In those higher regions the snow-fields show a beauty and a purity of which those who linger low down have no notion. We crossed crevasses and bergschrunds, mounted vast snow-basses, and doubled round walls of ice with long stalactites pendent from their eaves. One by one the eminences were surmounted. The crowning rock was attained at half-past twelve. On it we uncorked a bottle of champagne; mixed with the pure snow of the mountain, it formed a beverage, and was enjoyed with a gusto which the sybarite of the city could neither imitate nor share.

We spent about an hour upon the warm gneiss-blocks on the top. Veils of cloud screened us at intervals from the sun, and then we felt the keenness of the air; but in general we were cheered and comforted by the solar light and warmth. The shiftings of the atmosphere were wonderful. The white peaks were draped with opalescent clouds which never lingered for two consecutive minutes in the same position. Clouds differ widely from each other in point of beauty, but I had hardly seen them more beautiful than



they appeared to-day, while the succession of surprises experienced through their changes were such as rarely fall to the lot even of a practised mountaineer.

These clouds are for the most part produced by the chilling of the air through its own expansion. When thus chilled, the aqueous vapour diffused through it, which is previously unseen, is precipitated in visible particles. Every particle of the cloud has consumed in its formation a little polyhedron of vapour, and a moment's reflection will make it clear that the size of the cloud-particles must depend, not only on the size of the vapour polyhedron, but on the relation of the density of the vapour to that of its liquid. If the vapour were light and the liquid heavy, other things being equal, the cloud-particle would be *smaller* than if the vapour were heavy and the liquid light. There would evidently be more *shrinkage* in the one case than in the other. Now there are various liquids whose weight is not greater than that of water, while the weight of their vapour, bulk for bulk, is five or six times that of aqueous vapour. When those heavy vapours are precipitated as clouds, which is easily done artificially, their particles are found to be far coarser than those of an aqueous cloud. Indeed water is without a parallel in this particular. Its vapour is the lightest of all vapours, and to this fact the soft and tender beauty of the clouds of our atmosphere is mainly due.

After an hour's halt, our rope, of which we had temporarily rid ourselves, was reproduced, and the descent began. Jenni is the most daring man and powerful character among the guides of Pontresina. The manner in which he bears down all the others in conversation, and imposes his own will upon them, shows that he is the dictator of the place. He is a large and rather an ugly man, and his progress up hill, though resistless, is slow. He had repeatedly expressed a wish to make an excursion with me, and I think he desired to show us what he could do upon the mountains. To-day he accomplished two daring things—the one successfully,

while the other was within a hair's breadth of a very shocking end.

In descending we went straight down upon a Bergschrund, which had compelled us to make a circuit in coming up. This particular kind of fissure is formed by the lower portion of a snow-slope falling away from the higher, a crevasse being thus formed between both, which often surrounds the mountain as a fosse of terrible depth. Walter was here the first of our party, and Jenni was the last. It was quite evident that Walter hesitated to cross the chasm; but Jenni came forward, and half by expostulation, half by command, caused him to sit down on the snow at some height above the fissure. I think, moreover, he helped him with a shove. At all events the slope was so steep that the guide shot down it with an impetus sufficient to carry him clear over the schrund. We all afterwards shot the chasm in this pleasant way. Jenni was behind. Deviating from our track, he deliberately chose the widest part of the chasm, and shot over it, lumbering like behemoth down the snow-slope at the other side. It was an illustration of that practical knowledge which long residence among the mountains can alone impart, and in the possession of which our best English climbers fall far behind their guides.

The remaining steep slopes were also descended by glissade, and we afterwards marched cheerily over the gentler inclines. We had ascended by the Rosegg glacier, and now we wished to descend upon the Morteratsch glacier and make it our highway home. It was while attempting this descent that we were committed to that ride upon the back of an avalanche, a description of which is given in the *Times* newspaper for the 1st of October, 1864.<sup>1</sup>

## § VII.

In July 1865 my excellent friend Hirst and myself visited Glarus, intending, if circumstances favoured us,

<sup>1</sup> See also *Alpine Journal*, vol. i. p. 437.

to climb the Tödi. We had, however, some difficulty with the guides, and therefore gave the expedition up. Crossing the Klausen pass to Altdorf, we ascended the Gotthardt Strasse to Wasen, and went thence over the Susten pass to Gadmen, which we reached late at night. We halted for a moment at Stein, but the blossom of 1863 was no longer there, and we did not tarry. On quitting Gadmen next morning I was accosted by a guide, who asked me whether I knew Professor Tyndall. "He is killed, sir," said the man; "killed upon the Matterhorn." I then listened to a somewhat detailed account of my own destruction, and soon gathered that, though the details were erroneous, something serious if not shocking had occurred. At Imhof the rumour became more consistent, and immediately afterwards the Matterhorn catastrophe was in every mouth, and in all the newspapers. My friend and myself wandered on to Mürren, whence, after an ineffectual attempt to cross the Petersgrat, we went by Kandersteg and the Gemmi to Zermatt.

Of the four sufferers on the Matterhorn one remained behind. But expressed in terms either of mental torture or physical pain, the suffering in my opinion was *nil*. Excitement during the first moments left no room for terror, and immediate unconsciousness prevented pain. No death has probably less of agony in it than that caused by the shock of gravity on a mountain side. *Expected* it would be terrible, but unexpected, not. I had heard, however, of other griefs and sufferings consequent on the accident, and this prompted a desire on my part to find the remaining one and bring him down. I had seen the road-makers at work between St. Nicholas and Zermatt, and was struck by the rapidity with which they pierced the rocks for blasting. One of these fellows could drive a hole a foot deep into hard granite in less than an hour. I was therefore determined to secure in aid of my project the services of a road-maker. None of the Zermatt guides would second me, but I found one of the Lochmatters of St. Nicholas willing to do so. Him

I sent to Geneva to buy 3,000 feet of rope, which duly came on heavily-laden mules to Zermatt. Hammers and steel punches were prepared; a tent was put in order, and the apparatus was carried up to the chapel by the Scwartz-See. But the weather would by no means smile upon the undertaking. I waited in Zermatt for twenty days, making, it is true, pleasant excursions with pleasant friends, but they merely spanned the brief intervals which separated one rain-gush or thunderstorm from another. Bound by an engagement to my friend Professor De la Rive, of Geneva, where the Swiss *savants* had their annual assembly in 1865, I was forced to leave Zermatt. My notion was to climb to the point where the men slipped, and to fix there suitable irons in the rocks. By means of ropes attached to these I proposed to scour the mountain along the line of the glissade. There were peculiarities in the notion which need not now be dwelt upon, inasmuch as the weather rendered them all futile.

#### § VIII.

In the summer of 1866 I first went to Engsteln, one of the most charming spots in the Alps. It had at that time a double charm, for the handsome young widow who kept the inn supplemented by her kindness and attention within doors the pleasures extracted from the outer world. A man named Maurer, of Meyringen, was my guide for a time. We climbed the Titlis, going straight up it from the Joch Pass, in the track of a scampering chamois which showed us the way. The Titlis is a very noble mass—one of the few which, while moderate in height, bear a lordly weight of snow. The view from the summit is exceedingly fine, and on it I repeated with a hand spectroscope the observations of M. Janssen on the absorption bands of aqueous vapour. On the day after this ascent I quitted Engsteln, being drawn towards the Wellhorn and Wetterhorn, both of which, as seen from Engsteln, came out with inexpressible nobleness. The upper dome of heaven



was of the deepest blue, while only the faintest lightening of the colour towards the horizon indicated the augmented thickness of the atmosphere in that direction. The sun was very hot, but there was a clear rivulet at hand, deepening here and there into pebbled pools, into which I plunged at intervals, causing my guide surprise, if not anxiety. For he shared the common superstition that plunging, when hot, into cold water is dangerous. The danger, and a very serious one it is, is to plunge into cold water when *cold*. The strongest alone can then bear immersion without damage.

This year I subjected the famous Finsteraarschlucht to a closer examination than ordinary. The earthquake theory already adverted to was prevalent regarding it, and I wished to see whether any evidences existed of aqueous erosion. It will be remembered that the Schlucht or gorge is cut through a great barrier of limestone rock called the Kirchet, which throws itself across the valley of Hasli, about three-quarters of an hour's walk above Meyringen. The plain beyond the barrier, on which stands the hamlet of Imhof, is formed of the sediment of an ancient lake of which the Kirchet constituted the dam. This dam is now cut through for the passage of the Aar, forming one of the noblest gorges in Switzerland. Near the summit of the Kirchet is a house with a signboard inviting the traveller to visit the *Aarenschlucht*, a narrow lateral gorge which runs down to the very bottom of the principal one. The aspect of this smaller chasm from its bottom to its top proves to demonstration that water had in former ages worked there as a navigator. But it was regarding the sides of the great chasm that I needed instruction, and from its edge I could see nothing to satisfy me. I therefore stripped and waded until a point was reached in the centre of the river which commanded an excellent view of both sides of the gorge. Below me, on the left-hand side, was a jutting cliff, which caused the Aar to swerve from its direct course, and had to bear the thrust of the river. From top to bottom this cliff was polished,

rounded, and scooped. There was no room for doubt. The river which now runs so deeply down had once been above. It has been the delver of its own channel through the barrier of the Kirchet.

I went on to Rosenlauri, proposing to climb the neighbouring mountains in succession. In fact I went to Switzerland in 1866 with a particular hunger for the heights. But the weather thickened before Rosenlauri was reached, and on the night following the morning of my departure from Engsteln I lay upon my plaid under an impervious pine, and watched as wild a thunderstorm and as heavy a downpour of rain as I had ever seen. Most extraordinary was the flicker on cliffs and trees, and most tremendous was the detonation succeeding each discharge. The fine weather came thus to an end, and next day I gave up the Wetterhorn for the ignoble Faulhorn. Here the wind changed, the air became piercingly cold, and on the following morning heavy snow-drifts buttressed the doors, windows, and walls of the inn. We broke away, sinking at some places to the hips in snow. A thousand feet made all the difference; a descent of this amount carrying us from the bleakest winter into genial summer. My companion held on to the beaten track, while I sought a rougher and more direct one to the Scheinigeplatte. We were solitary visitors there, and I filled the evening with the "Story of Elizabeth," which some benevolent traveller had left at the hotel.

Thence we dropped down to Lauterbrunnen, went up the valley to the little inn at Trechslawinen, and crossed the Petersgrat the following day. The recent precipitation had cleared the heavens and reloaded the heights. It was, perhaps, the splendour of the weather and purity of the snows, aided by the subjective effect due to contrast with a series of most dismal days, that made me think the Petersgrat so noble a standpoint for a view of the mountains. The horizontal extent was vast, and the grouping magnificent. The undoubted



monarch of this unparagoned scene was the Weisshorn, and this may have rendered me partial in my judgment, for men like to see what they love exalted. At Platten we found shelter in the house of the curé. Next day we crossed the Lotschsattel, and swept round by the Aletsch glacier to the Eggischhorn.

Here I had the pleasure of meeting a very ardent climber, who entertains peculiar notions regarding guides. He deems them, and rightly so, very expensive, and he also feels pleasure in trying his own powers. I would admonish him that he may go too far in this direction, and probably his own experience has by this time forestalled the admonition. Still there is much in his feeling which challenges sympathy; for if skill, courage, and strength are things to be cultivated in the Alps, they are, within certain limits, best exercised and developed in the absence of guides. And if the real climbers are ever to be differentiated from the crowd, it is only to be done by dispensing with professional assistance. But no man without natural aptitude and due training would be justified in undertaking anything of this kind, and it is an error to suppose that the necessary knowledge can be obtained in one or two summers in the Alps. Climbing is an art, and those who wish to cultivate it on their own account ought to give themselves sufficient previous practice in the company of first-rate guides. This would not shut out expeditions of minor danger now and then without guides. But whatever be the amount of preparation, real climbers must still remain select men. Here, as in every other sphere of human action, whether intellectual or physical, as indeed among the guides themselves, real eminence falls only to the lot of few.

From the Bel Alp, in company with Mr. Girdlestone, I made an attack upon the Aletschhorn. We failed. The weather as we started was undecided, but we hoped the turn might be in our favour. We first kept along the Alp, with the Jaggi glacier to our right, then crossed its moraine, and

made the trunk glacier our highway until we reached the point of confluence of its branches. Here we turned to the right, the Aletschhorn, from base to summit, coming into view. We reached the true base of the mountain, and without halting breasted its snow. But as we climbed the atmosphere thickened more and more. About the Nesthorn the horizon deepened to pitchy darkness, and on the Aletschhorn itself hung a cloud, which we at first hoped would melt before the strengthening sun, but which instead of melting became denser. Now and then an echoing rumble of the wind warned us that we might expect rough handling above. We persisted, however, and reached a considerable height, unwilling to admit that the weather was against us; until a more savage roar and a ruder shake than ordinary by the wind caused us to halt, and look more earnestly and anxiously into the darkening atmosphere. Snow began to fall, and we felt that we must yield. The wind did not increase, but the snow thickened, and fell in heavy flakes. Holding on in the dimness to the medial moraine, we managed to get down the glacier, and cleared it at a practicable point; whence, guided by the cliffs which flanked our right, and which became visible only when we came almost into contact with them, we cut the proper track to the hotel.

Though my visits to the Alps already numbered thirteen, I had never gone as far southward as the Italian lakes. The perfectly unmanageable weather of July 1866 caused me to cross with Mr. Girdlestone into Italy, in the hope that a respite of ten or twelve days might improve the temper of the mountains. We walked across the Simplon to the village of the same name, and took thence the diligence to Domo d'Ossola and Baveno. The atmospheric change was wonderful; and still the clear air which we enjoyed below was the self-same air that heaped clouds and snow upon the mountains. It came across the heated plains of Lombardy charged with moisture, but the moisture was in the trans-

parent condition of true vapour, and hence invisible. Tilted by the mountains, the air rose, and as it expanded it became chilled, and as it became chilled it discharged its vapour as visible cloud, the globules of which swelled by coalescence into raindrops on the mountain flanks, or were frozen to ice-particles on their summits, the particles collecting afterwards to form flakes of snow.

At Baveno we halted on the margin of the Lago Maggiore. I could hear the lisp of the waters on the shingle far into the night. My window looked eastward, and through it could be seen the first warming of the sky at the approach of dawn. I rose, and watched the growth of colour all along the east. The mountains, from mere masses of darkness projected against the heavens, became deeply empurpled. It was not as a mere wash of colour overspreading their surfaces. They blent with the atmosphere as if their substance was a condensation of the general purple of the air. Nobody was stirring at the time, and the very lap of the lake upon its shore only increased the sense of silence.

“The holy time was quiet as a nun  
Breathless with adoration.”

In my subsequent experience of the Italian lakes, I met with nothing which affected me so deeply as this morning scene on the Lago Maggiore.

From Baveno we crossed the lake to Luino, and went thence to Lugano. At Belggio, on the junction of the two branches of the Lake of Como, we halted a couple of days. Como itself we reached in a small sailing-boat—the sail being supplemented by oars. There we saw the statue of Volta—a prophet justly honoured in his own country. From Como we went to Milan. The

object of greatest interest there is, of course, the cathedral; a climber could not forego the pleasure of getting up among the statues which crowd its roof, and of looking thence towards Monte Rosa. The distribution of the statues magnified the apparent vastness of the pile; still the impression made on me by this great edifice was one of disappointment. Its front seemed to illustrate an attempt to cover meanness of conception by profusion of adornment. The interior, however, notwithstanding the cheat of the ceiling, is exceedingly grand.

From Milan we went to Orta, where we had a plunge into the lake. We crossed it subsequently, and walked on to Varallo: thence by Fobello over a country of noble beauty to Ponte Grande in the Val Anasca. Thence again by Macugnaga, over the deep snow of the Monte Moro, reaching Mattmark in drenching rain. The temper of the northern slopes did not appear to have improved during our absence. We returned to the Bel Alp, fitful triumphs of the sun causing us to hope that we might still have fair play upon the Aletschhorn. But the day after our arrival snow fell so heavily as to cover the pastures for 2,000 feet below the Bel Alp, introducing a partial famine among the herds. They had eventually to be driven below the snow line. Avalanches were not unfrequent on slopes which a day or two previously had been covered with grass and flowers. In this condition of things Mr. Milman, Mr. Girdlestone, and myself climbed the Sparrenhorn, and found its heavy-laden Kamm almost as hard as that of Monte Rosa. Occupation out of doors was, however, insufficient to fill the mind, so I wound my plaid around my loins, and in my cold bedroom studied “Mozley upon Miracles.”

*To be continued.*

## ESTELLE RUSSELL.

## CHAPTER XII.

## REJECTED.

WE must return to Louis, whom we left seated comfortably in Sir George Vivian's carriage, on his way to the railway station.

That morning, while he and his mother were breakfasting together in the Green Room—a pretty morning-room, with its window opening into a well-stocked fernery embellished with a silver fountain, one of the late Lady Caroline's last toys—the post arrived, bringing an unusually large budget for Louis, who, owing to his lengthened stay in Devonshire, and the numerous small duties which had devolved on him since his uncle's bereavement, was rather in arrears with his general correspondence. He looked them over eagerly, hoping to find amongst them a long thin envelope with foreign postmarks. There was none. He swallowed his disappointment as best he might, and addressed himself to the perusal of his letters; of a highly satisfactory nature, most of them. Two he handed to his mother, and, in spite of his disappointment at Estelle's silence, a gleam of satisfaction shone out of his eyes as he watched the look of intense pleasure which beamed in her motherly face while she perused them. Both letters contained cheques for no despicable amount, and in one of them was a proposal from the editor of a first-rate London magazine for his becoming a regular contributor. The letter ended with the expression of a wish for an interview.

"They appreciate you then, at last," Mrs. Vivian said, when she had read the letters through carefully, and examined the cheques. "I always said they would, but they have been a long

time about it. To think of the reams and reams of paper you have filled, and been paid a mere trifle for; and sometimes the wretches would actually send it back——"

"And doubtless the wretches were quite right, mother," said Louis, with a good-humoured laugh, as he looked over the remainder of his letters.

Mrs. Vivian continued,—

"And sometimes they would positively accept what you sent, and never pay you! That, in my opinion, was a most dishonest proceeding, and I——"

"Well, mother dear, that won't happen again."

"I should hope not!" retorted Mrs. Vivian, angrily.

"After all, mother, I have been no worse served than many a better man. How many have died, waiting for the glimmer of success which never came to them! That will not be my case, mother; at least, so it would seem at present."

"Yes;" and then she added sadly, "I wish you may not overwork yourself, though. That is your danger. Oh, my boy, I wish you had a more robust constitution for that wearing London life."

"A settled income gives a fellow a quiet mind, and that may stand instead of the constitution," said Louis. He disliked his mother's thinking of his health so constantly.

"Yes; and yet," added the widow, afraid to be too glad at her son's success, "we ought to pray that this gleam of prosperity may not prove a snare. There is a great blessing in a precarious income if we could but receive it rightly," she concluded with a sigh.

"It's a blessing I'm uncommonly glad to exchange," laughed Louis. "I've had enough of it, and I prefer the snare of certainty. And really, don't you



think, mother, that these nice cheques deserve a new purse?" he said, gathering them up.

The purse he took from his pocket was as dingy as a purse could be.

"Let me burn that disreputable-looking thing," said his mother. "I've got another just finished, that will do exactly for you."

Louis looked at it for a moment. "Poor worn-out old thing!" he said. "No, mother, you may give me the new one, but I won't have this burnt."

For, strangely enough, the purse reminded him of Estelle. It was an old-fashioned knitted thing which his mother had given him just before his tour in the Pyrenees two years ago. The silk had given way one day—how well he remembered it—a broiling day at Cauterets; and Estelle, with her needle and thread, had deftly remedied the gap, with a low laugh at the great helpless masculine fingers, good for nought, she said saucily, but to spoil good pens and paper, and pare her best drawing-pencils to shavings.

How he remembered it! They were sitting in a meadow, a little Alp high above the leaping Gave. With elbows cushioned on a thick tangle of heart's-ease and veronica, they watched the stream as it sped downwards amid granite rocks and boulders, as if in haste to reach the valley and be at rest. The breeze came down from the gorge above laden with the scent of pine and box. Down nearest the water the dragon-flies kept up their mazy dance: overhead the butterflies skimmed along—peacocks, great swallowtails, emperors, in endless procession. The herbage swarmed with great green grasshoppers, which alighted without ceremony on their heads and arms, and hopped off quicker than thought when they tried to catch them. And then they bent their heads down close to the grass, and wondered at the beautiful Lilliputian insect-world which stood thus revealed to them. Flies, no bigger than midges, streaked green, and red, and yellow; beetles the size of a pin's head, like gems for brilliancy; nondescript insects, of which they could not

tell which end was head and which tail; microscopic spiders, speckled, mottled, and barred—building, fighting, nursing their broods; their whole round of existence comprised within two tiny branches of gentianella. And Mathurine in her high goffered cap sat near, perched on a stone, knitting furiously, and shaking her skirts in disgust at the grasshoppers; wishing she were back in her native Toulouse, and keeping up an unceasing grumble at Mademoiselle's strange fancy of sitting in the grass, "in the middle of all those jumping beasts!"

That was the picture the old purse conjured up.

If Mrs. Vivian had not been sitting there, Louis would have kissed it. But as it was, he only gave it a tight squeeze, as if it had been a hand, and replaced it in his pocket.

Just then the butler entered, bringing a letter for Louis from his uncle.

"It was sent up with Sir George's letters by mistake, sir. And Sir George would like to see you this morning, sir, as soon as is quite convenient to you."

Louis glanced at the letter. His heart gave one bound, and then stood still.

It was a thin envelope, with the orange-coloured effigy of his Majesty Napoleon III. in the right-hand corner.

Here was his fate, signed, sealed, and delivered, on a glittering salver, engraved with the Vivian arms, by the hand of the Vivian butler, who, by the by, looked quite as much a clergyman as any vicar or rector in the Diocese of Exeter.

Louis took it, and sat awhile staring at it.

"Why don't you open it?" asked Mrs. Vivian, stretching her neck to get a sight of the post-marks. "Perhaps it's another money-letter."

"I think not," said he quietly, putting it into the same pocket with his worn-out purse.

It always happens that when people want to be alone, they are overwhelmed with company. Louis wanted five minutes' solitude; wherefore Mrs. Vivian, instead of retiring to her room

for her usual after-breakfast dose of Law's "Serious Call," asked him to take a turn with her on the terrace: which turn was multiplied fourfold before she entered the house again. Then the housekeeper, having some small money-trouble of her own, came to lay it before him, and he was fain to give her a half-hour. Then Sir George again sent to beg him to step up to his room. Sir George had not come downstairs since the funeral. Grief had aged him wonderfully. His very voice was changed. He pointed to a chair, and inquired after Mrs. Vivian. He was always scrupulously polite to his sister-in-law and nephew; and if cordiality was wanting, Louis did not care, neither did his mother. They knew they were poor relations, and accepted the fact with perfect equanimity.

"I want you to do something for me, Louis," said Sir George presently. "I want you to go to London for me. You see, I am not fit to move. I don't feel fit for anything." There he paused.

"I should have to go on my own account," said Louis, "in a few days at the farthest; if it is anything particular you want done, I may as well go at once."

"Thank you. Yes. I should like it set about at once, and then perhaps it will weigh less on my mind. It's the monument I allude to. I want you to choose some designs; those you select can be sent down to me. There's an Italian, Muroni by name, who will suit my ideas best, I think. She and I happened to see some monumental designs of his some years ago, and I remember she said——" He left the sentence unfinished. "But I haven't an idea where the man lives," he said, presently.

"I can soon find out that," said Louis. He longed to say something more, but his shyness kept him dumb. He did not know, either, whether his uncle might not resent any expression of sympathy. So he merely said,

"I'll go to-day. Shall I?"

"Thank you," said Sir George, giving him his hand, which Louis took for a

sign that he wished to close the interview.

Now it did occur to the Baronet that he might not inaptly give his nephew a note to cover his travelling expenses. But he thought better of it. Not that he was a stingy man, but because, as he said to himself, the fellow was so confoundedly proud.

"The only time I wanted to make him a present since his college-days, he drew himself up with such an 'ancient Roman' air, and declined with such curtness, that I swore I'd never offer him a farthing again—and I won't," said Sir George.

At last, in the friendly solitude of the fir plantation, Louis opened his foreign letter.

In a few scarcely courteous lines, Mrs. Russell declined his proposal to her daughter.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### LOUIS VIVIAN TRIES AGAIN.

TOTALLY unabashed by the presence of the Vivian Court footman, Louis, on reaching the station, took a second-class ticket to London; and by that one act degraded himself irreparably in the estimation of this tall and splendid functionary, who failed not, while supper was going on, to give his private sentiments respecting "a fellar who called hisself a Vivian, and didn't know what was doo to hisself, much less to Sir George, the 'ead of the family." The housekeeper went so far as to opine that Mr. Vivian's conduct implied a lurking disrespect to the memory of her ladyship. The butler, a prudent man, suspended his judgment; and then the discussion branched off into an inquiry into the probable length of Mrs. Vivian's stay at the Court.

On this point the lady's maid was of opinion that the Baronet's sister-in-law ought to be packing up her traps.

"She's been here going on a month, and when my Lady, poor dear, was alive, she never stayed more than a week

at the longest: and quite long enough too," Miss Pincot said with a toss. "I know how my Lady felt, poor dear; she couldn't bear the sight of her. Many's the time she's said to me, 'Pincot,' says she, 'O Pincot, I shall be so glad when this week's over.' And I don't call it delicate of Mrs. Vivian to keep staying on so."

"She may have reasons, you know," said the housekeeper.

"Sir George treats her as if she was a fixture, that's all I know," observed the butler.

"La, you don't say it!" remarked the housekeeper.

"Well, I shan't be here to fasten her gowns, that's all," said the lady's-maid. "Anybody that likes may hook 'em up for me."

Mrs. Vivian, all unconscious of the committee of inquiry below-stairs, quietly went through her daily task of knitting and reading, seated in the blue drawing-room, the smallest and cosiest of the *suite*. She would have liked to return to her humble lodgings at Dorking, but Sir George had begged her to stay, and she had acceded to his request, less from a wish to please him than from an undefined idea that her thwarting him might in some way damage her son's interests.

Louis found so much to do on arriving in London that he had no leisure to contrast the dinginess of his rooms in Hurst Street, Bloomsbury, with the bright, sunny luxuriance of Vivian Court. Yet the difference weighed him down without his being conscious of it. Not so much the mere difference between large rooms and gilded furniture, and small rooms with the musty worn-out furniture consecrated to the use of London people with limited incomes, as the actual difference of atmosphere—of the number of cubic feet of pure breathing air;—and this, whether a man cares to think about it or whether he does not, does make a difference, and a considerable one in the long run.

But to Louis Vivian's own consciousness, the only reason for depression was Mrs. Russell's curt reply. To overcome this depression he addressed himself to

write to Estelle again. He had thought over what he should write very carefully on his way up to London. Had he been certain of his appeal meeting Estelle's eye alone, he would have poured forth his whole soul without stint or reserve. For in the depths of his heart he had the firmest faith in the completeness of her love for him; so firm, that the possibility of her becoming tired of long waiting had never troubled him. He bowed his head, as in prayer, when he thought of Estelle as his wife;—thought of himself as participating with her in the most ancient and the holiest of God's ordinances. But, if it were willed that they should remain apart—even for a lifetime—what then? They would carry their love to Heaven, and begin their union in Eternity.

So he thought. Something in this strain he tried to write, but was hindered by the possibility that Estelle's mother, and not Estelle herself, might open his letter. Bearing this in mind, then, he endeavoured to write in measured style, and, after much labour and correction, imagined he had produced a very calm, temperate letter—a letter, that is, which Mamma Russell might read without anger.

"The very best thing I could have written," he said, as he dropped the letter into the box.

And no sooner had it slipped out of his reach than he would have given worlds to possess it again.

What would Estelle think of his measured style? Would she not stigmatize it as cold and hard? He walked up and down the pavement in front of the branch post-office, asking himself this question, till at last people began to stop and stare. This brought him to his senses.

"The thing is out of my hands," he thought. "So be it. If I am to be rejected, let it at any rate be at her hands, not at her proud mother's."

He read Mrs. Russell's letter once more before burning it. It was written in a beautifully clear, flowing hand; there were no blots nor scratches nor dashes, nor signs of hurry about it. You



would have said that Mrs. Russell had spent much time and pains over that letter: that she had written it, very likely, from a rough copy. No such thing. She would have written an order to her shoemaker in precisely the same hand; only the shoemaker would not have been favoured with fine note-paper, scented with *Stephanotis bouquet*, such as she had taken to write to Louis Vivian.

"Poor child!" he thought, "her mother won't let her even say 'No' for herself. Not that she would, either. No; if they will only let her alone I believe she loves me enough to wait till I can give her a comfortable home. Dear, simple-minded little soul! What a pleasure it was to make her laugh, and what an unsophisticated, joyous, child-like laugh it was! I should like to hear it again.

"And hear it again I will!" he exclaimed, as he lit the gas, and held Mrs. Russell's letter to it. "Hear it again I will, in spite of that stern mother of hers.

"I cannot understand that woman," he cogitated, as he watched the flame take possession of the *Stephanotis*-scented paper. "She used to be so kind and cordial, and talk so much about the friendship that existed between my father and her husband when they were both young men; and now she writes to me as a woman might to a man who had forgotten himself in some way or other. Adamantine pen, and words to match. Fine, and cold, and cruel."

You see Louis was totally ignorant of the Russell family affairs. Sir George could have told him a great deal, had he but been asked. He could have given a full, true, and particular account of all Estelle's ancestry, paternal, maternal, and collateral; besides the great fact of the thirty thousand pounds' legacy, left by an aunt of Mrs. Russell's to accumulate for the grand-niece, out of spite at her niece's marrying Captain Russell, who had once presumed to laugh at her eccentricities. If Louis had been more inquisitive, he might have learnt all this, and understood of what an enor-

mous piece of presumption he had been guilty when he dared think of the possibility of an engagement between himself and Estelle Russell.

But he had never thought of anything, had never seen anything, except Estelle's beauty and goodness, and their mutual love. Her ancestors! They might have been beggars for aught he cared; he loved her, not her ancestors. And Mrs. Russell's present haughtiness, as he compared it with her past courtesy, was simply incomprehensible to him.

But there was something else for Louis to think about besides Mrs. Russell's changed behaviour. There were papers to look over, proof-sheets to correct, and an essay to write for the magazine to which he had become a contributor. Besides this, he had to write to his mother nearly every day—no waste of time this to him, knowing as he did the pleasure which his letters were to her. Then he had to find out the sculptor Muroi, and give him Sir George's order. Whereupon ensued a long and tiresome correspondence, and much running to and fro on Louis's part between Bloomsbury and Pimlico. This he might perhaps have chafed at, had not he seen, or fancied, a resemblance to Estelle in one of the many ideal busts in Muroi's studio. He inquired the price of the bust, and made a note of it in his pocket-book, saying to himself, "In a year and a half, perhaps, if I get as much work to do as I have now, I may make a present of it to myself." And then he smiled to think of the strange effect the white marble would have amid the chaos of books in his room.

"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might," was the line of daily conduct which Louis strove to follow—even he had followed sometimes, even in boyhood, to his own hurt: forgetting that body is but servant to spirit, and, like any other servant, wants rest at certain intervals. He had gone on working at his essay for many days without relaxation, and it was nearly finished. Amidst the chaos of books he had made himself a

path, wherein he paced to and from his desk, pen in hand, arranging in their proper order the thoughts that crowded on him. He had written on, taking no heed of time, till suddenly one evening his lamp went out. This sudden interruption broke the current of his ideas, and it all at once occurred to him that it was getting late, and that he had forgotten his dinner. He re-lit the lamp, and returned to his desk. As he did so the clock struck midnight. He looked at his watch, wound it up mechanically, and took up his pen to finish the incomplete sentence.

Suddenly a cry broke into the quiet room; a sound of wild, passionate weeping.

Louis started, dropped his pen, and ran to the door, thinking to find some one outside. There was no one; the silence was only broken by the chime dying away from a distant churchsteeple.

Thinking that some one might be lurking on the stairs, he took the lamp and searched. But the whole house was still; there was nothing living on the staircase except a mouse, which scudded away to its hole at the sound of his stealthy tread.

"I must certainly have been dreaming," he thought, as he returned to his room. "And yet I felt sure I heard a woman's voice. Perhaps I had better strike work for to-night."

So saying, he made up his fire, stretched himself on the rug, and gave himself up to castle-building.

I am bound to admit that Louis had one extravagance, and that it consisted in keeping up a large fire at most unorthodox seasons of the year. Mrs. Vivian's thrifty soul would have been vexed had she seen the blaze, fit for Christmas-tide, before which Louis lay basking in full content.

Naturally enough, he began thinking of Estelle, and wondering whether her mother had kept his letter from her. He had the habit which is sooner or later acquired by people who lead solitary lives, of soliloquising aloud: and his present soliloquy ran thus:—

"I wonder what will come of it this

time? Will she write, or will that dreadful mother favour me again with a sheet of that sickly scented note-paper? By Jove, if my present luck continues, I may be able to run down to the Pyrenees this autumn. And won't that be jolly?" he said, addressing the fire, as he gave it a friendly poke.

"I wonder what she'll do when she sees me, pretty darling! Will she make me one of those tremendous French curtsies? If the stern Mater happens to be out of the way, she will give me her pretty hand to shake. But the Mater won't be out of the way, unless Providence specially interposes in my behalf. I shall be received with one of those tremendous curtsies, just as if I were a Frenchman, and Madame will look on with that charming smile I've seen her wear when everything and everybody was not to her taste. But a fellow must live in hope, you know," he continued, giving his friend the fire another vigorous poke.

"To hope, to *dare* hope to see her, touch her hand, hear her speak, seems too much! Can it be? Will it be? . . . Oh, my Estelle, my beautiful lady! to touch even the hem of your robe . . ."

Again that cry, filling the room. A burst of wild weeping, mingled with half inarticulate words:

"Louis, Louis, Louis . . . come . . . take me away!"

It was Estelle's voice.

Louis started up and flung the door open, crying, "Estelle, Estelle! Child, where are you?"

Only the echo of his own voice came back. The stairs were silent and empty as before. He lingered a moment, and then, closing the door with an irrepressible shudder, turned back instinctively to the fire.

But the empty darkness outside jarred horribly on his excited nerves; the fire was no longer a companion.

Empty? Was it empty? There are seasons when the bravest of us fall a prey to the wildest superstition.

"Was Estelle dead?" he asked himself, shaking with terror. Was it her spirit that called on him thus?



"Dead?" he repeated over and over to himself. Dead? No. Could Heaven be so unjust, so cruel, as to take from him that best part of himself—that other half of his soul—divided from him though it were by all the broad plains of France? What had been his sin, that he should be tortured so? His whole soul rose up in anger against such an envious decree; he breathed words of defiance such as need not be set down here.

But that mood did not last long.

"I am a fool," he said presently. "I exhaust my brain with overwork; I fancy all sorts of nonsense, and then I take Providence to task. I'll go to bed, and sleep off this rubbish."

## CHAPTER XIV.

### AN OLD FRIEND.

EARLY the next morning Louis was at his desk again. He had risen, hoping to put the finishing touches to his essay: to his dismay he found his mind totally incapable of exertion. All day long did he endeavour, pacing restlessly up and down his room, to bring his mind to bear upon the subject in hand; but the overtaxed brain refused to work: a dull stupor had taken possession of him. Towards evening, scarcely knowing why or how he went, he turned his steps to the great thoroughfare leading into the City. Heretofore, a walk down the Strand had been a never-failing remedy for the nervous depression which he, whenever he thought enough about it to give it a name, was used to stigmatize as "a fit of the dumps." But now he was jaded past amusement. And he could not think of Estelle with comfort. The demon hypochondria had him in its grip, and would not be exorcised by the sweet sound of her name. As the evening closed in, the impression of the night before returned to him. He marked the date in his pocket-book. As he wrote it, his eye fell on the top of the page, on which was noted the sculptor Muroni's address, and the price of the marble bust called "Tristezza," in which he had seen such a strange

likeness to Estelle. He made up his mind to have the bust, at the cost of no matter what privation, for the thought would press upon him that she was dead, and that the marble face and the purse she had mended were the only memorials he would ever have of her.

He walked along, muttering to himself, "Dead, dead, dead." His face was white and haggard, and he stared blankly as he went. Women looked pityingly at him as they passed onward, and a young workgirl said to her companion, "There's one has lost his sweetheart."

"I have been knocked up before," he thought at last, "but I was never so bad as this. I should not dare cross a bridge to-night." And he turned his back on the river. "This state of things must be put an end to, and the sooner the better. I'll spend a guinea on that fellow in Vaughan Street whom I consulted two years ago. He'll set me to rights again, I daresay."

Half-an-hour's walking brought him to Vaughan Street. At his knock the door was opened quickly by a boy in buttons.

"Is Dr. ——" Louis began, and then stopped short. He had completely forgotten the physician's name.

"Is your master at home?" he asked.

He would be home presently, the boy replied. He was a mealy-faced urchin, and grinned as he spoke, as if master's coming home was rather a pleasant prospect than otherwise.

Louis said he would wait; and the boy, after showing him into a dimly-lit study, retired to the hall and resumed the game of marbles which his entry had interrupted.

Louis sat wearily down in an arm-chair and looked about him. He did not remember the room. As far as could be seen by the dim light, it was comfortable in the extreme. The draperies were of some warm hue between maroon and crimson; there were plenty of books lying about; there was a mounted microscope on the table, a galvanic battery on a table in the corner, and in another two strange-looking machines.



"I remember," thought Louis, "that there was a big stain of ink on the carpet; it was a front room, and this is at the back. And the doctor kept me waiting an hour. I hope he won't this time."

Presently the front door opened and slammed, and a deep, cheery voice in the hall called out:

"Send up dinner, sharp. I've an appointment at half-past eight."

The boy in buttons replied. Then the voice again:

"Somebody for me, eh? Then don't send dinner up till I ring."

The study door opened, and the physician entered with a brisk, elastic step.

"I trust you have not waited long. What can I do for you?" He turned up the gas as he spoke.

"No, I haven't been waiting long."

"Why, Vivian!" and the doctor burst into a rollicking laugh, and appeared altogether hugely tickled.

"Why, Vandeleur!" said Louis in amazement.

"I thought it was a patient!" and Dr. Vandeleur laughed again in a most unprofessional manner.

"I certainly did come here to consult a medical man," said Louis, "but I never expected to see you. I came to see a Dr. —; I cannot remember the man's name," he exclaimed with a gesture of impatience. "All I know is that I consulted him two years ago, and that he lived here."

"Come and have some dinner with me," said Dr. Vandeleur, with his hand on the bell, "and you can go and search for your medical man afterwards—when you have remembered his name."

"How odd that I should stumble upon you."

"Name's on the door, at any rate."

"It was too dark to see that."

"Too dark, nonsense!—nearsightedness—absence of mind. Bad habit. Always have your wits about you. Next time you'll stumble into an enemy's house instead of a friend's."

"Dinner's up, sir," said the boy in buttons.

"Come along, old fellow," said the

doctor. "I'm hungry after my day's work, I can tell you. Hope you can dine off roast mutton."

"I should think so," said Louis.

After helping his guest, the doctor employed himself for some time in appeasing his own hunger. He looked up suddenly.

"Not eating? Mutton overdone? Underdone? What's the matter with it, man?"

"Nothing. It's excellent mutton, but I'm rather off my feed," said Louis.

"Should say you must be, to quarrel with such a joint as this," said the doctor, helping himself to another huge slice, and relapsing into silence.

"Highly nervous," was the physician's soliloquy. "Tell that by the first sound of his voice. Been overworking himself. Won't last long at the pace he's going. Got the seeds of consumption in him. Lots of brain and no stamina. Poor fellow! Wants somebody to take care of him."

"Now I think of it," he said aloud, "we have never met since you gave your call-supper. How one does lose sight of one's friends in London!"

"I remember," said Louis, "you were in some doubt then as to your future movements."

"Yes, I was very near giving up what practice I had, and going off to the Continent with a rich, gouty old fellow who had an awful temper. I'm glad I didn't. I'm peppery myself, and I know I should have done something rash—assaulted him, or poisoned him, perhaps. I never could stand much chaff, you know. Well, the long and short of it was, that I determined to stick where I was. Fortune, being a woman, must come round if I held my ground long enough. Fortune did come round, after a good deal of coaxing; and here I am."

"And very comfortable you appear to be," said Louis, looking round. "You'll be setting up your carriage before long."

"Next year, I daresay," said the doctor, confidently.

"And then a wife, I suppose. Or will the wife come first?"

"Neither first nor last, if I know it,"

growled the doctor. "Women are a set of—of——"

"Take your time," said Louis, who remembered his friend's heretical opinions respecting women, and had often had a good laugh over them, years before. "Take a good strong epithet, Vandeleur, and stick to it."

"A set of confounded, audacious humbugs!"

"As cynical as ever," laughed Louis. "I know very little about women, but——"

"The less you know of them the better," growled the doctor. "Have some pudding?"

"None, thank you."

"Come here, you scamp." This was addressed to the boy in buttons, who approached, grinning broadly.

"Now look here," said the doctor, proceeding to fill a plate with pudding, "this is yours. Clear away, and then eat up what's on this plate. You understand?"

"Yes, sir," answered the boy with alacrity.

"When first I had that boy," said Doctor Vandeleur, after the door had closed upon him, "the scamp was always priggish at the sweet things. It was something awful. He'd clear the dishes, and then swear to the housekeeper that I had consumed the whole of their contents. I didn't care much for the fellow's greediness, but his mendacity wasn't to be borne. Housekeeper wanted him discharged, of course. Wasn't going to do anything of the kind. Cured him instead. How d'ye think I did it?" asked the doctor, turning a merry, mischievous pair of eyes on Louis.

"Oh, I don't know. Threatened him with the police, or a flogging, perhaps."

"Nothing of the kind," said the doctor. "Do you smoke?"

"I don't care about it."

"Mind my smoking, eh? Here goes then. Well," he continued, after lighting his meerschaum, "I medicated the pudding while the fellow was out of the room. The dish, as usual, arrived in the lower regions empty. I had given the housekeeper a hint, so she held her

tongue. Half an hour later I was sent for in a great hurry. Found the patient on the kitchen floor, kicking, rolling, groaning, and confessing his misdeeds in the most candid and edifying manner. Thought he was going to die, and promised no end if I would cure him this once.

"Well, you know, the craving for sweets is a propensity that I remembered having myself at his age, to a most inordinate degree. What raids I used to make on my mother's jams! And how I used to get licked afterwards! I felt a touch of likeness to the poor mealy-faced wretch. Also, I reflected that if I discharged him, the next boy might possibly not confine himself to stealing pudding, but help himself to spoons besides. I got him well by slow degrees; took three days over it, I believe; and then I made a solemn compact with him to the effect, that whenever there was pudding he should have a plateful on condition that the dish remained untouched on its way to the kitchen. I've found the plan answer excellently."

While talking, the doctor had watched his friend. Now he puffed on in silence.

"Wants rousing," he said to himself. "Got something or other on his mind. Lip trembles and quivers. Eye too bright. Good hand, though. Immense deal of power in that hand. Hopeful sign, that. I wouldn't give him a twelve-month without that hand. As it is, under *very* favourable circumstances, he may get through three or four years. Pity. Fine fellow. Good fellow. Better if he weren't so confoundedly shy."

"I've got quite attached to that boy," he said aloud, after a long pull at the meerschaum. "One must make a pet of something. What is yours?"

Louis laughed. "There is a mangy cat at my lodgings, which pays me a visit sometimes. I kept a goldfinch once, but on returning from a visit to my mother at Dorking I found the poor little brute dead at the bottom of its cage. They had forgotten to give it water. Of course I renounced caged

pets from that moment, and I haven't taken to any others, except flowers, and I don't think the atmosphere of Hurst Street agrees particularly well with them."

"And when are you going to set up your carriage, old fellow?" asked the doctor kindly.

"The sound of my chariot-wheels has not yet struck upon mine ear," said Louis; "but it will by and by—if I can wait long enough," he added hastily. "If—that is the only rub."

"Ah!" and then the doctor puffed away again.

And Louis lay back in his arm-chair, quite content at sitting opposite a fellow-creature instead of having only his own thoughts and his fire for company.

"This is very pleasant," he said, at length, taking out his watch, as Dr. Vandeleur laid down his meerschaum; "but you have an appointment, and I must not detain you."

"Let it wait; it's not professional. One doesn't meet an old friend every night."

"No, indeed," said Louis, warmly. And then, while Dr. Vandeleur smoked on with half-shut eyes, he told him that he was out of health, and wanted setting to rights,—which the doctor knew already.

"The man you consulted here two years ago sent you abroad, you say? How long did you stay, and where did you go?"

"I went to the Pyrenees for three months," Louis answered. "But——"

"Well, old fellow, I'll send you there again, for six months instead of three."

"But that is totally out of the question," Louis interrupted, irritably. "Go abroad now! Why, I should ruin every prospect I have. If it were autumn instead of spring, I might manage a few weeks' run—God knows how gladly I would go—but now—I can't do it, Vandeleur, and there's an end of it. You must prescribe something else; something that will not prevent my working on now, for work I must, and will. And yet——" And then he

rapidly told of his recent engagement as contributor to the —— Magazine, of the unfinished essay, into which he had thrown heart and soul.

"I had been going on swimmingly with it until last night, and now—I give you my word, Vandeleur, your boy in buttons is as capable of finishing it as I am. It only wants touching up, but my brain has so completely struck work that——"

"Ah! Burning too much of the midnight oil, eh?"

"I daresay. What is a fellow to do?"

"All work and no play. Just like you. Old story. Serve you right. Plenty of brains, but no common sense. Well; go on!" said Dr. Vandeleur again; "you haven't finished yet, old fellow."

Louis hesitated a moment. Should he tell the doctor of the terrible cry which had resounded in his ears the night before? One look at the kindly face opposite decided him. "You will write me down an ass," he began.

"Doubtless," quoth Dr. Vandeleur. "Well!"

And Louis, with a desperate plunge, told him of his terror at hearing that cry and recognising the sound of the beloved voice. The physician understood him almost without his speaking. A few half-broken sentences, the quiver of the mouth, the words, "I thought it was the voice of a person that I knew," told Dr. Vandeleur nearly all that he desired to know.

"One word, Vivian," he said; "is the person alive?"

"As far as I know," Louis replied. "You'll laugh at me, old fellow; but all this has impressed me as strongly as if it was real—which of course it isn't—and I cannot shake myself free of it. I have a horror of going home to-night."

"I am not going to laugh," said Dr. Vandeleur, "and you are not going from this house of mine to-night if I know it. No thanks," he continued, as Louis would have spoken. "It's simply part of my prescription. A bed at a



friend's house, to begin; secondly, country air."

"I've just come from the country," Louis observed.

"Much good the country will do you if you work as hard there as you do here. Now, look here. I forbid you even to look at the outside of a book, or to touch pen, ink, or paper——"

"Rubbish!" cried Louis. "How is the essay to be finished if I don't?"

"Let the essay wait. Give your brain perfect rest for a month. It won't be before it wants it."

"That's all very fine, my dear fellow, but an editor won't understand that line of argument."

"Very well. Then you'll have softening of the brain."

Louis sat silent and aghast.

"I would say, rest for three months, but I see it would be but casting pearls before swine to give you such advice as that, situated as you are. However, a month I insist upon; and, after that, don't do more than you can possibly help for some time to come. Your brain is just wearing out your body, Vivian."

"I give in," said Louis, impressed by the physician's grave tone. "I'll go down to Vivian Court to-morrow. My mother is there, and so——"

"Vivian Court? Down in Devonshire, eh?"

"My uncle's place," said Louis. And then he told Dr. Vandeleur of the three deaths which had occurred there in such quick succession.

"By Jove, then, Vivian, you are the heir!"

"My uncle will live for the next twenty years," said Louis. "He's awfully cut up now, but he's safe to marry again."

And then he changed the subject, and asked the doctor to show him his microscope. Of all things, that fact of his heirship jarred most on him in the present state of his mind. For, as his mother insisted, it was a plain fact, and there was no denying it. And everybody who happened to know that Sir George was his uncle would think, and say, perhaps, "What luck for Vivian!"

And Louis was so sensitive and so proud—never more so than when, as now, unhinged from overwork—that nothing would have pleased him better than to be able to declare, to all who mentioned the subject, that his uncle had actually married again. However, that, thought he, like other things, would come, if he waited long enough. And both he and Dr. Vandeleur quickly forgot Sir George and his affairs over the microscope. But not the microscope, nor the doctor's pleasant chat, as he took one object after another out of his object-box, could banish from Louis's mind, as the evening wore on, the remembrance of that unearthly cry.

Dr. Vandeleur saw him looking at the timepiece, and divined his thought. "Humph!" he said to himself, "that fellow will go melancholy mad if he isn't taken in hand properly."

But he said aloud, "Are you thinking of the evening post? I'll send round early to-morrow morning, or to-night if you are expecting any letters of importance."

To-morrow morning would do, Louis said.

And on the morrow the mealy-faced boy appeared, with the usual grin upon his face, and with two letters for Louis; one from Sir George and one from Mrs. Vivian.

Mrs. Vivian wrote that the Baronet was in better spirits, had come down stairs to dinner twice, and had walked a great deal in the garden. He had also inquired when Louis was likely to be down again. "And, I think," wrote Mrs. Vivian, in conclusion, "that considering all things, it would be very foolish of you to stay away longer than you find absolutely necessary."

"So far, so good," thought Louis, as he folded up the letter.

Sir George's epistle related solely to the business of the monument. Muroni was to proceed immediately to Vivian Court, where he would find a workroom ready for him. Money was enclosed for his expenses. Any assistant or assistants he needed he could bring with him. In a postscript Sir George

bethought himself of thanking his nephew for the trouble he had taken, and hoped civilly he might soon find it convenient to make some further stay at the Court.

On his way to Muroi, Louis stopped at Hurst Street to get his bag, into which he could not forbear putting the unfinished manuscript.

"I shall take my enforced holiday with a better grace," he thought, "if I know the thing is within my reach to look over if I feel up to it."

Muroi's preparations were not lengthy. He ran hither and thither, and gave directions by word and sign to his foreman, as he wrapped up a few tools and stuffed them into a bag along with his best and only suit. Louis, finding that he had not the slightest idea to which station he ought to go in order to reach Devonshire, good-naturedly proposed their going together; and off they set, accompanied by a youth bearing a large sack of modelling clay. It was Louis, again, who got the tickets; and he had employment enough, and no small amusement, in preventing Muroi and his boy from rushing off to every train which set out whilst they were waiting for the Devonshire mail. Once fairly launched, Muroi relapsed into silence and gravity, crossing himself and muttering a prayer whenever the train shot through a tunnel. It was getting dusk as they reached the terminus, and the rain was pouring as it only pours in Devonshire. As Louis was making his way through the crowd he stumbled over one of the Vivian Court footmen, the same splendid creature whose feelings had received such a severe shock at the sight of a Vivian taking his seat in a second-class carriage. Louis concluded the footman had been sent with the carriage for Muroi, and wondered at its being so; for Sir George was as chary of exposing his upper servants to the weather as if they had been horses, and that is saying a great deal. At the utmost, the old brougham, driven by one of the grooms, was all that need have been expected on such a pouring night as this, even by a visitor of more

consequence than the little Italian sculptor. This passed through his mind as he was turning to look after his companions, who were gesticulating wildly before a heap of luggage, at the furthest end of which was the bag of modelling clay. As he was crossing over to them, the tall footman arrested his progress:

"Mrs. Vivian ordered the carriage, though she did not know exactly by what train you might come, sir."

Mrs. Vivian order the carriage! Then Vivian Court was in a state of revolution, and the world was coming to an end, thought Louis.

"Shall I take your bag, sir? Mrs. Vivian thought you would take a special."

"A special! What is the matter? Is Mrs. Vivian ill?" cried Louis.

"Mrs. Vivian is as well as can be expected, sir; but very anxious about your coming. The carriage is just outside, sir."

"This way," cried an officious porter. "Any luggage, sir? Only this bag, sir? All right! Out of the way, there! Bring up Sir Louis Vivian's carriage!"

"Good God!" Louis gasped. Everything reeled round him, and he stretched out his hand to grasp at something.

The footman was ready with his arm. "Did you not get the telegrams, sir? Mrs. Vivian sent two. It was very sudden, sir."

Sir George Vivian, the man whom Louis had thought good for twenty years, had died that morning of disease of the heart.

## CHAPTER XV.

IN WHICH THERE IS A GREAT COMMOTION.

SPRING was going fast; the acacia-trees in the promenades were looking their loveliest. The flower fair was over, and Estelle's wedding-day was drawing nigh. How terribly fast the time flew! thought Estelle, as she watched her rose-trees bursting daily into fuller bloom.

How terribly slow the days went! was Raymond's thought, during his

daily rides from Toulouse to Château Montaigu, where he now spent the greater part of his time in superintending the decoration of the rooms on the upper storey, which for nine months in the year were to be the abode of himself and his wife. Many a battle royal had there been fought between him and Madame de Montaigu over those decorations. Madame objected to the scale of splendour on which the upholsterer's proceedings were based. Raymond, on his side, insisted that nothing was half good enough for the future comtesse.

"Even if she does bring a good dowry, thou need'st not to ruin thyself," Madame would say, feeling keenly how shabby her own *suite* of rooms on the ground-floor would look compared to her daughter-in-law's. Her only comfort in looking at the draperies, rose colour, sky-blue, and canary, of the rooms upstairs, was that Raymond would repent of his bargain before the year was out.

While this was going on, Mrs. Russell, on her side, was not one whit behindhand. She had resolved that her daughter's outfit should surpass that of all countesses of Montaigu, past, present, or future. To this end, she had invoked the aid of the most experienced artists in Toulouse, who, directed by a very great Parisian authority in the matter of wedding outfits, bid fair to realize her wishes to the utmost.

Neither were the lawyers idle. Long and grave were the conferences held by Mrs. Russell with her man of business. Not an article of the marriage contract would she consent to, until the whole of the code relating to marriage and dowry had been made clear to her. Her aptitude for business matters astonished Madame de Montaigu's notary.

The person most concerned in these preparations was the least consulted. What should that child know about such things? would either of the mothers have asked, had any one ventured to express surprise at Estelle's silence in the family conclave. Monsieur Raymond came backwards and forwards,

and reported progress in the furnishing of the rooms at the château to his future mother-in-law, who listened, and made what suggestions she pleased, while Estelle sat by, automaton-like, only speaking when spoken to. Her own room, with its books, and flowers, and ornaments, had become hateful to her. Instead of being as heretofore, a sweet *sanctum* where she could sit half the day and dream of Louis Vivian, it was the scene of daily discussion on millinery and dress between her mother and the workpeople, not to speak of Lisette and Mathurine, who enjoyed the fuss excessively, and criticised and admired with all the freedom of two attached servants. Long before there was a likelihood of such discussions being set at rest, Estelle had become so utterly weary of them that she had taken up the habit of leaving the house, and staying for hours together in the church of the Dalbade. To get to it she only had to cross the quadrangle and go down a narrow passage which communicated with the Lady chapel. The darkness and silence of the deep nave were welcome and soothing; once there, she felt as if she had drifted away into a haven of rest from the noise and frivolity of the outer world. She used to sit in a corner, and wonder sometimes why it was she felt so miserable, when she was doing all that lay in her power to make her mother happy. She had been very miserable, she had thought, during the time when she was in opposition to her mother. But now, although she was no longer lectured on her obstinacy, and wickedness, and undutifulness,—although she was caressed and petted more than she had ever been in her life, she felt that her misery was of such a nature, that the former misery compared to it was happiness itself.

She would have been thankful if that old misery could have come back; for although even the remembrance of her mother's coldness and anger made her tremble, yet while that time had lasted she had not had to feel that Louis had given her up.



She would kneel sometimes, and try to pray that she might be a little less miserable. Oftener still, she would kneel and have no thought at all of prayer, but only wish uselessly that she might stay where she was and be quiet for ever. Lisette, who used to come and fetch her when her absence seemed likely to surprise Mrs. Russell, or when Monsieur Raymond would appear at unexpected hours, used to wonder at seeing her young mistress so absorbed and motionless. Marriage, looking at it from one point of view, was undoubtedly a serious affair. In the Catholic religion it was one of the sacraments, and no one thought of being married without first confessing and receiving absolution. But on more than one occasion had Lisette observed that Mademoiselle's eyes were red; and surely Mademoiselle's approaching marriage, of all marriages ever made, was not the one to be cried over.

It happened that, two evenings before the wedding-day, Estelle had been accompanied to the Dalbade by Lisette, who wished to say a few prayers on her own account to her patroness, Saint Elizabeth of Hungary, who, with the *bon Dieu* and the rest of the heavenly host, had been somewhat neglected in the press of preparation for her mistress's wedding. Estelle sat down in her accustomed corner facing the high altar. Lisette drew out her rosary and knelt down. By and by Estelle knelt too, and while Lisette pattered away at her rosary, she prayed more earnestly than she had ever done before,—not that she might be less miserable, not that she might have her own way, not even that she might be let alone, but that whatever came she might be guided to do what was right. It got dark, and the church would have been shut up, only it was a confession night. At last, however, the church was deserted, except for one penitent, the beadle, who was waiting till her confession should be terminated, and Estelle and her maid, who, kneeling side by side, did not observe a woman in a cloak and veil, who, issuing from the door behind

the Lady chapel, brushed close by them, looked back for an instant, and then walked quickly out by the nave door.

The woman walked down the street as far as the Jardin Royal, where a travelling carriage was waiting. Beside the carriage lounged a man whose face was concealed by his travelling-cap and cloak. He was smoking. As the woman in the cloak brushed past, he took the cigar from his lips and began to whistle "Pop goes the Weasel." The woman suddenly turned back and came up close up to him, saying, "Pop goes the Weasel."

"All right!" the man exclaimed. "I thought it must be you, in spite of your muffings. Now then, let us be off."

"Have you your passport?" the woman in the cloak inquired.

"To be sure I have; and I have been waiting about here till I felt I could wait no longer. In another five minutes I should have come up to the house to look after you."

"And spoilt everything, you goose!"

"I began to think you had changed your mind, and were going to leave me in the lurch."

"I could not get away before, for the servants kept going backwards and forwards. We had better not stand dawdling here, at any rate. All you have to say can be said as we go along. There will be plenty of time for that, you know."

"In with you, then," said the man, handing her into the carriage, and then following himself. "Now then, you lubber—I mean—*ong route, postillion!*"

"I call this great fun," said the muffled figure, as the carriage emerged from the gateway of the Porte St. Cyprien. Her companion made no answer. He was looking out of the little window at the back of the carriage.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed, "there's a confounded carriage with three horses coming after us at no end of a pace. It is stopping at the bridge-gate. All right," he said, after watching an instant, "it has taken the road to St. Valery."

"Oh, Harry, what a fright you gave me!" exclaimed Julia Maurice as she threw off her cloak and veil.

"I was in a fright myself, I can tell you," said Harry Russell, taking off his travelling-cap. "I never felt so queer in my life as I did when I saw that carriage tearing across the bridge."

"We had better go back if you feel queer."

"Nonsense!" said Harry, angrily. "I don't mean that, and you know I don't."

"Pray what do you mean, then?"

"Mean? I should have thought you would understand well enough what my meaning was. I meant that if my mother had overtaken us it would have been altogether the most horrid sell that ever happened to a fellow."

"I believe you are as much at your mother's apron-string as Estelle is. Supposing she did overtake us, what then? There would be a row of some sort, I daresay, but you need not turn back unless you liked. If I had known what a faint-hearted lover you were, I should have thought twice before trusting myself to you."

"Good heavens!" Harry exclaimed, pulling his whiskers in mingled wrath and perplexity. "She has lived all this while with my mother, and doesn't know her yet! Why, don't you believe that if my mother had been in that carriage our horses' heads would have been turned back ignominiously before now? I tell you I shall not feel secure till we have passed the first posting-house, nor scarcely then."

"One would think that Mrs. Russell was a man instead of a woman, to hear you talk," said Julia, contemptuously. "You are as afraid of her as if she could whip you and send you to bed. I shall have to remind you that you are a man, and a lieutenant in her Majesty's navy."

"By Jove!" Harry exclaimed, "that's just it! It is just because she is only a woman, and I am a man, that I dread a collision. What could I do now, supposing—I say supposing, of course—she were to stop the carriage by

any means, and open the door and get in?"

"You could take her up in your arms, and put her out into the road again."

"Could I, though? I wouldn't dare lay a finger on her. But there, you can't understand my feelings. If anything so horrid did happen—anything that parted you and me—I should feel eternally disgraced; and if I laid a finger on my mother, I should feel eternally disgraced. But you don't understand, and you don't care to understand either. I don't believe you care a straw for me, else you would."

"Poor dear Harry," said Julia, laying her jewelled hand on his arm, "it is a shame to tease you so dreadfully. Don't be cross, for I won't do it any more."

Harry was quite ready to make peace. "You shouldn't chaff a fellow so," he said, kissing and pressing her hand. But as all the fingers were covered with rings, and as he did not care for kissing rings when there was anything better in his way, he passed his arm round Julia's waist, and tried to kiss her coral lips.

Julia disengaged herself quietly. "You are upon your best behaviour now," she said. "There will be plenty of time for kissing after we are married. Till then, I don't want your kisses."

"Why, what a monster of cruelty you are!" Harry remonstrated. "Why shouldn't I have a kiss now? Why should I have to wait till after we are married? I don't want to wait so long as that."

"You will have to wait, nevertheless," Julia retorted. She laughed at his grumbling, told him to keep a good look-out, settled herself in her corner, and went to sleep.

\* \* \* \* \*

"I wish you would not play those doleful songs without words," observed Mrs. Russell, on entering the drawing-room, where Estelle was seated at the piano. "I am really tired to death. Ring, will you, dear, for tea and lights. I shall be so thankful when all this is over."

"Are you so glad to get rid of me?" said Estelle, with a slight shade of bitter-

ness, as she rose to obey her mother's order.

"No, I am not glad at all. But I am weary of the endless formalities which have to be observed in France when one of the parties to the marriage is a foreigner. I have had to get from England, not only your baptismal register, but my marriage certificate. And ten days ago I was told that a copy of your poor father's burial certificate was absolutely necessary, and that unless it were forthcoming the mayor would refuse to perform the ceremony."

"Why?" Estelle asked, interested at what might prove even a temporary obstacle to her marriage.

"It is the rule in France, in order to prevent a person marrying without the parents' consent. If a woman's father and mother are dead, she is obliged to get the consent of her grandfather and grandmother. And if they are dead, their decease must be proved, before the law allows her to marry. I begged M. Peyre to wait here till the English post came in. Fortunately, the copy arrived this evening. It was a great relief to me to get it, as I began to think that if it did not come by to-night's post M. Peyre would imagine that I was divorced, or separated from my husband, or that he had run away from me, or, indeed, that I was not married at all, which you know would not have been pleasant."

Then Mrs. Russell went on to say that, as the house would be dull after the wedding, she should go to England as soon as possible after. Harry had been speaking very seriously to her of the necessity of sending Alfred to an English school if she intended him to enter the navy. She should deposit Julia Maurice at her own home, and then pay a round of visits.

"And, by the by, where is Julia?" she asked.

"I went to her room some time ago," Estelle said, "but she had locked herself in, and would not answer me."

"Oh, indeed! One of her tempers again, no doubt."

Miss Maurice had offended on so many minor points of etiquette lately,  
No. 113.—VOL. XIX.

that she was completely in disgrace with Mrs. Russell, who had felt it incumbent on her to administer some sharp lectures to the young lady on her "fast" tendencies. The only result of the lecturing had been a long fit of sulkiness, and they naturally supposed it to be a return of the same complaint which kept her in her room now.

"It struck me one day," said Mrs. Russell—who, since the wedding-day of her daughter had been fixed, felt herself released in a measure from keeping watch over her behaviour to M. Raymond, and therefore at liberty to observe what was going on around her—"it struck me one day that Julia was making a set at Harry. It was so absurd, that I can't tell how I should have thought it. Harry must be years younger than Julia; still, the idea having once entered my head, I shall not feel quite comfortable till I have got rid of her."

"You need not feel uncomfortable, Mamma," said Estelle, who felt that silence was no longer binding as to the bare fact of Julia's engagement, since her mother's fears had been roused regarding Harry.

"She is engaged to a sort of cousin in India. But you must not say a word, for she keeps it quite a secret; even Admiral and Mrs. Maurice do not know it."

Mrs. Russell's face was a study. "I never heard of anything so improper, so shocking," she cried; "never! She is the most headstrong, unfeminine, ill-conditioned young woman I ever met with. If I am detained here after the wedding, I declare that I will send her back to England with Mathurine. I wonder what the world is coming to! In my day, an English girl was the type of modesty and refinement. Now, any vulgarity, any impudence in either dress or action, is practised with impunity, as long as it attracts men's attention. All reticence, all refinement, is scouted and cast aside as old-fashioned."

This was a re-echoing of Mrs. Russell's last lecture to Julia. There lived at the Hôtel Lauzun an old, yellow, dried-up marquise, a very dragon of propriety.



One memorable and never-to-be-forgotten evening, Julia, when taken there by Mrs. Russell, had actually dared to absent herself from that lady's side, and to walk about the rooms chaperoned by Harry. In fact, she had studiously kept aloof from Mrs. Russell until the carriage was announced, when she made her appearance, and loudly proclaimed, in the hearing of some French gentlemen who understood English, that she had had a "jolly lark!" Mrs. Russell never forgot nor forgave that speech. What would she have said had she been told of the balcony scenes which took place under her very nose?

"If every mother had such a good child as you——" As Mrs. Russell said this she crossed the room to embrace Estelle, but stopped half-way, in front of her writing-table, on which lay a large official-looking letter. "How is it I was not told of this?" she asked, with some annoyance.

"Told of what, Mamma?" asked Estelle.

"Why, that here is a letter for Harry from the Admiralty! What can all the servants be about? Where is Harry?"

"I have not seen him since dinner."

Mrs. Russell rang the bell sharply. Jean-Marie appeared with the tea-tray, and was immediately reprovèd for his carelessness in saying nothing of the letter. And where was Monsieur?

Jean-Marie explained that Monsieur Henri was gone to the opera, and that he had placed the letter where he would be sure to see it when he came back.

"Gone to the opera, to-night of all nights!" Mrs. Russell exclaimed in great vexation. "Estelle, what is the opera to-night?"

Estelle thought it was the *Sonnambula*.

Then he would be sure to stay to the end, Mrs. Russell said, and Jean-Marie must go immediately, and tell him that an important English letter had arrived. She scribbled on a card, "A letter from the Admiralty," and Jean-Marie took it, and departed.

"It must be an appointment," said Estelle, turning the letter over.

"Of course. He will just catch the early train from Bordeaux if he takes the night diligence. I must send, and take a place instantly."

Julia and her sulkiness were entirely forgotten by Mrs. Russell. She and Estelle sat down to the tea-table, full of speculation as to the station to which Harry might be sent, and expecting his return every moment, for the theatre was at no great distance. But if they had forgotten Julia, Mathurine had not. Mathurine had been to listen at her bedroom-door three or four times during that evening. At first, the complete silence had convinced her that Mademoiselle Julia was asleep, and, consequently, not concocting any mischief. Now, however, the continued silence alarmed instead of reassuring her, and she went to communicate her uneasiness to Mrs. Russell. Mademoiselle might be ill.

Mrs. Russell laughed at Mathurine's alarm. "I don't believe that she is ill, or that she has anything the matter with her, except a fit of bad temper."

"It is true," said Mathurine, "that the young lady has a temper, but still——"

"She may stay where she is till tomorrow morning," said Mrs. Russell. "She is never so pleased as when people are making a fuss about her, and I am determined there shall be no fuss made."

"But, Mamma," said Estelle, "she might be ill, as Mathurine says. Do let me go and speak to her. Perhaps she will answer me now."

She darted off, followed by Mathurine at a soberer pace. But she returned presently, looking frightened.

"We can get no answer from her by knocking, and we have listened, and there is the most absolute stillness in her room. Mamma, suppose anything should have happened to her——suppose——"

"Yes, indeed," Mathurine interrupted bluntly. "Suppose she should be dead!"

"Dead! what nonsense!" was Mrs. Russell's exclamation. Nevertheless she rose and crossed the gallery which led to Julia's room. She knocked at

the door and called her, but there was of course no reply. She began to feel uneasy when she found that Julia was as deaf to her voice as she had been to Estelle's and Mathurine's.

"It is as I said, Madame sees," said Mathurine, coming forward and knocking again. By this time Lisette and the rest of the servants had descended from the kitchen, and every one of them tried her knuckles on the door with equal success.

"She surely must be dead," said Estelle, trembling all over.

"Poor heretic!" the servants whispered, crossing themselves, and shrugging their shoulders significantly. Lisette pulled out a rosary from her pocket, and began telling her beads very fast.

"Send for the porter, and let him break open the door," said Mrs. Russell.

"Stop, Madame; pray try if there be a key that will fit the lock first," said Mathurine. Then in a whisper, "For Heaven's sake let us avoid scandal, if possible."

"Scandal! What do you mean?"

"Madame——" Mathurine dared not hint at what she meant, Mrs. Russell's look was so terribly stern.

"Madame," cried Jean-Marie, hurrying upstairs, "I have been all over the town looking for Monsieur, but can find him nowhere. The box-keeper at the theatre, who knows Monsieur perfectly well, declares that he must have seen him had he either passed in or out of the house this evening. Is there any other place where he may be found?"

An awful suspicion entered Mrs. Russell's mind.

"Jean-Marie," she said, "I wish that door forced open instantly. Only do it with as little noise as you can. We are afraid something has befallen Made-moiselle Julia."

"Shall I run round to the locksmith and get a false key?" asked Jean-Marie.

"No; no delay. Break it open."

Jean-Marie got his tools, and Mrs. Russell leaned against the wall, with her eyes fixed on the door, regardless of the hammering. The servants put their hands over their ears, grimacing and

whispering to each other. The porter's wife and children stood peeping at the gallery opposite, brimful of curiosity.

"There you are!" said Jean-Marie at last. The door was open, and Mrs. Russell walked in majestically.

"Julia, what can you mean by this——?" she stopped short. The room was empty.

The servants rushed in. There was one instant's speechless consternation, followed by a deafening uproar.

"She is gone!" the women shrieked. "*Bon Dieu!* who ever heard of such a thing? *Bonne Sainte Vierge!* where can she be? *P'tit Jésus,* did you ever?"

"*Sa-pr-r-r-risti!*" issued from old Jean-Marie's lips, like the roll of a drum. "Who would have thought it possible? *Ficht-r-r-re!*"

"Ah, but just look to Madame," cried one. "Madame is going to faint! Look! She is as white as a ghost!"

"Who said I was going to faint?" asked Mrs. Russell, with a haughty look at the ill-advised speaker. "Mathurine, see that no one enters the room before Jean-Marie has replaced the lock. When that is done, you will bring me the key. You can go back to your work," she said, addressing the women servants, who dispersed accordingly with some disappointment. They expected to have had a good gossip, about Made-moiselle's mysterious disappearance, with the porter and his wife. Mrs. Russell saw them clear off, and then, with a strict charge to Mathurine to keep watch over the room, she returned to the drawing-room with Estelle.

"Bolt the doors, child," she said, letting herself fall into the nearest seat. "What nonsense were you telling me about Julia's being engaged? She has gone off with Harry!"

"But she did tell me she was engaged; she told me a great deal about it," said Estelle.

"She must have told you, to throw dust into your eyes. As for me, I have been blind all along, shamefully blind. Now I think of it, I see a thousand little trifles which ought to have warned me. Mark my words, Estelle——that

woman will come to no good. But I will frustrate her wicked plan if it be possible," said Mrs. Russell, rising and going to her writing-table.

"What are you going to do, Mamma? Can I not do it for you?—you are shaking all over," said Estelle.

"No, my dear; no one can do this except myself." She scribbled a hasty note to the Baron de Luzarches, as follows:

"MY DEAR BARON,—I am in great distress and alarm about my eldest son. I want your help, and rely upon your friendship, which I feel sure will prompt you to come to me immediately."

This note she sealed, and then desired Estelle to ring for Jean-Marie. "Unbolt the doors, and sit down at the piano and play something—no matter what," she said; "it will be better for us not to appear upset."

Jean-Marie wondered somewhat to hear the sound of music when he entered, and to see his mistress reclining in her accustomed low chair, apparently absorbed in listening.

"Jean-Marie, I am so sorry to have to send you out again after your race round the town in search of Monsieur. I want to send a note to Monsieur de Luzarches, but you must take a cab from the nearest stand; I cannot have you walking that distance to-night."

Madame was too good, Jean-Marie said. He would run day and night on Madame's errands with only too much pleasure: nevertheless, being not quite so young as he had been, he would avail himself of her graciousness, and take a cab.

"And as you come back, order a carriage with post-horses from the Hôtel du Midi; and see them put in yourself."

"You are going after them?" inquired Estelle. "But how can you know the route they have taken?"

"I do not know, but I can guess. I guess that they have taken the road to Auch, and that they intend going to Pau. And I intend to follow and bring her back, and send Harry to England.

He cannot hesitate when he sees the Admiralty letter."

"The wedding will be put off, I suppose," said Estelle quietly.

"The wedding! And the contract is to be signed to-morrow, and there are people coming!" cried Mrs. Russell, wringing her hands in genuine despair. "What can I do?" she exclaimed, pacing up and down. "What will the Montaignus say? Oh, that my house should be the scene of such a scandal! Never, never will I receive that wicked young woman as my daughter. If Harry can be so miserably weak as to be lured into marrying her, he must take the consequences."

"They will not find it very easy to get married," said Estelle. "I happened to open an old book in the library the other day, when I was making a new book-list, and I read something about marriages between British subjects in France. As well as I remember, it was by no means such an expeditious affair to get married abroad."

"Get the book directly, and show me what you read," said her mother.

Estelle fetched the book, and read as follows:—"A marriage in a foreign country between British subjects is valid in England either when it has been solemnized in the house or chapel of the British Ambassador by a minister of the Church of England; or, as a general rule, when the parties have married in the form established in the country in which the marriage is celebrated, and it is valid by the laws of that country. Or, lastly, since the recent statute of 12 and 13 Vic. chap. 68, when the marriage has been celebrated before a British Consul who has been duly authorized for that purpose. For a marriage in the Ambassador's house or chapel, no notice or previous residence is necessary. The parties intending to marry in the city (Paris) are required to make oath or declaration before the Consul to the effect that they are of age, or that the proper consent has been obtained, and that there is no lawful impediment to the marriage. A fee of 20s. is paid for the office in London in which the



register-book of these marriages is kept."

"That's not it," said Mrs. Russell. "That only holds good for Paris. Dear, dear, how the time flies! I shall have to set off alone——"

"Wait, Mamma, there is something mere.

"To marry at a British Consulate in France both parties must have dwelt within its district not less than one calendar month next preceding when notice is given by one of them to the Consul of the intended marriage.

"A copy of the notice is suspended at the Consulate.

"The Consul may grant a licence for the marriage.

"When the marriage is by licence, both parties have to make oath or declare that there is no impediment to marriage, and that both of them have had for one calendar month previously their usual place of abode within the district of the Consul, and that the proper consent has been obtained in case of either of them being a minor——"

"That's it!" cried Mrs. Russell. "She can't marry him; she will have to come back as she went—Julia Maurice. Julia Maurice, with a character destroyed for ever. She laid a snare for my son, and she is caught in it herself. Caught; caught," she repeated, pacing up and down, "in her own toils. She may call herself any age she pleases, you know," she said, stopping and addressing Estelle, "but Harry is not twenty-one, so the Consul dare not marry them. I might save myself the fatigue of the journey, and wait till they come back, for come back they must." And Mrs. Russell laughed at the idea of Julia's discomfiture.

"Oh, Mamma, but you surely will go for her and bring her back, else she will die of shame," said Estelle, blushing at the bare thought of the mortification in store for Julia.

"Die of shame? I should just like to see her!"

"But how people will talk if both she and Harry are absent at the wedding;—and if you don't overtake them now——"

"That is true. People will talk, indeed, and when once they begin there is no knowing what may not be said. They may even blame me, and for your sake, my dear child, I must keep free from blame. If Monsieur de Luzarches is not come when the carriage drives up, I shall not wait for him, for every moment is precious. I wonder whether Jean-Marie found him at home or not?"

The question was answered by M. de Luzarches himself, who, having so far forgotten his age and dignity as to run upstairs, now halted, panting, on the threshold.

"My dear friend," cried Mrs. Russell, running to him, "come and sit down. This is truly kind." And then she explained her need of him in a few words, and those few as biting as possible.

"I see; I understand perfectly," said the old gentleman when she had finished. "My dear Madame, how ever came you to trust eyes like those, for one instant?"

"Eyes like what?" asked Mrs. Russell impatiently.

"Why, like Mademoiselle Julie's, to be sure. And not only eyes, but mouth, nose, physiognomy *in toto*. If you had deigned to ask my opinion—well, well, you will know better another time. *Expériencia docet*. Now let me think." The Baron relapsed into a meditative silence for exactly two minutes, at the end of which he looked up, shook his head, and said, half aloud, "After all, do you know, the situation strikes me as being extremely comical."

"Oh, Baron, pray don't look on the comical side of the matter now," implored Estelle.

The Baron blew a kiss at her, sat still till carriage-wheels were heard in the court below, and then jumped up. "Madame, I have a happy thought. Let us drive to the police-office the first thing."

"The police-office!" Mrs. Russell exclaimed aghast. "My dear friend, consider a little before you go there. For all our sakes, consider the publicity. As it is, there will be quite enough of that, I fear."

"You neither understand me, nor our

French police. You are not in England, where everything that goes on at the police-office gets put into the papers. This is what I intend doing. I intend to give a full description of our run-aways, and request the superintendent to telegraph to Auch to the authorities there, with a full personal description: it will of course be impossible for them to escape the notice of the gendarmes at the posting-houses and diligence offices. So that, if they really are on their way to Auch, we may safely count upon their being detained till you and I get there. Now let me tell you, that no work is done so silently as the work you put into the hands of the police," said M. de Luzarches in conclusion.

"But what pretext will the police have for taking them into custody?"

"Trust the police for finding a pretext," said the Baron. "They will ask to look at their passports. Ten to one but they have forgotten them. If they have not, the police may pretend something is wanting—anything."

"Baron, I can only put myself into your hands entirely," said Mrs. Russell. Then she turned to give some last directions to Estelle. "See that the rooms are prepared as I intended for to-morrow evening, and that the things are ordered, the ices and all the rest of it. And do not let the servants be running all over the town gossiping, instead of attending to their work. If visitors come, the answer is to be that Madame is not visible. You will see nobody, of course."

A very few moments brought the two travellers to the police-office. M. de Luzarches entered; Mrs. Russell sat as far back in the carriage as possible, and drew down her veil, ashamed of being recognised by the respectable-looking gendarmes and sergents de ville, of

whom three or four were lounging about the door, off duty.

"Before long," said M. de Luzarches, as he reseated himself, "our message will be on its way to Auch. The Porte St. Cyprien, postilion." And away they clattered over the rough stones.

"How luckily it happens that my wife is away just now," said the Baron as soon as the ill-paved faubourg St. Cyprien was passed, and they were fairly on the road to Auch.

"Why is it lucky? She will be home to-morrow."

"So may we. If she were at home now, she would certainly take it into her wise head that in a fit of Anglo-mania I had eloped with you, and then there would be carriage number three tearing up the road to Auch."

"She is welcome to come after us, I am sure," said Mrs. Russell, laughing. "And now, Baron," she continued, taking off her bonnet, "I am going to take a nap, and you had better follow my example. You will find plenty of wraps on the front seat."

"Behold the English customs," thought the Baron, as he wrapped a shawl round his head. "Son runs away with young lady visitor. Mother of family runs after her offspring. Friend of the family accompanies this distracted parent, stays away from home all night, catches his death of cold and rheumatism, and, to crown all, gets an awful blowing up from his wife as soon as he reappears at his own domicile. A nice situation, upon my word of honour!"

Here the Baron's meditation broke off, and he closed his eyes. Ten minutes after he was snoring so loud as to wake Mrs. Russell.

*To be continued.*

## MILTON'S POETRY.

BY PROFESSOR SEELEY.

Of all arts poetry is the most various. The forms that it assumes are as much more numerous than those assumed by painting, for example, or by music, as its instrument, speech, is a more comprehensive organ than colour or sound. Poetry is rhythmical like music, and it is also graphic and imitative like painting; but, besides this, it sometimes appears in a form resembling oratory, sometimes it passes into philosophy, at other times it becomes story-telling, at other times wit. Accordingly men of the most various character, and aims, and tastes, have all alike taken up poetry, and the word "poet" has to be understood in very different senses when it is applied to different men.

But there are several leading types of poetry, and of these types one becomes fashionable in one age and one in another. How poetry was regarded in the seventeenth century may be judged by the phrase with which Bacon checks himself when he is tempted to philosophise upon it—"But it is not good to stay too long in the theatre,"—and still more by the following curious passage from Locke:—"Poetry and gaming, which usually go together, are alike in this too, that they seldom bring any advantage but to those who have nothing else to live on. . . . If, therefore, you would not have your son the fiddle to every jovial company, without whom the sparks could not relish their wine nor know how to pass an afternoon idly . . . I do not think you will much care he should be a poet, or that his schoolmaster should enter him in versifying."<sup>1</sup> In the biographies of our poets, from Marlowe to Cibber, we may read the explanation of this contemptuous lan-

guage. Poetry in those days, we may see, was regarded as an appendage to city-life; the poet was a town-wit. He was very merry, and generally rather needy. He amused great men and busy men in their hours of leisure, fought their battles with lampoon and satire, presided over Court merrymakings, wrote masques and songs; above all things, wrote plays. Such a life does not seem to have been a good school of manners, but it was a good school of poetry to this extent, that it brought the poet into perpetual contact with life and society, and so taught him a racy, popular, universally intelligible style. It effectually saved him from pedantry and obscurity. The most agreeable English ever written is that of the wits of the later Stuarts,—that of Dryden, Swift, Addison, Steele. On the other hand, the best thing about this school in general is their English. Their masterpieces are for the most part in inferior styles. They were not conscious of any high vocation, they seldom aimed at substantial or permanent fame. They were too much dependent on great men, and they corrupted poetry with servility and party spirit.

Milton belongs to the age of these wits. He knew Dryden personally. As a boy, he may have seen Shakespeare. But evidently he does not belong to their school. He was not only excluded from their society by his politics; it is evident that he had a totally different view of the objects of poetry and the function of a poet. The reigning sovereign of English poetry in his last years was Dryden, and him Milton denied to be a poet at all. In considering Milton's poetry, the first remark that suggests itself is the total unlikeness of it to the other poetry of that time.

<sup>1</sup> The whole is quoted in Mr. Quick's excellent "Essays on Educational Reformers."



The school of wit-poets has passed gradually away since theatres went out of fashion, and the reading public ceased to be co-extensive with the town. There prevails now a different notion of poetry. We now think of the poet not as a wit but as an *artist*. We connect poetry not so much with pamphleteering and politics, as with painting and the fine arts generally. In the seventeenth century there was no considerable school of painting in England, and, therefore, there was no art-world with which the poets could come into connexion, and Englishmen had too little knowledge of the fine arts, and too little the habit of thinking about them, to perceive clearly the relation of poetry to them. Göthe first brought home to the minds of men the conception of art as a genus under which poetry, painting, and the rest were to be classified, and gave the conception importance by dedicating to it his long and unique life. At the same time, a large reading public has sprung up, so that the poet is no longer dependent upon patronage, and instead of flattering great men, or taking up their quarrels, he has now only to suit his productions to the taste of some considerable section of his countrymen. Hence the modern art-poetry is entirely free from the great vice of the old wit-poetry. Waller's poems are almost entirely made up of flattery, and two-thirds of Dryden consist of flattery and party-satire. But the modern school almost always aims high, sometimes too high. It is apt to lose itself in philosophic musing or fantastic and dreamy imagery; so far is it from being corrupted by too much contact with or dependence on society. It has also gained greatly from having mastered the large conception of *art*. It thinks much less of mere language and more of invention and imagination. The wit-poets seem often to have considered their business to be nothing more than the production of polished couplets. The art-poet knows that he must study nature, and that it is his function to reflect nature. Hence an immense superiority in power of description, and abundance of imagery, and with some

loss of wit a great advance in word-painting and word-music.

Milton is evidently more of the modern type than of the ancient, more like the artist-poet than the wit-poet. Not one word of flattery did his pen ever let fall, not one word of insincere or interested party-spirit. He fed no patron with soft dedication, nor was received in the undistinguished race of wits in the library of any Bufo. He had not even the merits of the wit-poets, none of their sprightliness or ease or point—there is not one polished couplet in his works—none of the exquisite miniature-painting of the "Rape of the Lock." He has, on the other hand, all the descriptive richness and distinctness and all the music of the modern art-poets. He gives large range to his imagination, and in fact does the very opposite of what Pope boasted, when he said,

"That not in fancy's maze he wandered long,  
But stooped to truth and moralized his  
song,"

though he would have strongly protested against the colour which Pope puts upon the matter.

But if there is a marked resemblance between Milton and the art-poets, there is also a marked difference. It is characteristic of the art-poets to be quietists. Their maxim is, Art for its own sake; and as Art is the reflection of Nature, they consider that it is the business of the poet to be as placid and tranquil as possible, in order that his mind may be the more perfect mirror. He must not, therefore, allow the tumult of human affairs to break in upon his tranquillity. He must stand aloof from whatever is exciting or disturbing. Göthe, the master of the school, understood everything in the world except politics, and found everything interesting except the fact that Napoleon was trampling upon Germany. His disciples have often imitated his indifference. They have thus placed an artificial check upon their sympathies for the sake of art. And what they have professed to do for the sake of art, they have at least lain under strong temptation to do for

the sake of mere enjoyment. He who refuses to embark in any cause, and places himself towards human life in the attitude of a mere spectator, may perhaps improve himself as an artist, but he certainly saves himself a world of trouble. He runs a risk of being made effeminate by his neutrality; and whether he is so or not, he incurs the suspicion of being so. The maxim, "Art for its own sake," which, properly understood, is true, slides insensibly into the maxim, "Art for my own sake."

It is certainly better that the poet should not be a politician at all, than that he should be a reckless pamphleteer like Dryden or Swift. If there be no politics but party-conflict, as has been too much the case in England, or if they be the monotonous and empty politics of despotism, as for a long time they were over the Continent, certainly the poet can be little interested in them. Göthe's indifference, however it shocked the patriots of 1813, is to be excused by his youth having been passed in that old despot-ridden Germany, which had entirely lost the political sense, and in which a man like Lessing could write, "Patriotism is a thing I have no conception of, and it seems to me at the very highest a heroic weakness which I am very glad to be without."<sup>1</sup> But the word "politics" may bear a nobler sense than either of these. If the greatest subject for the poet is human beings, and scarcely any human affairs can be so insignificant as to be below the poet's scope, it is surely strange that they should become unpoetical just when they appear on the largest scale. What are politics but the greatest and most important of human pursuits? If they are below the notice of poetry, it can only be because they have fallen into a corrupt and unnatural state. The great political movement of the present century ought, it seems to me, to have a poetical side. I do not mean that poems ought to be written on the Italian war, or the American war, or the German war—poems on contem-

porary events are generally failures; I mean that poets ought to feed their imagination upon contemporary history, draw from the new phenomena new conceptions of human character, new reflections upon human destiny; and that, as their study is Nature, one of the most important chapters in that book, and which should be studied as much as or even more than the visible appearances which the descriptive poet studies, or the individual men that are the study of the dramatist, is Man in communities, as we see him in the time, transforming institutions, dissolving and recombining states, struggling forward towards some ever-brightening ideal under a vast providential law, which slowly reveals itself, of secular progress.

The modern school are the monks of the religion of Art. Milton had as strong an objection to monachism in Art as in the Church. It was one of his cardinal doctrines that the great poet must lead a great life. He therefore plunged deliberately, and probably also doing some force to his inclinations, into the great controversy of his time. He would not pursue his own tranquil enjoyments at a time when his country was disturbed by a great contest. He recorded this resolve in a well-known and impressive passage of one of his earliest works. This was no mere flourish of rhetoric. It is not generally perceived how great the sacrifice was which Milton made to this sense of duty. When the civil troubles began, Milton was thirty-two. He had already written poems which, few as they were, would have given him a high rank among the English poets. If any man was ever conscious of his powers, it was Milton. He is far from being vain; I should not call him, in any bad sense, even egotistical. But he makes no concealment of his high estimate of himself, and with a singular self-confidence announced to the world, and that in a controversial pamphlet, his purpose to produce at some future time a work which should be immortal. Having given this bold pledge to the public, what does Milton do? He abandons poetry for twenty

<sup>1</sup> In a letter to Gleim, dated 14th February, 1759.

years. From the beginning of the disturbances, when he was thirty-two, to the Restoration, when he was fifty-two, he wrote no poetry except his few sonnets. When he returned to his favourite pursuit he was at the age when Shakespeare died—at the age when poets very frequently feel the spring of their inspiration drying up. The great work he promised he actually produced, but he was growing old before he even set about it.

It is worth while to remark the effect upon Milton's genius of this long breathing-time, or rather, I should say, this long course of discipline that he gave it. The chief characteristic of his later poetry is greatness. It is distinguished by daring, condensed force, sublimity. These qualities do not appear in his earlier poems. In these he is a disciple of Spenser, almost surpassing his master in sweetness and luxury of imagination. I have no doubt the vigour, the fire, the love of action was innate in him. In his prose he soon began to show it. But probably it would not have blended with his imaginative power so as to form the Milton of the "Paradise Lost" and the "Samson" but for that hardy school of controversy and danger in which he spent twenty years. He seems to have been himself conscious that there was something in him unformed and immature, some power as yet undeveloped, at the time when he bade his first farewell to poetry. The reader does not find "Comus" or "Penseroso" crude, yet in the opening of "Lycidas," written about the same time as the latter, Milton calls himself crude, and signifies his intention of writing no more for the present. Milton's view of poetry then differs from that of the art-poets, as we before found that it differed from that of the wit-poets. It is in fact a middle view. The art-poets regard poetry as a serious pursuit, to be pursued for its own sake and for the sake of the artist himself, as a part of his self-cultivation. It is to them a solitary pursuit, neither connected with any public feeling, nor having any public end. The wit-poets regard it as

an amusement of social life. Milton takes a serious view of it like the first, but at the same time a social view of it like the second. To him too the poetic talent is no mere knack, no mere toy, but a noble gift given to noble ends, and worthy of the most assiduous and earnest cultivation. But it is not a gift which isolates him from others, or makes him indifferent to the things which interest others, or cuts him off from the general movement of his generation. Art is indeed cultivated by him for its own sake—that is, he sings because he must sing, but the impulse in him is an impulse which is at the same time in others, of whom he becomes the representative, because he feels it more strongly. And his Puritan faith gave him, if not a clue to the progress of human affairs, yet an assured belief that there was such a clue, and disposed him instead of turning aside from the movement of his age, as Göthe did when he wrote his "West-Oestliche Divan," to study it with eagerness as a vast drama, or, in Cromwell's phrase, a great "appearance of God" in the world.

Can we find a name for the poet conceived in this third way? Milton furnishes us with one. It is always to the poets of a primitive age, the *bards*, that he compares himself—to Homer, Tiresias, and the Hebrew prophets. Orpheus and Musæus are the poets he would best like to see before him in his pensive hours.<sup>1</sup> Now in those primitive times the poet was almost an officer of state; he was regarded with reverence, and classed with the priest or diviner. He sang in the halls of Grecian princes, and stirred up the warriors to emulate the great deeds of their fathers. In Palestine he assumed a still greater elevation, and, mixing the praises of virtue with exalted conceptions of God and of the national vocation, became what we call a prophet. This was the ideal of poetry which suited Milton. Unlike the ideal of his own age, and like the ideal of his master Spenser, it was serious and lofty, but, besides, it was public and social, unlike the ideal of the

<sup>1</sup> See "Il Penseroso."



present age. We have therefore a third name for the poet. We have seen him as wit and again as artist; we now see him as bard or prophet.

Bard and prophet, however, are not quite the same, though of the same kind. Both have the same theme, and that a public one,—great events, great deeds. But the bard is exulting and triumphant: he describes a state of things in which he delights, ἀγαθῶν κλέα ἀνδρῶν, the glories of Achilles and Ulysses. He belongs to a time and state of affairs when society is on the whole happy and satisfied. The prophet is indignant and dissatisfied, not a praiser, but a reprover: he belongs to a time of transition; that which kindles his imagination is not the present, but a state of things either passed away or anticipated as to come.

We may be said to have among our English poets a good example of both. Spenser is a bard, Wordsworth is a prophet. The former celebrates the chivalrous life. It is an ideal, but an ideal towards which some tolerable approximation had been made. Spenser has no quarrel with his time; he lives among men that seem to him similar to those knights of his imagination who represent the moral virtues. Accordingly we are told that Prince Arthur, who in the first instance signifies Magnanimity, means in a secondary sense Sir Philip Sidney. And throughout the "Faerie Queene," ideal as the poem is, the poet displays the same feeling of delight and satisfaction with his own age.

On the other hand, Wordsworth, still more lofty and ideal, is no bard, but a prophet. The pure and glorious life which he conceives he cannot find realized in the world around him. Therefore his poetry, instead of being narrative and sensuous, as poetry loves to be, is compelled to become abstract, didactic, oratorical, not like Homer, but like Isaiah. That high communion with nature, that paradisaical life which he believed to be meant for man, and which he seems himself to have lived, he could not much illustrate from general experience. In a few West-

moreland shepherds and in himself he found it, and therefore his poetry becomes a description of pastoral life and of his own feelings, and beyond this only eloquent philosophical discourse or indignant denunciation.

Milton stands with these two as the third great ideal poet of England. He assumes a public function, that of expressing, heightening, and correcting the aspirations of the community. In the manner in which he does this he stands between them. His own genius and his training inclined him to the manner of Spenser, but the circumstances of the time drove him more and more into that of Wordsworth. He begins as bard, and ends as prophet.

The civil wars produced this change. When his career began he was happy and contented with the age, but he closed his course in disappointment and prophetic indignation. His boyish reading seems to have been much in romances. He has described in "Il Penseroso" the enchantment they exercised upon him; he reconciled this indulgence with the seriousness of his character by always discovering in the story a secret meaning, such as that which is concealed under the "Faerie Queene." His youthful imagination was full of knights and castles, giants and dwarfs, tournaments and queens of beauty. His first long poem was a masque altogether in the taste of the age, though with a moral rather above the taste at least of the poets of the age. He evidently looked forward to a career like that of Spenser. His great poem was to be on the achievements of some knight before the Conquest, in whom it might be convenient to lay the pattern of a Christian hero. In another place he tells us it was to be on King Arthur. By the side of the "Orlando," the "Jerusalem," and the "Faerie Queene," there would have been set another fantastic cloud-palace, which could hardly have been less gorgeous than any of the three.

But a difficulty arose. Besides being a poet, Milton was a perfectly sensible and serious man. He meant nothing fantastic when he planned his "King

Arthur." He knew that men's imaginations require food as well as their understandings, and that there can be no greater public blessing than a great poem in which all that is good and wholesome is associated with what is delightful. He did not think that poetry should be confined to actual realities; but, on the other hand, he saw that there must be some proportion between poetry and reality; and as he grew older and observed public affairs, he began to perceive that the knights of Spenser were not the actual English aristocracy idealized, but a false and misleading picture of it. Spenser's ideal was obsolete, the age had altered, and it was the duty of poetry to break with chivalry once for all. The feeling which had been spreading through Europe, and which found its clearest expression in "Don Quixote," the feeling that chivalry was out of date, entered Milton's mind as he was drawn into that political party which stood opposed to the representative of chivalry, the Court. He quarrelled with all that charmed his youthful imagination, began to think that he had grown up in a wrong school, and turned his back decidedly on the whole mediæval world. It is true that he never ceased to speak of Spenser with tender reverence, and once or twice in his great poem there is, as it were, a momentary revulsion of feeling, the child's heart within the man's begins to stir, Milton is a boy again, and the gay images of mediævalism once more crowd the verse. But his deliberate opinion now is that the "Vandal and barbaric stateliness" of the Middle Age is not to be approved by a true taste.

Then followed twenty years of politics, controversy, and abstinence from poetry. A new world began in England. The old mediæval monarchy and aristocracy passed away; in their place came new principles, new feelings, new forms. The chivalrous scheme of life, which was barbarism idealized—a kind of religion of birth, war, and wandering—gave way to the civic life, which was a religion of law, duty,

and simplicity. To correspond with the new view of life, there had arisen new forms, which resembled those of the ancient classical world. A grave senate took the place of a magnificent Court, classic notions of liberty came instead of mediæval notions of loyalty, and religion reassumed its ancient Judaic form of austere and ardent spiritualism. During this long period of silence, Milton's genius was slowly conforming itself to the new ideal. He was passing out of the school of Spenser, and training his imagination upon the Attic tragedians, Homer, and the Old Testament. When he returned to poetry, and produced those great works which he had so long before promised, they had a character quite peculiar, and by no means such as the earlier poems had seemed to promise. "Paradise Lost" is not much like the "Orlando," or the "Jerusalem," or the "Faerie Queene;" "Paradise Regained" and "Samson Agonistes" are exceedingly unlike them.

He is still, as much as ever, an ideal poet. He presents to us, not the world as it is, but grander and more glorious; human beings in a state of perfection or angels, and if also devils, yet sublime devils. But his ideal is no longer the ideal of his own age. Nothing in habitual English life, nothing in the European life of a thousand years past, suggested the order of things presented in these poems. Yet the ideal is not original. He does not initiate us into a new mystery, as Wordsworth into the mystery of Nature, or Göthe into that of Art. In his quarrel with the age he falls back upon antiquity. He revives the ancient world. His poems are the English Renaissance.

For two centuries before his time the European Renaissance had been going on. The ancient literatures had been rediscovered, and laboriously studied. Latin style had been purified, Greek poetry and philosophy studied in the original, Christian antiquities explored. But in most countries of Europe the revival had been superficial. Some superstitions had been exploded, a new

refinement added to life, but men remained on the whole what the Middle Age—with its feudalism, its chivalry, its Catholicism—had made them. There was one exception. Italy, in the fifteenth century, had revived antiquity with a strange vividness. All the sensuality and moral coldness of paganism had revived along with the arts of antiquity in the very bosom of mediæval Catholicism. Never was such a strange blending. Bishops and cardinals writing poems on sacred subjects in the manner of Ovid; Christian creeds, mediæval institutions, philosophic scepticism, classic taste, Machiavellian politics, pagan morals! But the hollowness of the fifteenth century had given way to a somewhat more earnest spirit near its close. French invasions and the prophesyings of Savonarola had produced a sobering effect, and the Italian Renaissance found a thoroughly dignified representative in Michael Angelo.

The name of Michael Angelo brings us naturally back to Milton. Milton lived in antiquity as much as any fifteenth century humanist, as much almost as Marsilio Ficino or Lorenzo Valla. Of his English contemporaries, though others may have read as much, I believe none had anything like so vivid a conception of the ancient world. When he was in Italy he had intended to go on to Greece, but, on hearing of the disturbances in England, had been led by a feeling of patriotism to return home. He never saw Athens with his bodily eyes. But Milton had an inner eye, of which he speaks more than once. And it may certainly be said of him, that first of all Englishmen he saw the ancient Greeks. Shakespeare had some notion of an ancient Roman, but the Greek was rediscovered for Englishmen by Milton. He is the founder of that school of classical revival which is represented in the present age by Mr. Matthew Arnold. But further, it is characteristic of Milton that he revives Greek and Jewish antiquity together. His genius, his studies, his travels, had made him a Greek,

his Puritanism made him at the same time a Jew. In this Renaissance there is no taint of paganism. Under the graceful classic forms there lives the sternest sense of duty, the most ardent spirit of sacrifice.

Nevertheless, all renaissance, all revival of what is long past, has in it something unnatural. The attempt to dress Jewish feelings, transplanted to an English heart, in Greek forms has something violent in it. Milton's singular power enables him to do it in such a way that neither of the foreign elements is lost in the other, but not so as to blend them harmoniously. The Greek forms do not lose their grace under his handling, the Hebrew spirit does not lose its earnestness. But it cannot be said that the forms sit easily, or altogether becomingly, upon the subject-matter. When we consider it, how strange an inconsistency lies in the very construction of the "Paradise Lost." A Puritan has rebelled against sensuous worship. He has risen in indignation against a scheme of religion which was too material, too sensuous, which degraded invisible and awful realities by too near an association with what was visible and familiar. But, in the meanwhile, a poet, who is the same person, having a mind inveterately plastic and creative, is quite unable to think, even on religious subjects, without forms distinctly conceived. And, therefore, while with one hand he throws down forms, with the other he raises them up. The iconoclast is at the same time an idolater. For one of the most striking features of "Paradise Lost" is the daring materialism that runs through it, the boldness with which Divine Persons are introduced, the distinctness with which theological doctrines are pragmatized. Milton the Puritan is not much less sensuous than Dante the Catholic. He does not, indeed, crowd his description with insignificant details intended simply to produce illusion, as Dante does, almost in the manner of Defoe. But his pictures will always be found, if examined, to be curiously distinct; whether his scene be the abyss



of hell or the heaven of heavens, he draws always with the same hard, firm outline. Nothing daunts him, nothing overawes him; his style never becomes tremulous, the eye of his imagination is never dazzled, he looks straight before him where the seraphim cover their faces; "the living throne, the sapphire blaze, where angels tremble as they gaze," he *sees* and describes with unflinching distinctness. Thus the Puritan becomes to the full as mythological in his religious conceptions as the mediæval Catholic had been. And further, it must be said that the artificial Protestant mythology is by no means so appropriate as that which it replaced. The mediæval mythology sprang up naturally. It was the instinctive, often the innocent, product of lively religious feelings working upon untrained, infantine imaginations. It gazes upwards to the spiritual world with awe and tenderness and yearning desire. With what a beautiful reverence and love does Dante introduce the angel at the beginning of the "Purgatorio," and even Spenser the angel that meets Guion when he issues from the cave of Mammon! What a glory fills the last cantos of the "Paradiso!" If this be mythology, it is thoroughly Christian mythology; it is full of heart and full of religion. Not so the mythology of Milton; it is Greek, not Christian. Milton does not seem to feel any *awe* of the spiritual world. Even in Homer, when a deity has stood by a warrior and exhorted him to be brave, the warrior is often described as receiving a kind of spiritual intoxication from the contact. Virgil, in his supernatural apparitions, has a formula, "I stood "stupified, and my hairs stood up, and "my voice clung to my throat." Milton's angels are but majestic, grave, and virtuous men. Adam behaves to them as a subject to a king, or a citizen to a great nobleman—with decorous respect, but altogether without awe; and in a curious passage Milton flouts the notion of there being anything marvellous about an angel's mode of existence, insisting that an angel eats

and drinks just like a human being; ay, and digests his food too.

Milton's morals, as I have said, are not in the least tainted with paganism, but his imagination is somewhat paganized. The Greek mythology, so full of graceful images, is throughout irreligious; with one or two exceptions, the Greeks felt no reverence for their own theological traditions; they found nothing touching or impressive in them, and suffered their imaginations to play upon them with little ceremony. The later Greeks regard Homer's supernatural machinery as little better than blasphemy. But after all, Homer took the traditions that he found; whatever their merits or demerits, they lived, they were generally believed. But the modern poet who goes out of his way to revive and imitate them has not even this excuse. Milton's pictures of the spiritual world not only fail somewhat in the awe and tenderness which the Christian imagination demands, but they do not adapt themselves to any existing beliefs or sympathies. One feels here the cold touch of the Renaissance. These Greek angels, appearing in the costume of Achilles or Æneas, or declaiming at each other, like Æschines and Demosthenes, on their infernal Pnyx, are not such as either Catholics or Protestants have ever believed in. The workmanship is magnificent. We admire them as we should admire a dress by Veronese. But the poet speaks for himself alone. He does not appear here as the exponent of the popular imagination. He is a brilliant, but often a frigid, and once or twice, I fear, even a frivolous mythologer. I confess that I can never read without a shiver that cold-blooded myth of the creation of the constellation Libra at the end of the Fourth Book of "Paradise Lost."

This, then, seems to me the great fault of the "Paradise Lost." It is, in short, a work of the Renaissance. It belongs to the age which produced St. Paul's Cathedral; and when we compare this, the great poem of Protestantism, with the great poem of Catholicism, Dante's "Divine Comedy," we

find the same difference that there is between St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey. The first is more graceful in outline, but it is colder and more artificial. The "Paradise Lost" is, as it were, a Christian temple in England, in a style of architecture neither Christian nor English. The whole form of it, imposing and magnificent in the highest degree, is outlandish, and commands wonder but not sympathy. It expresses no one's mind but the author's. The "Divine Comedy," like Westminster Abbey, is all of a piece. Form and substance suit each other. It leaves one overpowering impression. The spirit that created it is expressed in every detail. Not by learned labour among past ages, not by fancying into life again exploded beliefs and forgotten ways of life, was the "Divine Comedy" written, but by living more intensely than others the life of the time, feeling more keenly what others felt, hoping more ardently, imagining more distinctly, speaking more eloquently. It has therefore not merely grandeur and beauty, but warmth.

But this coldness of the "Paradise Lost" is not due entirely to its being a work of the Renaissance. It is due also in part to the subject. Milton tells us that he was long choosing, and his choice was in some respects happy. He required an exceedingly large subject. We do him indeed imperfect justice when we speak only of his greatness or sublimity. His true excellence is that of the best Greek art; that is, the combination of greatness with grace. Grace was the quality that appeared earliest in his poetry, and it characterises his latest poetry quite as strongly. But during that middle period of silence to which I have called attention, he developed a vastness of conception hardly to be found in any other poet. He acquired a facility in picturing to himself the largest phenomena, a startling talent of presenting by a few slight touches the most stupendous images. His blindness had evidently greatly increased this faculty. How much the world owes to great sorrows! Dante was driven by the

loss of his home in Florence to create a new home for himself with Beatrice beyond the grave; and Milton creates a new universe to console himself for that which he had lost with his sight. The "Paradise Lost" is the record of many lonely hours spent in gazing upon vacancy. It is a fresco painted by an imprisoned artist on the wall of his cell.

The subject, I say, was well chosen, so far as it suited the poet's turn for vastness and amplitude. It allowed the blind dreamer to wander through starry deeps, to explore unfathomable abysses, to muster innumerable hosts, to rear colossal edifices, to plant gorgeous paradises. But in another respect it is unfortunately chosen. It admits too few human beings. Here again, when we compare Milton's poem with Dante's, we are reminded of the difference between St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey. Westminster Abbey is full of human interest. A line of kings and conquerors is buried there; wherever we turn, the figures of great men, sculptured in their most characteristic attitude, confront us. St. Paul's, on the contrary, is almost barren of such human interest; it is an empty building. In the same way Dante's "Hell," and "Purgatory," and "Paradise" are full of human beings. In that vast cathedral all the great men of the Middle Ages, all the personalities that make up mediæval history, lie in glory, each one in his own place. Beside the awful divine realities are enshrined solemn and tender human memories; in the bosom of the passionless eternity we see gathered the loves and hatreds and the vicissitudes of time. But of all such interest Milton's poem is barren. He contrives indeed to introduce a part of the Old Testament history, but his plan excludes absolutely everything that he knew by personal experience, and everything that his reader can possibly know by personal experience. Down this mighty Renaissance temple as we walk we admire vast spaces, arches wide and graceful, majestic aisles, but it has no monuments, no humanities; it is an empty building.



This is the more disappointing, as the fault was certainly not in the poet, but simply in his subject. The "Paradise Lost" is no small sample of what the human mind can do, but I am persuaded that it gives us no measure of Milton's powers. He had lived in a great age, and among great men. He had occupied his mind with political questions; he had an intense and enlightened political belief. Who can doubt that all this experience of men had left in his mind an imaginative wealth of which the "Paradise Lost" gives us no intimation? If his subject had included some of the events which agitate societies of men, and rouse the powers of great characters, I doubt not that he could have drawn character and described action, not indeed in the manner of Shakespeare, but in the large and simple manner of Homer. As it is, he has given himself scarcely any room to do either. The great passion of his life, the passion for political liberty in the most comprehensive sense, finds no expression in his poetry. No subject could draw out all the powers of Milton which, besides being great and sacred, did not include a republic and a struggle for liberty. Since he chose one which had only the first condition and wanted the other two, we shall perhaps never know with what force and magnificence politics can be idealized in English. The tenderness of Dante was not in him. But he had all his fire and magnanimity, a sympathy with heroism, an ardour of spirit such as has rarely dwelt in a human breast. To display this, his subject gives him no scope. Milton, be sure, is far greater than the "Paradise Lost." The epic of liberty, virtue, and religion, which he had it in him to write, remained unwritten; the God-gifted organ-voice of England never found full or sufficient utterance.

I can well understand the story that Milton himself preferred the "Paradise Regained" to the "Paradise Lost." It had been his ambition all along to paint heroism, to celebrate ideal virtue. He conceived himself as a bard whose func-

tion it was to encourage his countrymen to virtue and great deeds by putting before them great examples — "*Μυρία τῶν παλαιῶν ἔργα κοσμήσασα τοὺς ἐπιγυρομένους παιδεύει.*" In his early description of the poem he intended to produce, the most prominent feature is the pattern of a Christian hero. Now, in the "Paradise Lost" he had missed this mark altogether. The most prominent feature here is the gigantic figure of embodied Evil. He had summoned ideal virtue to appear, and the summons had been answered by the Prince of Darkness. Aspiring to encourage and elevate men's minds, and having himself a sanguine temperament, he had produced a dismal tragedy of the weakness and failure of humanity. He must have felt that he owed some reparation to his own genius for having employed it on a subject to which it was not naturally inclined. This reparation he made in "Paradise Regained." He presented that picture of ideal virtue which he had promised long before. But it is characteristic of the advance of his genius in boldness and elevation that, whereas he had at first meditated fixing the pattern of a Christian hero in some knight before the Conquest, he is now content with nothing short of the Christ Himself.

Every one can recognise the daring originality of the "Paradise Regained." It was the first attempt that was ever made really to study the great Ideal of Christendom. In the picture of the "Raising of Lazarus," by Sebastiano del Piombo, you may see that when the miracle is wrought Martha turns her head away, unable to bear the sight, but Mary keeps her eyes wide open, and fixes them on the face of Christ. The painter evidently thought this the more pious attitude. I know not whether it is, but it is the attitude of Milton throughout his poems. He looks hard at everything, and represents everything with the firmness of sculpture. Whether or no he found this consistent with worship, it is at least clear that he meant it to be so, and that he was not conscious of finding it otherwise.



But, supposing that we ought not to be pained with the plainness and boldness of the picture, we cannot fail to be struck with the same great characteristic that we find in "Paradise Lost," that is, the combination of greater distinctness and grace. Nowhere except, as I have said before, in Greek art is there so much of what Clough calls

"Pure form nakedly displayed  
And all things absolutely made."

But in "Paradise Regained" there is something higher yet—a homeliness of greatness, a simplicity, wanting in "Paradise Lost." There is not a hollow or a vague sentiment, not a useless word, in the whole poem, hardly a single flight of fancy; and yet nowhere is there a touch of commonness. This perfection Milton seems to have owed to the great life he had led. The habit of "plain living and high thinking" had made him all of a piece. Earnest labour had removed from his mind everything fantastical; he had lost even the richness of his style; there remain to him the qualities which were radical in his mind, and which begin now to stand out in an impressive bareness—I mean greatness and grace. In this respect the two poems of his old age, "Paradise Regained" and "Samson Agonistes," resemble each other, and differ from all the earlier poems.

But what shall we think of the ideal of perfect virtue which is presented to us in this poem? In most Christian Churches, I imagine, it is coldly regarded. It is a high ideal, no doubt, but it does not strike most people as the Christian ideal. The truth is that we feel here, as in the "Paradise Lost," the touch of the Renaissance. Milton's source of inspiration is not—it scarcely ever is—the New Testament, but Plutarch and the Old Testament together. The great men of the Greek republics and the Jewish prophets, these were the materials out of which he constructed his ideal. Now, as virtue is essentially the same thing in all ages, no high conception of it can differ radically from

any other. Still Christianity sets out from one point, and the classical nations from another and a widely distant one. The two ideals may not be very different, but if they are the same object, it is the same object presented from widely different points of view.

Classical virtue is self-dependence, love of country, contempt for pleasure in comparison with great deeds, love of fame. It is the poverty of Fabricius, the devotion of Timoleon, the continence of Scipio, the valour of Alexander. Now Milton starts from conceptions like these. He idealizes some of them; he enlarges love of country into love of kind, but still preserves the old phrases; the love of fame, which he evidently felt strongly, he very grandly elevates into an ambition for the approbation of God, and celebrity among the angels of Heaven. He adds from Jewish antiquity an earnest Theism, the conception of zeal, and the notion of martyrdom for the cause of justice and truth. All these qualities he assigns to one the basis of whose character is a vast and towering, but noble ambition, a mighty statesman capable of embracing in his mind the affairs of a world. In short, it may be said at once that he draws a more gifted and energetic Marcus Aurelius.

Now the Christian ideal, as generally and I believe rightly conceived, starts from quite a different point of view. Put before your mind the man whom the Middle Ages regarded as approaching nearest to Christ, and in whom Protestants may assuredly recognise the resemblance, Francis of Assisi. Love of country, self-dependence, love of fame—what have all these phrases to do with him! His scheme of virtue is altogether different. For country, he can scarcely be said to have one, so entirely is he naturalized throughout the world; nor has he any ambition, noble or ignoble, except to serve. His moral code begins with the love of all men, nay, of all living things (in Francis himself, you know, it went further still: witness that hymn of his, "Praised be our Lord for my sister, the water, who is very serviceable to us, and humble

and precious and clean"), and arising out of this love an absolute self-surrender, a merging of desires in sympathies, and of rights in duties, which make the self-regarding virtues come latest, if they come at all. Francis shows us the Christian ideal, not, it may be, in its most perfect, but in its most extreme and one-sided form—sympathy carried to the point of self-annihilation. But we may still see the difference of Milton, if we take a less extreme example; if we compare him once more with Dante. Dante recognises some of the classic virtues: patriotism, for example, is very strong in him; but his morality is radically Christian, founded not on self-respect, but on self-sacrifice, and looking therefore for the reward not of fame, which is self-respect gratified, but of the beatific vision, which is the final merging of self in the transcendent Object of its love.

As then we saw the Renaissance in "Paradise Lost" in the adoption of the forms of heathen mythology, so in "Paradise Regained" we find it in the adoption of the classical conception of virtue. There remains another great work in which it may also be traced, the "Samson Agonistes."

I have always thought "Samson Agonistes" the test of a man's true appreciation of Milton, and not a bad test of his appreciation of high literature. It is the most unadorned poem that can be found. Even in "Paradise Regained" there is little richness of style, but the great panorama from the mount has a certain material magnificence which can escape no one. There is no splendour of this kind in the "Samson;" colour, which in his early poems is most rich and glowing, and in "Paradise Lost" is still rich, begins to grow faint in "Paradise Regained," and disappears entirely in the "Samson." But the essential individuality of the man seems to appear only the more impressively. What you see here is not the dazzling talents and accomplishments of the man, but the man himself. It is pure greatness and grace, a white marble statue by the hand of a Phidias.

Here, too, the Renaissance works intensely. The forms of Attic tragedy are rigorously, almost pedantically, observed. But this produces here no serious incongruity, for it is not a question of Christian theology. The hero to be described is a hero of the antique world, no Greek, to be sure, but if a Hebrew a Hebrew of a primitive age. He reminds one of the Ajax of Sophocles, and the resemblance gives no shock to the imagination. His religion differs, to be sure, from that of the heroes of Attic tragedy: it is more elevated, and much less sensuous; still it is a religion contemporary with theirs; it belongs to the same age of the world, the same stage in the growth of the human mind. Form and substance here agree, on the whole, admirably well together. It is the only one of Milton's great poems of which the design seems to be completely happy.

But it has another very special interest, in the fact that the poet himself is evidently put before us in the person of Samson. In a sense this is not peculiar to the "Samson," for Milton, who has little dramatic genius, and who holds his opinions strongly and earnestly, allows his own personality to appear more or less in all his poems. In many speeches attributed to Raphael, to Adam, to our Saviour, you may hear unmistakably the voice of Milton himself. The views and opinions expressed are Milton's views and opinions. But what is peculiar to the "Samson," is that it is the expression not merely of Milton's opinions, but of his feelings under a special trial, of his indignation and disappointment at the failure of his political schemes. The Restoration had taken place. As I have said elsewhere, Milton's party had not failed—after two centuries we can see this clearly; but for the time it seemed to have failed, to have failed deplorably. The nation had surrendered at discretion to the Court; the Court-party resumed the government of affairs, having lost in the interregnum all its redeeming virtues. The men against whom the nation had rebelled were men who used bad means for what

they believed to be good ends; they now submitted to men whose ends were as bad and selfish as their means. Those who had pressed on with such high hope to reform reformation, found their enterprise end in the establishment of the most shameless government that England had ever seen. This was the calamity that Milton suffered in common with his party; he was likely to feel it with a keenness corresponding to the ardour of his previous hopes. But his nature was too strenuous for despair or utter prostration. The sweet Spenserian dreamer of thirty years before, he who had been called at college the "Lady," had so schooled his mind and formed it to such heroic temper that it was proof against this blow. It bore up against the combined weight of this disappointment and blindness, and the contempt and hatred of the ruling party. Fallen on evil days—on evil days though fallen and evil tongues, with darkness and with danger compassed round—he remains unbroken, confident in the ultimate triumph both of the good cause and of his own good name. "Paradise Lost" and "Paradise Regained" are not the works of a melancholy or disappointed man. But, after all, a poet's soul is like some stringed instrument; if you strike it, it will sound. "Samson Agonistes" is the thundering reverberation of a great harp struck by the plectrum of disappointment. It was one of Milton's favourite meditations to number up all the great men who have ever been blind. There was Homer; there was the old bard mentioned in Homer, Demodocus; there was the blind prophet of Thebes, Tiresias; there was Samson. Upon this last his imagination brooded. Samson had giant strength; so, in a manner, had Milton. Samson had been betrayed by his wife; Milton had received a similar domestic wound which long rankled in him. Samson was a Nazarite, forbidden the use of wine; Milton, though he was not, at least a dozen years before, a total abstainer, was essentially an abstemious man. He admired abstemiousness in the abstract; it pleased his imagination in the same way as the

exactly opposite quality of joviality pleases most English poets; he is, on the whole, one of those water-drinkers of whom Horace rashly says that their poems cannot please long nor live long. And then came the great point of resemblance. Samson had fought for the living God and had been conquered by the Philistines. He had fallen from his high position in Israel into ignominy and imprisonment. Milton felt the parallel strongly in those last years which he dragged out in obscurity in the neighbourhood of a triumphant Court, which to him was Philistine, in a city which had become to him a city of the uncircumcised. If you find a passionate force in Samson's lamentations, do not quote this as a proof that Milton's genius is dramatic. They are not dramatic, those lines:—

"Ask for this great deliverer now, and find  
him  
Eyeless in Gaza, at the mill with slaves,  
Himself in bonds, under Philistian yoke."

His mind does not rest upon his triumphant enemies. The Philistine lords are left in the background, very seldom and slightly mentioned. Milton's complaint is not against them, but against Providence. He utters that cry against the order of things, that demand for justice from the Power that rules the universe, which is heard in all the highest poetry of the world, and will be heard until men can satisfy themselves that the appeal is vain, at which time of necessity it will cease, and perhaps high poetry and all high feeling will cease with it. This is the note that is heard throughout the Greek drama, and throughout the Book of Job. In the Greek drama it is generally a note of despair, and sometimes of bitter rebellion; in the Book of Job it has also bitterness, but hope and faith triumph in the end. Milton has taken the form of his poem from the Greeks, but the spirit of it is that of the Book of Job.

My sole object in this rapid review has been to bring forward Milton re-asserting for the poet his old prophetic



character, in times when he was held in low esteem, and doing so first by the strenuous training he gave himself, and then by three works in which the seriousness, the distinctness, the grace, and occasionally the coldness of the antique world are reproduced. This was his work : let me now draw your attention to the reward which has been assigned him. It has happened to more than one European nation to bracket as equal at the head of their roll of artists two men who to foreign nations seem to be by no means equal. All the world does homage to Raffaele, but the equal admiration of the Italians for Michael Angelo meets with a much more doubtful response, and is to many people a perplexity. The Germans cannot be persuaded to put Schiller below Göthe. And yet a foreigner, who may feel all respect for Schiller, who may admire his glowing eloquence, who may find in him a splendid lyrical gift and an imposing, though not very exquisite, dramatic talent, remains at a loss to conceive how such merits as these can be placed in comparison with the inimitable felicity, the profound originality, and the immense variety of Göthe. Very similar, I suppose, is the feeling with which Germans, who have become mere drivellers in admiration of Shakespeare, and the French, whom he has astonished into involuntary respect, hear Milton's — the almost unknown Milton's — name familiarly coupled by Englishmen with that of the prodigy of literature.

But I think it is right that a man should be judged in one way by the world and in another by his own countrymen. In both the parallel instances which I have quoted it is evident that the world has looked simply at the artist ; while the nation, following, as it were, the instinct of kindred, has passed judgment upon the whole personality of the man. Raffaele has given the Italians beautiful pictures, but Michael Angelo by uniting to his talents a noble character and aspirations that meant more though they achieved less than was achieved by Raffaele, has

given the Italians more than any pictures—he has increased their self-respect. And because Schiller ennobled the Germans, because he gave them a moral inspiration which they sadly wanted, they have paid him a gratitude which they probably understand must seem exaggerated to a stranger, but only because he is a stranger.

Milton has never met in England with a too cordial appreciation. He had his day of excessive poetical renown, but it was the day when it was customary to speak of his character with detestation. Now that we do more justice to his virtues, we have become conscious that the world at large, though conceding to him a good poetical rank, has placed Shakespeare immeasurably higher. Nevertheless an instinct has been at work. Before the definitive verdict of Europe, our fathers said Shakespeare and Milton ; and since it has been pronounced, we still say, Shakespeare and Milton. Nor need we, I think, drop the fashion. I think we might, without losing sight of moderation, admire him even somewhat more than we do. We may be fully aware that at any international competition of poets England ought to be represented not by him but by Shakespeare. It is by Shakespeare that England takes rank in the world of literature ; for it is in him that we have given to mankind a new type of genius—something that cannot be paralleled, something that cannot be replaced. The mighty national character which fills so vast a space in modern history, the human type which seems destined ultimately to predominate upon the globe, is made intelligible and familiar to all the other families of mankind by Shakespeare. In him we ourselves note fondly, and foreigners note respectfully, all the English traits—careless force, kindly humour, sensibility under the control of hard sense, and varied now and then by cynicism, a lucky blending of many opposites, a happy eccentricity, a disregard of all forms, both intellectual and moral, combined with a sufficient fidelity to essential taste and substantial morality.

This strange and vigorous English character, most unlike the character of all the nations that had before given laws to literature, suddenly enters into literature, and competes for supremacy there in the person of Shakespeare. Compared with this imposing phenomenon, it must seem to the world comparatively little worth attention, that England has also produced a poet who, for his severe grace, may be set by the side of Sophocles, and who, in the simple and sincere elevation of his genius, resembles an ancient patriot. Yet Milton's work also required an originality for which I doubt if he gets enough credit. There is an originality of invention and creation in which Shakespeare is supreme. But there is also an originality of taste and choice. It was Milton's originality to have an ideal different from that of others, and to remain faithful to it; when the whole cry of poets hurried in one direction, to move steadily and serenely in another, and to forfeit in consequence during life the rank that was obviously his due; in an age of conceits to disdain conceits; in an age of couplets to make no couplets; to be at the same time a Puritan among poets, and a poet among Puritans; to be an Englishman, and yet to display in eminence all those intellectual and moral qualities in which

the English type is most deficient. But for him, we should never have dreamed that it lay in the English race to produce a Sophocles. More even than Shakespeare, if I may dare to say so, he enlarges our conception of our national character.

If so, we do right to allow no name to be placed altogether above his, and we should study him as one possessing a secret into which we have not yet been initiated. Unlike all other men that our country has yet produced, Milton may prove a prophecy of some future age, a model to some future generation of Englishmen. Let me collect in one closing sentence the features of this great character: a high ideal purpose maintained, a function discharged through life with unwavering consistency; austerity, but the austerity not of monks but of heroes; a temperament of uniform gladness, incapable of depression, yet also, as far as appears, entirely incapable of mirth, and supplying the place of mirth principally with music; lastly—resulting from such a temperament, ripened by such a life—the only poetical genius which has yet arisen in the Anglo-Saxon family combining in Greek perfection greatness with grace.

"THEY DESIRE A BETTER COUNTRY."

I.

I WOULD not if I could undo my past,  
 Tho' for its sake my future is a blank ;  
 My past, for which I have myself to thank  
 For all its faults and follies first and last.  
 I would not cast anew the lot once cast,  
 Or launch a second ship for one that sank,  
 Or drug with sweets the bitterness I drank,  
 Or break by feasting my perpetual fast.  
 I would not if I could : for much more dear  
 Is one remembrance than a hundred joys,  
 More than a thousand hopes in jubilee ;  
 Dearer the music of one tearful voice  
 That unforgett'n calls and calls to me,  
 "Follow me here, rise up, and follow here."

II.

What seekest thou far in the unknown land?  
 In hope I follow joy gone on before,  
 In hope and fear persistent more and more,  
 As the dry desert lengthens out its sand.  
 Whilst day and night I carry in my hand  
 The golden key to ope the golden door  
 Of golden home ; yet mine eye weepeth sore  
 For the long journey that must make no stand.  
 And who is this that veiled doth walk with thee ?  
 Lo, this is Love that walketh at my right ;  
 One exile holds us both, and we are bound  
 To selfsame home-joys in the land of light.  
 Weeping thou walkest with him ; weepeth he?—  
 Some sobbing weep, some weep and make no sound.



III.

A dimness of a glory glimmers here  
Thro' veils and distance from the space remote,  
A faintest far vibration of a note  
Reaches to us and seems to bring us near,  
Causing our face to glow with braver cheer,  
Making the serried mist to stand afloat,  
Subduing languor with an antidote,  
And strengthening love almost to cast out fear,  
Till for one moment golden city walls  
Rise looming on us, golden walls of home,  
Light of our eyes until the darkness falls ;  
Then thro' the outer darkness burdensome  
I hear again the tender voice that calls,  
"Follow me hither, follow, rise, and come."

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

## HEREDITARY GENIUS.

## THE JUDGES OF ENGLAND BETWEEN 1660 AND 1865.

BY FRANCIS GALTON, F.R.S.

THE Judges of England, since the restoration of the monarchy in 1660, form a group peculiarly well adapted to afford a general outline of the extent and limitations of heredity in respect to genius. The Judgeship is a guarantee of their having been gifted with an exceptional share of ability; they are sufficiently numerous and prolific to form an adequate basis for statistical inductions, and they are the subjects of numerous excellent biographical treatises.

I propose in these pages to touch briefly on a few of the results that I have obtained by inquiring into their relationships. These are powerfully corroborative of the views I first expressed, a few years ago, in this Magazine (June and August 1865), in two articles upon hereditary talent and character, and they lend far greater precision to the determinations of hereditary influences than those at which I then aimed. I hope very shortly to publish a volume of a somewhat elaborate and extensive inquiry, in which I shall treat not only of judges, but also of the most illustrious statesmen, commanders, men of literature and science, poets, painters, musicians, divines, and scholars. In the meantime, I publish these pages as first-fruits in the hope they may serve the purpose of familiarizing readers with the sort of arguments upon which I rely, and the tendency of the conclusions to which those arguments irresistibly lead.

If genius be hereditary in the same way that physical strength or feature is hereditary, at least five conditions will necessarily be found to exist. I will state them, and will distinguish them by the letters A B C D and E, for the convenience of after reference. The

reader will probably think they are rather too abstractedly expressed, and will find difficulty in understanding them at first sight, but, as he reads on, that difficulty will disappear.

(A) If we divide men of exceptionally high ability into two groups, one of which consists of those that are extraordinarily able, then this group ought to contain the larger percentage of able kinsmen.

(B) If we analyse the families of men of high ability, we ought to find the number of able kinsmen in those families to be enormously larger than it would have been according to the ordinary law of chances, on the supposition that ability was irrespective of descent.

(C) The peculiar type of ability ought to be largely transmitted.

(D) The percentage of able kinsmen should be greatest among those who are nearest to the most eminent member of the family, and it should diminish in each successive grade of remoteness.

(E) The appearance of the man of highest ability in a family should not be an abrupt and isolated phenomenon, but his ability should be built up, so to speak, by degrees, in his ancestry; and conversely, it should disperse itself by degrees in his descendants.

I shall now proceed to show that the results obtained from an analysis of the families of the Judges, affirm the whole of these propositions in the most unqualified manner.

Before producing my facts, let me say a few words in confirmation of what I began by asserting, that the office of judge is a sufficient guarantee that its possessor is exceptionally gifted in a very high degree. No doubt there are some hindrances, external to those of

nature, against a man getting on at the bar and rising to a judgeship. The attorneys may not give him briefs when he is a young barrister; and, even if he becomes a successful barrister, his political party may be out of office for a long period at a time when he was otherwise ripe for advancement. I cannot, however, believe that either of these are serious obstacles in the long run. Sterling ability is sure to make itself felt and to lead to practice; while as to politics, the changes of party are sufficiently frequent to give a fair chance to almost every generation. For every man who is a Judge there may possibly be two other lawyers of the same standing, equally fitted for the post, but it is hard to believe there can be a larger number.

The Judges hold the foremost places in a vast body of legal men. The Census speaks of upwards of 3,000 barristers, advocates, and special pleaders; and it must be recollected that these do not consist of 3,000 men taken at hap-hazard, but a large part of them are already selected, and it is from these, by a second process of selection, that the Judges are mainly derived. When I say that a large part of the barristers are selected men, I speak of those among them who are of humble parentage but have brilliant natural gifts, who attracted notice as boys, or, it may be, even as children, and were therefore sent to a good school. There they won exhibitions and fitted themselves for college, where they supported themselves by obtaining scholarships. Then came fellowships, and so they ultimately found their way to the bar. Many of these have risen to the Bench. Thus there have been 30 Lord Chancellors within the period included in my inquiries. Of these, Lord Hardwicke was the son of a small attorney at Dover, in narrow circumstances; Lord Eldon (whose brother was the great Admiralty Judge, Lord Stowell) was son of a "coal fitter;" Lord Truro was son of a sheriff's officer; and Lord St. Leonards (like Lord Tenterden, the Chief Justice of Common Pleas) was

son of a barber. Others were sons of clergymen of scanty means. Others have begun life in alien professions, yet, notwithstanding their false start, have easily gained lost ground in after life. Lord Erskine was first in the navy and then in the army before he became a barrister. Lord Chelmsford was originally a midshipman. Now a large number of men with antecedents as unfavourable to success as these, and yet successful men, are always to be found at the bar, and therefore I say the barristers are themselves a selected body; and the fact of every Judge having been taken from the foremost rank of 3,000 of them, is proof that his exceptional ability is of an enormously higher order than if the 3,000 barristers had been conscripts, drawn by lot from the general mass of their countrymen.

In speaking of English Judges, I have adopted the well-known "Lives of the Judges," by Foss, as my guide. It was published in 1865, so I have adopted that date as the limit of my inquiries. I have considered those only as falling under the definition of Judges whom he includes as such. They are the Judges of the Courts of Chancery and Common Law, and the Master of the Rolls, but not the Judges of the Admiralty nor of the Court of Canterbury. By the latter limitation I lose the advantage of counting Lord Stowell, brother of the Lord Chancellor Eldon, the remarkable family of the Lushingtons, that of Sir R. Phillimore, and some others. Through the limitation as regards time, I lose, by ending with the year 1865, the recently-created Judges, such as Judge Selwyn, brother of the Bishop of Lichfield, and also of the Professor of Divinity at Cambridge. By beginning at the Restoration, which I took for my commencement, because there was frequent jobbery in the days of earlier history that would have led to untrustworthy results, I lose a Lord Keeper (of the same rank as a Lord Chancellor), and his still greater son, also a Lord Chancellor, namely, the two Bacons. I state these facts to show that I have not picked out a period that seemed most



favourable to my argument, but one that was the most suitable to bring out the truth as to hereditary genius, and which at the same time was most convenient for me to handle.

There are 286 Judges within the limits of my inquiry. Of these, I find no less than 133, or nearly one-half, to have one or more kinsmen of little or no less eminence than themselves. The proof-sheets of my forthcoming volume lie before me, in which these relationships are described at length, and are methodically arranged. For want of space, I am unable to do more than give a few samples of them here, and to request the reader to take the rest upon trust.

It will be well, before speaking of the five conditions, to say a few words on the comparative influence of the male and female lines in conveying ability. I cannot make any comparison between persons in the first degree of kinship, as fathers against mothers, sons against daughters, or brothers against sisters, because they are of different sexes; but I can compare the effects of male and female descent in the second and more remote degrees. It is easy to collate the maternal and paternal grandfathers, the grandsons by the sons and by the daughters, the nephews by the brother or by the sister, the uncles by the fathers' or the mothers' side. I have done this and give the result, with the proviso that the numbers are few, and therefore too great reliance must not be placed on them. I find the paternal grandfathers and the grandsons by the sons' line to be exactly equal in number to the maternal grandfathers, and to the grandsons by the daughters' line, but it is not the same with the rest. There is a great preponderance of nephews and uncles by the male line over those by the female line; indeed, there are three times as many of them. I am inclined to ascribe this partly to the accident of two large families, and partly to the fact that it is not easy to ferret out all the relations by the female side. My earlier calculations, based upon less care-

ful inquiries, gave a still larger falling off of the run of ability in the female line. Notwithstanding these allowances, there is a residue that points to a law that judicial ability passes somewhat more through the male line than through that of the female.

I will now proceed to the conditions. As regards A, there is no doubt that the Lord Chancellors are far superior in average ability to the rest of the Judges. They are the very first class as lawyers, of high rank as politicians, and we may safely say that all England does not afford, on the average, half a dozen men of the same age as the Lord Chancellors with greater ability than they have. As I have already remarked, there have been 30 Lord Chancellors among the 286 Judges. How many of them have had eminent kinsmen? Is it a little short of one-half, as I find to be the case with the Judges generally? No: the proportion is considerably greater. At the lowest estimate, 23 of them have had kinsmen of exceptionally high ability. I shall have occasion to publish all these facts of detail in my forthcoming book; it must suffice here that I should mention a few of the most remarkable of them. They are: 1. Earl Bathurst and his daughter's son, the famous Judge, Sir F. Buller; 2. Earl Camden and his father, Chief Justice Pratt; 3. Earl Clarendon and the remarkable family of Hyde, in which were 2 uncles and 1 cousin, all English Judges, besides 1 Welsh Judge, and many other men of distinction; 4. Earl Cowper, his brother the Judge, and his great-nephew the poet; 5. Earl Eldon and Lord Stowell; 6. Lord Erskine, his eminent legal brother and son the Judge; 7. Earl Nottingham and the most remarkable family of Finch; 8, 9, 10. Earl Hardwicke and his son, also a Lord Chancellor, who died suddenly, and that son's great-uncle, Lord Somers, also a Lord Chancellor; 11. Lord Herbert, his son a Judge, his cousins Lord Herbert of Cherbury and George the poet and divine; 12. Lord King and his uncle John Locke the

philosopher ; 13. The infamous but most able Lord Jeffery had a cousin just like him, namely, Sir J. Trevor, Master of the Rolls ; 14. Lord Guildford is member of a family that I simply despair of doing justice to. It is linked with connexions of such marvellous ability, judicial and statesmanlike, as to deserve a small volume to describe it. It contains 30 first-class men in near kinship, including Montagus, Sidneys, Herberts, Dudleys, and others ; 15. Lord Truro had able legal brothers, one of them being an English Judge. I will here mention, though I do not propose to count, Lord Lyttleton, Lord Keeper of Charles I., on account of his most remarkable family, some of whom fall within my limits. His father was Chief Justice of North Wales, who married a lady the daughter of Sir J. Walter, the Chief Justice of South Wales, and also sister of an English Judge. She bore him Lord Keeper Lyttleton, also Sir Timothy, a Judge. Lord Lyttleton's daughter's son (she married a cousin) was the Sir T. Lyttleton, the Speaker of the House of Commons.

There is, therefore, abundant reason to conclude that the kinsmen of Lord Chancellors are far richer in natural gifts than those of the other Judges.

Next, as regards the test B, I find that the 133 English Judges who have eminent legal relations may be grouped into 95 families ; and that the 95 families may be divided into the following classes :—The first consists of 38 families containing each 2 persons of distinction, namely the Judge and 1 kinsman ; the second consists of 40 families, containing each 3 persons of eminence, namely, the Judge and 2 kinsmen ; the third, of 6, containing each 4 or 5 persons of eminence ; the fourth, of 5, containing each 6 or more. There are 4 more families that I cannot rightly classify, for they run into others, and do not form isolated groups, namely, the Norths and Montagus, Earl Somers from his connexion with the Yorke family, and the Hon. Heneage Legge from his connexion with that of Finch. I beg the reader to pay especial regard to this

sequence of figures : 38 cases of two eminent men in one family, 40 cases of three, 5 of four or five, and 6 cases of six or more ; and to compare it with what we should have found if the occurrence of ability had been a fortuitous event, wholly unconnected with the breed. Suppose, for the sake of an easy round number, we say that it is 10 to 1 against a man of judge-like ability being born in any one family. The real odds are far greater than that ; but we will let the figures stand as 10 to 1, merely for the sake of illustration. On this supposition there would be found only 1 family in 100 that contained 2 eminent men, 1 in 1,000 that contained 3, and one in 1,000,000 that contained 6. It is therefore evident beyond the possibility of doubt, that ability is not distributed at hap-hazard, but that it clings to certain families.

We now proceed to the proposition C. If genius be hereditary, as I assert it is, the characteristics that mark a Judge ought to be frequently transmitted to his descendants. The majority of Judges belong to a strongly marked type. They are not men who are carried away by sentiment, who love seclusion and dreams, but they are prominent members of a very different class, one that Englishmen are especially prone to honour for at least the six lawful days of the week. I mean that they are vigorous, shrewd, practical, helpful men ; glorying in the rough-and-tumble of public life, tough in constitution and strong in digestion, valuing what money brings, aiming at position and influence, and desiring to found families. The vigour of a Judge is testified to by the fact that the average age of their appointment in the present reign has been fifty-seven. The labour and responsibility of the office seem enormous to lookers-on, yet these elderly men continue working with ease for many more years ; their average age of death is seventy-five, and they commonly die in harness. Now are these remarkable gifts and peculiarities inherited by their

sons? Do the Judges often have sons who succeed in the same career, where success would have been impossible if they had not been gifted with the special qualities of their fathers? The best answer is a list of names. They will be of much interest to legal readers; others can glance them over, and go on to the results.

JUDGES OF ENGLAND, and other high legal officers, between 1660 and 1865, who were, or are, in the relation of father and son. I mark those cases with an asterisk (\*) where the father and son are both of them English Judges.

- \*Atkyns, Sir Edward, B.E. (Chas. II.)  
 Sir Robert, Chief Just. C.P. } Sons.  
 Sir Edward, B.E. (Jas. II.) }  
 Atkyns, Sir Richard, Chief Just. N. Wales.  
 Sir Edward, B.E. (Chas. II.)  
 \*Bramston, Sir Francis, Chief K.B. (Chas. I.)<sup>1</sup>  
 Sir Francis, B.E. (Chas. II.)  
 Coleridge, Sir John, Just. Q.B. (Vict.)  
 Sir John Duke, Solic.-Gen.  
 Dolben, Sir Wm. Just. K.B. (Will. III.)  
 Sir Gilbert, Just. C.P. Ireland; cr. Bart.  
 \*Erskine, T. cr. Lord Erskine, Lord Chan.  
 Hon. Sir Thomas, Just. C.P. (Vict.)  
 \*Eyre, Sir Samuel, Just. K.B. (Will. III.)  
 Sir Robert, Chief Just. C.P. (Geo. II.)  
 Finch, Heneage, L. Ch. cr. E. of Nottingham.  
 Heneage, Solic.-Gen. cr. Earl Aylesford.  
 Finch, Sir Heneage, Recorder of London.  
 Heneage, Lord Chan. cr. E. of Nottingham.  
 \*Forster, Sir James, Just. C.P. (Chas. I.)  
 Sir Robert, Chief Just. K.B. (Chas. II.)  
 Gurney, Sir John, B.E. (Vict.)  
 Rt. Hon. Russell Gurney, Recorder of London.  
 \*Herbert, Sir Edw. Lord Keeper (Chas. II.)  
 Sir Edward, Chief Just. K.B. (Jas. II.)  
 Hewitt, James, cr. Ld. Lifford, Just. K.B.  
 Joseph, Just. K.B. Ireland.  
 Jervis, —, Chief Just. of Chester.  
 Sir John, Chief Just. C.P. (Vict.)  
 Law, Edw. cr. Ld. Ellenborough, Chief K.B.  
 Chas. Ewan, M.P. Recorder of London.  
 \*Pratt, Sir John, Chief Just. K.B. (Geo. II.)  
 Earl Camden, Ld. Chanc. (Geo. III.)  
 \*Raymond, Sir Thomas, Just. C.B.  
 Robert, cr. Ld. Raymond, Chief K.B. (Geo. II.)  
 Romilly, Sir Samuel, Solic.-Gen.  
 Cr. Lord Romilly, Master of Rolls (Vict.)

<sup>1</sup> I count the fathers of the Judges of Charles II. because the Judges of the present reign are too young to have Judges for sons.

\*Willes, Sir John, Chief Just. C.P. (Geo. III.)  
 Sir Edward, Just. K.B. (Geo. III.)

\*Yorke, Philip, Ld. Chanc. cr. E. Hardwicke.  
 Hon. Charles, Ld. Chanc. (Geo. III.)

It will be observed that there are no less than ten families where both father and son are English Judges, and the same number of other families where either the father or the son is an English Judge, and the son or the father is a high legal officer. There are five pairs of Judges who are brothers (Atkyns, Cowper, Lyttleton, Powis, and Wyndham), and seven other Judges who had brothers in high legal offices. In short, out of the 286 Judges, more than *one in every nine* of them have been either father, son, or brother to another Judge, and the other high legal relationships have been even more numerous. There cannot, then, remain a doubt but that the peculiar type of ability that is necessary to a Judge, is often transmitted by descent.

As regards the test D, I have distributed the eminent relatives of the Judges according to their kinships to the most important member of each family. This is usually the Judge himself, but it is not invariably so, for the families include some of the most considerable names in English history. There is John Churchill, the great Duke of Marlborough; Lord Clive, the Governor-General who saved India to our rule; S. T. Coleridge, the philosopher and poet; H. Fielding, the novelist; J. Jervis, Earl of St. Vincent, the naval hero; John Locke, the metaphysician; and John Milton, the poet. The crude percentages of the results are, that to each 100 Judges there are the following number of kinsmen who have achieved equal distinction:—2 great-great-grandfathers, 0 great-grandfathers, 12 grandfathers, 3 great-uncles, 21 fathers, 15 uncles, 4 great-uncles' sons, 34 brothers, 11 first-cousins, 26 sons, 13 nephews, 3 first-cousins' sons, 11 grandsons, 2 great-nephews, 1 great-grandson. In reckoning the richness of each order of kinship in ability, we must divide these figures respectively by the number of individuals in each order. The 100 Judges



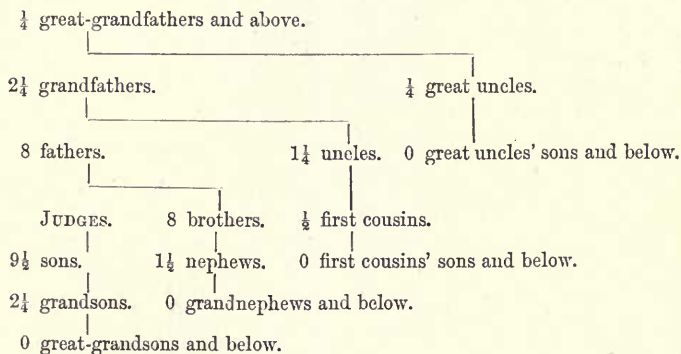
have 200 grandfathers ; therefore, the percentage of ability among the grandfathers is as 12, the crude percentage given above, divided by 2. What are the number of relatives in each order of kinship? I cannot here enter into the question of fertility in connexion with the highest kinds of ability, neither can I go into details about the Judges separately, but am obliged by want of space to confine my remarks to general averages. I find that 23 of the Judges are reported to have had "large families," say consisting of four adult sons in each; 11 are simply described as having "issue," say at the rate of  $1\frac{1}{2}$  sons each; and that the number of sons of other Judges are specified as amounting between them to 186; forming thus far a total of 294. In addition, there are nine reported marriages in which no allusion is made to children, and there are 31 Judges in respect to whom nothing is said about marriage at all. I think we

are fairly justified, from these data, in concluding that each Judge is father, on an average, to not less than one son who lives to an age at which he might have distinguished himself, if he had the ability to do so.

I also find the (adult) families to consist on an average of not less than  $2\frac{1}{2}$  sons and  $2\frac{1}{2}$  daughters each; consequently each Judge has an average of  $1\frac{1}{2}$  brothers and  $2\frac{1}{2}$  sisters.

From these data it is perfectly easy to reckon the number of kinsmen in each order. Thus the nephews consist of the brothers' sons and the sisters' sons, and are, therefore,  $1\frac{1}{2} + 2\frac{1}{2} = 4$  in number. I need not trouble the reader with more of these, suffice it to say I have divided the total numbers of eminent kinsmen to 100 Judges by the number of kinsmen in each degree, and obtain the following most instructive table, which shows the distribution of ability according to kinship :—

PERCENTAGE OF DISTINGUISHED MEN IN THE SEVERAL ORDERS OF KINSHIP TO THE JUDGES OF ENGLAND.



I use 0 to express a number considerably less than  $\frac{1}{4}$  per cent. and therefore too insignificant to regard.

Thus, out of every hundred persons, who are brothers of Judges, eight have been equally eminent men; and so on for the rest.

The table shows in the most unmistakable manner, the enormous odds that a near kinsman has over one that is remote, in the chance of inheriting ability. Speaking roughly, the percentages are *quartered* at each successive remove, whether by descent or collaterally. Thus in the first degree of

kinship, the percentage is about eight; in the second about two; and in the third less than half.

The table also fulfils the test E by testifying to another fact, in which people do not commonly believe. It shows that ability does not suddenly start into existence and disappear with

equal abruptness, but rather that it rises in a gradual and exceedingly regular curve out of the ordinary level of family life. There is a regular increase of ability in the generations that precede its culmination and as regular a decrease in those that succeed it. In the first case the marriages have been consentient to its production, in the latter they have been incapable of preserving it. After three successive dilutions of the blood, the descendants of the Judges appear incapable of rising to eminence. These results are not surprising when compared with the far greater length of kinship through which features or diseases may be transmitted. Ability must be based on a triple footing, every leg of which has to be firmly planted. In order that a man should inherit ability in the concrete, he must inherit three qualities that are separate and independent of one another. He must inherit capacity, and zeal, and vigour; for unless these three, or at the very least two of them, are combined, he cannot hope to make a figure in the world. The probability against inheriting a combination of qualities not correlated together, is necessarily far greater than it is against inheriting any one of them.

There is a marked difference between the percentage of ability in the grandsons of the Judge when his sons (the fathers of those grandsons) have been eminent than when they have not. Let us suppose that the son of a Judge wishes to marry: what expectation has he that his own sons will become eminent men, supporters of his family, and not a burden to it, in their after life?

In the case where the son of the judge is himself eminent, I find, out of the 226 Judges previous to the present reign 22 whose sons have been distinguished men. I do not count instances in the present reign, because the grandsons of these Judges are for the most part too young to have achieved distinction. 22 out of 226 gives 10 in 100 as the percentage of the Judges that have had distinguished sons. The reader will remark how near this result

is to the  $9\frac{1}{2}$  as entered in my table, showing the general truth of both estimates. Of these 22 I count the following triplets. The Atkyns family as two. It is true that the grandfather was only Chief Justice of North Wales, and not an English Judge, but the vigour of the blood is proved by the line of not only his son and two grandsons being English Judges, but also by the grandson of one of them, through the female line, being an English Judge also. Another line is that of the Pratts, viz. the Chief Justice and his son, the Lord Chancellor, Earl Camden, and his grandson, the son of the Earl, created the Marquis Camden; the latter was Chancellor of the University of Cambridge, and a man of note in many ways. Another case is in the Yorke line, for the son of the Lord Chancellor, the Earl of Hardwicke, was Charles Yorke, himself a Lord Chancellor. His sons were able men: one became First Lord of the Admiralty, another was Bishop of Ely, a third was a military officer of distinction and created Baron Dover, a fourth was an admiral of distinction. I will not count all these, but will reckon them as three favourable instances. The total, thus far, is six; to which might be added in fairness something from that most remarkable Montagu family and its connexions, of which several Judges, both before and after the accession of Charles I., were members. However, I wish to be well within bounds, and therefore will claim only six successes out of the 22 cases (1 son to each Judge, as before), or 1 in 4. Even under these limitations it is only 4 to 1, on the average, against each child of an eminent son of a Judge becoming a distinguished man.

Now for the second category, where the son is not eminent, but the grandson is. There are only seven of these cases to the (226 — 22 or) 204 Judges that remain, and two or three of them are not a very high order. They are the third Earl Shaftesbury, author of the "Characteristics;" Cowper, the poet; Lord Lechmere, the Attorney-General; Sir Wm. Mansfield, Commander-in-Chief

in India; Sir Eardley Willmot, who filled various offices with credit and was created a baronet; and Lord Wyndham, Lord Chancellor of Ireland. Fielding, the novelist, was grandson of Judge Gould, by the female line. Hence it is 204 to 7, or 30 to 1, against the non- eminent son of a Judge having an eminent child.

The figures in these two categories are clearly too few to justify us in relying implicitly on them, except so far as to show that the probability of a Judge having an eminent grandson is largely increased if his sons are also eminent. Also it is clear that the sons or daughters of distinguished men who are themselves gifted with decidedly high ability, as tested at the university or elsewhere, cannot do better than marry early in life. If they have a large family, the odds are in their favour that one at least of their children will be eminently successful in life, and will be a subject of pride to them and a help to the rest.

Let us for a moment consider the bearing of the facts just obtained, on the theory of an aristocracy where able men earn titles, and transmit them by descent through the line of their eldest male representatives. The practice may

be justified on two distinct grounds. On the one hand, the future peer is reared in a home full of family traditions, that form his disposition. On the other hand, he is presumed to inherit the ability of the founder of the family. The former is a real justification for the law of primogeniture, as applied to titles and possessions; the latter, as we see from the table, is not. A man who has no able ancestor nearer in blood to him than a great-grandparent, is inappreciably better off in the chance of being himself gifted with ability than if he had been taken out of the general mass of men. An old peerage is a valueless title to natural gifts, except so far as it may have been furnished up by a succession of wise intermarriages. When, however, as is often the case, the direct line has become extinct and the title has passed to a distant relative, who had not been reared in the family traditions, the sentiment that is attached to its possession is utterly unreasonable. I cannot think of any claim to respect, put forward in modern days, that is so entirely an imposture as that made by a peer, on the ground of descent, who has not been nobly educated, and who has no eminent kinsman within three degrees.



## CAPTAIN GEORGE AND THE LITTLE MAID.

BY MARY BROTHERTON.

## CHAPTER V.

I was detained in the parish for two or three hours; as soon as I could go home I did so, as fast as I could walk. I was longing to make up to poor George, if I might, for my shortcomings. I ran up stairs, through my sitting-room into my bed-room, but there stopped short, disappointed, and with a vague feeling of alarm. Both rooms were empty. The bed in which I had left George was made, the chamber neatly ordered; he must have been gone some little time.

"He has only gone home," said I aloud, fain to reassure myself. But as I told myself this, which somehow I did not believe, I came back into my little parlour, and instantly perceived a certain white spot on the dark table-cloth. It was a letter directed to me in George's round, clear schoolboy hand. I opened it quickly, and read what follows:—

"REVEREND SIR,—This is to inform you as I have took the papers, and am off. Dear sir, I return you my humble and hearty thanks for all kind favours. Sir, my trouble is too much for me, and I am feared for my poor head. If so be as you could have spoke a word of comfort or good advice, I am sure as you would; but, sir, I watched of your face as you was reading, and I saw as you could not speak it. Also I feel as my dreadful violence must have worn out your kind patience. Sir, I ask your pardon humbly for all offences. Please to excuse this bad writing.—I remain,

"Your affectionate Servant,

"GEORGE FORD.

"P.S.—Sir, my heart is broke, and I am feared for my head."

As I slowly refolded his letter and put it in my pocket, the piteous post-

script seemed to ring in my ears like the touching cry of some hurt creature. I hardly knew why I felt so much alarmed, not recognising yet what I feared, but a great anxiety and dread oppressed me. I tried in vain to occupy myself; George and George's letter haunted and hindered me. At last in the afternoon I yielded to a sudden impulse, ran down stairs, and set off walking briskly towards Corner Farm.

I took a short way by deep hollow lanes and open hilly fields. It was, I recollect, a sunshiny afternoon, the last of September. Gusts of chill wind sent a few yellow leaves fluttering down from the hedgerow elms, but there was little sign besides that summer was over.

The last stile I crossed led down a bank, by some rough stone steps, into a lane, and was exactly opposite the garden gate of Corner Farm.

The house stood sideways to this lane; the farmyard was behind, and opened into a byroad which ran at the back of the dwelling: hence its name.

Old Mrs. Ford was in the little garden plot, still gay with common flowers. She was crossing it from the kitchen garden, which was divided from it on two sides by a privet hedge overhung by heavy-laden apple boughs.

She had her apron full of quarrenders, those sweet, smooth-checked, crimson apples, pink to the core, which are, I think, the first that ripen in apple-bearing Westshire.

Mrs. Ford, in her tidy mourning, was a handsome, clean-skinned old woman to look upon. She must have been, in her time, one of those delicately comely Westshire lasses that seem to blossom pink and white in that soft air, just like the apple flowers.

"Good afternoon, Mrs. Ford," quoth I, over the gate; "is George come home?"

"Yes, sure, sir," said she, to my unspeakable relief, "and bad he du look. But come in, do 'ee come in." And she hastened to unlatch the gate.

"I return you many thanks, sir, for looking after my poor boy last night," the old lady went on, as we walked to the house porch. "Father and me we wish as he would harken to friends as has his good at heart, and give over frettin'—goin' agin the Lord, / calls it— and so I tells un; and how as all on us has our losses and our crosses, and our upandowns."

"Shall I find George in the kitchen, Mrs. Ford?" I asked, as I walked into the house; "I want particularly to see him."

"He baint to home, sir. He have gone out for a walk, and have took the little maid along with him. But do 'ee step into the parlour and set down, and take a drop of cider. George, and father too, will come homelong to their teas afore you be rested."

So I went into the little parlour, the door of which Mrs. Ford held open. I sat down on a wide chintz-covered window-seat; purple spikes of the lavender bushes outside reached the window-sill; through the open lattice I could see the little flower-garden basking in the afternoon sun, and all astir with the tossed shadows of the apple branches on the west side.

I enjoyed the shade and quiet after my sunny and windy walk. I had seldom been in this room before, and cast my eyes about me, as one does in an unfamiliar chamber. On the walls there were the quaint old prints in black frames that one usually finds in such parlours. There was a highly-coloured drawing over the mantel-shelf, representing a schooner in full sail over a very blue sea under a very blue sky, the work of an unsophisticated marine artist, whose name, "J. Butts," figured below in rather smaller Indian-ink capitals than the name of the vessel—*The Lovely Polly*, of course.

Mrs. Ford coming in with a jug of cider and a glass, brought a small table, and set it by me at the window. As

she turned from performing this hospitable little act she started violently, and then burst into a treble shriek of dismay.

"Why, whatever have gone of Polly's pictur!" cried she, staring at a small empty frame which I had not noticed where it lay on a side-table, with the unfailing shells, green-baize Bible, and tea-caddy. I had been too rarely in this room to miss the portrait of Mrs. George, which I now, however, seemed to recollect, vaguely, as a rather good and tolerably-done crayon likeness of the dead woman.

"It was painted beautiful in forrin parts," wailed Mrs. Ford. "And, oh, my patience, look'ee here, sir! did'ee ever?"

She had pounced on some torn pieces of paper thrown into the fireplace among the leaves of the green bough set there. They were the fragments of the portrait.

"George must a'lost his wits. He took and did this just now when he come in here till I fetched the little maid. I be feared for his poor head; I be indeed, sir," added she, shaking her own, while she fitted together the torn pieces of the drawing in a mechanical hopeless way.

Just poor George's own words. But his mother naturally ascribed his unreasonable act to quite a different impulse from that which I felt must have moved him.

"If he couldn't abear to see her face he might a' told me, and I'd a' put un out of his sight, some place else," said Mrs. Ford, crying a little, partly for her son, partly, perhaps, for the lost bit of ornamental furniture.

"When he come home," she went on, "I found un with his head down on the kitchen table, a groanin'. I lays my hand on un, and I says to un solemn: 'George, I'm your mother,' I says, 'and it's your dooty to mind me,' I says. And I says, 'George, you should be ashamed of yoursen to go agin the Lord, who have giv' and who have took, and blessed be His name,' I says. 'And there's the little maid as you have to do for,' I says. 'And as for poor Polly, it's mercy as she *is* took, if so be you could

see the Lord in it. Sick folks,' I says, 'are no pleasure nit no profit to themselves nit to nobody else,' I says; 'and the Lord knows as it's best as they should be took' . . . ."

I could not follow the worthy woman farther in her complacent report of the comforting kind of discourse she had bestowed on poor George. My thoughts were following another trail, and my anxiety to hear him coming had become painful and absorbing.

But Mrs. Ford was neither unfeeling nor selfish. Uneducated people often misrepresent themselves, belie their own sentiments through sheer inability to express them distinctly. I believe that had George, or his father, or the little maid, or any of the few she loved, nay, *any* who needed her, fallen sick, Mrs. Ford would have nursed them unweariedly, and been far enough from the stoicism of wishing them to be "took," or the heartless piety of praying for that mercy. I believe that she had tried to be motherly to her son's wife, and, had her kindness been accepted, it might have flowered into affection, as practical kindness is apt to do in a good soil. But, on the contrary, the sick woman had shrunk from her good offices, and from herself; and so affront had confirmed a sort of antipathy. For the old woman had never liked her daughter-in-law; she had always grudged her George's great love, of which his mother seemed instinctively to have judged her undeserving; and it aggravated the rough temper now, to see her poor son half crazed by grief (as she supposed) for the loss of one whom she considered as little worth regret.

I stayed at the farm, or near it, as long as I could, trying to hope that George and the little maid would return. When the old farmer came in, his wife and he sat down in the kitchen, and did their eating and drinking heartily. They were not in the least alarmed or even surprised at their son's absence. He and the little maid had just bided to tea at this neighbour's or that . . . . They knew nothing that should arouse anxiety about him, and that which I

knew I had not courage nor, indeed, the right to tell them.

I went out, and walked up and down the lanes outside the garden gate: I tried to fancy that I expected to see George and the child at every turn. But the sun set, and the warm glorious amber faded into white, died into grey; and when the lanes grew black tunnels under the great elms, I went back to the house, and hastily bade the old folks good-bye. They came to the gate with me, cheerily answering for George's regrets, and promising for him that he should go down to me without fail tomorrow forenoon. Then I walked home through the gusty glimmering autumnal fields, and gloomy lanes, to the twinkling-windowed little town; horribly oppressed by sad forebodings, and by self-accusations.

The next forenoon brought me not George but his father, who was ushered into my parlour before I had quite done breakfast. It was as I foreboded: George and little Milly had not come back; and his parents were at last seriously alarmed. The farmer, heated with his hasty walk, sat wiping his poor old furrowed brown forehead, and looked very helpless, perplexed, and forlorn. He stared at the carpet, or wistfully at me, and said very little, but the anxious quaver in his voice went for more than his words.

"Whatever should he du? What did *I* think now as George wur after? His old woman she would have it as George wur mazed wi' grief, like, and had drowned hisself and the little maid in the say—off the cliffs or someways: but surelie no sich a maggots wur in *his* thoughts, nit mine neither, now wur it then?" What could I do, or say, but refrain from all hint of that secret which weighted my own fears for George even more heavily, and utter what I could of hearty sympathy?

Just then, as the old man sat by my open window, the mail-cart from Toxeter rattled up the little street, and stopped at the post office next door. The driver, a townsman, looking up, saw Ford, and at once cried out:



"Morning, Farmer! I say, what be George up tu?"

"George!" cried the poor old fellow, tremulously, and leaning out of the window; "what do 'ee know of George?"

Not much, yet much: it was soon told. Last evening Joe Wakeham, the mail-cart driver, had seen George, carrying the little maid, go into the station at Toxeter, the station of the London line. That was literally all. Wakeham had not been near enough to speak to George; and whether he had gone by any train anywhere, or whether he had other business at the station, was simply what Wakeham, being a gossiping fellow, had asked old Ford, in order to satisfy his own idle curiosity.

But when the farmer drew in his head and turned to me again, with a look of relief, though of more perplexity than ever, I had at last something to say to him. I had taken a resolution almost as soon as I heard what Wakeham reported. I felt but too sure that George was gone to London, and I was terribly afraid that I knew what he sought there. I asked Ford to tell me where George would be likely to put up in town; and I wrote down the address of the house Captain Way had always used: it was somewhere in Rotherhithe. I also got from Ford the address of *The Lovely Polly's* co-owners; George had still a share in that schooner, inherited from his wife. Then I told the farmer I was going up to London that day, should seek out his son, try to bring him back, and do my best and utmost to serve him.

I almost turned the old man out of my room in my pain at his thanks. I knew that I was fulfilling but too tardily my neglected duty to his poor son; and that which I should have freely done out of my heart for him, I was simply obliged to do out of my conscience.

When the farmer was gone home, to cheer up his old woman a little, with the scanty news and hope he could take her, I set off to the Vicarage to obtain leave of absence. I knew I could depend on a brother parson (the doctor's

nephew, then on a visit to my friend Wilson) to take my duty at Troutle-mouth.

In a couple of hours I was off: the Vicar happened to be driving into Toxeter, and good-naturedly gave me a lift to the station. By three o'clock I was in the train for London. Then I arranged with myself exactly what I would do when I got there. I knew now what I feared, I hardly dared hope that I might prevent it, but I was certain that I must do my best to try.

I determined not to seek George first, but Mr. Maurice O'Neil, whose address in Grosvenor Place I was acquainted with. It seemed unlikely that he would be in town at this season; my best hope was to find the house shut up. But if not, if this man were within my reach, I would tell him that George Ford had become aware of his enormous wrongs, and that the knowledge had made him half mad and *dangerous*. I would say, plainly, that I believed he had come to London in the state of mind I described, bringing the little innocent, his wife's child, and bent on some scheme of revenge. Then I would—yes, I would *entreat* this man to go out of George's way until, through time and good influences, the poor fellow should become his God-fearing better self again. Yes, for George's sake I would entreat, for God's sake I would command, Mr. O'Neil to do all he now could to atone to George—keep him innocent through his great misery.

Then I would go away to George's haunts by the river side, and try to recover that influence over him which I had lost by my cowardly shrinking from opportunity. God helping, I would do this with my might; God helping, I would save my poor George's soul alive.

Ah me! If all the touching appeals that are prepared for occasions that never come; poor magnanimous phrases never to dumbfounder, or to conquer; lightning rejoinders that are afterthoughts; right things never said at the right time, or at all; infallible arguments always occurring too late—ah

me! if all this eloquence that is only poured forth in the silent senate of thought could be written in a book,—a book modelled on the “Polite Letter Writer,” issued in a monthly series, to which all the world should be invited to contribute their unspoken speeches! What an amount of sublime sentiment, noble indignation, two-edged sarcasm, and sledge-hammer logic, would be thus preserved!

When I arrived at the terminus, it was nearly nine o'clock. However, late as it was, I determined to go to Grosvenor Place. *Les convenances* had nothing to do with my errand there; I did not seek Mr. O'Neil as a polite visitor simpering apologies for intrusion. Time pressed, George had been many hours in town already, and even now—but I dared not face the probability that I was too late. Alas, in twenty minutes I had to face the fact! I was too late.

There was a crowd in Grosvenor Place; and my cab stopped at the edge of it.

“Something up,” said the cabman.

I got out; I saw a policeman, and spoke hurriedly to him.

“Anything the matter?”

“Murder,” said he, serenely. “Gentleman shot.” Then I heard him call out, “Make way! make way! here's a party took poorly——”

The good-natured wooden fellow helped me to a doorstep, and seated me there, clearing away the rabble about me with both his arms.

## CHAPTER VI.

I soon heard the worst that I had to hear, from my friendly policeman, who, however, had not witnessed the tragedy he reported. Just after dusk a young seafaring sort of man had been seen hanging about Grosvenor Place. About seven o'clock an Irish gentleman who lived there, one Mr. Maurice O'Neil, had entered at the Piccadilly end. The man, who was then standing still, a good way farther down, instantly ran forward

and came up with Mr. O'Neil on his door-step just as the door was opened. In another moment Mr. O'Neil was shot—the man putting a pistol to his breast. The servant who was at the door heard the man say two or three words as he fired, but was too bewildered with horror to notice what they were. His master groaned once and fell against him. Then his fellow-servants hurried up, and passengers on the pavement stopped; among them the murderer was seized, and held until the police arrived. They took him off at once to the station. The man made no resistance, and no attempt to get away, but “kept smiling foolish-like.”

“That will be his dodge, you may depend,” said the policeman. “He'll sham silly.” Of course, a crowd soon collected in the place, and remained there an hour or two, although it had nothing to stare at but the outside of the house, inside which lay that appetizing horror—a murdered man.

My policeman could not tell me if Mr. O'Neil was dead: “thought it likely; had heard as his poor lady was quiet over it; but his mother took on dreadful, like a mad woman—so he heard one of the servants say over the airy rails to a person as she knew in the crowd.”

“His mother! was she there in that house?”

“Yes, and his father too; I see them come tearing up in a carriage an hour ago. . . .”

His mother was there! alas, poor wicked mother!

Then I stood and thought a moment: yet I believe it was rather on impulse than reflection that I did what I next did. I went to the door of that house, and softly rang the bell. It was instantly opened by a servant, who must have been close to it. I first whispered an inquiry, to which he replied that his master was alive still; and then I desired him to take my card to Mr. O'Neil, the father of the wounded man, having written a few words in pencil under my name: “Pray see me on a matter of life and death.”

At the moment, I could hardly think calmly enough to consider the likelihood

of my request being treated as impertinent and untimely, or I might have been surprised when the servant, returning, civilly asked me to come in.

I was shown into a small sitting-room at the back of the house, and found there a tall, handsome old man, whom I had seen once or twice at Troutle-mouth, and whom I recognised as Mr. O'Neil. Meeting me very courteously near the door, he begged me to come in and to sit down.

And then, when I did so, I felt almost confounded at the position in which I had placed myself. The old man waited some moments, leaning towards me from his own chair, and presently said in a sweet, rich, Irish voice :

"A friend of my poor son's, I presume? Take your own time, sir; you are agitated, I see."

Then I took my courage in my two hands, asked God's help, gathered strength from my heart and my conscience, and told Maurice O'Neil's father all that dismal and fatal secret which I knew: told him of his son's crime which had made George Ford a criminal, and two families desolate.

The old man sat listening attentively; his arms on the arms of his chair, his white head sunk a little on his breast. As for me, my voice was often half strangled by pity and grief . . . but I struggled on to the end. Then there was a little silence, and then Mr. O'Neil raised his head and looked at me,—inquiringly, I thought, and I answered the thought.

"I believe, sir," said I, "that when I intruded on your sorrow to-night I acted on an impulse. I felt impelled to appeal to your sense of justice in behalf of poor George Ford. His misery has made him mad; his madness has made him a murderer; and, God pardon me, I am not guiltless in the matter. George loved me; he looked to me as his clergyman for a word in season, for comfort, for counsel . . . and I shrank weakly from my duty when I should have prayed for strength to do it. . . . He asked me for bread, and I gave him a stone. . . . I saw him sinking in deep

waters, and withheld my hand from my brother. In that bitter hour of temptation to which I left him his heart broke, his reason gave way. . . . Ah, sir! read his own words."

I had poor George's sad little letter in my pocket, and I now laid it before Mr. O'Neil. I could articulate no longer; I should have burst out weeping had I not fought hard, and in silence, with my anguish.

Mr. O'Neil was quite silent also, but his self-command was perfect. He read George Ford's touching words very slowly, then folded up the letter and gave it back to me.

"A sad letter," said he then, slowly. "Sir, you have told me an awful story; awful for me to hear, at such a time especially. But the most awful thing of all is, that my son has made this man a murderer who can hardly be saved from the gallows."

He spoke out plainly and sternly, not with harshness, but sternly as facing the situation. I said I believed George Ford no longer in possession of his reason, when he came up to London; when he committed the crime; or now. At least, that plea need not, I urged, be opposed when put in.

Just then there was a child's voice outside the door; and at that moment, for the first time since I had heard the terrible news, I remembered poor little Milly. That is, I for the first time remembered her to wonder what had become of her. The poor little maid!—what had George done with the poor little maid?

This sudden anxious thought seemed to possess me just while the door was being opened. Then a lady entered with a very little girl clinging to her skirts, and came up to the table, bowing to me as I rose.

"Maurice is a little easier," said she to the old gentleman; "and Mrs. O'Neil is asleep at last. I thought I would come and tell you myself."

I at once perceived that this lady must be Mrs. Maurice O'Neil. A middle-aged woman, dark and plain, with a countenance that was gloomy rather



than grieving, I fancied; a face of strong passion, but not an evil face. There was even some tragic grandeur in the unbeautiful head with its solemn sunken eyes. Mr. O'Neil looked at her steadfastly, then, on a sudden, rose up and said to me:

"It is best that this lady, Mrs. Maurice O'Neil," naming us to each other, "should know all. I believe it is best that I should tell her. Excuse me for ten minutes, sir, and be so very kind as to remain till we come back to you."

Then he and his daughter-in-law and the little girl went out of the room and left me alone. I was startled, but I told myself that Mr. O'Neil must know the lady he had to deal with; and then my thoughts returned to poor little Milly. . . . what had become of the little maid?

And while I wondered and conjectured painfully, the door which was ajar, was opened wider, and . . . I thought it was her little ghost! there stole in—there ran up to me with an "Oh!" of recognition and rapture—the Little Maid herself!

I took her on my knee, kissed her, and asked her how she came in that house.

"Daddy fetched I."

"Did Daddy bring you here, Milly?"

"Iss. Daddy fetched I away from Granny's. I comed without my tea."

"But did Daddy bring you to this house, Milly?"

"Iss. Daddy did: he putted Milly down tu the door, and runned away."

"And what did Milly do then?"

"Milly cried bad, and bumped the door."

"And did some one come to Milly?"

"Iss; man comed and took Milly to the lady. Lady's got a little maid, littler than Milly. Lady gived Milly cake."

At this point of our dialogue Mrs. Maurice O'Neil re-entered quite alone, and shut the door after her. She was very pale, and looked gloomier than ever. She came and seated herself where Mr. O'Neil had sat; the room was rather dark, and she did not seem

till then to perceive Milly on my knee. She told her then without harshness to go away, and ask Mrs. Hill to put her to bed. The child, though wide awake, and evidently reluctant, went very obediently. Every glance and word of this quiet lady expressed extraordinary power.

Then she said, looking full in my face with those tragic eyes, but in a very calm manner:

"I know now who that child is. I heard her crying at my door this morning, and sent a servant to bring her to me. She had this paper pinned to her frock."

Mrs. O'Neil gave me a paper that she held in her hand. George Ford had written these words on it, in a great, fierce, crazy scrawl:

"*Millicent.*" And under that, "*None of mine.*"

"I had some suspicion," said Mrs. Maurice O'Neil, "of the fact, but not of the details. How should I have had any? I never, that I can recollect, heard the name of Mary Ford until I heard it from Mr. O'Neil just now. Having that general suspicion, however, I gave the child shelter. I imagined wrongly, that I might be saving it from a deserted and desperate mother, or from her pitiless relations; and considered that to have it cared for was plainly a duty set before me. I should have said nothing to my husband about it. I gave the child into the charge of my housekeeper, who is careful and fond of children. Everything is in disorder here, or my child and this one would have been in bed long ago."

Then I said how uneasy I had been about poor little Milly, and how relieved to find her safe. But I could not speak very coherently. The lady's wonderfully still manners, her cold explanation of her generous behaviour, the singularly composed avowal of her conclusions regarding the child—even her strange, tragic, noble uncomeliness—affected me strongly. Presently she went on speaking, in the same perfectly unimpassioned tones, contrasted by those gloomily passionate and profound eyes.

"I have heard all, but I need say nothing to you except this. Rely upon my assurance, sir, that *no* consideration, *none*, shall deprive George Ford of that chance of justice, and mercy, you came here this night to demand for him."

There she stopped, and remained so long silent, that I at last perceived she meant to say no more. I got up, and, attempting some stupid apology for my intrusion—some broken expression of thanks, hopes, I know not what—was going. To my surprise, this undemonstrative lady offered me her hand, thanked me for my visit, and asked for my address in London. I gave her that of a friend, and went out of the room.

Next day all the morning papers related, of course, the tragical history of a gentleman shot on his own door-step. They made such a point of the locality of the crime, as almost to imply that its atrocity would have been less had Mr. O'Neil been shot on somebody else's threshold. They informed us that the assassin's motives were "involved in mystery;" that he had voluntarily and loudly declared, several times over, his name to be "George Ford;" and they added, "It is said that when taken into custody he affected to be deranged." The evening papers told a different story to their public; but long before they were printed I knew all that they could report.

George had become very ill during the night at the station-house; so very ill that all suspicion of "dodge" was dismissed from the astute police mind, and a doctor was sent for. Finally, George was taken to the infirmary of the house of detention, where brain-fever, unmitigable and unshamable, set in. The evening papers announced, in beautiful periods, that it was now supposed the crime had been committed by the prisoner when insane, or on the verge of insanity, and possessed by some chimerical idea of wrong, suffered at the hands of the unfortunate gentleman who was the victim of his delusion. And they were happy to be able to report

that Mr. Maurice O'Neil was slightly better; the doctors in attendance even giving some hopes of his recovery.

Many days afterwards, when George's life was still in danger, Mr. O'Neil's was pronounced safe. And when the peril to life ceased, George's brain had still no health in it, for weeks that grew into months.

Meanwhile, I was obliged to return to Troutmouth, and my duties there. But until I left London, I called daily at George's prison for tidings of him, and daily in Grosvenor Place to hear how the wounded man did. Often seeing Mr. O'Neil and his daughter-in-law together, I perceived between these two the quiet signs of a most undemonstrative affection and sympathy. And I soon discovered that this affection, on one side and the other, twined itself about a certain grand integrity, which might be called the corner-stone of the character of each; and that this sympathy silently daisied over, as it were, the griefs buried deep in both these reticent souls.

Once I saw Mrs. O'Neil, the mother; but she went out of the room very hastily, with an air of bitter resentment, as soon as I entered it. She was a little, proud-looking woman, that might once have had a lovely Irish beauty. I believe that she connected me in some way with George Ford's crime, knowing that I loved the man; and the sight of me was therefore odious to her. My conscience whispered that her wild injustice was, perhaps, nearer to simple justice than she herself could understand.

Once, in Grosvenor Place, I had a long conversation with Mr. Grady, the Roman Catholic priest. He sought the occasion, to assure me, with painful earnestness, of his utter ignorance, until now, of that wicked secret which had at last been told him. His eyes were full of tears, and so were mine, as I grasped his hand in answer to his "pray believe me," so touching from an old man to a young one. The stern faithfulness of the good priest was indeed attested, and honoured, by the silence which all those guilty creatures had maintained towards him, their ordinary confessor.

Hardest of my duties while I remained in London, was the letter I had to write to George's parents the day after my arrival. I hoped that what I wrote might be the first warning of their trouble which reached them. The press took a view of the matter which would be, on the whole, the least painful one possible to the poor old folks. I therefore sent them a morning and evening journal, and took care not to disturb their simple faith in what was "on the papers." I thought the whole truth at once would be a heavier blow than they need have to bear. Afterwards I consulted Mr. O'Neil and his daughter-in-law, and they agreed with me that it was right to leave the secret of the past in George's keeping as far as possible. If he died, deprived of his reason, it might be best that the secret should die with him, for the sake, not of the guilty, but of the innocent—the little maid especially. If he recovered, and the revelation became anyhow inevitable, or if George himself chose that his parents should be told the whole truth, it would always be soon enough.

And the little maid! What was to be done with her? This question arose at the first of those Grosvenor Place conferences, and I fancied it was answered when I proposed to carry her back with me to the farm. Mrs. Maurice O'Neil thought not. She wished to take charge of Milly, and undertook that she should be happily placed in the family of an old servant, living in a healthy London suburb. She gently maintained that it would be the best present arrangement at all events, until the future looked less uncertain, ooth as to events and revelations.

I suppose that this quiet lady's decisions were very generally adopted as final by those about her. Yet one's faith in her was so entirely reasonable, that nobody felt put down and ridden over in accepting her fiat.

I went to wish Milly good-bye in her new home. That loveable, merry little soul, her quaint Westshire tongue and ways, amused the kind Cockney

family, and she was a pet among them already.

When I told her that I was going away, she readily promised to be a good maid till she saw me again; and then, quite unexpectedly, the round apple-face puckered, the tears came pouring down, and she began to ask piteously for "Daddy! Daddy!" She had seemed quite reconciled to his absence, almost to have forgotten him, but some mysterious process of infant thought had suddenly conjured up his image on the small mirror of her memory. I was inexpressibly moved by the poor little maid's unknowing grief, contrasted by my own sad knowledge. I kissed her with a sore, sore heart, and told her to pray God for Daddy always.

"Milly will," said she, ceasing to sob, and half-consolated: "Milly will say, 'Please God bring Daddy back to Milly.'"

But when I had to go she began to cry again, asking over and over, "How soon would Daddy be brought back to Milly?"

It was a comfort to know how quickly she would be comforted; and to tell myself that one must remember long, to grieve long.

## CHAPTER VII.

Two or three months passed before George began to recover his reason. The prison chaplain and the doctor, good men both, had written to me from time to time, reporting his state, which had varied very little during that interval. Bodily health soon returned; his mind, only, seemed to have suffered seriously. But that fierce paroxysm and flaming heat of the brain once subdued, his extreme gentleness of nature reappeared, and this strong young madman was more docile and manageable than a little child. He seemed to have no recollection at all of any exciting circumstances, or subjects of thought, I was told; and his curious notion of his own position was this. He imagined that he was recovering from an accident;



that he had been knocked down and run over in the street, and carried to an hospital, suffering from severe injuries in his head. He knew he was in London, though he did not remember why, nor did he appear to make any effort to do so.

He was submissive and grateful, and acquiesced at once, when they took advantage of his delusion to reconcile him to anything in his situation that might have surprised and alarmed him: for instance, his strict confinement, and the absence and silence of his friends. He often talked affectionately of his parents, and the little maid, and of me; but, strangely enough, never, as far as I could learn, of his dead wife or her fatal friends.

At last, just after Christmas, he began to have long fits of silence and abstraction, and to give signs, when he spoke, that remembrance and comprehension were reviving. This was the critical turn of his disorder. The horrible pain, when the drowned intellect returns to life, in such a case as his, might well prove more than he could bear. But here his natural humility, his tender conscience, his instinctive respect for law and order, strengthened by the dutiful life of a mariner, stood him in good stead. When he came at last on the terrible knowledge of where he was, and of what he had done, the horror with which he recognised his guilt, the very intensity with which he felt it, appeared to render him gentler and humbler than ever, and absolutely to annihilate in him the sense of his own wrongs. Self-condemnation and repentance absorbed him.

As soon as I heard that George had recovered his reason, I hastened to London, and was immediately permitted to see him.

I felt much agitated, but George was perfectly calm. He seemed past excitement, past feeling pleasure or pain, or even shame, for shame implies that pride is yet alive. He did not speak a word when we met, and then he sat quite silent before me. I looked at him affectionately, wistfully, but my

gaze did not appear to embarrass or to move him. Heart-breaking recollections crowded on me, of the George Ford that I had come to know in those spring evenings when we first talked together as friends; the grandeur of his devoted and innocent life; all his noble toil, sorrow, patience, and love—because of which I had taken him to my heart with reverence. And remembering the clear, brave look his eyes had, and seeing that poor, conscience-stricken, downcast face there, fixed in an awful calm—a watery cloud blotted it out, and I put my hands over my face with a bitter sob.

Then I felt George touch my knee timidly and tenderly, and I heard his sweet West-country speech again.

“Doant’ee, doant’ee grieve, sir,” said he, softly; “I baint worth it, indeed I baint.”

I uncovered my face, and put my hand on his, and the cry of conscience broke from my lips—

“George, George, forgive me!”

He looked at me with sad eyes, not as if wondering, but waiting patiently, until I explained what he did not understand. He did not understand even when I explained; but when I accused myself of failure in friendship and duty, a little pathetic, incredulous smile, bright with faithful affection, came for a moment into his face. Again, he put his hand out, and softly patted my knee.

“Doant’ee talk so,” said he earnestly. “You’m too kind to me, sir; you always wur. You’m too tender over me, that’s what it is. Doant’ee think so much of me; I baint worth it. I never wur.”

But after that momentary effusion George sank back into silence, so that the state of his convalescent mind remained on this occasion hidden from me. He was stricken with that dumbness of intense suffering which is often mistaken for sullen and faithless despair; but which is not sullen, nor faithless, nor despair. At such a crisis the soul, finding itself in a strange and awful trouble, has not a word to say to any other soul; perhaps, has not even

a silent word to say to God. It waits lonely and helpless; blind, yet looking—deaf, yet listening—paralysed, yet feeling—for God to come and be its very present help.

I talked to George a little, and asked him one or two questions, which he answered with effort, but straightforwardly, in a very few words. He knew, of course, that the man who had wronged him, and whom he had tried to kill, was alive, and well; and I ventured to ask him, gently, in what manner he now felt towards that man.

“I thank the Lord for his life,” said he at once; then added in a low voice, after a pause, “I know as I’m a murderer all the same.”

I told him of Mrs. Maurice O’Neil’s generous kindness to the little maid, and hoped that he would say something of his present feelings towards the child. But although he appeared to listen when I spoke, and must have done so, since he answered any question I asked, he did not volunteer a word. And there were few questions that I thought it right to ask; few subjects that I did not hesitate to start, in my ignorance of his mental condition. On this occasion nothing was said of his approaching trial, nor did he mention his parents. I was glad of this last reticence, for I should have been obliged to own that they had sent him no affectionate message by me. After the first shock of the terrible news from London, George’s parents had appeared to resent the disgrace he had brought on them, so strongly as to harden their hearts against him. Nor must they be too hastily condemned, by those who cannot realize the bitterness of their trouble.

Good report had been the sole earthly honour for which these poor old folks had striven, during all their patient laborious lives. Is it wonderful that they could not, in their latter days, bear the pain of shame without anger against the son who had cast it on them?

It is not unlikely, that if they had been told of the wrongs which had maddened George, they might have felt more for him than for themselves. But I

have said that this secret was, as far as possible, left in George’s keeping.

And here I will speak briefly of a singular interview that I had about this time, with Mr. Maurice O’Neil. He called on me at the house of the friend with whom I was staying, and, of course, I saw him alone. A broad-shouldered, handsome young Irish gentleman, with delightful manners and a guileless smile: about George’s own age, and at least ten years younger than Mrs. Maurice O’Neil. He was in perfect health, and spoke with careless grace of his healed wound; confessing that he deserved the worst he had got, and affirming that he bore George no malice.

“I wish,” said he, “it could pay the poor devil for all the harm I have done him; I’d stand and let him make another hole through me!—upon my honour I would. And I wish they’d let him go; but they won’t, you know. I can only say I’ll put no spoke in his wheel; and what’s more, I’ll do my best for him when they have him up. That’s what I came to tell you, sir, as I hear Captain George is a pet of yours. We always called him Captain George, I remember.”

Possibly this flippant candour might have softened me ever so little, but for the remembrance of those two letters. Their cold-blooded duplicity was real, therefore this generous frankness must needs be a sham.

I feel very unwilling to say much of the painful time that was then drawing near; and that has now to be spoken of, as it had then to be got through.

George’s trial took place at the spring assizes, and he was sentenced to five years’ penal servitude. This was afterwards commuted to two years, in consequence of a very strong recommendation to mercy from the jury, backed by the O’Neil family, and all their interest: “In consideration,” it was said, “of the prisoner’s excellent character, and of the disordered state of his intellect at the time he committed the offence—sufficiently proved by the dangerous attack of brain-disease that immediately followed it.”

The generosity of the O'Neil behaviour was of course much applauded. Mr. Maurice O'Neil, in particular, had quite an ovation when he came out of court, from the discriminating populace. He gracefully accepted that homage to his magnanimity, and vanished, with charming smiles and bows, from the scene of George Ford's consummated disgrace.

The secret which we had left to his keeping, he kept. At the conclusion of his trial, when permitted to speak, he simply owned his guilt, advancing no plea for mercy.

I was allowed to visit him that same evening; his tongue seemed loosened, and he now spoke without reserve, but always in few words, of matters that I had not dared to approach before. He spoke of his parents, without the least sign of resenting that hard resentment which had closed their hearts against him. He instinctively comprehended it, and sympathised with them. In his tender, humble remorse he felt such profound compassion for them—because of the disgrace that he had brought on their old age, that he had no pity left for himself—because of their lack of it.

But when he began to speak of the positive, daily need they had of the dutiful services which he could no longer render them, an agony came into his eyes, and words failed him—in that despairing sense of the irreparableness of all guilt, which comes to the conscience-stricken.

He would not have them told the secret of his wrongs, in order to bid for their greater lenity towards him.

"They would fret terrible," said he—"worsener'n now, even; and they'm frail and old, dear old folk," added he, tenderly. "Besides," he continued, after a pause, "I can't believe as I wur mad when I done it. No, sir, I knew what I wur about when I left the poor little maid to the door-step, and—and all."

Then I spoke of Milly, and asked him if he agreed to Mrs. Maurice O'Neil's proposal that she should take entire charge of the child henceforth—adopt her, in fact?

"I don't know as I can speak to that, *by rights*, sir," murmured George, his face flushing.

I understood him, and replied that he had certainly every right in law.

"Then," said he, with clear shining eyes, "I cud wish as I might be allowed to work for the little maid, so soon as I'm free to work. Meantime—why, I thank the good lady humbly."

I did not quite comprehend George, and I said I was glad he felt a return of affection for little Milly.

"Nay, sir," replied George gently, "it baint that; it's no more'n my duty, if so be the law's so. But it be something as I've got to do, something as I'm *let* do; and—and I only cud a' wished it wur something harderer'n that. Poor little maid! it baint her fault: and to think I wur that brutal to take and leave her to the door-step!"

The day that George and I had to part, he begged me to go to an address which he gave me; that of an old seafaring friend of his, down by the water-side. I was to claim from him a sealed packet which George, he could not now remember with what intent, had placed in his charge, on a certain fatal day.

"You know what be in it," said he, quietly. He told me to keep it safe, or burn it, just as I thought best; he left it entirely to my discretion.

"For I trust'ee as I love'ee—and that's more'n myself, the Lord knows."

George faltered those words just before we parted. Then we stood up together, parson and convict, young men and dear friends, hand grasping hand, gazing at each other, the tears rolling down our cheeks, for a speechless moment. . . . And then I went out and left him.

Three years having come and gone, I found myself still the solitary curate of Troutlemouth: found myself, I say, for as I sat by my little breakfast wreck one spring morning, I fell into a dismal reverie; and in the midst of it came, as it were, suddenly on myself. I became visible to myself, and I saw how lonely, weary, and sad I looked. I remember



that it was the 27th of March, and Lent frowned from a leaden sky. Lent comes, I suppose, from *Lenz*, German for spring, but here, in east-windy England, it generally falls in mid-winter.

Locke says the mind is a blank sheet : and mine seemed to me that morning very blank indeed : I could distinguish no hieroglyphics on it. "Perhaps," thought I, "a little toasting might bring out the characters ; a little scorching over the cinder-dish whereat the witch Memory chafes her withered, numbed fingers." An odd chafing-dish ! in which the coals assume strange forms, where black spirits and white, red spirits and grey, mingle, mingle, mingle. As I sat there, doleful and lonely, the ash-hued shapes seemed to predominate. There was little red, the colour of passion ; or black, the dye of despair ; or white, the hue of peace. Grey, little but grey ; the tincture of that awful weariness which steals away the relish of our existence, the fibre and tone of our mind ; sometimes even hope from our mind's mind, which is the soul.

But now something happened. Only a blue patch of sky, and a gleam of sunshine that broke into my dull room like a burst of music.

I was not living at the shoemaker's then. I had left my little lodging there three years before, when it had become painful to me from certain associations ; and I had taken one in a tiny row facing the sea, with a steep lane going up the hill past its back doors. I got up and walked to the window. The great sullen sea had cleared its face, and sparkled and danced to that sun-music ; the blue rifts opened and broadened all over the sky.

A cheerful vision came to me of the lovely spring world there must be out of doors : a world all twinkling with tender gold-green sprays in this new sunshine. I went out in a sort of hurry to find that which I had pregested. The first person whom I met, that I knew, was one whom I had not seen for three years, and would rather not have seen again for the rest of my life—Mr.

Maurice O'Neil. He was riding at full speed into the town as I walked out of it. He pulled up when I would have passed him with a slight salute, and cried out :

"My child is ill ! I'm come for the doctor. I was never here before ; for God's sake, tell me where he lives !"

His voice was shrill with anguish ; he almost sobbed as he spoke.

I had only to turn, and go back a few yards, in order to point out to him my friend Wilson's brown door and brass knocker. He galloped on, and I resumed my walk, which this episode had interrupted for but a few minutes.

I was more moved than surprised by that sudden apparition in my path. Mrs. Maurice O'Neil had written to me now and then ; not often nor effusively ; and one of these laconic letters had reached me lately.

I knew that her ailing sister-in-law had died at Nice in the winter, and that her parents had returned to their Irish home. Also that their seven years' lease of the villa near Troutlemouth was just expiring ; and that Mr. and Mrs. Maurice O'Neil had offered to come down, and look after the clearance of their belongings from that pretty house, which had been deserted for Italy after two or three years, and underlet to other tenants. Mrs. Maurice O'Neil had begun this correspondence in order to tell me, from time to time, how little Milly fared. The little maid still remained where she had been placed at first by this singularly generous and decided lady.

George's parents had appeared very well pleased with this arrangement. They had had enough to do to keep the farm roof over their own old heads, obliged as they were to buy the labour that George had done on the place.

A "widow-man," with a couple of children, had taken his post, and helped the old farmer ; getting poor pay, it is probable, beyond lodging and food for himself and his young ones. But the old folks had found this work for wage a bad exchange for the hearty love-service which their son had given them.

When George's prison-term was over,

he had at once applied for employment in his old seafaring trade. He found it without difficulty, among his own and his uncle's friends and shipping connexions. He was known as a skillful mariner, of excellent character, which his having been "in trouble" did not seem to affect in those quarters. Partiality and partisanship had no doubt set down the affair as an ordinary quarrel, in which the "swell" was in the wrong, and Captain George had simply "served him out." At all events, that young seaman speedily sailed as the skipper of a new little brig called *The Four Brothers*; then making short voyages between the Channel Islands and different English ports. From the first, George transmitted what must have been the greatest part of his wages as captain of that small craft, to his parents, and to me for Milly's use.

*The Lovely Polly* by this time had got over her difficulties, and was beginning to be profitable again to her owners. George's share in her, inherited from his wife, he had transferred to the little maid, and vested for her sole benefit in the hands of trustees. I was one, and an old retired merchant captain the other.

Reviewing in my mind this homely chronicle, I walked up the lanes and down the lanes. I loitered between the steep primrose banks, crowned by tasselled hazels, and huge brown hedge-row elms, budding tender green all over their ancient wrinkled rinds. Or I climbed the stiles, and strolled under the dappled blue sky, through hillside meadows, along the little field-paths worn by plodding feet.

But the breath of the prime did not freshen my winter-jaded nerves as I had expected it to do. Every one has sometimes, in an east wind or an indigestion, sudden painful recollections, jerks of inconceivable wretchedness; and Mr. Maurice O'Neil had been to me as an east wind or an indigestion. I had felt vaguely dejected and forlorn that morning, but a little sunshine medicined the mood which had sucked in a month of gloomy weather. Now

the closed pages of a true unhappy chronicle were abruptly re-opened; every painful detail was making itself visible to me again; and the old self-reproach, like the twinge of an old wound, punished me with its real smart for fantastic discontent. Perhaps that quickening of conscience suggested a softer thought of the man whose *débonnaire* blitheness I had seen so lately turned to haggard fear. For I now remembered, with shame, that I had not expressed the faintest interest in his trouble. It appeared that I thought so bad a man could not expect the sympathy, nor deserve the compassion, of so good a Christian as myself!

More and more pained and humbled, I walked along miserably, staring down on the grassy foot-path till I saw it end in the step of a rough grey stile. Then I roused myself, and found that I was looking down a steep bank into a lane, and right across it, over a garden gate, at Corner Farm, which stood sideways to the lane. The little garden had left off looking pleasant since George's hand caressed it no more into trimness and prettiness.

From where I stood, I could see beyond the privet hedge the "widow-man's" round back, stooping over cabbage-beds in the kitchen-garden. Presently, a rough-looking girl of twelve dawdled out of the house-door, with a small boy, in petticoats and a red comforter, holding on to her pinafore. They came to the garden gate, stared up at me, and then dawdled down the lane, leaving the gate open. Evidently the "widow-man's" children.

Then I got over the stile, and down the bank by the rude steps, and went to see how the old folks at the farm did. Doors and windows being open, I heard the following colloquy:—

"If here he baint!" cried down Mrs. Ford from a back window.

"Who be he?" growled up Mr. Ford from the farm-yard.

"Why, parson hisself."

She must have seen me coming. I wondered a little, but tapped at the open door; whereupon Mrs. Ford came

pretty nimbly down stairs, in her bonnet. Her smooth fair old face had got many a line on it since that September day I met her in the garden, smiling welcome, with the quarrenders in her apron. Yet I thought, even before I knew, that something had happened to brighten that careworn face as I had not seen it brightened for many a day.

"Do'ee walk in," said she, punctiliously hospitable as ever, and feeling in her pocket for the key of the parlour door.

"We'm obliged to keep him locked," she apologized, as she opened it. "They children messes every place dreadful; but there! it baint for long now."

Then I sat down on the chintz window-seat, and the farmer came in; and then, between them, they told me wonderful news. George had always written to them about once a month, although they never answered him. I had often wondered that those simple letters, so full of love and duty, failed to reach their hearts. But now I found that, here a little, and there a little, those soft answers to that silent wrath had indeed turned it away at last.

The old couple confessed, as if they were ashamed of it, that they had written to their son about three weeks since. They had told him that if he chose to give up a seafaring life and return home, bringing the little maid, they would look over the past, and not cast it up to him that he had brought disgrace on them. That self-interest largely conduced to this relenting mood, there could be no doubt.

"Everything be a going to rack and ruin out o' doors," groaned the farmer. "That there widow-man baint no good no more'n nought."

"And that there dirty-faced maid of his'n, and the little chap," put in Mrs. Ford, "as is a shame to be seen, makes more work indoors than their daddy saves'ee out."

"Aye," said the farmer. "Our George cud du more work leften-handed, than hur wi' hur's tew."

"That hur cud," said the old woman, with brightening eyes. "Do'ee mind,

father, that there sack o' wuts as George took and——"

"There, mother, that'll do," said the old farmer, gruffly, yet half smiling; "parson doant care to harken to no such fulishness; and we'm forgetting to tell him the main pint of the history."

But the parson did care, with all his heart, to hear the old folks resume those fond parental names for one another. When "Father" and "Mother" came back to their lips, I knew that son George was safe in their hearts again.

They told me that Mrs. Ford had been just coming to visit me with George's answer, received but yesterday, in her pocket. It came out of that roomy depôt now, and was put into my hand. George's letter was a little scrawled (the only sign of agitation in it), worded with his usual simplicity, and for sweetness a bunch of honey-suckle! This is how it ran:—

"ST. HELIER'S, *March* —

"DEAR PARENTS,—I am thankful for your kind letter just received, which have been delayed through absence. In answer, I will say as I am undeserving of your kind forgiveness, but will labour truly for you, dear parents, all the days of my life, as is my duty, and joyful so to do. I have just settled my affairs with my good employers, as have a right to expect a warning, and they say as I may give up the brig at Barmouth, but take her first into Troutlemouth. I have arranged with a good lady in London as is going to Redhaven, and will take the little maid along with her, and I to call and fetch her off this day week, or thereabouts, and proceed immediate on my voyage to you, dear parents. So no more at present from

"Your loving and dutiful Son,  
"GEORGE FORD."

The wonderful unselfishness, the submissive dutifulness, the noble, humble penitence, went to my heart, which ached with reverence while I read. I asked leave to take George's letter home, that I might read it again. It was dated eight days ago, and ob-



servng that George might now be expected hourly, I wished the old folks good-bye, and went my way.

As I passed my friend Wilson's door, I stopped to ask for tidings of the sick child, but the doctor was not at home. Long before I got back the weather had begun to muffle itself in gloomy grey again; and by and by the sun went down angrily at the edge of a great army of clouds, marching up fast from the south-west, with great equinoctial shouts of wind.

### CHAPTER VIII.

ABOUT nine o'clock the doctor came to see me. He had just returned from the villa, and he told me that the little girl was dead. An attack of croup had ended fatally in a few hours. Her mother was "very quiet over it," the doctor remarked; exactly as the policeman had done on another occasion. But her father was half crazy; "going on like a madman; I had to give him an opiate, and get him to bed, before I came away," said Mr. Wilson. "Curiously enough," he added, "his frantic grief reminded me of that young fellow who shot him—George Ford—when *he* lost his wife and his senses. I hope Mr. O'Neil's mania won't take a homicidal turn."

"Wilson," said I, "Captain George is returning home. His parents have given him leave to come and work on the farm. He throws up all his prospects to do it."

"Well," said the doctor, "it's very dutiful of him, I must say. It can't be pleasant to face the neighbours after all that's come and gone; and such a nice berth as he gives up, to boot. It's selfish of the old folks, but I respect Captain George, and I always did feel sorry for him. When is he coming?"

I told him what I knew, and that *The Four Brothers* might come into the bay at any moment. My friend Wilson lifted the blind, and gave a weather-wise look into the night.

"I hope not," quoth he; "I hope

she's no nearer than Redhaven. It's going to blow great guns, and from a nasty quarter for any craft in the offing. South, with a little west in it. Hark to the sea and the wind now!"

When the doctor left me, half an hour later, I opened the door for him; the great, boisterous, south-west wind drove it in, and nearly knocked us down with it. Bang, bang, like two or three double-barrels, went every unshut door in the house; and my landlady screamed shrilly in the kitchen, as if they had shot her.

As the doctor walked away, I shut myself out, and went to the edge of the rocky shelf, not many yards beyond high-water mark, on which the row of little houses was built. I could hardly keep my footing there, and held on by the railings while I looked out. The sea was a waste of foam, ghastly white in the semi-darkness. Already huge breakers, pursued by the gale, came galloping shoreward, with a deep vicious bellow like a herd of prairie bulls.

Low down in the sky a crescent moon raced, like some pure frightened spirit, through a Walpurgis rout of black, monstrous, spectral shapes.

Presently I dimly discerned, and indistinctly heard, in the pauses of the wind, a knot of fishermen, who had collected on the shingle just below me. They were holding forth to one another in that slow, grumbling, yarn-spinning tone peculiar to these old sea-turtles. I made out a word or two; then, smitten with fear, I leaned over and hailed them.

"No vessel in distress, is there?"

They knew my voice well enough, and one of them shouted up in the long Westshire drawl:

"Well, sir, we'm sorry to say as there bees."

They made me understand that just at dusk a small vessel had been seen running up past the westward headlands, on this side Barmouth. "That she might have run into Barmouth if so been the tide sarved. Which he doosn't."

"Then where is she now?" I asked, in a great dread.

"Most like she's anchored yonder, Wes'n-Head ways, a leetle under the lee of the cliff as runs out. There's a deep place where she might lie a bit, if any as is aboard her knows on it. If the mune comed out clear, we should see her."

"And will she be safe there till this wind goes down?"

The answer came in a slow, fatal, wailing shout: "The wind's not a-going down; and her anchors can't hold her. She'll be in among these here rocks and breakers a-bumping herself to bits afore sunrise."

I cried down once again in my horror, "Can nothing be done for her?"

And all their voices cried back to me as one: "Nothing!"

The moon never came out clear, but, on the contrary, the night grew blacker and wilder as it wore; now and then slanting sheets of rain drove across the inky blank. For many hours I was never long absent from that railing at the cliff-edge. The terrible breakers thundered up the shingles close below me; the angry glimmer of their crests was very near; their hissing spray drenched my face. I remember that sometimes, through the uproar of the weather, I heard voices about me, as in a dream.

Dawn! I knew it was there, creeping greyly over the flat summit of Shalcome Hill, but I never turned to look. The feeble light struggled up against the strong dark, and I saw at last what I had watched away the cruel night to see. "There she is!"—and even while I whispered it, with a great choking heart-throb, many voices cried it aloud, and I discovered that I had not been a solitary watcher. The beach at this end was crowded with men and women, chiefly the fisher population of Troutlemouth, all turned out to see the wreck. Nay, not only to see; to help, if help were possible; for the fisher-folk of Troutlemouth are brave and kindly.

A small brig lay rolling and pitching heavily, just where the boatmen last night had supposed she would lie—"Wes'n-Head ways," in the deep place a little under the lee of the promontory.

There was a tremendous sea running; and far as eye could reach it rolled red as blood, except the white tops of the waves, and the horrible surf in the bay. A common sight in rough weather on that coast; where the sea takes the colour of the soft red rocks it dashes over; but it added ghastliness to that wild daybreak scene.

The little vessel tumbled and plunged helplessly in that awful sea, which tossed her like a cork. She had two anchors out, but the furious inshore wind tore and wrenched at her as if to drag her from that grip on the bottom—as it had torn and wrenched at her all night. All night long the little craft had held out gallantly, but the end was very near. Suddenly, at the same instant it seemed, both her strained cables snapped, and she drove staggering in upon the surf. We all saw a man who tried to steer her even then, as if to lay her softly on the rocks. Clear rays of sunrise touched her rag of canvas, and touched the man's face . . .

"George Ford! Captain George!"

Perhaps he heard that shout from the beach, through all the horrible din about him. But the rudder broke like a carrot, and the brig drifted broadside on among the surf, and struck again and again, and lay there in the windy flashes of sunrise "bumping herself to bits among the rocks and the breakers." *The Four Brothers* struck just below where I had stood half the night. We could read the name plainly enough on her stern whenever it was above water. All that crowd now ran down the shingles and I with it, pressing close to the edge of the surf.

Then Captain George, his hand against his mouth, hailed his old friends and townsmen: "Can ye cast a rope aboard?"

A great cheer went up, and then a loud hearty assurance. "All right, Captain George, we'm going to try!"

And we tried—and failed. Again and again the wind tossed the rope back to us, or an enormous wave caught it midway and swept it in. But then, quite suddenly, a tall, pale young fellow, whom no one had perceived

before, seized the wet rope from the big, brown, unskilful fists, and grasping it with two white hands, strode into the surf. Standing like a rock there, up to his broad shoulders in it, the great furious waves dashing against and over him, he flung the rope with unerring aim right across the labouring wreck. It might have been swept away again by the waves had not another of the men on board secured it. For Captain George seemed strangely slow to profit by the success at last achieved, and many fancied that his presence of mind was failing.

But I comprehended that momentary pause, for I knew that Maurice O'Neil had flung the rope!

And while they cheered the stranger, Captain George had vanished; the next moment he was on deck again, carrying a burden in his arms. A child, the poor little maid herself, crying and clinging to him! We saw him resolutely loosen her little arms from his neck, wrap her in his pea-coat, and carefully and quickly lash a rope about her. . . .

A terrible moment, and then our little maid was in the arms of the man who had saved her, who stood foremost, up to his shoulders in the surf, and plucked her from it. The next, she was passed to me. That cruel surf had struck out her senses in an instant, but the doctor, who stood close at hand, pronounced her "all right," and half-a-dozen motherly fishwives carried her off to my landlady. I had taken good care to provide for possible needs, and there were good fires and store of hot blankets in my lodging.

One after another, the four men that composed the crew were passed ashore, very little the worse; and only Captain George remained on the wreck. Then he stood up, girt the rope about him, and jumped overboard. We hauled him in with a will, but he had a far worse and more dangerous buffeting than the rest, and for a moment, as he lay on the beach, I thought that his life was beaten out of him. But the strong heart throbbed still, and he presently sat up on the

shingles among us, looking about with dazed eyes.

When I had settled George comfortably in my lodging, I went out again to inquire for the rest of the shipwrecked men. They had been hospitably provided for, I heard, by the doctor, and another gentleman or two in the crowd. But I heard other tidings than these. The man who had been foremost to peril his life for others had lost it. He made his way out of the throng, I was told, just when Captain George sat up on the shingles, and looked uncertainly about him. Mr. Maurice O'Neil (everyone knew his name now) had been seen, just afterwards, walking rather feebly towards a little hotel that fronted the beach. Some one near the door had observed him stop suddenly, put his hand to his breast, and fall. He was lifted up and carried into the house, and they ran for the doctor.

But Mr. O'Neil had received some mortal injury in that reckless expenditure of his great strength, and internal bleeding killed him before the doctor stood by the sofa they had laid him upon.

We heard afterwards that he had slept but a short time, in spite of the strong opiate he swallowed, on the night following his child's death. That he had risen before light and gone abroad, heedless of the weather; and must have wandered in the restless fever of his grief, as far as Troutlemouth beach.

I carried the tidings to his widow. She came to me from where she sat alone by her dead child, and I saw the key of the silent room in her hand. She made no moan, but I thought she clenched her fingers on the key, as a soldier under the lash clenches his teeth on a bullet. I told her how nobly he had lost his life, and she looked at me with a strange dreary light in her tragic eyes.

"Yes," she said, in a steady whisper, "you are surprised. You thought that you knew *him*, because you knew his faults. You thought he had neither heart nor conscience, and wronged him, you see. I never did."



Then, perhaps, for the first and last time, in human sight and hearing, this poor iron-bound soul broke prison for an instant.

"Never!" she moaned piteously. "I never was unjust to you, Maurice, for I loved you—I loved you!"

Her voice, which had hardly risen above a whisper, died quite away; and although she let no tears fall, she gently put one hand over her eyes. In a very few moments she as gently removed it, and sat with both hands folded in her lap, making no farther outward sign of grief,—as "quiet over it" as every one had always found her, and would find her, probably, henceforth and for ever. She went with her dead to Ireland, and remained there with her husband's parents. Poor Maurice O'Neil received another ovation in his hearse, as it passed through the close-shuttered street and respectfully uncovered population of Troutlemouth, on its way to Toxeter station. That he should have died sublimely, in saving the man who had tried to murder him, exalted the general admiration of his high courage to enthusiastic reverence. And there was, consequently, at least, a temporary reaction of feeling against Captain George, whose crime was beginning to be forgotten, and whose shipwreck might have revived old neighbourly kindness. As for him, the expiatory ending of his enemy touched him deeply, although he said but few words about it, then, or ever.

He went on his flinty path a brave and patient man, serving his parents dutifully and humbly all the days of their lives, and always behaving as a tender father to the child of the man and woman who had disgraced him.

By the time the little maid was fifteen (and long after I had left Troutlemouth), both the old folks were dead.

Then labourer George might have become Captain George again, for *The Four Brothers* had been fully insured, and her owners bore him no grudge. But the man was weary, and wanted peace; and said (in his own way), "Is there any peace in ever climbing up the climbing wave?" He gave up the old home, emigrated to Australia with Milly, turned sheep-farmer, and prospered.

That was three years ago, and in a letter I received but a week since, he writes that I "shall be glad to hear as the little maid have got married, and is well and happy."

I think I have told this poor little tragical history as a confession of my own faults, and not as an idle exposure of other people's. I have recorded one of the ways in which I learned somewhat more swiftness in duty, somewhat more slowness in judgment.

"You thought that you knew *him*, because you knew his faults." Keen and just rebuke! I had always comprehended that the purest soul reflects God's lineaments in some blurred, imperfect way, as a clear stream ruffled by the wind mirrors a man's face. But now I began also to perceive how even a stagnant soul may reflect the Divine Image through breaks in its film of selfishness and evil habits; even as in a muddy pool half-choked with scum, rifts occur in which a man's face may still be visible, in a fragmentary form.

Forest-leaves are we all, turned by the wind of circumstance, each at a different angle, to the light of God, and the shadow of evil. And the leaves blow softly, or are tossed suddenly together, or apart; the leaves kiss or clash; the light glistens aslant on this, quite full on that: these are rent away and vanish; those hang golden in a still sunset, and drop . . . some a little, but a little, sooner than the rest.

## THE LADIES' CRY, NOTHING TO DO!

WHEN a serious attack is made upon any one person, or any class of persons in a community, such as that which has been made by the *Saturday Review*, and other journals, upon "Girls of the Period," it is interesting to note the way in which society receives it. Some people are indignant that the attack should have been made at all. They have a vague feeling that there is in the present style and character of many English young ladies something which requires reformation; but they are offended by the language of the attack, and refuse to consider how far it is substantially justified by facts. Others receive the attack in a different spirit. They welcome it, without waiting or caring for the defence. Its point tickles their spite; its suggestive word painting stimulates their jaded fancy; its mere destructiveness feeds and flatters their cynicism. But there is a third class—the class for whose benefit the fair-minded friend of anonymous journalism is really intended—the class to which the persons attacked belong; the "Girls of the Period" themselves. If there be in good society any class of girls such as have been depicted, how do they receive those microscopic pictures in little which the *Saturday Review* has drawn of them?

From a genuine Girl of the Period, from a young woman answering completely to the description given by the *Saturday Review*, it would, of course, be absurd to expect any reply worth hearing. And perhaps it may be as well to say at once that there is *not* now in England, moving in good society, any considerable number of girls who correspond at all closely, or in any of its worst features, to the portraiture of the *Saturday Review*. The names of the titled, the ancient, or the otherwise distinguished families which constitute the really high society in England, are well

known to every one who moves in that society, and to some who do not; and the names of those among their daughters who behave themselves in the manner described by the *Saturday Review*, and its feeble imitators, are almost equally well known. And it may be fearlessly asserted, that among this set the number of such veritable Girls of the Period, the number of girls who dress and act with a view to amorous effect, talk like Cyprians, and otherwise behave themselves indecently, is very small, and may be reckoned on the fingers. The vices of the daughters and sisters of this duke or that marquis, of this statesman or that country gentleman, may be notorious, but they are happily exceptional. The daughters and wives of our nobility and of our old houses, of our judges and highest professional men, are not on the whole either vicious or vulgar. And if we choose to say they are, we shall be emphatically contradicted by our continental neighbours, who are just now declaring that they envy us nothing so much as our high-bred Englishwomen. If the girls depicted by the *Saturday Review* exist anywhere in sufficient number to be representative of a class, they must be looked for among the daughters of our *nouveaux riches*; whose wealth has outstripped their civilization; whose riches have increased, but the traditional atmosphere of culture, and the inbred habits of decent refinement, are lacking. Cotton and shoddy have, no doubt, a tendency to breed "Girls of the Period," and many of the touches of the *Saturday Review* writer can be accounted for on no other good-natured hypothesis, than that he has a little confused these very distinct types of English ladies.

It would be most unfair towards the clever and cultivated writer of the letter from a Girl of the Period, in the last number of this Magazine, to accept her *nom de plume* as a description of what she is. She may be a girl in this period,

but she is no more of it than Miss Cobbe, Miss Clough, Miss Jex Blake, Miss Davies, or any other earnest English gentlewoman. What right then has she to reply? *Quis vituperavit Herculem?* The answer must be, that whether she be a girl of the period or not, if she be a woman at all, she has a very good right to reply, and her answer cannot be pooh-pooed. For the attack, whatever may have been its first and most direct intention, conveys no doubt an indirect censure upon English womanhood in general; and even if the writer of the defence in the last number of this Magazine did not feel herself personally interested, she ought to be allowed to hold a brief for her accused sisters. But she does feel and profess herself profoundly interested. She is a "Lady;" that is to say, she belongs to that most neglected class of any in Society, "whose grievances have hitherto been passed over in silence." She owns that most of what has been said about the girl of the period is true of her and her companions. "She knows the deep degradation of the life she lives." She feels she is what Falstaff called *a thing to thank God on*; and in her agony at this real or fancied degradation she utters an exceeding bitter cry.

The accusation to which she has to reply is, in her own words, "that young ladies are wholly given up to a mad search after pleasure. They care for nothing save dress, extravagance, and the vanity of personal appearance. They will sacrifice modesty—nay, even decency itself—in their endeavour to secure the only object of their lives, a rich or noble marriage. They have abandoned the decorous feminine ways of their ancestors, and have adopted a style of life and conversation unbefitting womanhood; have, in short, ceased being ladies, and have become fast *Girls of the Period*." And the substance of her rejoinder is:—that the accusation is, in the main, true; but that there are excuses, and there are remedies. In the course of this rejoinder she takes up three tolerably definite positions, and maintains them,

if not with entire success, at any rate with point and cleverness. Her first position is, that there is *scarcely any alternative for a girl in fashionable society between reckless dissipation and a convent life*. In support of this position she sketches the "usual course of a young lady's life, who at seventeen finds herself a member of a prosperous and wealthy family, with a father and mother still in the prime of life." This young lady finds no field for the exercise of her energies within her father's house, because there are many servants, and her mother, who is blessed with many daughters, only asks for her occasional society; so she looks without. But outdoor efforts at usefulness are defeated by several causes, which may be summarized as the want of organized institutions, her own inexperience, and her mother's nervous anxiety about her health. She then makes an attempt to continue her school studies; but this is defeated by her own consciousness of bad grounding, by frequent interruptions, by the derision of her family, and by the want of a goal. At this critical moment her mother plays a Mephistophelean part. To prevent her becoming morbid, or a blue-stocking, she plunges her into dissipation; and the conflict between sensuous enjoyment and her better self must end in one of two things—the death of conscience, or flight into a convent; the world or the veil. English social prejudices make the odds very heavy against her choosing the veil, so she chooses the world; and, this done, her fast and downward steps—from innocent enjoyment to silly flirtation, from flirtation to vulgar extravagance, from extravagance to unconscious and then to conscious sensuality, from sensuality to secret, subtle, and hideous immorality—are all the more demoralizing in that they are a perpetual betrayal of conscience, and all the more passionate because they are frantic struggles to escape from remorse. This biographical chapter ended, our ladies' advocate takes up her second position; which is *that the only remedy for this miserable*



*dilemma is to give girls a practical function; a career.* The study of art, she says, and self-culture will not provide this; they will not satisfy the conscience, or give sufficient employment to the mind, when followed merely as amusements. The professions must be opened to those who require and desire to make the bread of independence, and for the employment of the daughters of our "upper ten thousand" an organized army of charity is wanted, in which each shall have her work and her post assigned to her. This is the remedy which must be applied to the root of the disease; and without it, or something like it, no cure can be effected. And this leads to her third position, which is, *that the education of girls must be improved, in order that they may be fit for the work to be assigned to them.* For this purpose additional instruments and means of education are required, such as the new College for Ladies, and particularly the present subjects of girls' education must be modified; and their mode of studying must be reformed. In short, work for women, and the preparation of women for that work by means of education, are the remedies which this "Girl of the Period" proposes.

No man of sensibility can help being touched by the tenor of this reply. There is no evasion here, no recrimination, no bold and baseless contradiction, no logomachy of any kind. To the bitter charges and exhortations of her accusers with which the air has for months been ringing,—*"You are idle! You are dissipated! You are dissolute! You must mend your ways, but not in a nunnery! You must remain in the world, but have a better savour!"*—this our first articulate Girl of the Period replies, with all the fierce eagerness of soul-hunger, *"We own it! We are all that you say! We are the bad things that you call us! We want to mend; to be in the world, but not of it! But we have nothing to do! Only give us one chance! Give us work, for God's sake, and teach us how to do it!"* This hunger for movement in the world—this passionate craving to burst the

bonds which hold the pupa, woman, and to emerge in the likeness of the worker, man, is no new thing. There has, perhaps, seldom been in England a family of three or four daughters among whom there was not at least one whose imagination, at some period of her life, revolted impotently against her womanhood, and made her burn to be a man. But it is a comparatively new thing that this dumb, spasmodic, intermittent feeling should take articulate form, and become a continuous, swelling, earnest, and almost threatening cry. We cannot, we dare not stop our ears, and refuse to listen to it. We must give it a patient and a thoughtful hearing. Even those among us who do not believe that there is any sufficient cause for this cry, should remember that there are no agonies greater than some which are purely hysterical.

One of the most questionable of the three positions occupied by the writer of this letter, is the second—that if we want girls to improve, but to remain in the world, we must give them a practical work in the world, like that of men. This she tries to prove by a clever monograph—for she must not flatter herself that any one will suppose that her little sketch really represents an ordinary young lady's biography. If it be drawn from the life at all, it is, probably, a mosaic; or, at best, it only represents one, and that a most exceptional, experience. This monograph endeavours to prove that girls have nothing to do, by bringing together in one case almost all the difficulties which might beset any number of attempts of any number of rather weak-spirited girls to be useful. The occurrence of no one of these obstacles is improbable; but the combination of such a mass of difficulties in the way of one girl, really anxious to do well, is most improbable. She must indeed be a faint or half-hearted lover of the good who would try to be useful in so many directions, and be rebuffed in all. English girls are not usually of that calibre; nor are the fates often so adverse to one heroine. There is plenty of work for the ablest women at home,

in the parish, in literature, in self-culture, and in discharging the *reasonable* demands of society, without the need of organizing a huge army of Sisters of Charity in order to give our women careers. The truth is, that the ladies' cry for more work refers not so much to the amount that there is for them to do, as to the quality of what they have to do. Some are inclined to rebel against the domestic and lighter social duties, and to demand a more public stage of action. They forget that these are not unworthy duties, if discharged in a worthy spirit, with judgment, method, charity, and all the other excellences of a well-disciplined mind. Thousands of most highly trained men spend their lives in discharging duties which in respect of grandeur are no finer than the light offices which the souls of these ladies loathe. Pettiness does not consist in doing petty things; but in doing them in a petty spirit.

It may be a consolation to us, when reflecting on the hopelessness of attempting to provide such careers for women on a large scale, on the futility of all the suggestions for that purpose made by the supporters of this theory (not excluding that of our "Girl of the Period"), and on the doubtfulness of the gain to society at large if such suggestions could be carried out, to bethink ourselves that no such provision is really necessary. The fact is, that two alternatives lie open to the would-be reformers of women. Shall they agitate for social and political changes, in order to get careers for their *protégées* which may stimulate them to improve their minds? or shall they set their hands to the task of providing for them a better education, so as to fit them to do their duty, in whatever state they may be placed, with thoughtful intelligence? Shall they run our daughters through the gauntlet of public life, in the conviction that that great trial will eventually convince them of the necessity of self-culture? or shall they begin at the other end, providing the means of culture for them, in the firm

faith that that is not only the way to keep their minds innocent and quiet, but also to procure for them whatever is desirable of enlarged spheres of work and usefulness, by showing how well they can discharge the duties which society has already assigned them? The first of these is the line of Miss Lydia Becker; the second, of Miss Emily Davies. And, without wishing to disparage unduly the efforts of any earnest woman for what she believes to be the improvement of her sex, a thoughtful man must feel that the second is of the two the wiser course; the one which is most practical, most sensible, least dangerous, and most likely to secure the sympathy of the mass of Englishmen and Englishwomen. The revelations of the state of girls' education made in the Reports of the Schools' Inquiry Commission; of its deplorable hollowness, irregularity, expense, and superficiality; of its utter inadequacy in respect of the means, the matter, and the manner of instruction, may convince those who could not, or would not, believe it before, how great a reform is wanted.

Here, then, is work for the Girl of the Period. If she cannot be a pattern, let her at least be useful as a beacon. If it is too late for her to free herself from the despotism of ignorance—if she must remain the wretched thrall of those fatal syrens "the accomplishments,"—let her at least try to save her younger sisters and nieces from such a fate. Let her drop political and social agitation, which alienate from her cause even sympathetic and generous men; and let her bend all her faculties to the task of winning a better education for her sex. Let her coax, plead, write, and influence by all possible means the conscience or the feelings of fathers and brothers. Let her leave crying to society that she has nothing to do, and busy herself with helping to secure that no such misfortune shall await the rising generation of Englishwomen.

JOHN KEBLE.<sup>1</sup>

IN the January number of this Magazine, a few brief pages were devoted to commemorate a departed glory of the English Church—poet, historian, theologian, in one—the lamented Dean Milman. It is by a not unfitting sequence that a like passing notice should be given to another, who stood on an eminence apart, yet hardly, in its way, less exalted; and whose career, though filling a smaller space in the social and literary world, yet has a brightness and instruction of its own. There were few for whose genius and character the Dean of St. Paul's expressed a deeper regard and veneration than for John Keble. Long before the author of the "Christian Year" had become famous, his prescient eye had observed that "Keble was somehow unlike any one else;"<sup>2</sup> and there were few occasions on which his friends remembered him to have given way to a warmer feeling of indignation than when, by a narrow prejudice, he found himself excluded after Keble's death from joining in the general tribute of admiration for his memory.

It is not our intention to go through the incidents of Keble's life. They are told so simply and pathetically by Sir John Coleridge in the charming volume which unconsciously enshrines the memory of the biographer as well as of the hero, that it would be difficult to do them justice by any partial extracts. Once more, after a lapse of more than twenty years, that little circle at Corpus College is brought before us by the same gracious hand that sketched it in the first chapter of Arnold's "Life;" and those who there made acquaintance with that happy group of Oxford friends will rejoice to meet them once again in the downward vale of years as they are here represented. Once again we find

the Judge to whom, and from whom, Arnold was constantly appealing, still presiding as the gentle umpire in the disputes which were waged, perhaps less vehemently, but not less constantly, in the more strictly ecclesiastical circle to which he more properly belonged. Others, as with a graceful humility he indicates, may fill up the outline which he has drawn, but the outline could have been drawn by no one but himself.

I. There are three separate existences in Keble's career. One is that of which this volume will probably be the chief revelation—his parochial ministrations at Hursley. It is impossible not to express a momentary wonder at the fact that not only no Government but no Prelate should have offered to Keble the tribute of one of those cathedral positions which need only to be filled worthily in order to be the chief glory of the Church of England, instead of being, as they have at different times and places been, a burden and a reproach. So however it was not to be, and we may well console ourselves with the dramatic and perfect unity given to his life by its concentration on one retired spot, which will henceforth be the object of many a pilgrimage from all parts of the world to which the Anglo-Saxon race extends. In that humble Hampshire parish, ennobled only by one other well-known name which awakens far other associations—that of Richard Cromwell,<sup>1</sup> the second Lord Protector—were spent thirty years of his blameless life.

Considering his world-wide fame, considering also his deep interest in the questions which agitated the ecclesias-

<sup>1</sup> Richard Cromwell married the daughter of the owner of Hursley, and is buried in Hursley Church. It is perhaps significant of the exclusiveness of Keble's sympathies that his letters and poems contain no allusion to a memory which must have been constantly before him, and which, though belonging to a commonplace character, contains elements as poetical as ever belonged to fallen greatness.

<sup>1</sup> A Memoir of the Rev. J. Keble, late Vicar of Hursley. By the Right Hon. Sir J. T. Coleridge, D.C.L.

<sup>2</sup> Newman's Apologia, p. 76.



tical mind, and the respect in which on those questions he was held as an oracle by half the English clergy, there is something inexpressibly touching in the quiet unostentatious humility with which he contented himself with his limited sphere, occupying himself with the mischievous pranks of "Ja. B." and "Dick H.," or the sorrows and trials of "J. L. and poor dear W. B.," as though there were no other cares, no other concerns than those of the cottagers of the Hampshire downs. It may be worth while to give one or two examples of this phase of his life. They may be common to many other pastors, but not the less to be noticed in him.

"He did not confine himself to the Church Catechism. He thought any opportunity of display by the children was much to be avoided; he therefore prepared them carefully beforehand in the questions he meant to ask; if one could not answer a question, he did not put it to another, but helped the one who failed; he always repeated the answers aloud, that the parents might follow the subject intelligently. He usually took a short portion, whether of the Catechism or Scripture; and when the catechising ended, lectured from the pulpit on what had been the subject of his questioning."

"His was truly a ministry of consolation, and of cheering; he had consideration for all the special circumstances of each person under his charge. There was, for example, a poor cripple, deaf and dumb, whom he constantly found time to visit, because the man thought he could understand the motion of his lips; and he would hold conversations with him besides, by writing on a slate; then to amuse him in his solitary life, he would set him sums on the slate when he went away, and look them over at his next visit, and correct them."

"He 'made friends,' one may say, with the inmates of the workhouse, especially the old men, and was frequent in his visits there. He got them to the daily services, and, seating them on the front benches, addressed himself specially to them. as he read the Second Lesson, reading slowly, and with pauses, almost as if he were alone with them, and were speaking to them."

"His manner of reading the Scriptures was remarkable: so simple, that your first impression of it was that it was the reading of a very intelligent and reverent child, yet so good, that he made you understand them more, I think, than any one else. At the same time he conveyed to you in some measure his own feeling of reverence."

"His hand would in prayer be raised so as to overshadow his eyes, or his voice would sink. Once a friend was about to read to him the daily prayers used by a poor Italian woman; he raised his hand to his forehead in the way

I speak of, caught a low chair, and knelt or it, as if that were the only proper position for him while the prayers were read."

II. Immediately springing out of this homely work, and soaring into quite other regions, is his career as a poet. We do not propose to review the whole texture and substance of those remarkable books, of which one at least has become, it may be truly affirmed, a formulary of the Church of England. The "Christian Year" has taken its place—certainly for this generation—next to the Authorized Version and the Prayer-Book, far above the Homilies and the Articles. For one who would enforce an argument or defend a text by quoting the Eleventh Article or the Homily on Charity, there are a hundred who would appeal to the "Christian Year." And it has reached far beyond the limits of the Established Church. Wherever English religion spreads, there also is found this little volume. It is within the memory of the present writer, that, on a Sunday in the desert of Mount Sinai, where books were naturally of the fewest, of four British travellers—two of them were Scotsmen—it was found that three had in their small travelling library brought out with them the "Christian Year." In the sermon of a distinguished Presbyterian preacher, on the "Religion of Common Life," the chief illustration was borrowed not from the "Westminster Confession" or from the "Paraphrases," but from the stanza,

"The trivial round, the daily task," &c.

In the Crimean war, some fanatical chaplain had opposed the introduction of the "Christian Year" into the hospitals; but by the next arrival from England was a whole cargo of "Christian Years" brought by the daughter of the greatest of Scottish divines—Dr. Chalmers.

It has attained this recognised place without synodical authority, without enforced subscription: simply by its own intrinsic force and beauty. What were the special peculiarities<sup>1</sup> wherein that

<sup>1</sup> These more special characteristics of Keble's poetry have been so admirably and fully

force and beauty lay have been described so fully elsewhere, that it may be sufficient here to dwell on some of the more general characteristics of Keble's poetical career which have not been adequately noticed.

First, it was a volume of genuine poetry. Keble was not merely, like Isaac Watts or Charles Wesley, a writer of hymns. He was a real poet. Their hymns, no doubt, have occasional flashes of poetry, but their main object is didactic, devotional, theological. Not so the "Christian Year," the "Lyra Innocentium," or the "Psalter." Very few of his verses can be used in public worship. His hymns are the exception. His originality lies in the fact that whilst the subjects which he touches are for the most part consecrated by religious usage or Biblical allusion, yet he grasps them not chiefly or exclusively as a theologian, or a Churchman, but as a poet. This at once carried him into a higher sphere. Whatever there is of the universal element in poetry, as distinct from prose, that is found throughout these volumes. Of the "Lyra Innocentium," we agree with Sir John Coleridge, that whilst its more limited range of subjects, and perhaps its more subtle turn of thought, will always exclude it from the rank occupied by the "Christian Year," it has more of the true fire of genius, more of the true rush of poetic diction. The "Psalter" again differs essentially from Sternhold and Hopkins, Tate and Brady, not merely in execution, but in design. It is the only English example of a rendering of Hebrew poetry by one who was himself a poet, with the full appreciation of the poetical thought as well as of the spiritual life which lies enshrined in the deep places of the Psalter. A striking instance of this is the version of the 93d Psalm. The general subject of that Psalm must be obvious to every one in any translation, however meagre. But it required the magic touch of a kindred spirit to bring

out of the rugged Hebrew sentences the splendour and beauty of the dashing and breaking waves, which doubtless was intended, though shrouded in that archaic tongue from less keen observers.

Keble, in the best sense of the word, was not a sacred but a secular poet. It is not David only, but the Sibyl whose accents we catch in his inspirations. The "sword in myrtle drest" of Harmodius and Aristogiton, "the many-twinkling smile of ocean" from Æschylus, are images as familiar to him as "Bethlehem's glade," or "Carmel's haunted strand." Not George Herbert, or Cowper, but Wordsworth, Scott, and perhaps more than all, Southey,<sup>1</sup> are the English poets that kindled his flame, and coloured his diction. The beautiful stanza, "Why so stately, maiden fair?" and the whole poem on "May Garlands," might have been written by the least theological of men. The allusions to nature are even superabundantly woven with the most sacred subjects. Occasionally a thought of much force and sublimity is lost by its entanglement in some merely passing phase of cloud or shadow. The descriptions of natural scenery display a depth of poetical intuition very rarely vouchsafed to any man. The exactness of the descriptions of Palestine have been noted and verified on the spot, as very few such descriptions ever have been. There are not above two or three failures, even in turns of expression. One example of this minute accuracy is so striking as to deserve special record. Amongst the features of the Lake of Gennesareth, one which most arrests the attention is the belt of oleanders which surrounds its shores. But this remarkable characteristic had, as far as we know, entirely escaped the observation of all travellers before the beginning of this century; and, if we are not mistaken, the first published

<sup>1</sup> How familiar Southey's poetry was to Keble's circle appears from the recognised name of the "Simorg," given to their friend Dyson. Alas! how few of the present generation will appreciate that exquisite recollection of the "Bird of Ages."

described by Professor Shairp in his delightful little volume, "Keble and the Christian Year," that it is needless to go over them again.



notice of it was in that line of the "Christian Year"—

"All through the summer night,  
Those blossoms<sup>1</sup> red and bright—"

by one who had never seen them, and who must have derived his knowledge of them from careful cross-examination of some traveller from the Holy Land. It was an instance of his curious shyness that, when complimented on this singular accuracy of description of the Holy Land, he replied, "It was by a happy accident." Not less precise, if we knew exactly where to look for the original spots which suggested them, are his descriptions of the scenery of England. With the single exception of the allusion to the rocky isthmus at the Land's End said to be found in the lines,

"Lo, on a narrow neck of land,  
'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand,"

there is probably no local touch through the whole of the poems of the two Wesleys. But Oxford, Bagley Wood, and the neighbourhood of Hursley, might, we are sure, be traced through hundreds of lines, both in the "Christian Year" and the "Lyra Innocentium;" and we trust that, before it be too late, those of this generation who alone have it in their power to preserve the tradition, will duly record it in each particular case where it can be discovered.

It will be remembered that the only purely secular function which he was called to perform was that of Professor of Poetry at Oxford. His lectures, as Sir John Coleridge feelingly remarks, are buried in the tomb of the dead language which it was reserved for his distinguished godson, Matthew Arnold, to break through. But there are still living those with whom his discharge of one of his duties left a far livelier recollection than his Latin lectures. It was part of his office to correct the poems which during his tenure of it

<sup>1</sup> In all the early editions these were in a note erroneously called "rhododendron." It was not till after his attention had been called to it, that, we think in the 72d edition, it was altered to "oleander."

obtained the Newdigate Prize. One of those young authors still retains so fresh and so characteristic a remembrance of his intercourse with the Professor, even then venerable in his eyes, that it may be worth recording. He recalls, after the lapse of more than thirty years, the quiet kindness of manner, the bright twinkling eye illuminating that otherwise inexpressive countenance, which greeted the bashful student on his entrance into the Professor's presence. One touch after another was given to the juvenile verses, substituting for this or that awkward phrase graceful turns of expression all his own:—

"Is there a spot where earth's *dim daylight*  
falls,"

has the delicate colour of the "Christian Year" all over. In adding the expression,

"Where shade, air, *waters*—"

he dwelt with all the ardour of the keenest critic on the curious subtlety of language, by which "water" suggests all that is prosaic, and "waters" all that is poetical.

"The heavens all gloom, the *wearied earth*  
all crime;"

how powerfully does this embody the feeling of the fifteenth century! "The storied Sphinx," "India's *ocean floods*," how vivid are these touches of the phenomena of India and of Egypt!

"The wandering Israelite, from year to year,  
*Sees the Redeemer's conquering wheels draw*  
near"—

how thoroughly here is Southey's language caught; how thoroughly, too, the Judaic as contrasted with the Christian Advent! And it may be added, though not directly bearing on the present topic, how delighted was his youthful hearer to perceive the sympathetic warmth with which, at a certain point in the poem, he said, "Ah, surely this was suggested by Dr. Arnold's sermon on 'the Egyptians whom ye have seen to-day, ye shall see no more again for ever.'"<sup>1</sup> This

<sup>1</sup> It may perhaps be added, that on glancing at a note to this poem, which cited from



allusion was the more felt as showing his recollection of the friend from whom at that time he was so strangely alienated.

This leads to a further remark on this poetical phase of Keble's character. How retired was his pastoral life we have seen; how narrow his ecclesiastical life will be seen hereafter. But as a poet he not only touched the great world of literature, but he also was a free-minded, free-speaking thinker. It may not be without interest to give a few instances of this broad and philosophic vein in the poet, the more striking from their contrast with his opposite tendencies in connexion with his ecclesiastical party.

Even in mere form, it has been elsewhere remarked that his poems afford one of the most signal instances of "freely handling" the subjects of the sacred history "in a becoming spirit," and speaking of them in the same terms as he would have used in describing any other remarkable course of events. The offence which was given by Dean Milman venturing to call Abraham a sheikh, or by another theologian venturing to speak of Joshua's war as "the Conquest of Palestine," was in fact repeated again and again in the "Christian Year" and the "Lyra Innocentium."

That eagerness to give the local colour of the sacred events, which runs through these volumes, is the "first step which costs everything" in the attempt to treat these august topics historically, and not dogmatically.

"The rude sandy lea,

Where stately Jordan flows by many a palm—"

"Green lake, and cedar tuft, and spicy glade,  
Shaking their dewy tresses now the storm  
is laid ;"

"The cell

In Kedron's storied dell ;"

"The vaulted cells where martyr'd seers of  
old,

Far in the rocky walls of Sion sleep."

Tennyson's "Palace of Art," but without naming the poet, the line,

"Who shuts love out shall be shut out from  
love,"

he remarked, "Shakspeare?" The Laureate will forgive this ignorance of his poem in consideration of the grandeur of the comparison.

These are the touches which prepared the way for "Essays and Reviews," for Ewal, and for Ewal's admirers. The Biblical scenery is treated graphically as real scenery, the Biblical history and poetry as real history and poetry: the wall of partition between things sacred and things secular is broken down; the dogmatist, the allegorist, have disappeared; the critic and the poet have stepped into their place.

"O for a sculptor's hand,

That thou might'st take thy stand,

Thy wild hair floating on the Eastern breeze."

This is the true poetic fire of Gray's "Bard," not the conventional language which approached the Biblical seers with bated breath and vague surmises a hundred years ago.

Look at the spirited song of the manna gatherers:—

"The moist pearls now bestrewing

Thymy slope and rushy vale;

Comrades—what our sires have told us,

Watch and wait, for it will come;

Not by manna showers at morning

Shall our wants be then supplied;

But a strange pale gold adorning

Many a tufted mountain side."

This is the tone, not of the mystical commentators, but of Macaulay's "Lays." This is not the rigid line of demarcation between the natural and supernatural; it is the recognition of the common element in both, which, however much acknowledged in Germany, English theology has been so slow to allow.

Take again the questions of doctrine. There is nothing which the high ecclesiastical party has guarded so jealously as the hypothesis that our Lord's nature excluded all imperfections of human knowledge; that He was made unlike to us, not only in sinlessness, but in all respects. No hypothesis has caused such scruples and alarms in timid minds at the advance of criticism which has ventured to explore the authorship of the Sacred Books of the Old Testament irrespectively of the references to them in the Gospel discourses. Strongly as this hypothesis was maintained by Keble in his prose writings, it is entirely surrendered in the

freer—shall we not say sounder ?—atmosphere of his poetry.

“Was not our Lord a little child,  
*Taught by degrees to pray,*  
 By father dear and mother mild  
*Instructed day by day ?”*

Or again—

“E'en He who reads the heart,  
 Knows what He gave and what we lost, . . .  
 By a short pang of wonder cross'd  
 Seems at the sight to start.”

No one who enters into the spirit of these lines can fail to see that the whole question of gradual, imperfect, partial knowledge in the Divine Person to whom they relate is conceded by them, and that with this the door is at once opened to the honest critical researches of modern times.

Again, it will be remembered how keen was the horror with which, as a theologian, he regarded the hope expressed by Origen and Tillotson of the final restoration of lost souls, and which penetrated into more than one of his best-known poems. Yet even here the voice of nature has made itself heard above the demands of theology. Look at the beautiful poem on the “Waterfall” in the “*Lyra Innocentium*,” where he realizes as vividly as Mr. Wilson himself the impossibility of dooming to an everlasting ruin all the dwarfed and stunted spirits of our common humanity :—

“—How should Grace  
 One living gem disown,

One pearly mote, one diamond small,  
 One sparkle of the unearthly light ?  
 Go where the waters fall,  
 Sheer from the mountain's height—

Mark how a thousand streams in one,—  
 One in a thousand on they fare . . . .

Now round the rock, now mounting o'er,  
 In lawless dance they win their way,  
 Still seeming more and more  
 To swell as we survey,

They rush and roar—they whirl and leap,  
 Not wilder drives the wintry storm.  
 Yet a strong law they keep,  
*Strange powers their course inform.*

Even so the mighty skyborn stream  
 Its living waters from above,  
*All marr'd and broken seem,*  
*No union and no love.*

Yet in dim caves they softly blend  
 In dreams of mortals unspied :  
*One is their awful end,*  
*One their unfailling Guide.*

Scorn not one drop ; of drops the shower  
 Is made, of showers the waterfall ;  
 Of children's souls the Power  
 Doomed to be Queen of all.”

Veiled as the thought is in poetic imagery, it is clear that its whole tendency is to embrace within the Divine compassion the great mass of human spirits, however wild and hopeless their present course may seem to be.

In like deviation from the rigid ecclesiastical view of many of the Patristic and all the scholastic divines, is the tone in which he speaks of the ancient world.

“Now of Thy love we deem,  
 As of an ocean vast,  
 Mounting in tides against the stream  
 Of ages gone and past.”

“That warning still and deep,  
 At which high spirits of old would start,  
 Even from their pagan sleep.”

“O Lord, our Lord, and spoiler of our foes,  
 There is no light but Thine : with Thee  
 all beauty glows.”

Again, it will be remembered how tenaciously the school to which he belonged has clung to the necessity of dogmatic Articles, and to the terrible anathemas of the Athanasian Creed on those who deviate from the minute expressions of the theology of the eighth century. But what a totally different atmosphere do we breathe, when in these noble poems we read what he there represents as the one essential condition of peace and salvation !—

“— In one blaze of charity  
 Care and remorse are lost, like notes in  
 light divine ; . . . .  
 Whole years of folly we outlive  
 In His unerring sight, who measures Life by  
 Love.”

“‘ Lord, and what shall this man do ?’  
 Ask'st thou, Christian, for thy friend ?  
 If his love for Christ be true,  
 Christ hath told thee of his end :  
 This is he whom God approves,  
 This is he whom Jesus loves.”

“Wouldst thou the life of souls discern ?  
 Nor human wisdom nor divine  
 Helps thee by aught beside to learn ;  
 Love is life's only sign.”

Truly this is the spirit of the 13th chapter of the 1st Epistle to the Corin-

thians. It is the very opposite of the spirit of those who have made not moral excellence but technical forms of belief the one test of safety.

Again, the doubts and difficulties which in the rude conflict of theological controversy are usually ascribed to corrupt motives and the like, are treated in his "Ode on St. Thomas's Day" with a tenderness worthy of Arnold and of Professor Jowett.

"Is there on earth a spirit frail,  
Who fears to take their word;  
Scarce daring through the twilight pale,  
To think he sees the Lord?  
With eyes too tremblingly awake  
To bear with dimness for His sake?  
Read and confess the Hand Divine  
That drew thy likeness here so true in every  
line."

And the beautiful analysis of the character and position of Barnabas, which is one of the masterpieces of Renan's work on the Apostles, is all but anticipated in the lines on that saint in the "Christian Year:"—

"Never so blest, as when in Jesus' roll  
They write some hero-soul,  
More pleased upon his brightening road  
To wait, than if their own with all his  
radiance glow'd."

Such a keen discrimination of the gifts and relations of the Apostles belongs to the true modern element of theology, not to the conventional theories of former days.

And with regard to the more special peculiarities of the High Church school, it is remarkable how at every turn he broke away from them in his poetry. It is enough to refer to the justification of marriage as against celibacy in the Ode on the Wednesday in Passion Week; the glorification of the religion of common against conventual life in his Morning Hymn, and in his Ode on St. Matthew's Day. The contending polemic schools have themselves called attention to the well-known lines on the Eucharist in the poem on Gunpowder Treason. It is clear that, whatever may have been the subtle theological dogma which he may have held on the subject, the whole drift of that passage, which no verbal alteration can obliterate, is to exalt the moral and spiritual

elements of that ordinance above those physical and local attributes on which later developments of his school have so exclusively dwelt.

These instances might be multiplied to any extent. It would, of course, be preposterous to press each line of poetry into an argument. But the whole result is to show how far nobler, purer, and loftier was what may be called the natural element of the poet's mind, than the artificial distinctions in which he became involved as a partisan and as a controversialist. This is no rare phenomenon. Who has not felt it hard to recognise the author of the "Paradise Lost" and of the "Penseroso" in the polemical treatises on Divorce and on the Execution of Charles I.? Who does not know the immeasurable contrast between Wordsworth the poet of nature and of the human heart, and Wordsworth the narrow Tory and High Churchman of his later days? Let us hope that in all these cases it is the poet who is the real man—the theologian and politician only the temporary mask and phase.

III. To this phase, however, we must for a few moments turn. Not that even here he was a mere polemic. It is pleasant to think that the "quietness of confidence" which was the strength of his personal and pastoral life, also moderated the exclusiveness of his theological career; and that the soaring genius of the poet raised him, more than any other ecclesiastical writer of his school, above the paltry conflicts of party. He never took active steps in the prosecutions and personal attacks by which the High Church school has distinguished itself in later years. It should always be remembered that the compromise which most nearly succeeded in healing the long and fierce controversy in the University of Oxford concerning the salary of the Greek Professor, was brought about by him. The wild spirits that had been roused by that controversy were indeed beyond his power to control; but it is not less to be borne in mind that the counsel which they refused proceeded from the gentle oracle of Hursley. Amongst



his prose works must be also recorded as belonging to no party his laborious and on the whole impartial edition of Hooker. The Catholic and philosophic, or, as his enemies would call them, the latitudinarian and Erastian leanings of the greatest of English divines, distasteful as they must in every respect have been to the editor, were not concealed; and the whole work is one of patient scholarlike care. The same exact labour appears in his "Life of Bishop Wilson." Every date, every name, every locality is verified to the utmost. And there also is the same candid statement of facts, which must have been as unwelcome to the mere Oxford ecclesiologist, as they are welcome to the student of religious history on a larger scale. Not only are the good bishop's slight irregularities at college, and his enforcements of the eccentric discipline<sup>1</sup> of the Isle of Man, carefully recorded, but all those various shades of his character which bring out his connexion with the tendencies of his time least loved by modern High Churchmen. Such were his admiration for William III.; his indifference to scenery and architecture; his "suffering the holy and venerable building "in which he was enthroned to fall "into hopeless decay;" his "willingness to let his people look at the different "aspects in which truths, and religious "truths especially, are sure to present "themselves to different minds;" his near approach to the allowance of the validity of Presbyterian orders; his appeal to the Privy Council, and his deliverance by its intervention; his acceptance of a high office in the Moravian Church; his permission to dissenters to receive the Communion sitting. Keble himself, as he proceeds, seems to warm with Bishop Wilson's own warmth towards the "despised eighteenth century," marked by "the "movement of the great and good men "who had formed the Societies for the "Propagation of the Gospel, the Promo-

tion of Christian Knowledge, and the "Reformation of Manners."

Again, if, in Keble's published letters, there is an almost total absence<sup>1</sup> of the world-wide strength and originality of Arnold, or the pungent wit and fire of Whately, there is yet a saintly simplicity and sweetness in even the most trivial of them, which disarms criticism and wins attention even where the matter itself little deserves attention. Even in his remarks on the ritual questions which now so much agitate the ecclesiastical world, and were beginning to do so before his death, it is impossible not to be struck by his moderation and forbearance.

But not the less is it true that he embraced, in all their rigidity, the peculiar views which marked the Oxford movement of 1834. The letters which touch on those matters rarely move beyond this orbit. On these grounds he broke off intercourse with Arnold, in spite of Arnold's own solemn remonstrance, though, with a happy inconsistency, he renewed a kindly connexion after the heat of the first agitation had passed away. With a curious mixture of humility and unconscious arrogance, whilst he accepted without scruple the most fantastic interpretations of the Fathers, he rejected, without examination, without thought, the inquiries of scholars, the most deeply learned in Hebrew and Biblical lore that Christendom has ever seen, declining to consider any variations from the received view of Biblical inspiration as proceeding from "men too wicked to be reasoned with." Whilst advocating to the last the extremely lax views of the Articles on behalf of the High Church school as expressed in Tract XC., he was sternly opposed to any relaxation of subscription in any direction which might favour other views than his own. His powerful mind was for years absorbed in the revival of the scholastic subtleties respecting the so-called "Real Presence" in the Eucharist.

<sup>1</sup> See the humorous but painful description of dealing with the poor idiot penitent, vol. i. p. 298.

<sup>1</sup> There are two or three exceptions, as, for example, the description of Arnold's "merry defiant moods in his younger days:"—"He only cackles and crows at anything anybody can say to him."—P. 131.

It was his sermon on "National Apostasy," in 1834, which Dr. Newman always regarded as the birthday of the Oxford High Church movement—the "National Apostasy" being the suppression of the ten Irish bishoprics, of which its author lived to take so different a view that, if we may accept the whispered approbation<sup>1</sup> conveyed to Dr. Newman in 1865, he at last acquiesced without a murmur in the suppression of the whole Establishment.

It is not for the disparagement of a sacred and venerable memory that we have noticed these theological extremes in the author of the "Christian Year." It is in order to show what would be the results to the English Church of the series of legal prosecutions and judgments of late set on foot and threatened by one ecclesiastical party against the other. These prosecutions, from whichever side they start, have in common one most displeasing and ungenerous peculiarity. Professing to wish to ascertain the law of the Church of England on some disputed doctrine, they choose for the case in which to try it some person or circumstance which presents the matter, not in the most abstract or inoffensive form, such as

<sup>1</sup> The passage is somewhat ambiguous. Dr. Newman (in his Letter, p. 518) seems to say that, "Had he been a member of the University of Oxford, he must have voted against Mt. Gladstone, because he was giving up the Irish Establishment." On this Keble whispered in his ear (he cannot recollect the exact words, but he took them to be), "And is not that just?" An earlier passage (p. 512) might suggest some doubt as to whether this really was his meaning. "Might not what — says about the Irish Church have somewhat the effect of a firebrand? . . . I should have thought it discreet not to put the matter forward so prominently, unless a man saw his way to the mending of it." Besides the temporary interest of these passages, it is worth while to quote them as showing how small in Keble's eyes had in 1865 become the offence which in 1834 he regarded as "apostasy," and which had given the impetus to the whole movement of the "Tracts for the Times." These extreme oscillations of view are remarkable. Whilst they convey consolation to alarmists of all kinds, they show an instability of view not uncommon in all theological controversy, and seriously detracting from the oracular value of Keble's utterances.

would really tend to the discovery of truth and law in its clearest and calmest aspect, but in the most exaggerated and exciting shape, such as is most likely to raise a cloud of passion and prejudice—capable, if it be possible, of obscuring the atmosphere even of the most serene tribunal. And the effect is that, whilst it is but a "vile body" in which "the experiment" is made, the hostile conclusion sought to be arrived at would strike right and left at conscientious and scrupulous minds, too generous to turn aside from a brother in distress, too high-minded to avoid applying to themselves what was, in the first instance, meant for another. Thus, Mr. Gorham, with a somewhat peculiar tinge of Calvinistic opinion, was to be made the engine which was to expel the whole Evangelical party. Thus, Dr. Williams and Mr. Wilson, labouring under the accumulated odium of the "Essays and Reviews," and the Bishop of Natal, suffering from the extraordinary personal virulence excited in some degree by some needlessly trenchant expressions of his own, have been made the objects of attacks which, if the truth or falsehood of the doctrines and principles were at issue, must include in their range persons whom, for various reasons, no one ventures to assail.

Thus, in the present case, the batteries have been opened against an eccentric clergyman in Somersetshire, whose bald statements may have accidentally laid him open to assaults which, if they are sincerely aimed not against the person but the doctrine, must include—not to speak of great living names—the venerable author of the "Christian Year." The "Real Presence" in the Sacrament—whatever those two most ambiguous words may mean—and "the adoration" of that Real Presence—whatever that third equally ambiguous word may mean—was held by John Keble, if ever it was held by any one. It is true that he thought that there was no difference between saying, "Not in the hands but in the heart," or, "In the hands and not in the heart;" but this only proves, if it proves anything,

the entirely futile character of the whole logomachy. If a judgment had been pronounced in his lifetime which had rendered it penal for an English clergyman to profess his belief in the Real Presence in the Eucharist, and in the lawfulness and duty of adoring that Real Presence, John Keble, if any man, would have been struck at, and excluded from the pale of the Church of England. We ask, without fear of contradiction, Is there any English Churchman—nay, we might almost say, is there any English Nonconformist—who would not have regretted such a consummation? What would the Church of England have gained by losing from its ranks one of its most distinguished luminaries—one who has done more than any other man in our generation to endear its devotions to the nation? What would the country have gained, what would the lamented and respected victim himself have gained, by becoming the member, perhaps the leader—perhaps even the bishop—of a small exclusive bittersect, which would have exaggerated all those inferior qualities which we have felt bound to notice, and dwarfed all those lofty qualities which have made his poetry and his character a treasure of the whole nation? It may be that these sinister internecine struggles of party against party will succeed in their attempt. There are many expressions in Articles and Rubrics which, if taken literally, would exclude every eminent man in the Church of England from its ministrations. *Dī meliora piis.* Let us hope that these miserable efforts to narrow the National Church on either side may meet with their deserved frustration. Let us hope that the Supreme Court of Appeal, if indeed the litigation should ever reach that point, will act as a bulwark of liberty to those who have eagerly sought to restrain

true freedom, as to those who have thankfully availed themselves of it. The point in dispute between the two parties is one which admits of no settlement, so long as they each insist on using scholastic words which have lost their meaning, or Biblical words which they have never defined. By taking the system as a whole—by balancing one part with another, by the forbearance which in private life all gentlemen and all Christians feel bound to exercise towards each other—the Church of England can still be maintained as a Catholic and as a national institution. Let us hope that in some future age there may yet, as far as our institutions are concerned, be room for another Arnold, another Milman, another Keble, to admire and revere each other, in the same Church, as at least by two of them the third was admired and revered.

These three men, amongst the departed lights of the English hierarchy in this century, were unquestionably the chief. Of these three, as of those other three whose<sup>1</sup> last meeting is recorded in this volume, the thought arises in a still stronger and more significant form, as was expressed by Keble after that singular meeting and parting:—

“When shall we three meet again  
When the hurly-burly's done—  
When the battle's lost and won.”

Or, as his biographer feelingly adds in Keble's own words:—

“When before the Judgment-seat,  
Though changed, and glorified each face,  
Not unremember'd ye may meet,  
For endless ages to embrace.”

A. P. S.

<sup>1</sup> See the very interesting letter by Dr. Newman describing the interview between himself, Keble, and Dr. Pusey at Hursley. (Memoir of Keble, p. 520.)

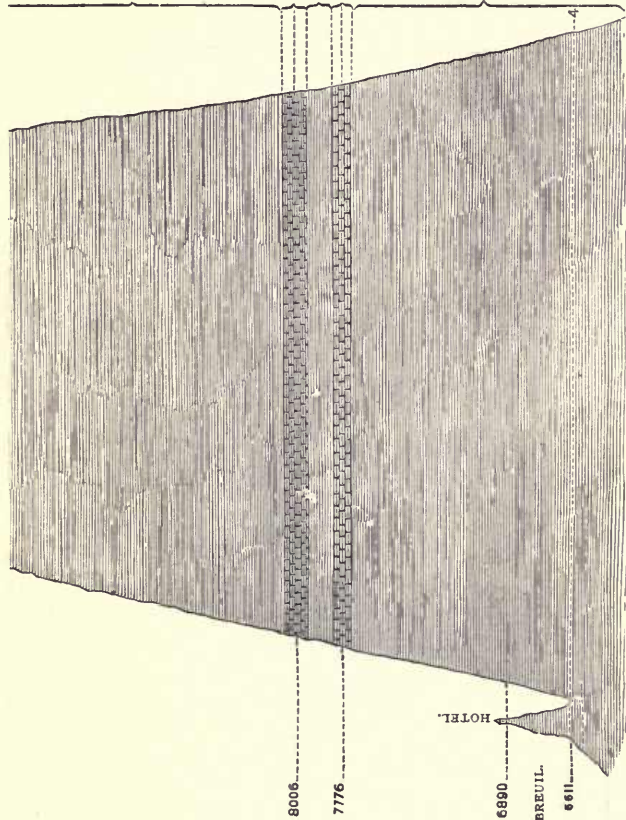
#### ERRATUM,

Page 376, col. 2, line 11 from bottom, for “a trace of sulphate of iron (copperas),” read, “I believe carbonate of iron.”



18

# GEOLOGICAL SECTION OF THE MATTERHORN.



## CALCAREO-SERPENTINOUS FORMATION.

Chloritic green schists, serpentinous and talcose with steatitic masses.

Calc-schist; more than 100 yards thick.

Chloritic green schists.

Calc-schist.

*Note.* — In various adjacent places this calciferous zone appears in beds of dolomite, slaty quartz, and gypsum.

Vast series of green schists, serpentinous, chloritic, talcose, and steatitic; in some places amphibolic with black crystals.

Green calcareo-serpentinous talc formation, which seems to lie on mica schist and old gneiss.

*Observation.* — The rocks forming the Matterhorn, although chiefly crystalline, are sufficiently regularly stratified. The strata dip slightly from S. E. to N. W. In this section, for the sake of simplicity, they are drawn horizontally. The heights are greatly exaggerated.

# MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

APRIL, 1869.

## ODDS AND ENDS OF ALPINE LIFE.

BY PROFESSOR TYNDALL.

### § IX.

THE pause in the middle of this article, which was written without reference to its division, has caused me to supplement these memories by looking into the notes of my first Swiss journey. In September 1849, my friend Hirst, so often mentioned in these brief chronicles, had joined me at Marburg, in Hesse, Cassel, where I was then a student, and we had joyful anticipations of a journey in Switzerland together. But the death of a near relative compelled him to return to England, and the thought of the Alps was therefore given up. As a substitute, I proposed to myself a short foot-journey through the valley of the Lahn, and a visit to Heidelberg. On the 19th of September I walked from Marburg to Giessen, and thence to Wetzler, the scene of "Werther's Leiden." From Wetzler, I passed on to Limburg, through Diez, where the beauties of the valley began, to Nassau, reaching it after a sunset and through a scene which might have been condensed intellectually into Goëthe's incomparable lines:—

"Ueber allen Gipfeln  
Ist Ruh',  
In allen Wipfeln  
Spürest du  
Kaum einen Hauch;  
Die Vögelein schweigen im Walde.  
Warte nur, balde  
Ruhest du auch."

No. 114.—VOL. XIX.

The "balde ruhest du auch," had but a sentimental value for me at the time. The field of hope and action, which in all likelihood lay between me and it, deprived the idea of the definition which it sometimes possesses now.

From Nassau, I passed through Ems to Niederlahnstein, where the little Lahn which trickles from the earth in the neighbourhood of Siegen (visited in 1850 by Hirst and myself) falls into the broader Rhine. Thence along the river, and between the rocks of the Lurlei, to Mayence; afterwards to Frankfurt and Heidelberg. I reached my proposed terminus on the night of the 22d, and early next morning was among the castle ruins. The azure overhead was perfect, and among the twinkling shadows of the surrounding woods, the thought of Switzerland revived. "How must the mountains appear under such a sky?" That night I slept at Basel. In those days it was a pleasure to me to saunter along the roads, enjoying such snatches of scenery as were thus attainable. I knew not then the distant mountains, and the attraction which they afterwards exercised upon me had not yet begun to act. I moreover did not like the diligence, and therefore walked all the way from Basel to Zürich. I passed along the lake to Horgen, thence over the hills to Zug, and afterwards along the beautiful fringe of the Zugersee to Arth. Here,



on the 26th of September, I bought my first Alpenstock, and faced with it the renowned Rigi. The sunset on the summit was fine, but I retain no particular impression of the Rigi's grandeur; and now, rightly or wrongly, I think of it as a cloudy eminence, famous principally for its guzzling and its noise.

I descended the mountain through a dreamy opalescent atmosphere, but the dreaminess vanished at Weggis as soon as the steamer from Lucerne arrived. I took the boat to Fluellen. My journal expresses wonder at the geological contortions along the flanks of the adjacent mountain, and truly famous examples they happen to be. I followed the Gotthard's-strasse over the Devil's Bridge, the echoes of which astonished me, to Andermatt and Hospenthal, where the road was quitted to cross the Furka. Being on the wrong side of the river Reuss, I was earnestly admonished by a pretty, dirty, little chalet-girl that I had gone astray. At this time there was no shelter on the Furka, and being warned at Realp of the danger of crossing the pass late in the evening, I halted at that hamlet for the night. Here pastoral Switzerland first revealed itself to me, in the songs of the Senner, and the mellow music of the cow-bells at milking-time.

On the 29th I first saw the glacier of the Rhone. Snow had fallen during the night; the weathered ice-peaks of the fall were of dazzling whiteness, while a pure cerulean light issued from the clefts and hollows of the ice. A week previously a young traveller had been killed by falling into one of these chasms. I did not venture upon the glacier, but went down to the source of the historic river. From this point the Mayenwand ought to have been climbed, but the track over it was marked so faintly on my small map that it escaped my attention, and I therefore went down the Rhone valley. The error was discovered before Oberwald was reached. Not wishing to retrace my steps over so rough a track, I inquired at Oberwald whether

it would not be possible to reach the Grimsel without returning to the Rhone glacier. A peasant pointed to a high hill-top, and informed me that if I could reach it an erect pole would be found there, and after it other poles which marked the way over the otherwise trackless heights to the Hospice. I tucked up my knapsack, and faced the mountain. My remarks on this scramble would make a climber smile, possibly with an admixture of contempt for the man who could refer to such a thing as difficult. The language of my journal regarding it, however, is "By the Lord I should not like to repeat this ascent!" I found the poles, and reached the Grimsel. Old Zybach and his fine daughters were still there. He had not yet, by setting fire to the house, which belonged to the commune, condemned himself to the life of a felon.

That night I slept at Gutannen, and next day halted on the Great Scheideck. Heavy rain fell as I ascended, but the thick pines provided shelter. Vapours leaped from the cliffs of the mountains, and thunder rattled upon the heights. At every crash I looked instinctively upwards, thinking that so sonorous a bolt must send the rocks down in splinters. On the following day I crossed the Wengern Alp, saw the avalanches of the Jungfrau, and heard the warble of her echoes. Then swiftly down to Lauterbrunnen, and through the valley of Interlaken, with hardly a hope of being able to reach Neuhaus in time to catch the steamer. I had been told over and over again that it was hopeless, but I thought it a duty to *try*; and in those days "the law of duty," even in small matters, was a stern thing to me. The paddles were turning, and a distance of eight or nine feet already between the steamer and the quay when I arrived. This distance was cleared at a bound under a protest on the part of the captain and the bystanders, and that night I bivouacked at Thun.

On the following day I drove to Berne, and walked thence through Solothurn to Basel. The distant aspect of the

Alps appeared to be far more glorious than the nearer view. From a distance the Vormauer, or spurs, and the highest crests appeared projected against a common background, the apparent height of the mountains being thereby enormously augmented. The aqueous air had also something to do with their wonderful illumination. The railway station being then at Efringen, a distance of some miles from Basel, I set out to walk there, but on crossing the frontier was intercepted by two soldiers. I had a passport, but it had not been viséd, and back to Berne it was stated I must go. The fight at Rastatt had occurred a short time previously, and the Prussians, then the general insurgent-crushers of Germany, held possession of the Grand Duchy of Baden. I was detained for some hours, being taken from one official to another, neither logic nor entreaty appearing to be of any avail. The Inspector at Leopoldshöhe was at first polite, but inexorable, then irate; but happily, to justify his strictness, he desired me to listen while he read his instructions. They were certainly very emphatic, but they were directed against "Deutsche Flüchtlinge." I immediately drew his attention to the words, and flatly denied his right to detain me. I appealed to my books, my accent, and my shirt collars, none of which at the time had become German. A new light seemed to dawn upon the inspector, he admitted my plea, and let me go. Thus ended my first Swiss expedition, and until 1856 I did not make a second. The reminiscences of humanity which those old records revive, interest me more than those of physical grandeur. The little boys and girls and the bright-eyed maidens whom I chanced to meet, and who at times ministered to my wants, have stamped themselves more vividly and pleasantly on my memory than the Alps themselves.

Grindelwald was my first halting-place in the summer of 1867; I reached it, in company with a friend, on Sunday evening, the 7th of July. The air of the glaciers and the excellent fare of the Adler Hotel rendered me rapidly fit for moun-

tain-work. The first day we made an excursion along the lower glacier to the Kastenstein, crossing, in returning, the Strahleck branch of the glacier above the ice-fall, and coming down by the Zassenberg. The second day was spent upon the upper glacier. The sunset covered the crest of the Eiger with indescribable glory that evening, causing the dinner-table to be forsaken while it lasted. It gave definition to a vague desire which I had previously entertained, and I arranged with Christian Michel, a famous old roadster, to attempt the Eiger, engaging Peter Bauman, a strong and gallant climber, to act as second guide.

This crimson of the morning and the evening, and the blue colour of the sky, are due to a common cause. "The colour has not the same origin as that of ordinary colouring matter, in which certain portions of the white solar light are extinguished, the colour of the substance being that of the portion which remains. A violet is blue because its molecular texture enables it to quench the green, yellow, and red constituents of white light, and to allow the blue free transmission. A geranium is red because its molecular texture is such as quenches all rays except the red. Such colours are called colours of absorption; but the hue of the sky is not of this character. The blue light of the sky is reflected light, and were there nothing in our atmosphere competent to reflect the solar rays we should see no blue firmament, but should look into the darkness of infinite space. The reflection of the blue is effected by perfectly colourless particles. Smallness of size alone is requisite to ensure the selection and reflection of this colour. Of all the visual waves emitted by the sun, the shortest and smallest are those which correspond to the colour blue. On such waves small particles have more power than upon large ones, hence the pre-dominance of blue colour in all light reflected from exceedingly small particles. The crimson glow of the Alps in the evening and in the morning is



“due, on the other hand, to *transmitted* light; that is to say, to light which in its passage through great atmospheric distances has had its blue constituents sifted out of it by repeated reflection.”

At half-past one o'clock on the morning of the 11th we started from the Wengern Alp to attack the Eiger; no trace of cloud was visible in the heavens, which were sown broadcast with stars. Those low down twinkled with extraordinary vivacity, many of them flashing in quick succession lights of different colours. When an opera-glass was pointed to such a star, and shaken, the line of light described by the image of the star resolved itself into a string of richly-coloured beads: rubies and emeralds were hung thus together on the same curve. The dark intervals between the beads corresponded to the moments of extinction of the star through the “interference” of its own rays in our atmosphere. Over the summit of the Wetterhorn the Pleiades hung like a diadem, while at intervals a solitary meteor shot across the sky.

We passed along the Alp, and then over the balled snow and broken ice cast down from the end of a glacier which fronted us. Here the ascent began; we passed from snow to rock and from rock to snow by turns. The steepness for a time was moderate, the only thing requiring caution being the thin crusts of ice upon the rocks over which water had trickled the previous day. The east gradually brightened, the stars became paler and disappeared, and at length the crown of the adjacent Jungfrau rose out of the twilight into the purple of the sun. The bloom crept gradually downwards over the snows, until the whole mountain-world partook of the colour. It is not in the night nor in the day,—it is not in any statical condition of the atmosphere—that the mountains look most sublime. It is during the few minutes of transition from twilight to full day through the splendours of the dawn.

Seven hours climbing brought us to

the higher slopes, which were for the most part ice, and required deep step-cutting. The whole duty of the climber on such slopes is to cut his steps properly, and to stand in them securely. At one period of my mountain life I looked lightly on the possibility of a slip, having full faith in the resources of him who accompanied me, and very little doubt of my own. Experience has qualified this faith in the power even of the best of climbers upon a steep ice-slope. A slip under such circumstances must not occur. The Jungfrau began her cannonade of avalanches very early, five of them having thundered down her precipices before eight o'clock in the morning. Bauman, being the youngest man, undertook the labour of step-cutting, which the hardness of the ice rendered severe. He was glad from time to time to escape to the snow-cornice which, unsupported save by its own tenacity, overhung the Grindelwald side of the mountain, checking himself at intervals by looking over the edge of the cornice, to assure himself of its sufficient thickness to bear our weight. A wilder precipice is hardly to be seen than this wall of the Eiger, viewed from the cornice at its top. It seems to drop sheer for eight thousand feet down to Grindelwald. When the cornice became unsafe, Bauman retreated, and step-cutting recommenced. We reached the summit before nine o'clock, and had from it an outlook over as glorious a scene as this world perhaps affords.

On the following day, accompanied by Michel, I went down to Lauterbrunnen, and afterwards crossed the Petersgrat a second time to Platten, where the door of the curé being closed against travellers, we were forced into dirty quarters in an adjacent house. From Platten, instead of going as before over the Lötschsattel, we struck obliquely across the ridge above the Nesthorn, and got down upon the Jaggi glacier, making thus an exceedingly fine excursion from Platten to the Bel Alp. Thence, after a brief halt, I pushed on to Zermatt.



I have already mentioned Carrel, *dit le bersagliere*, who accompanied Bennen and myself in our attempt upon the Matterhorn in 1862, and who in 1865 reached the summit of the mountain. With him I had been in correspondence for some time, and from his letters an enthusiastic desire to be my guide up the Matterhorn might be inferred. From the Riffelberg I crossed the Theodule to Breuil, where I saw Carrel. He had naturally and deservedly grown in his own estimation. In the language of philosophy his environment had changed, and he had assumed new conditions of equilibrium, but they were decidedly unfavourable to the climbing of the Matterhorn. His first condition was that I should take three guides at 150 francs apiece, and these were to be aided by porters as far as the cabin upon the Matterhorn. He also objected to the excellent company of Christian Michel. In fact circumstances had produced their effect upon my friend Carrel, and he was no longer a reasonable man. To do him justice, I believe he afterwards repented, and sent his friends Bich and Meynet to speak to me while he kept aloof. A considerable abatement was soon made in their demands, and without arranging anything definitely, I quitted Breuil on the understanding that I should return if the weather, which was then unfit for the Matterhorn, improved.

I waited at the Riffel for twelve days, making small excursions here and there. But though the weather was not so abominable as it had been last year, the frequent snow discharges on the Matterhorn kept it unassailable. In company with Mr. Craufurd Grove, who had engaged Carrel as his guide, Michel being mine, I made the pass of the Trift from Zermatt to Zinal. Carrel led, and acquitted himself well. He is a first-rate rockman. I could understand and share the enthusiasm experienced by Mr. Hinchliff in crossing this truly noble pass. It is certainly one of the finest in the whole Alps. For that one day moreover the weather was magnificent. Next day we crossed to Evolena, going

considerably astray, and thus converting a light day into a rather heavy one. From Evolena we purposed crossing the Col d'Erin back to Zermatt, but the weather would not let us. This excursion had been made with the view of allowing the Matterhorn a little time to arrange its temper; but the temper continued sulky, and at length wearied me out. We went round by the valley of the Rhône to Zermatt, and finding matters there worse than ever, both Mr. Grove and myself returned to Visp, intending to quit Switzerland altogether. Here he changed his mind and returned to Zermatt; on the same day the weather changed also, and continued fine for a fortnight. He succeeded in getting with Carrel to the top of the Matterhorn, being therefore the first Englishman that gained the summit from the southern side. A ramble in the Highlands, including a visit to the Parallel Roads of Glenroy, concluded my vacation in 1867.

#### § X.

“Call not waste that barren cone  
Above the floral zone;  
Where forests starve  
*It is pure use.*  
What sheaves like those which here we  
glean and bind  
Of a celestial Ceres and the Muse?”<sup>1</sup>

THE “oil of life” burnt very low with me last June. Driven from London by Dr. Bence Jones, I reached the Giessbach Hotel on the Lake of Brienz early in July. No pleasanter position could be found for an invalid. My friend Hirst was with me, and we made various little excursions in the neighbourhood. The most pleasant of these was to the Hinterburger See, a small and lonely lake high up among the hills, fringed on one side by pines, and overshadowed on the other by the massive limestone buttresses of the Hinterburg. It is an exceedingly lovely spot, but rarely visited. The Giessbach Hotel is an admirably organized establishment. The table is served by Swiss girls in Swiss costume, fresh, handsome, and

<sup>1</sup> Emerson's poems.

modest, well brought up, who come there not as servants, but to learn the mysteries of housekeeping. And among her maidens moved like a little queen the graceful daughter of the host; noiseless, but effectual in her rule and governance. I went to the Giessbach with a prejudice against its illumination. The crowd of spectators may suggest the theatre, but the lighting up of the water is fine. I liked the colourless light best; it merely intensified the contrast revealed by ordinary daylight between the white foam of the cascades and the black surrounding pines.

From the Giessbach we went to Thun, and thence up the Simmenthal to Lenk. Over a sulphur spring a large hotel has been recently erected, and here we found a number of Swiss and Germans, who thought the waters did them good. In one large room the liquid gushes from a tap into a basin, diffusing through the place the odour of rotten eggs. The patients like this smell; indeed they regard its foulness as a measure of their benefit. The director of the establishment is intelligent and obliging, sparing no pains to meet the wishes and promote the comfort of his guests. We wandered, while at Lenk, to the summit of the Rawyl pass, visited the Siebenbrünnen, where the river Simmen bursts full-grown from the rocks, and we should have clambered up the Wildstrubel had the weather been tolerable. From Lenk we went to Gsteig, a finely-situated hamlet, but not celebrated for the peace and comfort of its inn; and from Gsteig to the Diablerets hotel. While there I clambered up the Diablerets mountain, and was amazed at the extent of the snow-field upon its tabular top. The peaks, if they ever existed, have been shorn away, and miles of flat *névé* unseen from below, overspread their section.

From the Diablerets we drove down to Aigle. The Traubenkur had not commenced, and there was therefore ample space for us at the excellent hotel. We were compelled to spend a night at Martigny. I heard the trumpet of its famous musquito, but did not

feel its attacks; still the itchy hillocks on my hands for some days afterwards reported the venom of the insect. The following night was more pleasantly spent on the cool col of the Great St. Bernard. On Tuesday, the 21st of July, we reached Aosta, and, in accordance with previous telegraphic arrangement, met there the Chanoine Carrel. Jean Jaques Carrel, the old companion of Mr. Hawkins and myself, and others at Breuil, were dissatisfied with the behaviour of the *bersagliere* last year, and this feeling the Chanoine shared. He wrote to me during the winter, stating that two new men had scaled the Matterhorn, and that they were ready to accompany me anywhere. He now drove, with Hirst and myself, to Chatillon, where at the noisy and comfortless inn we spent the night. Here Hirst quitted me, and I turned with the Chanoine up the valley to Breuil.

At Val Tournanche I saw a maiden niece of the Chanoine who had gone high up the Matterhorn, and who, had the wind not assailed her petticoats too roughly, might, it was said, have reached the top. I can believe it. Her wrist, as I shook her hand, was like a weaver's beam, and her frame seemed a mass of potential energy. The Chanoine had recommended to me as guides the brothers Joseph and Pierre Maquignaz, of Val Tournanche, his praises of Joseph as a man of unshaken courage, and proved capacity as a climber, being particularly strong. Previous to reaching Breuil, I saw this Joseph, who seemed to divine by instinct my name and aim.

Carrel was there, looking very gloomy, while Biche petitioned for a porter's post; but I left the arrangement of these matters wholly in the hands of Maquignaz. He joined me in the evening, and on the following day we ascended one of the neighbouring summits, discussing as we went our chances on the Matterhorn. In 1867 the chief precipitation took place in a low atmospheric layer, the base of the mountain being heavily laden with snow, while the



summit and the higher rocks were bare. In 1868 the distribution was inverted, the top being heavily laden and the lower rocks clear. An additional element of uncertainty was thus introduced. Maquignaz could not say what obstacles the snow might oppose to us above, but he was resolute and hopeful. My desire had long been to complete the Matterhorn by making a pass over its summit from Breuil to Zermatt. In this attempt my guide expressed his willingness to aid me, his interest in the project being apparently equal to my own.

He, however, only knew the Zermatt side of the mountain through inspection from below; and he acknowledged that a dread of it had filled him the previous year. That feeling, however, had disappeared, and he reasoned that as Mr. Whymper and the Taugwalds had safely descended, we should be able to do the same. On the Friday we climbed to the Col de la Furka, examined from it the northern face of the pyramid, and discovered the men who were engaged in building the cabin on that side. We worked afterwards along the ridge which stretches from the Matterhorn to the Theodule, crossing its gulleys and scaling all its heights. It was a pleasant piece of discipline, on ground new to both my guide and me.

On the Thursday evening, a violent thunderstorm had burst over Breuil, discharging new snow upon the heights, but also clearing the oppressive air. Though the heavens seemed clear in the early part of Friday, clouds showed a disposition to meet us from the south as we returned from the Theodule. I inquired of my companion whether, in the event of the day being fine, he was willing to start on Sunday. His answer was a prompt negative. In Val Tournanche, he said, they always "sanctified the Sunday." I referred to Bennen, my pious Catholic guide, whom I permitted and encouraged to attend his mass on all possible occasions, but who, nevertheless, always yielded without a murmur to the demands of the weather. The reasoning had its effect. On Saturday Maquignaz saw his confessor, and

arranged with him to have a mass at two A.M. on Sunday; after which, unshaded by the sense of duties unperformed, he would commence the ascent.

The claims of religion being thus met, the point of next importance, that of money, was immediately arranged by my accepting, without hesitation, the tariff published by the Chanoine Carrel. The problem being thus reduced to one of muscular physics, we pondered the question of provisions, decided on a bill of fare, and committed its execution to the mistress of the hotel.

A fog, impenetrable to vision, had filled the whole of the Val Tournanche on Saturday night and the mountains were half concealed and half revealed by this fog when we rose on Sunday morning. The east at sunrise was luring, and the light which streamed through the cloud-orifices was drawn in ominous red bars across the necks of the mountains. It was one of those uncomfortable Laodicean days which engender indecision, —threatening, but not sufficiently so to warrant postponement. Two guides and two porters were considered necessary for the first day's climb. A volunteer, however, attached himself to our party, who carried a sheepskin, part of the furniture of the cabin. To lighten their labour the porters took a mule with them as far as the quadruped could climb, and afterwards divided the load among themselves. While they did so I observed the weather. The sun had risen with power, and had broken the cloud-plane to pieces. The severed clouds gathered themselves into masses more or less spherical, and were rolled grandly over the ridges into Switzerland. Save for a swathe of fog which now and then wrapped its flanks, the Matterhorn itself remained clear, and strong hopes were raised that the progress of the weather was in the right direction.

We halted at the base of the Tête du Lion, a bold precipice formed by the sudden cutting down of the ridge which flanks the Val Tournanche to the right. From its base to the Matterhorn stretches the Col du Lion, crossed for the first



time in 1860, by Mr. Hawkins, myself, and our two guides. We were now beside a snow-gully, which was cut by a deep furrow along its centre, and otherwise scarred by the descent of stones. Here each man arranged his bundle and himself so as to cross the gully in the minimum of time. The passage was safely made, a few flying shingle only coming down upon us. But danger declared itself where it was not expected. Joseph Maquignaz led the way up the rocks. I was next, Pierre Maquignaz next, and last of all the porters. Suddenly a yell issued from the leader: "*Cachez-vous!*" I crouched instinctively against the rock, which formed a by no means perfect shelter, when a boulder buzzed past me through the air, smote the rocks below me, and with a savage hum flew down to the lower glacier. Thus warned we swerved to an arête, and when stones fell afterwards they plunged to the right or left of us.

In 1860 the great couloir, which stretches from the Col du Lion downwards, was filled with a névé of deep snow. But the atmospheric conditions, which have caused the glaciers of Switzerland to shrink so remarkably during the last ten years,<sup>1</sup> have swept away this névé. We had descended it, in 1860, hip-deep in snow, and I was now reminded of its steepness by the inclination of its bed. Maquignaz was incredulous when I pointed out to him the line of our descent, to which we had been committed, in order to avoid the falling stones of the Tête du Lion. Bennen's warnings on the occasion were very emphatic, and I could understand their wisdom now better than I did then.

An admirable description of the difficulties of the Matterhorn, up to a certain elevation, has been given by Mr. Hawkins, in "*Vacation Tourists for 1860.*"<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> I should estimate the level of the Lower Grindelwald glacier, at the point where it is usually entered upon to reach the Eismeer, to be nearly one hundred feet vertically lower in 1867 than it was in 1856. I am glad to find that the question of "*Benchmarks*" to fix such changes of level is now before the Council of the British Association.

<sup>2</sup> Macmillan and Co.

At that time, however, a temporary danger, sufficient to quell for a time the enthusiasm even of our lion-hearted guide, was added to the permanent ones. Fresh snow had fallen two days before; it had quite oversprinkled the Matterhorn, converting the brown of its crags into an iron gray; this snow had been melted and re-frozen, forming upon the rocks an enamelling of ice. Besides their physical front, moreover, in 1860, the rocks presented a psychological one, derived from the rumour of their savage inaccessibility. The crags, the ice, and the character of the mountain, all conspired to stir the feelings. Much of the wild mystery has now vanished, especially at those points which in 1860 were places of virgin difficulty, but down which ropes now hang to assist the climber. The grandeur of the Matterhorn is, however, not to be effaced.

After some hours of steady climbing, we halted upon a platform beside the tattered remnant of one of my tents, had a mouthful of food, and sunned ourselves for an hour. We subsequently worked upward, scaling the crags and rounding the bases of those wild and wonderful rock-towers, into which the weather of ages has hewn the southern arête of the Matterhorn. The work here requires knowledge, but with a fair amount of skill it is safe work. I can fancy nothing more fascinating to a man given by nature and habit to such things, than a climb *alone* among these crags and precipices. He need not be *theological*, but, if complete, he must be religious, with such an environment. To the climber amongst them, the southern cliffs and crags of the Matterhorn are incomparably grander than those of the north. Majesty of form and magnitude, and richness of colouring, combine to ennoble them.

Looked at from Breuil, the Matterhorn presents two summits; the one, the summit proper, a square rock-tower in appearance; the other, which is really the end of a sharp ridge abutting against the rock-tower, an apparently conical peak. On this peak Bennen and myself planted our flagstaff in 1862,

and with it, which had no previous name, Italian writers have done me the honour of associating mine. At some distance below it the mountain is crossed by an almost horizontal ledge, always loaded with snow, which, from its resemblance to a white neck-tie, has been called the *Cravatte*. On the ledge a cabin was put together last year. It stands above the precipice where I quitted my rope in 1862. Up this precipice, by the aid of a thicker—I will not say a stronger—rope, we now scrambled, and following the exact route pursued by Bennen and myself five years previously, we came to the end of the *Cravatte*. At some places the snow upon the ledge fell steeply from its junction with the cliff; deep-step cutting was also needed where the substance had been melted and recongealed. The passage was soon accomplished along the *Cravatte* to the cabin, which was almost filled with snow.

Our first inquiry now had reference to the supply of water. We could, of course, always melt the snow, but this would involve a wasteful expenditure of heat. The cliff at the base of which the hut was built overhung, and from its edge the liquefied snow fell in showers beyond the cabin. Four ice-axes were fixed on the ledge, and over them was spread the residue of a second tent which I had left at Breuil in 1862. The water falling upon the canvas flowed towards its centre. Here an orifice was formed, through which the liquid descended into vessels placed to receive it. Some modification of this plan might probably be employed with profit for the storing up of water in drougthy years in England.

I lay for some hours in the warm sunshine, in presence of the Italian mountains, watching the mutations of the air. But when the sun sank the air became chill, and we all retired to the cabin. We had no fire, though warmth was much needed. A lover of the mountains, and of his kind, had contributed an india-rubber mattress to the cabin. On this I lay down, a light blanket being thrown over me, while the guides and porters were rolled

up in sheepskins. The mattress was a poor defence against the cold of the subjacent rock. I bore this for two hours, unwilling to disturb the guides, but at length it became intolerable. The little circles, with a speck of intensified redness in the centre, which spotted the neck of our volunteer porter, prevented me from availing myself of the warmth of my companions, so I lay alone and suffered the penalty of isolation. On learning my condition, however, the good fellows were soon alert, and folding a sheepskin round me, restored me gradually to a pleasant temperature. I fell asleep, and found the guides preparing breakfast, and the morning well advanced when I opened my eyes.

It was past six o'clock when the two Maquignaz's and myself quitted the cabin. The porters deemed their work accomplished, but they halted for a time to ascertain whether we were likely to be driven back or to push forward. We skirted the *Cravatte*, and reached the ridge at its western extremity. This we ascended along the old route of Bennen and myself to the conical peak already referred to, which, as seen from Breuil, constitutes a kind of second summit of the Matterhorn. From this point to the base of the final crag of the mountain stretches an arête, terribly hacked by the weather, but on the whole horizontal.<sup>1</sup> When I first made the acquaintance of this savage ridge it was almost clear of snow. It was now loaded, the snow being bevelled to an edge of exceeding sharpness. The slope to the left, falling towards Zmutt, was exceedingly steep, while the precipices on the right were abysmal. No other part of the Matterhorn do I remember with greater interest than this. It was terrible, but its difficulties were fairly within the grasp of human skill, and this association is more elevating than where the circumstances are such as to make you conscious of your own helplessness. On one of the sharpest teeth of the Spalla Joseph Maquignaz

<sup>1</sup> On the geological section this ridge is called the Spalla (shoulder).

halted, and turning to me with a smile, remarked, "There is no room for giddiness here, sir." In fact, such possibilities, in such places, must be altogether excluded from the chapter of accidents of the climber.

It was at the end of this ridge, where it abuts against the last precipice of the Matterhorn, that my second flag-staff was left in 1862. I think there must have been something in the light falling upon this precipice that gave it an aspect of greater verticality when I first saw it than it seemed to possess on the present occasion. Or, as remarked in my brief account of our attempt in the *Saturday Review*, we may have been dazed by our previous exertion. I cannot otherwise account for our stopping short without making some attempt upon the precipice. It looks very bad, but no climber with his blood warm would pronounce it, without trial, insuperable. Fears of this rock-wall, however, had been excited long before we reached it. At three several places upon the arête I had to signalize points in advance, and to ask my companions in French (which Bennen alone did not understand) whether they thought these points could be reached without peril. Thus bit by bit we moved along the ridge to its end, where further advance was declared to be impossible. It was probably the addition of the psychological element to the physical; the reluctance to encounter new dangers on a mountain which had hitherto inspired a superstitious fear, that quelled further exertion.

To assure myself of the correctness of what is here stated, I have turned to my notes of 1862. The reperusal of them has interested me, and a portion of them may possibly interest some of the readers of this magazine. Here then they are, rapidly thrown together, and embracing our passage from the crags adjacent to the Col du Lion to the point where we were compelled to halt.

"We had gathered up our things, and bent to the work before us, when suddenly an explosion occurred overhead. Looking aloft, in mid-air was seen a

solid shot from the Matterhorn describing its proper parabola through the air. It split to pieces as it hit one of the rock-towers below, and its fragments came down in a kind of spray, which fell wide of us, but still near enough to compel a sharp look out. Two or three such explosions occurred afterwards, but we crept along the back-fin of the mountain, from which the falling boulders were speedily deflected right and left. Before the set of sun we reached our place of bivouac. A tent was already there. Its owner had finished a prolonged attack upon the Matterhorn, and kindly permitted the tent to remain, thus saving me the labour of carrying up one of my own. I had with me a second and smaller tent, made for me under the friendly supervision of Mr. Whymper, which the exceedingly nimble-handed Carrel soon placed in position upon a platform of stones. Both tents stood in the shadow of a great rock, which sheltered us from all projectiles from the heights.

"As the evening advanced, fog, the enemy of the climber, came creeping up the valley, and heavy flounces of cloud draped the bases of the hills. The fog thickened through a series of intermittences which only a mountain land can show. Sudden uprushings of air would carry the clouds aloft in vertical currents, while at other places horizontal gusts wildly tossed them to and fro; or, impinging upon each other at oblique angles, formed whirling cyclones of cloud. The air was tortured on its search of equilibrium. Explosive peals above us, succeeded by the sound of tumbling rocks, were heard from time to time. We were swathed in the densest fog when we retired to rest, and had scarcely a hope that the morrow's sun would be able to dispel the gloom. Throughout the night I heard the intermittent roar of the stones as they rushed down an adjacent couloir. Looking at midnight through a small hole in the canvas of my tent I saw a star. I rose and found the heavens without a cloud; while above me the



black battlements of the Matterhorn were projected against the fretted sky.

"It was four A.M. before we started. We adhered to the hacked and weather-worn spine, until its disintegration became too vast. The alternation of sun and frost have made wondrous havoc on the southern face of the Matterhorn; cutting much away, but leaving brown-red masses of the most imposing magnitude behind—pillars, and towers, and splintered obelisks, clearly cut out of the mountain—grand in their hoariness, and softened by the colouring of age. At length we were compelled to quit the ridge for the base of a precipice which seemed to girdle the mountain like a wall. It was a clean section of rock, with cracks and narrow ledges here and there. We sought to turn this wall in vain. Bennen swerved to the right and to the left to make his inspection complete. There was no alternative, over the precipice we must go, or else retreat. For a time it was manifest our onset must be desperate. We grappled with the cliff. Walters, an exceedingly powerful climber, went first. Close to him was Bennen, with arm and knee and counsel ready in time of need. As usual, I followed Bennen, while the two porters brought up the rear. The behaviour of all of them was admirable. A process of reciprocal lifting continued for half an hour, when a last strong effort threw Walters across the brow of the precipice, and rendered our progress thus far secure.

"After scaling the precipice, we found ourselves once more upon the ridge with safe footing on the ledges of gneiss. We approached the conical peak seen from Breuil, while before us, and, as we thought, assuredly within our grasp, was the proper summit of the renowned Matterhorn. To test Bennen's feelings I remarked, 'We shall at all events reach the lower peak.' There was a kind of scorn in his laugh as he replied, stretching his arm towards the summit, 'In an hour, sir, the people of Zernatt will see our flagstaff planted yonder.' We went upward in this

spirit, a triumph forestalled, making the ascent a jubilee.

"We reached the first summit, and on it fixed our flag. But already doubt had begun to settle about the final precipice. Walters once remarked, 'We may still find difficulty there.' It was, perhaps, the pressure of the same thought upon my own mind that caused its utterance to irritate me. So I grimly admonished Walters and we went on. The nearer, however, we came to the summit, the more formidable did the precipice appear. From the point where we had planted our flagstaff a hacked and extremely acute ridge (the Spalla), with ghastly abysses right and left of it, ran straight against the final cliff. We sat down upon the ridge and inspected the precipice. Three out of the four men shook their heads, and muttered, 'Impossible.' Bennen was the only man amongst them who refused, from first to last, to utter the word.

"Resolved not to push them beyond the limits of their own clear judgments, I was equally determined to advance until that judgment should pronounce the risk too great. I, therefore, pointed to a tooth at some distance from the place where we sat, and asked whether it could be reached without much danger. 'We think so,' was the reply. 'Then let us go there.' We did so and sat down again. The three men murmured, while Bennen himself growled like a foiled lion. 'We must give it up,' was here repeated. 'Not yet,' was my answer. 'You see yonder point quite at the base of the precipice; do you not think we might reach it?' The reply was 'Yes.' We moved cautiously along the arête and reached the point aimed at. So savage a spot I had never previously visited, and we sat down there with broken hopes. The thought of retreat was bitter. We may have been dazed by our previous efforts, and thus rendered less competent than fresh men would have been to front the danger before us. As on other occasions, Bennen sought to fix on me the onus of returning, but with the usual result. My reply was, 'Where

you go I follow, whether it be up or down.' It took him half an hour to make up his mind. Had the other men not yielded so utterly, he would probably have tried longer. As it was, our occupation was gone, and hacking a length of six feet from our ladder, we planted it on the spot where we halted." So much is due to the memory of a brave man.

Seven hundred feet, if the barometric measurement can be trusted, of very difficult rock work now lay above us. In 1862 this height had been underestimated by both Bennen and me. Of the 14,800 feet of the Matterhorn, we then thought we had accomplished 14,600. If the barometer speaks truly, we had only cleared about 14,200. Descending the end of the arête, we crossed a narrow cleft, and grappled with the rocks at the other side of it. Our ascent was oblique, bearing to the right. The obliquity at one place fell to horizontality, and we had to work on the level round a difficult protuberance of rock. We cleared the difficulty without haste, and then rose straight against the precipice. Joseph Maquignaz drew my attention to a rope hanging down the cliff, left there by himself on the occasion of his first ascent. We reached the end of this rope, and some time was lost by the guide in assuring himself that it was not too much frayed by friction. Care in testing it was doubly necessary, for the rocks, bad in themselves, were here crusted with ice. The rope was in some places a mere hempen core surrounded by a casing of ice, over which the hands slid helplessly. Even with the rope, in this condition it required an effort to get to the top of the precipice, and we willingly halted there to take a minute's breath. The ascent was virtually accomplished, and a few minutes more of rapid climbing placed us upon the crest of the mountain. Thus ended an eight years' war between myself and the Matterhorn.

The day thus far had swung through alternations of fog and sunshine. While we were on the ridge below, the air at times was blank and chill with mist; then with rapid solution the cloud would

vanish, and open up the abysses right and left of us. On our attaining the summit a fog from Italy rolled over us, and for some minutes we were clasped by a cold and clammy atmosphere. But this passed rapidly away, leaving above us a blue heaven, and far below us the sunny meadows of Zermatt. The mountains were almost wholly unclouded, and such clouds as lingered amongst them only added to their magnificence. The Dent d'Erin, the Dent Blanche, the Gabelhorn, the Mischabel, the range of heights between it and Monte Rosa, the Lyskamm, and the Breithorn were all at hand, and clear; while the Weisshorn, noblest and most beautiful of all, shook out a banner towards the north, formed by the humid southern air as it grazed the crest of the mountain.

The world of peaks and glaciers surrounding this immediate circle of giants was also open to us to the horizon. Our glance over it was brief, and our enjoyment of it intense; for it was eleven o'clock, and the work before us soon claimed all our attention. I found the *débris* of my former expedition everywhere,—below, the fragments of my tents, and on the top a piece of my ladder fixed in the snow as a flagstaff. The summit of the Matterhorn is a sharp horizontal arête, and along this we now moved eastward. On our left was the roof-like slope of snow seen from the Riffel and Zermatt, on our right were the savage precipices which fall into Italy. Looking to the further end of the ridge, the snow there seemed to be trodden down, and I drew my companions' attention to the apparent footmarks. As we approached the place it became evident that human feet had been there two or three days previously. I think it was Mr. Elliot who had made this ascent—the first accomplished from Zermatt since the memorable one of 1865. On the eastern end of the ridge we halted to take a little food; not that I seemed to need it. It was the remonstrance of reason, rather than the consciousness of physical want, that caused me to do so.

Facts of this kind illustrate the amount of force locked up in the muscles which may be drawn upon without renewal. I had quitted London ill, and when the Matterhorn was attacked the illness had by no means subsided. In fact this climb was one of the means adopted to drive the London virus from my blood. The day previously I had taken scarcely any food, and on starting from the cabin half a cup of bad tea, without any solid whatever, constituted my breakfast. Still, during the five hours' climb from the cabin to the top of the Matterhorn, though much below par, physically and mentally, I felt neither faint nor hungry. This is an old experience of mine upon the mountains. The Weisshorn, for example, was climbed on six meat lozenges, though it was a day of nineteen hours. Possibly this power of long-continued physical effort without eating may be a result of bad digestion, which deals out stingily, and therefore economically, to the muscles the energy of the food previously consumed?

We took our ounce of nutriment and gulp of wine (my only sustenance during the entire day), and stood for a moment silently and earnestly looking down towards Zermatt. There was a certain official formality in the manner in which the guides turned to me and asked, "*Etes-vous content d'essayer ?*" A sharp responsive "*Oui !*" set us immediately in motion. It was nearly half-past eleven when we quitted the summit. The descent of the roof-like slope already referred to offered no difficulty; but the gradient very soon became more formidable. One of the two faces of the Matterhorn pyramid seen from Zermatt, falls towards the Zmutt glacier, and has a well-known snow-plateau at its base. The other face falls towards the Furgge glacier. We were on the former. For some time, however, we kept close to the arête formed by the intersection of the two faces of the pyramid, because nodules of rock jutted from it which offered a kind of footing. These rock protuberances helped us in another way: round them an extra rope which we

carried was frequently doubled, and we let ourselves down by the rope as far as it could reach, liberating it afterwards (sometimes with difficulty) by a succession of jerks. In the choice and use of these protuberances the guides showed both judgment and skill. The rocks became gradually larger and more precipitous; a good deal of time being consumed in dropping down and doubling round them. Still we preferred them to the snow-slope at our left as long as they continued practicable.

This they at length ceased to be, and we had to commit ourselves to the slope. It was in the worst possible condition. When snow first falls at these great heights it is usually dry, and has no coherence. It resembles, to some extent, flour, or sand, or sawdust. Shone upon by a strong sun it shrinks and becomes more consolidated, and when it is subsequently frozen it may be safely trusted. Even though the melting of the snow and its subsequent freezing may be only very partial, the cementing of the granules adds immensely to the safety of the footing; but then the snow must be employed before the sun has had time to unlock the rigidity imparted to it by the night's frost. We were on the steepest Matterhorn slope during the two hottest hours of the day, and the sun had done his work effectually. The snow seemed to offer no foothold whatever; with cautious manipulation it regelated, but to so small an extent that the resistance due to regelation was insensible to the foot. The layer of snow was about fifteen inches thick. In treading it we came immediately upon the rock, which in most cases was too smooth to furnish either prop or purchase. It was on this slope that the Matterhorn catastrophe occurred: it is on this slope that other catastrophes will occur, if this mountain should ever become fashionable.

Joseph Maquignaz was the leader of our little party, and a cool and competent leader he proved himself to be. He was earnest and silent, save when he answered his brother's anxious and oft-repeated question, "*Es-tu bien placé,*



Joseph?" Along with being perfectly cool and brave, he seemed to be perfectly truthful. He did not pretend to be "*bien placé*" when he was not, nor avow a power of holding which he knew he did not possess. Pierre Maquignaz is, I believe, under ordinary circumstances, an excellent guide, and he enjoys the reputation of being never tired. But in such circumstances as we encountered on the Matterhorn he is not the equal of his brother. Joseph, if I may use the term, is a man of high boiling point; his constitutional *sang-froid* resisting the ebullition of fear. Pierre, on the contrary, shows a strong tendency to boil over in perilous places.

Our progress was exceedingly slow, but it was steady and continued. At every step our leader trod the snow cautiously, seeking some rugosity on the rock beneath it. This however was rarely found, and in most cases he had to establish practicable attachments between the snow and the slope which bore it. No semblance of a slip occurred in the case of any one of us, and had a slip occurred I do not think the worst consequences could have been avoided. I wish to stamp this slope of the Matterhorn with the character that really belonged to it when we descended it, and I do not hesitate to express the belief that the giving way of any one of our party would have carried the whole of us to ruin. Why, then, it may be asked, employ the rope? The rope, I reply, all its possible drawbacks under such circumstances notwithstanding, is the safeguard of the climber. Not to speak of the moral effect of its presence, an amount of help upon a dangerous slope that might be measured by the gravity of a few pounds is often of incalculable importance; and thus, though the rope may be not only useless but disastrous if the footing be clearly lost, and the glissade fairly begun, it lessens immensely the chance of this occurrence.

With steady perseverance, difficulties upon a mountain, as elsewhere, come to an end. We were finally able to pass from the face of the pyramid to its rugged edge, feeling with comfort that honest

strength and fair skill, which might have gone for little on the slope, were here masters of the situation.

Standing on the arête, at the foot of a remarkable cliff-gable seen from Zermatt, and permitting the vision to range over the Matterhorn, its appearance was exceedingly wild and impressive. Hardly two things can be more different than the two aspects of the mountain from above and below. Seen from the Riffel, or Zermatt, it presents itself as a compact pyramid, smooth and steep, and defiant of the weathering air. From above, it seems torn to pieces by the frosts of ages, while its vast facettes are so foreshortened as to stretch out into the distance like plains. But this underestimate of the steepness of the mountain is checked by the department of its stones. Their discharge along the side of the pyramid was incessant, and at any moment, by detaching a single boulder, we could let loose a cataract of them, which flew with wild rapidity and with a clatter as loud as thunder down the mountain. We once wandered too far from the arête, and were warned back to it by a train of these missiles sweeping past us.

As long as the temperature of our planet differs from that of space, so long will the forms upon her surface undergo mutation, and as soon as equilibrium has been established we shall have, not peace, but death. Life is the product and accompaniment of change, and the selfsame power that tears the flanks of the hills to pieces is the mainspring of the animal and vegetable worlds. Still, there is something chilling, if not humiliating, in the contemplation of the irresistible and remorseless character of those infinitesimal forces, whose summation through the ages pulls down even the Matterhorn. Hacked and hurt by time, the aspect of the mountain from its higher crags saddened me. Hitherto the impression it made was that of savage strength, but here we had inexorable decay.

This notion of decay implied a reference to a period of prime, when the Matterhorn was in the full strength of mountainhood. Thought naturally ran back to its possible growth and origin.

Nor did it halt there, but wandered on through molten worlds to that nebulous haze which philosophers have regarded, and with good reason, as the proximate source of all material things. Could the blue sky above be the residue of that haze? Would the azure, which deepens on the heights, sink into utter darkness beyond the atmosphere? I tried to look at this universal cloud, containing within itself the prediction of all that has since occurred; I tried to imagine it as the seat of those forces whose action was to issue in solar and stellar systems, and all that they involve. Did that formless fog contain potentially the *sadness* with which I regarded the Matterhorn? Did the *thought* which now ran back to it simply return to its primeval home? If so, had we not better recast our definitions of matter and force; for if life and thought be the very flower of both, any definition which omits life and thought must be inadequate, if not untrue. Are questions like these warranted? Are they healthy? Ought they not to be quenched by a life of action? Healthy or unhealthy, *can* we quench them? And if the final goal of man has not been yet attained; if his development has not been yet arrested, who can say that such yearnings and questionings are not necessary to the opening of a finer vision, to the budding and the growth of diviner powers? When I look at the heavens and the earth, at my own body, at my strength and imbecility of mind, even at these ponderings, and ask myself, is there no being or thing in the universe that knows more about these matters than I do; what is my answer? Does antagonism to theology stand with none of us in the place of a religion? Supposing our theologic schemes of creation, condemnation, and redemption to be dissipated; and the warmth of denial, which, as a motive force, can match the warmth of affirmation, dissipated at the same time; would the undeflected mind return to the meridian of absolute neutrality as regards these ultra-physical questions? Is such a position one of stable equilibrium? The channels of thought being already formed, such are

the questions without replies, which could run through the mind during a ten minutes halt upon the weathered spire of the Matterhorn.

We shook the rope away from us, and went rapidly down the rocks. The day was well advanced when we reached the cabin, and between it and the base of the pyramid we missed our way. It was late when we regained it, and by the time we reached the ridge of the Hörnli we were unable to distinguish rock from ice. We should have fared better than we did if we had kept along the ridge and felt our way to the Schwarz-See, whence there would have been no difficulty in reaching Zermatt, but we left the Hörnli to our right, and found ourselves incessantly checked in the darkness by ledges and precipices, possible and actual. We were afterwards entangled in the woods of Zmutt, but finally struck the path and followed it to Zermatt, which we reached between one and two o'clock in the morning.

Having work to do for the Norwich meeting of the British Association, I remained several days at the Riffel, taking occasional breathings with pleasant companions up the Riffelhorn. I subsequently crossed the Weissthor with Mr. Paris to Mattmark; and immediately afterwards returned to England.

On the 4th of last September, Signor Giordano, to whom we are indebted for a most instructive geological section of the Matterhorn, with Joseph Maquignaz and Carrel as guides, followed my route over the mountain. In a letter dated Florence, 31st December, 1868, he writes to me thus:—

“Quant à moi je dirai que vraiment, j’ai trouvé cette fois le pic assez difficile . . . J’ai surtout trouvé difficile la traversée de l’arête qui suit le pic Tyndall du côté de l’Italie. Quant au versant Suisse, je l’ai trouvé moins difficile que je ne croyais, parce que la neige y était un peu consolidée par la chaleur. En descendant le pic du côté de Zermatt j’ai encouru un véritable danger par les avalanches de pierres . . . Un de mes deux guides a eu le malencontreux coupé en deux par un bloc, et moi-même j’ai été un peu contusionné.”

## ESTELLE RUSSELL.

## CHAPTER XVI.

IN WHICH SEVERAL PEOPLE ARE  
MYSTIFIED.

"Show me your passport, please," said a gendarme, poking his head in at the window of a travelling carriage which was changing horses at the posting-house just outside the town of Auch.

It was getting towards morning. At midnight the lieutenant of gendarmerie had had a communication from the préfet of Auch, and the gendarmes on duty had been on the alert ever since, but had as yet come upon no two individuals at all answering to the description forwarded from Toulouse.

Inside the carriage was a lady who seemed asleep. The gendarme apologized for disturbing her. "Madame is quite alone?" he asked.

"Quite alone," Julia answered, wondering at the question.

"Madame will have the goodness to show her passport?"

Julia gave it readily. The passport bore out her assertion that she was alone; the gendarme gave it back, saying, "Madame is going to Pau, probably?"

This question, coming as it did after the inquiry as to her being alone, made Julia feel uneasy; but she replied with the utmost calmness, "To Pau? Oh dear no; not quite so far as that. I am going to Vic Bigorre, to stay with a sister of mine who lives there."

"Ah, Madame is going to Vic Bigorre. Very good." And the gendarme took his foot off the carriage-step, satisfied that this traveller was not one of the individuals wanted. As he was turning away Julia asked what o'clock it was.

"Past three, Madame," he replied.

And then Julia begged him to hold his lantern so that she might set her watch, which had stopped. "I am exceedingly obliged to you, Monsieur," she said when she had done it.

"Quite welcome," the gendarme said. "The horses seem long in coming. Does not Madame feel impatient?"

"Not at all," returned Julia; "only tired and sleepy." The gendarme looked about, and up and down the road. There was not the faintest shadow of a man to be seen.

"I wish Madame a good journey," he said, and departed, directing his steps towards a cabaret on the roadside, where the main road branches off to Agen on the right, and on the left to Tarbes and Pau. In the chimney corner another gendarme was sitting, who, addressing his comrade as he entered by the name of Antoine, inquired if any vehicle was in sight on the Toulouse road.

"None. There is a carriage with one person in it changing horses yonder, but there is no trace of the people we want."

"Good. They may pass yet, for it is but early. I'll go and have a look round."

"'Tis a raw morning, Serres," said Antoine. "Have a thimbleful of cognac." Serres tossed his thimbleful off, drew up the hood of his cloak, and walked down towards the posting-house. A thick mist had come on, so that the travelling carriage was not to be seen; but he conjectured that it was still there, as he could hear the horses kicking and the ostlers swearing at them. He went on, peering right and left through the mist. Presently, hearing a cheerful whistle behind him, he stopped and drew himself close up to the ditch on the roadside to let the whistler pass. All at once he pricked



up his ears. "That is not a French tunc," he thought, "and that is a strange sort of step, too. How he flings along!" And he followed.

The whistling presently ceased, and the smoke of tobacco reached Serres' nostrils.

"Ah, ha," he thought again, "what sort of a foot-passenger are you, that can afford cigars of that quality, I should like to know?" And he quickened his pace.

By the time he was come up to the posting-house, the ostlers were fastening the traces of the extra horse, for the road is heavy for many miles beyond Auch. The foot-passenger whom he had followed was standing smoking at the carriage-door, and the person inside was speaking to him.

"It is getting miserably chilly," she was saying. "I suppose one would not dare taste the coffee at this wretched little place?"

"I should say not," was Harry's answer. "You must have a nip of cognac out of my flask." And the flask being produced, Julia, nothing loth, took a nip.

"If you were to take cold, and get your cough back, I should never forgive myself. You must take another nip, Julia, if it were but for my sake."

Thus adjured, Julia tasted the vulgar liquid a second time, and professed herself much comforted.

"I'll come inside again when I have finished my cigar," said Harry, jumping on the box. "Now then, postillion, *dipayshy, ong root!*"

"Your passport, Monsieur, if you please?" said Serres, touching him on the sleeve.

"Eh? what? Confound you, why couldn't you ask for it before they had finished putting in the horses?"

"Your passport, Monsieur, if you please?" Serres repeated.

"I hear you well enough," Harry growled out, as he produced the document in question. "Subject of her Britannic Majesty, and so forth. It's all right, old fellow; look at the lion and the unicorn. Now then, postillion!"

No. 114.—VOL. XIX.

"Wait!" said Serres, lifting his forefinger.

The postillion obeyed. "What are you waiting for, you lubber? Why don't you get on when I tell you?" cried Harry.

With great deliberation Serres took the passport, lit a small lantern, and peered at every line on the paper.

"I see here," he said, "that Monsieur is described correctly, but I fail to perceive that Madame is mentioned."

"Madame is not mentioned, as it happens," replied Harry. "Out with your passport, Julia, quick. It looks exactly as if the fellow were keeping us here on purpose. You see that Madame has her own passport, don't you? It's all right. Here is a ten-franc piece for you to drink to Madame's good health."

"I don't like his looks," quoth Julia; "and there was a man here before, asking to see my passport."

"Madame is the wife of Monsieur?" Serres inquired.

"I'll knock you down if you dare say the contrary," was Harry's answer; "so look out."

"There will be no necessity for Monsieur's giving himself that trouble. I must request Monsieur and Madame to accompany me quietly, and to consider themselves in custody till they can give a clear account of this passport business. Monsieur will descend from the box and step inside."

"In custody!" roared Harry. "Take your hand off me, you wretched sneaking lubber of a Frenchman, if you don't want to be made mincemeat of in less than no time. You shall feel the weight of an English fist for once in your life,—you shall!"

"Don't touch the man, Harry, I entreat, I implore you!" shrieked Julia. "He would as soon shoot you dead as not. Do get in quietly. At the worst we can only be detained two or three hours. I feel sure that it is his stupidity, not the passports being wrong; but don't you see that you complicated matters by declaring I was your wife? If you had not——"

"What on earth was I to do? You

wouldn't have had me let him suppose that you were not my wife, would you?"

To which question Julia returned no answer. "It was unfortunate to have raised his suspicions, but we must make the best of the situation. I suppose they will let us have a fire and something to eat, if we pay them well for getting it. I suppose we shall have to go to the police-station; or do you think they would allow us to go to an hotel, if we promised not to leave it?"

"I am sure I can't tell," said Harry; "but I know that if I speak to that fellow again I shall not be able to help knocking him down. I hate France. I declare I'll never enter the vile country again when once I'm out of it."

Agreeably to Serres' orders, the postillion had driven back through the town. The carriage now stopped in the courtyard of a large white building, over whose gateway waved the tri-coloured flag. Serres let down the steps, and requested them to descend.

"Is this the police-station?" Julia inquired.

The gendarme returned no answer. "You must come this way," said he, and pointed to a side door giving access to a wing of the building. He took them up a dark, shabby staircase, made them enter a room, and locked the door upon them.

"What a wretched hole!" was Julia's exclamation. It was a bare, white-washed room, with a floor of red, unpolished tiles, and no furniture besides a deal table and a few common rush-bottomed chairs. The window looked into a well court, and the air which came in as they opened it was of such a description as to make them quickly shut it again.

"I never did know of such an awful sell as this," said Harry. "To be stopped by a beast of a French gendarme! and I would bet anything you like, that both our passports were as right as a trivet."

"I wonder why the gendarme would not answer me when I asked whether this was the police-station?"

"I suppose he thought he would not answer a useless question. Like his impudence!"

"I don't believe this is the police-station. The tops of the railings in the courtyard were gilt, did you observe?"

"No. I was in too great a rage to look at anything."

"I only managed to observe just that; it was so foggy."

"I wonder how long those French brutes are going to keep us locked up in this miserable hole?"

"At any rate, Harry, this is the very last place to which your mother would think of coming to look for us."

"Very true. There is some comfort in that," sighed Harry. "But I should have liked just to knock that fellow down, nevertheless."

Meantime, gendarme Antoine had fallen asleep on the settle at the cabaret, and had roused himself to find it sunrise. "Where is Serres gone?" he asked of the mistress of the cabaret.

"He has not been back since he first went out," was the reply.

"Down there at the turning, I dare say," thought Antoine, as he stretched himself, "watching the road like a tomcat watching for a mouse." Then Antoine, with much confidence in his own acuteness, walked up the road, intending to pass through the town and look out for vehicles approaching from the Toulouse side: thinking what a rage Serres would be in when he found that while he had been watching one end of Auch, the suspected individuals had been taken at the other.

Antoine accordingly walked on as far as the Place Royale. As he was crossing the Place to enter the Cour d'Etigny, a travelling carriage, with two people inside, and its four horses all in a foam, dashed in from the Rue d'Arcole, the street which leads to the Toulouse road; and Antoine placed himself directly in its way.

"Halt!" he cried, as the postillion called to him furiously to get out of the way. "Halt! In the name of the law!"

The cocked-hat and the authoritative

words were quite enough to ensure obedience. The postillion drew up suddenly, and felt in his side-pocket for his licence. That being safe, the law could have nothing to say to him.

"What do you mean by pulling up in the middle of the road?" cried M. de Luzarches out of the window. "Go on, you blockhead!"

"Show your passport, if you please," said Antoine, opening the carriage-door.

"Does one want a passport merely to go from Toulouse to Auch?" the Baron inquired.

"Certainly."

"In that case, I regret to say, we are unprovided."

"Then I must trouble you to come with me to the préfecture, and give an account of yourselves."

"Just so. We were on our way there."

"Indeed!" quoth Antoine, jumping on the box, in high glee at the thought of the rage Serres would be in; for there was no doubt but that these were the people "wanted!"

"This delay will be fatal," said Mrs. Russell, as, in answer to M. de Luzarches' entreaties to be allowed to communicate with the préfet, he was told that M. le Préfet could not be disturbed before his usual hour for rising.

"It is only just sunrise," said Mrs. Russell, in despair. "I daresay the préfet won't be stirring for the next two hours, and in that time what a start they will have had. What is to be done, Baron? This evening Estelle's marriage-contract was to have been signed, and yet, how can I go back without that girl?"

"Madame," said M. de Luzarches, "I do not disguise from you that the situation is every moment becoming more complicated. Nevertheless, you must not lose hope. The préfet is my friend, and, even though we be kept waiting for two hours, depend upon it that when once we do see him, a very few words from me will be sufficient to induce him to send off a telegram to Pau, to intercept the fugitives before they can enter the town."

It was with scant ceremony that they were made to alight and enter an upstairs room belonging to the official part of the préfecture. The gendarme locked the door upon them. Mrs. Russell stood one moment listening to the clank of his sword as he went downstairs, and then sat down by the table, and leaned wearily against it. She had not felt any fatigue while she was in actual pursuit, but now that she was reduced to inaction it began to weigh her down. Besides which, her hopes of preventing the marriage between her son and Julia were becoming fainter and fainter. She covered her face and heaved a despondent sigh. She had been too absorbed in her disappointment and annoyance to observe that there were two people in the room, sitting close together by the window. But M. de Luzarches—who, having no personal stake in Mrs. Russell's ill-success, was in no way absorbed or absent—had no sooner entered the room than he fixed his eye upon the backs of those two individuals. He now walked straight up to where they were sitting, and taking off his hat, said, with a very low bow, "Monsieur and Mademoiselle, I have the honour to wish you a good morning. May I venture to express a hope that you were not much jolted by your journey?"

Mrs. Russell jumped up and ran across the room.

"Oh, Harry, Harry, my dear boy!" she cried, and fell upon his neck and kissed him.

Julia gave two little shrieks. She was tired, and hungry, and sleepy, and felt not unreasonably startled. Mrs. Russell took no more notice of her than if she had not been there.

"My dear boy, my dearest Harry," she cried, all fluttering and trembling, as she unfastened the clasp of her travelling-bag, "what do you think I have here for you? A letter from the Admiralty, dear, that I have been travelling all night to give you. Oh! and what could have induced you to go off like this, just two days before your



sister's wedding? But do open the letter."

"We intended to be back in time for the wedding," said Harry, feeling utterly discomfited, and glad that the broad sheet of paper was an excuse for not lifting his eyes to meet his mother's. "If I had known what was to be the upshot of this business," he thought, "I would not have undertaken it for a thousand pounds. Her bringing the Admiralty letter puts me in the wrong box entirely. I only wish she would have blown me up instead of kissing and my-dearing."

Meanwhile, Mrs. Russell had drawn Julia to the other end of the room, and now proceeded to torture her in a gentle, ladylike manner.

"Are you at all aware," she began, "of what a terrible position you are in? My poor, dear, romantic child, you have forgotten that there are no Gretna Greens in this country. It was a mercy that I got here in time to stop you. You would have found out at Pau that your journey had been taken in vain."

"A Consul resides at Bayonne, and we should have gone on there," said Julia, who had partly recovered herself.

"My dear creature," said Mrs. Russell, in tones which betrayed much sarcasm, in spite of her endeavour to infuse as much sympathy as possible into them for Harry's ear—"My dear, silly child, not all the Consuls in France could have married you. My son is a minor."

"A minor!" Julia repeated, in blank dismay, for Harry looked at least four-and-twenty.

"Yes, my dear. And no Consul would dare grant a licence to a minor."

"Then, in that case," said Julia—who, although she had no objection to a boy-lover, did not at all like the idea of a boy-husband, but who felt that there was nothing for her but to brazen the matter out—"in that case, Mrs. Russell, we should have gone straight up to Paris, and been married at the British Embassy."

"No, dear, you could not. Harry being a minor, and I his only surviving

parent, my consent, either verbal or in writing, must have been forthcoming." Of the correctness of this last statement she was not quite certain, but she hazarded it. "And only think how frightfully compromised you would have been had you actually gone to Paris! As it is——" and Mrs. Russell's head gave an ominous shake, and her lips closed as if they refused the task of depicting the awfulness of Julia's position. As for Julia, for the first time in her life she confessed to herself that she had acted foolishly; for the first time, she felt a dread of consequences.

"Take me back, oh, do take me back!" she faltered. "Yes, it was a blessing you came here. But I didn't mean any harm—really I didn't—and oh, please don't let anybody know——"

"Of course, my dear, I'll do my best; but you cannot be surprised if some unpleasant reports do get about; you must remember, all the servants knew of your going off." And with this sting Mrs. Russell left her, and went back to Harry.

"Well, Harry, what is your news?"

"I'm appointed to the *Hero*; a capital ship; she is a steam-frigate of four hundred horse-power. I know a good many of the fellows on board of her, so that it will be pleasant for me. I have to join immediately, of course."

"What is her destination? do you know?"

"I am not told; but there was a talk at Portsmouth of her being sent to the west coast of Africa."

"The west coast of Africa!" Mrs. Russell thought of the fever, and trembled. The idea of her son lying sick and helpless, and her not being there to nurse him, took away all her strength. "Ah!" she sighed, sitting down by him, "ah! that coast!"

"Cheer up, mother. Why, you never changed colour when I was going off to the Australian station, and why should you bother yourself now? You know a sailor is always on the move."

"I was thinking of the African fever," she replied.

"You must not think of it," said Harry, thankful to be able to speak of anything that did not concern Julia. "I do assure you that I believe fellows make a fuss about that fever because they find the African station dull in comparison with the Mediterranean or the Australian. Of course I don't mean to pretend that it's not more feverish than some stations, but I believe that if a fellow minds what he is about, he need not get the fever there sooner than at Alexandria or Sydney. And after all, mother, if a fellow does kick the bucket—why, if nobody died, there would be no promotion—and *dulce et decorum est*—and all the rest of it, you know."

"Don't, Harry! I cannot bear your talking in that manner, I cannot indeed; I feel shaken."

"Well, mother, I promise you I'll rig out a medicine-chest that shall beat the doctor's into fits; and I'll go on the sick-list if my little finger so much as aches. I can't do more, now can I?"

"I'm sure you will be prudent, dear, for my sake as well as your own."

"Mother," said Harry, with some hesitation, but emboldened by the kind tone of Mrs. Russell's voice: "Mother dear, you will promise me not to be savage with—with—Julia? She is very fond of me, she is indeed, and——"

"Fond of him! I daresay! the creature!" thought Mrs. Russell, setting her teeth.

"And—well, you know, the fact is we might have been man and wife by this time, only we were stopped; and I hope you will please to consider our marriage deferred, not broken off. It is due to her that it should be so considered," said Harry, with some dignity.

"Even had you gone on without interruption," said Mrs. Russell in her quietest tones, "you would have found a marriage with her impossible, owing to your being a minor!"

"What!" exclaimed Harry in consternation. "Would not the Consul at Bayonne have married us?"

"No Consul in France would have dared to do so, unless you had been

furnished with my consent in writing. It is indeed fortunate that I arrived here in time to stop you from going on. As it is, the disgrace, the inevitable exposure, that Julia has drawn down upon herself, are sufficiently appalling to me. Her good name——"

Harry actually groaned. "Her good name!—and that beast of a gendarme took her for my wife—and I ought to have been on my way to England hours and hours ago! Mother, do this for me. Come with us to Paris, and let us be married there: do, for pity's sake!"

"How can I go to Paris?" asked Mrs. Russell. "This evening Estelle's marriage-contract is to be signed, and the wedding is fixed for to-morrow."

"If Estelle's wedding is deferred, her character won't suffer," Harry insisted. "Do you not see that our marriage must take place? Would you wish me to act so that if Julia had a brother he would call me out? Let Estelle wait; I daresay she won't mind."

"But I should. And you are mistaken if you think that no unpleasantness would arise from her wedding being put off at the last moment. You and Julia are both in a position which is entirely of your own making. It would be wrong in me to let Estelle suffer in any way for your fault. I am sorry for Julia, but I cannot consent to what you propose."

Further entreaties on Harry's side were cut short by the appearance of an official, who desired their attendance in the next room.

The préfet was enveloped in a very flowery dressing-gown, and seated at his writing-table. The two gendarmes stood near the door, both looking heated and angry. They had had a violent altercation, each declaring that his capture was the right one.

The official took his place at his desk and spread a sheet of Government foolscap ready. The préfet, who had been looking over some papers, now said, without looking up, "Take down their names and surnames."

"Octave-Charles-Joseph-Xavier-Louis, Baron de Luzarches, Grand Cross of the

Legion of Honour," said the Baron briskly.

"Hey, what's that?" exclaimed the préfet, jumping up. "Luzarches, how on earth did you come here? And what have you been doing?"

"Doing? Travelling all night. *Apropos*, permit me to introduce these ladies as my friends, and this young officer, Monsieur Roussel, the son of Madame, —young officer, my dear, of the most distinguished in the English navy. And now two words with you in your private room."

The Baron's interview had not lasted many moments before the préfet's bell rang and was answered by the clerk, who, on returning, told the two *gendarmes* that their further attendance was not required. Monsieur had given a satisfactory account of himself and the rest of the party to M. le Préfet. Serres and Antoine left the room sulkily; each would have preferred that his captives should have turned out to be people of importance — plotters against the Government, or first-class swindlers. Harry looked after them as they went, with some lingering regret that he had not knocked Serres down. In the préfet's private room M. de Luzarches and the imperial functionary were enjoying a hearty laugh.

"But what a country England must be!" said the préfet, when he had had his laugh out. "What an awfully immoral country! I had indeed heard that it is permitted to Englishmen to put their wives up to auction, and that a most extraordinary amount of liberty is allowed to their unmarried women; but this story of yours surpasses all that I could ever have conceived. And do you actually mean to tell me that such a marriage might have taken place in England, and that the parents could not have prevented it?"

"So Madame Roussel tells me," said the Baron.

"But when that young lady goes back to her own country, will she not be frightfully compromised by this affair?"

The Baron shrugged his shoulders. "I don't know. Perhaps. Perhaps not.

Here of course she would never be received again, if such an escapade got wind. She would be forced to hide herself in a convent. But then the English are so eccentric! There is no knowing how they may choose to view a fact. But the English view of facts as regards Mademoiselle Julia troubles me very little. What does trouble me is my uncertainty as to what view our good people at Toulouse may take of Madame Roussel, who has been perfectly blameless in the matter. I cannot sufficiently express to you my admiration of her heroic attitude. She acted last night with the decision and promptitude of a general surprised by the enemy. There were neither faintings nor screamings, nor useless words. And in quite another way her daughter is as admirable as she is herself; perfectly refined in mind, perfectly well brought up in every way. Quite another sort of girl to that creature in there, I assure you."

Just about the time when Mrs. Russell, Julia, Harry, and M. de Luzarches were sitting down to break their fast at the préfet's well-spread board, Mrs. Russell's cook Marie was having a gossip with Madame Fleury's cook, as the two jogged along with their market-baskets towards the Place du Capitole. Marie, in spite of Mathurine's hint to her to hold her tongue, or perhaps because of the hint, told the whole story of Mademoiselle Julia's elopement to her friend, in strict confidence. Madame Fleury's cook was a Béarnaise, and Marie was a Béarnaise, and that was quite enough to make them friends and confidantes in a strange country, as they considered Languedoc to be. Coming back from market, Madame Fleury's cook met the Comte de Montaignu's valet; and the valet being a Béarnais and her particular friend, she told him in confidence what Marie had told her. The valet, going home to give his master his morning cup of coffee, met the Comtesse's maid coming out of the Dominican chapel in Rue Vélane. Gracieuse being a Béarnaise, he could not do less than tell her the spicy tale Madame Fleury's cook had just told him.



"You will not let this go further," the valet said in conclusion. "Let people manage their affairs as best they can; it is not our interest to make mischief."

But Gracieuse was too horrified at the story she had heard to promise silence. "I think, on the contrary," she said, "that the whole family Roussel must be tainted, and that a connexion with it ought to be stopped, even at the eleventh hour. I myself never approved of Monsieur Raymond's marrying a heretic. If the marriage happens to be broken off, I shall consider it is by the interposition of the Holy Virgin and Monsieur Raymond's patron. I wonder how Madame la Comtesse, who has such particular devotion for our Blessed Lady, could ever have brought herself to think of such a marriage as this for her son."

"There was such a fine fortune, you see," said the valet. "I would advise you to hold your tongue, Mademoiselle; you may get no thanks for telling."

"I shall think about it," said Gracieuse. But she had not been many minutes in Madame de Montaigu's room before the tale was told. Madame listened with a look much resembling that of a cat about to spring, and when Gracieuse had finished, she exclaimed, "The whole family is tainted!" rushed to the bell-rope, and rang so furiously, that two of the lacqueys rushed in from the ante-room, supposing that either Madame or Madame's parrot must have fallen down dead.

"Tell my son," she said, "to come here without a moment's delay."

Monsieur Raymond had sat up nearly all night writing poetry, and was in a sound sleep now, his valet said, refusing to wake him.

"He will have to wake and hear me, nevertheless," said Madame. Wrapping a silk handkerchief round her head, she went to her son's room and banged the door after her loud enough to wake him.

Raymond opened his eyes in amazement at the strange figure approaching his bed. But as it was a most unusual thing for his mother to leave her room until she had been made fit for company by Gracieuse, his amazement at her attire

was quickly merged into anxiety; and he exclaimed, "Is my father ill?"

"Not that I know of; but there have been such awful doings at the Hôtel St.-Jean that I could not lose a moment in speaking to you."

"Is Mees Estelle ill? No? Then what on earth can be the matter?" cried Raymond, sitting up.

"It is an affair in which that girl that is staying there is concerned."

"Mademoiselle Julie? Bah! how should her affairs interest me? If it was only to speak of her, it was not worth while to come to my room with such an ugly night-cap," said Raymond, turning round, and burying his head in the pillow with a yawn, with every intention of going to sleep again. Madame de Montaigu stamped on the floor.

"Never mind my night-cap," she said, putting up her hands nevertheless to smooth the starched frills, which were standing up above her forehead. "This matter does concern you, and must concern you. I consider the whole family to be tainted," Madame concluded, in the very words her maid Gracieuse had used on hearing the story from the valet.

Raymond was by this time as wide awake and as eager to hear his mother as she could desire. He heard all she had to say, and then declared confidently that the whole story was a vile fabrication.

"I wonder at a woman of your acuteness listening to such a tissue of nonsense for a moment. And I wonder at Gracieuse having the impudence to retail it."

"Gracieuse believed she was doing her duty in letting me know, and so she was. And I believe that there is never smoke without fire, and that something has happened. I shall take steps to find out, and if it is of such a nature as to implicate the Russells in the slightest degree, I shall stop your marriage." Madame opened the bedroom door as she said this.

"Mother, nothing can happen to implicate Mees Estelle. Do not let that idea take possession of you."

"I said, 'the Russells,' all or any of them. I never supposed that little pale-

faced chit had done anything; she doesn't look as if she were clever enough to be naughty," said Madame de Montaigu.

"Listen to me one moment: I mean what I say, mother. If my marriage is broken off, I shall die. I have made up my mind that I cannot live without Estelle. If you forbid my marriage, I will not try to live without her. I suppose you do not wish to become my murderess?"

"Don't talk like such a fool!" said Madame, banging the door after her.

## CHAPTER XVII.

### MONSIEUR RAYMOND BEGINS TO WOO IN EARNEST.

ESTELLE had risen as usual at sunrise. After having watered her flowers and fed her gold-fish, and seen Alfred off to the early morning school, she retired to the garden to learn her Greek lesson, as she would have done had her mother been home. By the time she knew it the sun was high, and the air getting hot. She got some books from the house, sat down under the shade of a Siberian crab-tree just coming into blossom, and began to read "Froissart's Chronicles."

In the midst of her reading of the chapter where the rare old gossip tells of his presenting his book to Richard of Bourdeaux, and of his gracious reception by that elegant young prince, she heard footsteps along the gravel-walk; and looking up, saw, as she expected, her maid Lisette with a tray, on which were a cup of coffee, a bunch of roses, and the Toulouse paper. But behind Lisette came Monsieur Raymond, with great disturbance written in his face. When Estelle caught sight of him she was so astonished that she dropped her book and started up, meditating instant flight. But one glance showed her that flight was impossible, for, except for the gravel path in front, the crab-tree stood surrounded by an impervious thicket of

clematis. There was no alternative but to remain and speak to him: so she waited till Monsieur Raymond was near enough, and then drawing herself up to her full height, she made him a stately curtsy, at the same time giving Lisette a look which asked as plainly as possible what she was thinking of to bring Monsieur Raymond there. And Lisette, understanding the look, answered hurriedly, "I could not help it, Mademoiselle. I could not prevent his following me; he was not to be got rid of." Then laying the breakfast-tray on the garden-seat, she stood aside, wondering what would be the result of the interview.

There was just a grain of truth in Lisette's assertion. Monsieur Raymond had presented himself at the door, and had inquired for Mrs. Russell. Jean-Marie had replied that Madame had been suddenly called from home on business, but was hourly expected to return. It being clear from this answer that something had occurred, his mother's threat assumed in Raymond's estimation an importance which it had hitherto lacked entirely. A sudden impulse prompted him to ask for Mademoiselle. Jean-Marie would have informed him without more ado of her whereabouts, had not Mathurine, that dragoness and pearl of duennas, bid him, in her vigorous Languedocian patois, hold his tongue for a blundering fool; and then, turning to Raymond, told him curtly that Mademoiselle received no one in the absence of her mother.

When Raymond had got half-way downstairs, he saw Lisette standing with a breakfast-tray before a little oaken door at the end of the corridor. She stood with the tray poised on one hand, and with the other appeared to be fumbling with the latch. "I wonder in what corner of the garden Mademoiselle will have hidden herself?" she said, in a perfectly audible voice.

Raymond darted forward and opened the door for her. "Thank you, Monsieur Raymond," she said. "This is a terribly heavy door to move with one hand."

“Is that Mademoiselle’s breakfast?” he inquired.

“Yes. Might I ask you to shut the door after me, Monsieur? Strange dogs come up sometimes, and Mademoiselle is very particular about the flower-beds.” Then, with a demure “good-morning,” Lisette tripped away, seemingly oblivious of M. Raymond’s existence. Raymond, with a full consciousness that he was sinning against propriety, followed her, and found himself in a very few moments face to face with Estelle. But even with his full consciousness of transgression, he had not expected such an annihilating reception as she gave him.

“To what cause may I attribute this very untimely visit, Monsieur?” was the freezing inquiry which followed close upon Estelle’s magnificent curtsy.

Raymond stood before her utterly abashed. A conviction came over him that nothing but the plain, unvarnished truth would do, and he told it, stammering and hesitating for the first time in his life, from sheer nervousness.

“I thought,” he concluded, “that, considering the circumstances, as your mother was away from home, and as it was of so much consequence that the report should be contradicted forthwith,—that I might venture to ask for your authority to contradict it. I have to beg pardon for intruding upon you and telling you all this; I could not have ventured on such a step had not my—the person who told me—actually believed it. And my mother felt some anxiety about the honour of the family. I am obliged to say all this to excuse myself. I trust you will forgive me. It is very astonishing what things people will believe sometimes. But don’t think that I—that any one with a grain of sense believes it,” he added, perceiving her heightened colour.

“I am sorry to say that it is all true,” Estelle murmured, feeling in her turn utterly abashed.

“All true!” Raymond repeated in amazement. And then, his mother’s words recurring to him with redoubled force, he cried, “What will become of me? What will be the end of this!”

This exclamation gave a gleam of hope to Estelle. Her marriage might be delayed—broken off—who could tell?

“It will make a difference, no doubt,” she said, with something like her former haughty manner.

“It will make no difference to me, Mademoiselle, but it will to my mother; and I tremble to think of how that difference may affect me. It is not with impunity that a man places himself in opposition to his family.”

“Monsieur Raymond, I must beg you to understand clearly, that I am the last person who would wish to place you in opposition to your family.”

“Mademoiselle, in speaking thus you scarcely consider the embarrassment—I may say the cruelty—of my position.”

“I wish to make it easier, if I can. I say I will not be the one to make you act in opposition to your family.”

“It is that which I complain of,” said Raymond. “My position was embarrassed; you render it cruel when you say what means in so many words that you would give me up.”

“That is what I do mean. It seems to me that I am doing you a kindness rather than the reverse.”

“Listen to me, Mademoiselle. My mother declared this morning that if there were truth in this report, she would forbid our marriage. I come here, and find, most unexpectedly, that it is actually true. I know then what I have to expect from my mother. She never had a heart in her life, so she is not likely to consider mine. I cannot conceal from myself the gravity of this affair of Mademoiselle Julia’s. It is in truth so scandalous, that it is difficult to believe how any man of honour could adopt such a line of conduct as that which Monsieur your brother has seen fit to adopt.”

“Monsieur!” Estelle exclaimed, quivering from head to foot with anger. “I wonder,” she went on, speaking quickly and indignantly, “I do wonder that you should dare come here and hint that my brother has been guilty of dishonourable conduct!”

“Pardon me, Mademoiselle.”



"No, I will not pardon. You would have thought twice before saying it if I had been a man. And that you should think it only shows you to be as ignorant of English customs as my brother Harry is of French. Poor Harry!" she went on, her lips quivering with anger and vexation; "poor fellow! he would never have acted as he did last night had he known of the insuperable difficulties in his way. Had he been in England, it would have been far otherwise. It is even possible there for people to get married without either telling their families or running away."

"And their parents and friends receive them afterwards?" Raymond asked in much amazement.

"They can do as they please about that; but they cannot break the marriage."

"What a strange country yours must be! I see, Mademoiselle, that I spoke hastily and ignorantly, and I entreat your forgiveness. But you, who have lived so long in France, must be fully aware that society here takes a very different view of these matters."

"Yes, I know that."

"People who elope, whether married afterwards or not, are considered to have compromised themselves so gravely, that they must not hope to be received again. That is the view society takes. My mother, unhappily for my peace, chooses to take an extreme view. She chooses to consider it possible for others besides the two parties concerned to be compromised. It is useless for me to represent that such an extreme view is ridiculous as well as unjust. My mother chooses to hold this or that view because she chooses; there is no appeal. She chose to make my marriage; now she chooses to mar it. And you know what a parent's authority goes for in France. I speak of my mother only, because she can make my poor old father do exactly as she likes. You know that there is a last resource against parental despotism. I have no alternative but to avail myself of it. Only, even that will do me no good unless you will promise to stand by me."

"But I do not wish you to avail yourself of it," said Estelle, who understood that he alluded to *les trois sommations respectueuses*—the three appeals, or summonses, which French sons and daughters are allowed to serve on parents who choose to thwart their matrimonial designs after they have attained majority. If, after the serving of the third summons, the parents' consent is not forthcoming, the marriage may take place without it. But this is a measure only resorted to in extreme cases; and such sons and daughters are branded by public opinion as undutiful children, and looked on coldly in consequence, no matter what the parents' tyranny may have been. Estelle listened in dismay as Monsieur Raymond declared his intention. "Monsieur, you must consider that such a course would give pain to your father and mother, besides causing great scandal."

"I will not care for that," he said, taking her hand. "I am ready to brave father and mother for your sake. You are more to me than they."

"I am sorry for you, but it must not be. As I said before, I decline to be the one to put you in opposition to your parents," said Estelle, as she tried to withdraw her hand. But Raymond held it fast.

"Have pity on me, Mademoiselle! I have loved you from the first moment I saw you. Alas! till this unhappy morning I had looked forward to having the right to tell you of my love after to-morrow. I have been counting the days like a schoolboy expecting his holidays. Waking and sleeping, you have occupied my thoughts. Heart and brain are alike yours. What more can I say?" He was bending over her hand now, and Estelle felt two hot tear-drops fall on it as he pressed his lips to it.

"I am not worth your love," she said, bewildered by the sudden passion in his voice and manner. She had supposed that her thirty thousand pounds was what he had wanted. And now it seemed that he was not satisfied with that, but must needs have love besides. And she had none to give him.

"Not worth my love! Oh! Mademoiselle, you are worth more to me than I can tell. I would endure years of suffering, if only I might call you mine at last."

"Circumstances will probably render that impossible."

"Do not talk of circumstances. Give me your promise to be true."

"It does not depend on me. You know it does not."

"But you would give me your promise if it did?"

"I do not know. I have acted under my mother's guidance," said Estelle, turning herself away from him.

"Ah," Raymond exclaimed, hopefully, "I know your mother will take my side."

"I do not think she will," said Estelle.

During the foregoing conversation, Lisette had slipped off to a discreet distance, which, however, did not prevent her keeping her eye on Monsieur Raymond and her mistress. She had thought the love-making on his side the prettiest thing of the kind she had ever seen in her life. Now, fancying that Estelle was looking towards her, as if she wished her nearer, she approached within speaking distance, and said: "Mademoiselle's coffee will be quite cold."

Raymond felt that this was a broad hint for him to take his departure.

"Will you give me a good shake-hands, like the English?" he asked.

"No," Estelle replied, very gravely. She had never given him her hand, even in Mrs. Russell's presence, and his asking for it now only showed what great presumption he could be capable of. As if the fact of his being in her presence now that her mother was away was not a sufficient sin against French etiquette! Talk of Harry, indeed! Why, Monsieur Raymond was behaving ten-fold worse. He was transgressing with his eyes open. And to crown all, he must ask her to shake hands with him!

"You never wanted to shake hands when Mamma was by," she said with

great dignity. "So why should you now?"

"Because we have had a quarrel, and I hoped we were friends again. Will you shake hands this evening, when your mother is by?"

"I cannot promise. This evening may never come in the sense you mean."

Raymond drew a long breath. "It is cruel of you to remind me of that. You might have given me just a kind word to make me happy all this long day. I did not think I was asking for what seems so totally out of your power. I wish you a good morning, Mademoiselle." And he turned away abruptly as he spoke, and walked up the path, leaving Estelle looking after him.

By the time he had disappeared among the bushes that grew near the house she had begun to think that she had been unnecessarily cold and haughty in her behaviour. After all, if he did love her, he was not to blame; and though it was contrary to her expectations, it showed that he was better than she had supposed him. He could neither help Julia's running away with Harry nor Madame de Montaigu's considering that the elopement affected the honour of her family. As the top of his hat became invisible, she began to take herself to task for her unkindness, and longed to make amends.

"Monsieur Raymond! Monsieur Raymond!" she cried. Raymond, now at the garden-door, turned back, and saw her running towards him with outstretched hands. He turned and met her half way.

"Don't be angry," she cried; "I did not mean to hurt you—I am sorry if I did. Will you shake hands now?"

She stopped no longer than just to give Monsieur Raymond time to lift first one hand and then the other to his lips, and then press them tenderly in his own. She turned away quickly, and ran back to where Lisette was standing.

"Oh, Lisette, how could you do such a thing as let him in? What a fuss Mathurine would make if she knew it!"

To which Lisette replied, shrugging her shoulders, that Mathurine could have done no better than she did. Mathurine was one of the most tiresome old maids alive. Could Mathurine herself have taken him by the shoulders and turned him out?

No, Estelle said, but Mathurine would have told him plainly that it was not well for Mademoiselle to receive him; that, in fact, it was contrary to etiquette.

He knew that already, Lisette averred, and much he seemed to care for it. "I believe he is half mad with love," she cried. "Why, Mademoiselle, how can you help seeing it by his looks? I declare I wondered to see you so quiet and so cold—with a Yes and a No, and standing up so grand, and looking off straight in front of you. And your wedding fixed for to-morrow! I wouldn't like to marry with such a cold heart as yours, Mademoiselle, although you will be dressed so fine." And Lisette departed, quite unconscious of the sting her words contained.

Raymond, not wishing to see his mother till he had well decided on the attitude he had best assume towards her, instead of going home, got his breakfast at a café, and then taking a cab drove to Château Montaignu.

It was late in the afternoon when he returned. As he entered the gateway he was met by his valet, who told him that Madame de Montaignu had been anxiously inquiring for him, and had desired to be told the moment he came in. "Now for a scene!" thought Raymond, as he ascended to the drawing-room, heartily wishing the interview over. "Stay there, I am coming!" cried Madame de Montaignu from her dressing-room, where she was giving her maid some directions respecting her dress; and Raymond sat down with some such feeling as comes over a person who is kept waiting by the dentist when he comes by appointment to have a tooth out.

"Well, my son," said Madame, entering, "I have seen Madame Roussel."

"Seen Madame Roussel!"

"Yes, and I am happy to tell you it

is all right. As soon as I was dressed I had the carriage out, and drove there to inquire. They said Madame was away, but was expected home at four o'clock. I asked for the young ladies. They were gone for a drive in the country with Madame Roussel's maid. It appeared that the son had departed the day before for England. This was very satisfactory; still, as I thought it would be best to see Madame Roussel, I said I would return in the afternoon. I went back at half-past four, and found Madame Roussel just returned, terribly fatigued, poor woman, and in great distress at parting from her son. I asked why they had not got him a substitute, as we did for you, instead of letting him enter a service in which a man is in constant danger of being drowned. But it seems that the English prefer being drowned in person rather than by proxy; a fact explained, no doubt, by their splenetic temperament. Madame Roussel had accompanied her son as far as Castel Sarrasin, and it was just this and no more which had given rise to that report which alarmed me so. I have told Gracieuse that if she brings me any more such tales I shall dismiss her. After this, I shall never venture to depend on what she says."

"Did you see anyone besides Madame Roussel?" Raymond asked, scarcely able to suppress a smile.

"I saw Mademoiselle Julia for one moment. She would have called Estelle, but I could not wait. Besides, we shall all meet this evening."

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### ESTELLE'S LAST APPEAL.

NOT a trace of pallor or fatigue was visible on Mrs. Russell's beautiful face when she received her guests that evening. Julia, too, was as fresh as a rose. How the traces of fatigue were effaced was Mrs. Russell's own secret, unshared even by Mathurine. Certain it was that both ladies had presented a most woe-begone aspect when they descended from the travelling-carriage that afternoon.



Mrs. Russell had directed the driver to put them down at the side-entrance. They had to drive through back streets to get to it, but she thought it best to avoid the chance of being recognised from any one of the numerous drawing-room windows in the Rue des Couteliers.

There was not a soul in the court when they entered. Mrs. Russell shut the door softly and scudded upstairs as if she were an interloper, followed by Julia.

Madame Fleury and her husband and niece were the only Protestants invited to witness the signing of the contract. Madame would have refused had not her curiosity carried the day against her dignity. For she had felt aggrieved at Mrs. Russell's extreme reticence, and annoyed at having been in the wrong in declaring the report of Estelle's marriage to be a fabrication. But whatever her feelings were, she swallowed them down. For Mathilde was to be married some time, and an idea or two might be gained by turning over Mees Estelle's *trousseau*.

Not that Mathilde could expect anything like this, Madame Fleury confessed with a sigh, as she fingered the Cashmere shawls, and the veil and dress of Alençon lace in which Estelle was to appear on the morrow.

"Ah," said Mademoiselle Mathilde, as she finished a close examination of Estelle's jewel-box, "how delighted you must be to be so rich; to be able to buy just anything you have a fancy for."

"I know nothing of such delights," said Estelle. "I have always had my allowance like other girls."

"Don't you think," Mademoiselle Mathilde went on, "that it will be very disagreeable to be married in the porch of the cathedral? I feel that is a thing I could never put up with. And which is to be done first, the Protestant marriage or the Catholic? I suppose the civil marriage will be quite early, will it not?"

"There are some people coming in whom I must speak to," said Estelle.

As soon as she was out of hearing, Madame Fleury took her niece to task for her inquisitiveness.

"I wonder at you, Mathilde. Can't

you see that she did not like it? You must learn more tact before you will be fit to be the head of a household. You might have asked me, and I could have told you that the religious ceremony at the cathedral takes place first. They will have to hurry it over if they get to the Temple by two, which is the hour named in the invitation. It is a pity she is going to marry a Catholic, but we must make the best of it: as dear Monsieur Cazères says, it is wonderful to see how much good may spring from what seems at the time an unmitigated evil. If she converts her husband, it will be such a triumph as the truth has not had for many a long day. Was that the notary who came in last? And did you ever see such a diamond bracelet? or such earrings? Don't they make your mouth water? As for the *trousseau*, I could not have done better myself. Every article is of the best kind. Dear, dear, how I should have liked to make up the match between her and young Anatole de Méissac! But it was not to be. Heaven often denies us the fulfilment of our best desires, as the dear pastor said last Sunday."

"How do you do, Madame Fleury?" said Julia, entering. "You are looking at my friend's pretty things. How do you do, Mademoiselle?"

Madame Fleury made a very stately curtsy, and looked at her from head to foot with a curious expression.

"My niece," she said, when she had finished her survey, "we will take a turn in the next room." And taking Mademoiselle Mathilde's arm, she sailed away with as much state as her figure was capable of expressing.

That afternoon Madame had been busily employed in taking an inventory of her house-linen, a task which she was too thorough-going a housewife to leave to any servant. She was standing in her linen-closet, a small room looking into a back street, and had counted up as far as her hundred and seventeenth holland sheet, when the unusual sound of carriage-wheels drew her to the window. Stretching her neck eagerly, she saw a dusty travelling-carriage stop at

the side-entrance of the quadrangle of the Hôtel St.-Jean, and, wonder of wonders, from it Mrs. Russell and Miss Maurice alighted, and vanished up the back staircase. Now, in spite of the pitiful ending of her weak little attempt at making a match for Estelle; in spite of Mrs. Russell's having trampled on her feelings; in spite, moreover, of Pastor Cazères' strictures on mixed marriages and his complaints of the English ladies' coldness and spiritual arrogance, Madame Fleury's good nature rose supreme. She imposed silence on the maid who brought her the report of the scandal, and resolved to hold her own tongue—at least till Estelle was married. But if she could have withered Julia with a look, she would have done it. Mathilde, surprised at her aunt's leaving the room so abruptly, whispered a request to return and chat with Miss Julia. To which her aunt replied sternly, "You will keep by me," and mounted guard over her till the business of the evening, the reading and signing of the contract, began.

Julia stood and looked after them as they left the room, her eyes dilated, her whole form quivering with passion.

"So she knows it, then! That woman has told her. I felt, when she said that she would keep my secret, that it was a lie. It is well I am going away from this place. I wish I had never come." And she sat down, and laid her cheek on her hand, and thought how it would have been if Mrs. Russell had taken the wrong track the night before.

"We should have got a clergyman to marry us, anyhow, at Pau, I daresay, and we should have been re-married in England to make it all right. I wish we had, only to spite her for all her worrying and lecturing and keeping me in order. And I hate her for telling that horrid fat Madame Fleury. I hate her so that I could kill her," she muttered, clenching her hands. "If I were such an heiress as that silly prude yonder, she would plot and plot and conspire till she had entrapped me into marrying her scatter-brained son. Ah, Mrs. Russell, you had best take care, I may have him at my feet yet," she said, angrily pushing

aside the lace and the shawls that were lying on the sofa.

As she sat, she heard the voice of M. Peyre, the notary. The reading of the marriage-contract had begun. There was a profound silence while the reading lasted, then a hum and rustle and pushing about of chairs, as the witnesses drew near to affix their signatures to the document. Presently the pop of corks was heard, and M. Peyre's dry, measured voice, proposing the health of Monsieur and Mademoiselle the contracting parties. Julia had expected that, now the reading was over, somebody would have come to fetch her. But it was so evident that she was missed by no one that she felt she hated them all, from Mrs. Russell down to M. Peyre. And the most hateful thing of all was to be surrounded with evidences of Estelle's riches, while she herself, with all her beauty, was the portionless daughter of a retired admiral.

"She!—little puling idiot, gliding in and out like a ghost—she will never enjoy what her money gives her. She only cares for stupid books and for daubing with paints. Give her a bit of chalk and a few sheets of elephant paper, and she is in paradise for a week. Her very face is only fit for the mourning figure on the top of a tombstone. She won't know how to wear her diamonds, and those lovely Indian shawls will only look like woollen wraps on her miserable little shoulders. As for her wedding-dress, she will look drowned, smothered, in all that lace to-morrow, I know. If it were I—how I would play my lady countess! I'd set off my diamonds. I'd make them set *me* off, too. They will only put *her* out. And I—oh, how tired, how tired I am of all this! Everything is so stupid. It's enough to make one turn goody, like Hen." And she laid her head on her arm, and wept, she scarce knew why.

A soft hand on her shoulder made her look up. It was Estelle. She dashed the tears from her eyelashes. It was not often that she wept, even in self-pity; and she hated that Estelle should find her in a melting mood, and think,

perhaps, that she was regretting Harry, for whom she did not care two straws.

"You are tired, dear," Estelle said, sitting down beside her. "You should not have come into the drawing-room to-night. It was too much for you after—after all that fatigue."

"It is not only that—I am sick and tired of everything and everybody. It is all stupid, and hateful, and hollow. I am sick and tired of the world," Julia exclaimed vehemently.

"O Julia," Estelle said, sighing; "so am I, very, very tired of it."

"You tired of the world?" Julia asked, pointing to the table on which all the jewels and presents were laid out. "You tired of the world, when you can call this your own—and this—and this—" she said, taking up the lace and other finery that lay in a heap near her. "And with the prospect of being a countess instead of plain Miss Russell! Only a French countess, to be sure; but then, your father was only a captain in the navy. I don't believe you mean what you say, Estelle."

"Oh," Estelle replied, "if I could only be told that I never should wear that finery—never be countess—be only plain Estelle Russell all my life—how thankfully should I say my prayers to-night!" And she began to weep silently, hiding her face in her hands.

"Now, for Heaven's sake, don't begin to cry!" said Julia, equally alarmed and annoyed. "I tell you my nerves won't bear a scene to-night, Estelle. And you know that when once you do begin you can't leave off."

"I am sorry—" Estelle began, endeavouring to check herself. Julia went on:—

"It's too bad of you. I am so tired, and so worried, and so put out, that I'm sure I don't want to have people crying where I am. It is I who have the greatest right to cry, I think, not you, who have everything this world can give you. As for me, I tell you, I am so sick of everything and everybody, and so worn out with fatigue, that I wish I were dead. There!"

"I am sorry for you, Julia, indeed I

am. And if I cried about myself just now, don't think, because of that, that I have not cared about your annoyances. I am very sorry for what you have gone through." She could not say she was sorry the marriage had not taken place. "You are certainly looking worn out and unlike yourself," she continued. "If you will let me, I will help you to undress. Why should you sit up till the people are gone? You will feel better when you are in bed." And Julia, being really exhausted, suffered Estelle to do as she proposed.

When Estelle returned to the drawing-room, every one was gone except M. de Luzarches and his wife, and Madame de Montaigu and her son.

"Here is the truant," cried Madame. "Raymond has been complaining that you have kept away from him all the evening."

"I have just learnt from Monsieur Alfred," said Raymond, coming forward, "that it is your eighteenth birthday to-day, Mademoiselle."

"Yes," Estelle replied, blushing somewhat as she explained that she did not keep her birthday, but her name-day, as every one did in France.

Raymond went up to Mrs. Russell, and, observing that birthdays only came once a year, begged her permission to embrace Mademoiselle in honour of the day. Mrs. Russell graciously assented, and he approached Estelle, and with the words, "With your mother's permission, Mademoiselle," would have kissed her on the forehead. But she, crying wildly, "No, no, no," broke away and fled to her own room, leaving her future husband much discomfited, and the spectators much amused. Mrs. Russell, alone, concealed some annoyance under her smile.

M. de Luzarches laughed heartily. "I think it will be no use to wait for her to come back." Then there was a great deal of bowing and curtsying and kissing; and her last guests having departed, Mrs. Russell was free to seek repose.

While Mathurine was undressing her, Estelle came in with her eyes swollen and her face disfigured with weeping.



Mrs. Russell asked her sharply why she was not in bed. "You won't be fit to be seen to-morrow," she remarked.

"I cannot go to bed till I have spoken to you, Mamma," said the girl huskily. "Will you please send Mathurine away for one moment?"

"Send Mathurine away?" Mrs. Russell repeated. "Certainly not. I am so tired that I can scarcely lift a finger. If I were not so tired I should scold you well for making such an absurd scene this evening. Do go to bed; and endeavour to behave rationally to-morrow."

"Mamma, it is about to-morrow that I want to speak. Dear Mamma—" she knelt down and put her hands together on her mother's knee—"do not make me marry Monsieur Raymond. I feel I cannot do it."

"Is the child mad?" asked Mrs. Russell, as she looked at Estelle kneeling before her.

"No, I am not mad now. I was when I thought I could marry him—when I thought I could marry any one except Louis. From the day the marriage was fixed to this, I declare I have never willingly thought of Louis. You chose Monsieur Raymond, and on Monsieur Raymond I have forced myself by every possible means in my power to look as on my future husband. I thought that a strong will would do everything. But I was mistaken. If Louis were here; if he only beckoned me with his finger, I would go to him, follow him, be his wife—yes, in spite of that poverty you have taught me to fear so much; in spite—I would not listen to anything you could say, if Louis only told me to come with him. Even though you should cast me off, I would not care!"

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself," was Mrs. Russell's reply. "How dare you talk in this improper way? You are almost as bad as Julia. Get up from the carpet instantly."

"Mamma," said Estelle as she rose, "if I marry Monsieur Raymond, the whole of my life will be an acted lie."

"Don't talk in that crazy manner," Mrs. Russell said; "but just look at

the clock. Don't you see that it is actually your wedding-day? What would people say of me if it were broken off now?"

"Tell Monsieur Raymond that I love Louis Vivian with my whole heart and soul, and he will release me," cried Estelle. "I would have told him myself, only I have been such a coward. Once married, how can I dare tell him? Help me in this, Mamma, for pity's sake! Do not force me to do him such a terrible wrong. If he did not love me it would not matter so much, but he does love me. And when he finds out that I do not love him—that his wife loves some one else—I tremble to think how he will hate me then!"

"I am weary of all this nonsense," Mrs. Russell exclaimed, throwing herself back in her chair. "Monsieur Raymond would be the very last person to whom I should mention your silly fancy for Mr. Vivian. But for your perverseness you would have got over it long ago. I wonder how you could think for one moment that I should consent to compromise myself as you propose, and to be cut by every one of the Montaigu set. I hope that before long you will feel thoroughly ashamed of all you have been saying to-night, and thankful to me for not letting you have your own way."

"Then you will not tell him?"

"No, I certainly will not. And now I beg you will go away and not worry me any more."

Estelle wept that night till she could weep no longer. She had gone to her mother with a hope—a poor, faint hope, but still a hope—of being listened to. But now not even this poor, faint hope remained; her entreaties had availed no more against her mother's firmness than the spray which dashes against the rock.

"Oh," she cried out wildly, "Louis, Louis! Louis! come and take me away!" And then, remembering how her mother had written to him, "No, he has given me up. He has given me up, and nothing in the world will help me now!" And she fell asleep, praying that she might die.

## CHAPTER XIX.

## CHÂTEAU MONTAIGU.

NEVER during the whole course of his ministry had Pastor Cazères received such a rebuff as on the day when his evil genius prompted him to call on Mrs. Russell, and warn her solemnly against endangering her child's soul by allowing this marriage with a Catholic. That recalcitrant member of his flock had refused even to listen to what he had to say. She had interrupted him in the midst of his carefully prepared exordium, assuring him, in terms of politeness as incisive as the French language could make them, that she felt herself capable of managing both her own and her daughter's affairs without extraneous aid, either temporal or spiritual. And then, as if he had been any common morning caller, she began a frivolous discussion on the merits of the azaleas and rhododendrons at the flower-show which had been occupying all Toulouse that week. Foiled in the object of his visit, the pastor look leave, bearing away wrath and bitterness in his heart against the proud Englishwoman who dared so utterly to ignore his ghostly authority.

And truly a more amiable man than Pastor Cazères might have felt ruffled. But Pastor Cazères, more than any man. For he, when he paid his pastoral visits, had been wont to make his arm-chair a pulpit, whence he delivered sentences of grave import; rebuking, commending, or warning, according to the spiritual needs of his auditors. Woe to the woman who ventured to turn the monologue into a dialogue! Reproof would have followed quick upon the transgression. M. Cazères would have told her that she was speaking "as one of the foolish women speaketh," and would have put her to such utter confusion that she would have held her peace for evermore. But this woman, blind and foolish, and laden with sinfulness,—this elegant, arrogant Englishwoman, with a wave of her dainty fan, had bid him

No. 114.—VOL. XIX.

euphoniously to hold his tongue; him, the messenger from Heaven, the delight of the Toulousan faithful! He had retained sufficient self-control to recommend the unfortunate Estelle to the Divine protection, and to assure her misguided mother that he would not forget her in his prayers—for which Mrs. Russell had thanked him with her most ceremonious curtesy; and then he had departed, full of righteous anger, the outpouring of which fell to the lot of his meek, overworked helpmeet, and spoil her appetite for that day's dinner.

I think that both bride and bridegroom would have fared badly at this Pastor's hands had he pronounced the pastoral benediction over them. It would have been his awful duty to affix an anathema to the nuptial discourse, both for the good of the two souls more immediately concerned, and to deter his auditors from the perils of mixed marriages.

Offended as Mrs. Russell was, she would have desired that Sub-Pastor Vinel might officiate, had not her pride stepped in and whispered that such a course would assure Pastor Cazères of his words having taken some root, and that he would thereby be greatly magnified in his own estimation. So she let things remain as they were, trusting to chance for a turning aside of the sharp arrows of the Pastor's tongue. And chance interfered, in the shape of some pastoral business which called M. Cazères away to Nismes at the eleventh hour, leaving Sub-Pastor Vinel, a raw-boned, ill-favoured youth, horribly ascetic, a red-hot importation from the College at Geneva, to pronounce the marriage homily.

"*Que la femme soit soumise,*"—"Let the wife be in subjection," was the text M. Vinel chose, and so fruitful a theme was it to him, that he was enabled to enlarge upon it for the space of one hour and a half by the clock of the Capitol.

Raymond, who had at first behaved admirably, felt his patience waning by the time M. Vinel had reached his "seventhly." Nevertheless, that the

exhortation came to an end without an "eighthly" was not owing to the bridegroom's look of weariness, but to the fact that M. Vinel's throat was getting dry, and that the sacristan had omitted to place the customary glass of water on the communion-table. That last quarter of an hour from the "seventhly," that is, to the final benediction, was an awful quarter of an hour to Raymond; and not the least part of its awfulness consisted in the pastoral gift of a big brown Bible, which, when put in his hands, he knew no more what to do with than if it had been a baby.

Madame de Montaigu being of opinion that it was exceedingly improper for two young people to go rushing about the country the instant they were married, it had been decided that the honeymoon was to be spent at the château. Madame would have wished to give a ball at her house in town on the wedding-night, but Raymond, finding from Mrs. Russell that this idea was extremely distasteful to Estelle, had stipulated that the ball was to be put off for a fortnight after the wedding, and that during that time he and his wife should remain in seclusion at the château.

It was a wonderful change in both their lives; to Raymond almost more so than to Estelle. He thought of the day before their wedding-day with a sort of feeling that it had been a horrible nightmare, in which all sorts of strange and foolish terrors had possessed him, and all sorts of cruel and impossible events had been constantly going to happen. How little would it have taken to make that nightmare a reality! Supposing Mrs. Russell not to have returned when she did; supposing Madame de Montaigu had felt less secure in her own acuteness; supposing a slip of the tongue on the part of any of Mrs. Russell's servants when she made her inquiries; supposing any one of these chances, how would he have been situated now? If Chance had been worshipped in France, Raymond would have laid a tribute on her altar. But that deity having no visible altars nowadays, his tribute was necessarily

confined to a vague, unaccustomed feeling of gratitude to the thing—Chance; Luck; fortuitous combination of circumstances—God's Providence, some men call it—which, instead of thwarting and torturing him, had given him the desire of his eyes, and completed what had hitherto been at its best a low, imperfect state of existence. They were in Eden now, Eden without its serpent. Madame de Montaigu might personate the serpent; but Madame had promised them a quiet fortnight, and it was to be hoped that she would let them have their Eden just for so long. Very delightful were Raymond's wanderings through the woods, and vineyards, and gardens, with the creature by his side from whom no power could part him, not even the whole force of united family conclave, presided over by Madame de Montaigu. That beautiful head, with its coronet of brown, gold-tipped hair, was his to caress unchidden. Those sacred lips, his own property, to kiss without stint or check. No duenna bristling with proprieties could come between them now. They were one and indivisible.

And Estelle?

Estelle was astonished to find that the change was not so bad as she had expected. You see that she had all at once got rid of a great many things which worried her. In the first place, instead of being ordered and looked after and scolded for her good, she was asked a hundred times a day what her wishes were; and this, besides being a new thing, was in itself delightful. Then, too, there was nothing at Château Montaigu to remind her of Louis Vivian. She had burnt the sandalwood box and all its contents, except the locket in which was her father's hair. She had even erased a marginal note which Louis had made when reading her "Froissart's Chronicles." And to crown all this, there was Raymond, clever, talented, as she was beginning to find out; elegant and handsome, as she had seen long ago; and lavishing his love upon her in a manner she had never even dreamt of. No woman, even the



most cold-hearted, can be quite insensible to a man's devotion. Estelle was so far touched by it that she was content already to let herself be loved. If Louis had not given her up— But he had done so, and since it was so, she felt that she would hardly like to change her husband and Château Montaigu for the Hôtel St.-Jean and the stern guardianship of her mother.

The Montaigu estate was spread over that broad tongue of land which lies north-east of Toulouse, between the brawling river Ers and the Grand Canal du Midi. Northwards was a vast wood; south and west the estate was divided into vineyards and maize fields. The rest was a mere waste of sandy hillocks and pebbly drifts, inundated by the river in spring, and covered in summer and autumn by wild lavender and periwinkle and privet bushes. Behind this waste land there was an embankment which separated the cultivated portion from the waste, and kept the torrent from spreading over the low fields in times of inundation.

On the highest point of this little territory, overlooking the old city, with its tiled roofs, and the plain with its endless vineyards and maize fields, stood the melancholy château, cradle of the proud, overbearing, once powerful Sires de Montaigu. The remains of graceful arabesques might still be discerned on its battered brick façade; whose decay had been due not so much to the hand of time as to the ruthless zeal of a patriotic Toulousan mob during the Reign of Terror. Approaching by an avenue of ancient elms for about half a mile, you reached a Gothic lichen-stained portal, surmounted by an oriel window, which, for reasons best known to the architect, was placed somewhat out of the line of the centre of the portal, which itself stood considerably on one side of the façade. After passing the entrance, you got through a vaulted passage into the court, with a cloister on the east side something like that in the old convent of the Augustine friars at Toulouse, now converted

to secular uses. Along this cloister a Banksia rose grew unchecked, throwing its wildly luxuriant branches round the pillars and up to the roof, and carpeting the pavement all through the month of April with its fragrant petals. At one end of the cloister an oak door, half off its hinges, gave entrance to a small chapel with a groined roof, communicating with the interior of the house by a disused room in the last stage of mouldiness, yecept the library. On the right, a winding staircase of stone led to a suite of rooms on the first floor, set apart for the residence of the Countesses Dowager of Montaigu. But for more than half a century there had been no Countess Dowager, and the untenanted apartments, uncared for by French housemaids, and delivered over by them to the dominion of the spider and the moth, had gradually fallen into decay; and would have remained in that condition had they not been selected by Raymond as a residence for himself and his wife during his father's lifetime.

The apartments of the Count and Countess were on the ground-floor at the other end of the building, that which was least picturesque and best repaired. The Montaigu family had had its ups and downs in the world, and the château bore marks of its share in the buffetings of fortune. The last injuries to its structure had been those inflicted during the battle of Toulouse, on Easter Sunday, April 1814, when the western walls had been riddled with shot; while the summer drawing-room, with its frescoed walls and yellow-silken hangings, was turned into a slaughter-house by the British, who occupied the château and the neighbouring farm.

When the family returned after the proclamation of peace, it was to find the château desolate, the young crops of maize and wheat on the estate and outlying farms cut to pieces, and the well-trimmed, tufty vines trampled under foot. More than that, the ground was one vast cemetery, for the loss to the British had been severe; and often in his rounds did the gamekeeper come

upon a spot where the earth was elastic to the tread; sure sign that a corpse lay under, buried hastily where it had given up the ghost. These had been collected and re-interred in a lonely spot a mile distant from the château, where the river made a bend, and the willows swept their trailing boughs in the snow-fled waters as they rushed along. The superstitious peasants avoided that spot; even the poacher was scared from it by the dread of meeting the restless souls of those who lay as they had died, unconfessed and unshriven. So the wood-pigeon built unmolested in the beeches, and the hares and pheasants had the ground all to themselves, and grew and multiplied. The master of the château was half-ruined for the time, and the château itself was no safe place to live in, for malaria reigned around it, only to be dislodged by winter winds and purifying rain.

But the Comte de Montaigu, though low in purse, did not lose heart. There was an infallible plan, consecrated from time immemorial, whereby the Sires de Montaigu had renovated their drained purses; namely, by prudent alliances. So the Count assembled the family council, composed at that time solely of a younger brother and an ancient aunt; and after declaring that he intended to sacrifice himself for the good of his estate, by putting his neck under the matrimonial yoke, solemnly confided to the ancient aunt the task of unearthing the future countess; adding that, himself once supplied as became the head of the family, he should make a point of finding a proper wife for his brother.

The aunt set to work in a methodical manner. She made a tour of inspection through all the convents devoted to the education of noble young ladies. At the convent of the ladies of the Sacred Heart, the Mother Superior recommended as a desirable article in every way, a girl of fifteen, Octavie de Brueilh by name, a pretty Bayonnaise, with immense estates in the Basque country, neither father nor mother, and a guardian who had expressed in strong terms his wish to be relieved from his tutorial

responsibilities. As for Mademoiselle Octavie herself, she was dying for a glimpse of the unknown world beyond the barred convent windows.

Chaperoned by the Mother Superior, and further protected by the intervening grating, the convent-bred young lady had an interview of about ten minutes' duration with the Comte de Montaigu, in the parlour. On his return from this interview, the Comte, who had chosen to see for himself that Mademoiselle Octavie had neither a hump nor a squint, signified to his ancient relative that he was perfectly satisfied, and should immediately proceed to communicate with the guardian. Matters were arranged without loss of time; a new altar-cloth was presented to the convent chapel by Mademoiselle, and a new set of brocade vestments by Monsieur; she kissed the nuns all round, and promised eternal friendship to her schoolfellows; he gave a champagne supper to a host of bachelor friends; and they were married, she being fifteen, he five-and-thirty. The matrimonial yoke had not weighed heavily on either of them. He had gone his way, she had gone hers. Her way, taking it all in all, had been no worse than frivolous. Of his way little need be said. He had had a paralytic stroke some time before our story begins, and was occupied in making his salvation with all possible speed before a second should overtake him. His brother, as well as the ancient aunt, were long since dead, and Raymond was emphatically the sole hope of the family in the direct line.

Raymond, all desirous of making his wife retract certain heretical utterances respecting French poetry, had begun a judicious course of reading with her. They sat together early one morning under the walnut trees, she idly listening, and drinking in the dewy air with a still new sense of freedom, while he read the Gascon poem, "*La Françonnetou*," translating as he went on. And as he read, he glanced at her, and rejoiced ere long to see that her beautiful grey eyes were veiled with a tender

nist, and that a rosy flush had stained the pale marble of her cheek. By and by her mouth began to quiver. Then he stopped; and she, stifling her emotion, said, turning her head that he might not see her wet eyelids—

"That is beautiful. But it does not sound like French, it is so perfectly untrammelled. What must the original Gascon be, if the translation is so charming?"

"I know Gascon pretty well," said Raymond. "I can teach it to you some day, if you like."

"Yes, indeed," said Estelle: "I should like it, if you don't mind the trouble; just for the sake of reading such delicious poetry."

"Delicious poetry!" laughed her husband. "I have soon converted you, my love."

"I have not altered my opinion of Racine one bit, mind," she retorted, blushing. "And after all it is Gascon, not French, this 'Françounetou.'"

"But you liked the translation," said he; "you said you did, and I shall not let you go back from your word."

"Yes, I liked the translation very much indeed. Who is it by?"

"A man I know something of," was his answer. "And now, if you like, dearest, we will explore a little. Let us walk."

In the midst of the wood, half-hidden in a clump of young beeches and acacias, in whose branches the blackbirds were singing lustily, stood a broken column, with its pedestal half sunk in the earth, and bearing inscriptions which damp and decay had rendered almost illegible. Every crack and crevice in the shattered marble was filled up by the delicate, shade-loving maiden-hair, drooping and waving its bright pinnules with each breath of wind. On the ground at its base, embedded in luxuriant mosses and ferns, lay the funeral urn that had originally adorned the summit of the column. The earth all round was overrun with wild flowers and velvety mosses, strewn with tender little pizizas, no bigger than coral beads, so fragile that they crumbled under

Estelle's fingers when she tried to gather them.

"This is the sweetest spot I ever saw!" she cried with enthusiasm.

Raymond, seeing his wife pleased, was pleased too; and, sitting down at the foot of the monument, told her how it had been raised to the memory of the British officers who had fallen on the field of Toulouse. Many details he gave which he had learnt from his father and the old people on the estate, and which, though possessing local interest, were not to be found in French memoirs of that battle.

"This place is dull," he said, at last, seeing that his wife gave a shudder. "Let us leave it. I have always been accustomed to it, but I can understand your not liking it now you know it to be a cemetery."

"It seems to me redolent of death," said Estelle, glad to move away. "Even the acacias do not smell as they do near the house."

"Was that what made you shudder?"

"No. It was a sort of inward shiver, as if somebody had been walking over my grave, as the country folks say in England."

"Do not say such horrible things," said Raymond, "else you will make me shudder too." They walked on, and Estelle began expressing her surprise at the ruinous condition of the monument.

"The fact is," Raymond answered, "that ever since its erection, whenever there has been any political disturbance—and you know there has been a good deal one way and another since your brave *Vélingtonne* passed here—the mob have made a practice of coming out here and battering the monument. I cannot quite tell why they should take such a long walk when there is so much in the town itself that they might break to pieces. They do so probably in obedience to some occult law with which we are as yet unacquainted. If you wish, I will have the stone repaired. I dare say we shall not have a revolution these ten years, whatever the Reds may say about it."



"No," Estelle answered; "I would not do away with the maiden-hair and the moss, which have so tenderly covered up the rents and crevices all these years."

"This evening," said Raymond, as they sat together on the sofa after luncheon, "we will have a ride together. I have got you a beautiful little Arab that will just suit you."

"How kind you are!" said Estelle. "I was wishing for an Arab the other day."

"Now you have got it, begin to wish for something else."

"I will wait till to-morrow," said she, "I don't quite know what I wish for just at present.—Raymond," she said shyly, after they had sat silent for some time, "did you like the way the table was arranged at luncheon?"

"I thought it a great improvement," said he, "and so was the luncheon itself. Our cook is on his mettle to-day, evidently."

"It was I who ordered everything," cried Estelle, delighted. "Everything, the arrangement of the table included. I am so glad you liked it."

Raymond looked surprised and pleased. "I believe you can do everything," he said. "Not a day passes but I discover some new accomplishment of which I had no idea. My mother will take you to her inmost heart when she finds out what a capital housewife you are. She is a clever housewife herself, and piques herself on her talents in that line; as for book-learning, I may as well tell you at once as leave you to find out, that if you said that Homer lived in the time of Charlemagne, or that the tower of Babel was built in the time of the Romans, she would believe you; and if I said it was just the contrary, she would think that probably I was in the right, but that after all it did not much matter. You must never let her see you with a book if you can help it; the only two books she looks into herself are the *Book of Hours* and the *fashion-book*. She has never found out the want of any more; and if she has got through the world so well with

those two, why should any woman want more? Such is her creed. She is never so angry with me as when she finds out that I have been buying books."

"I wonder what she will say by and by, when she sees the quantity we have in our drawing-room."

"She will want you to put them all away, and if you don't she will treasure up your refusal in her mind, and go on adding one small offence and another to it, till she considers the list long enough to justify a quarrel."

"Oh, Raymond! You don't quite mean that."

"Indeed I do. You don't know what awful quarrels we have had sometimes because I would not do exactly as she wished. Then she never would let me alone. It seemed as if I were my own master, and certainly I had my own servant and set of rooms, and could go in and out as I chose, and I need not even dine with my parents unless I liked. But there my freedom ended. I do believe, Estelle, that if she had taken it into her head that I ought to button my coat behind instead of before, she would never have left off worrying me till I had done it. She was sulky with me for days because I would have the rooms furnished as you see them. But in that matter I held firm, because I did think it time for her despotism to stop somewhere. Of course, now I am married, I shall take my own way. It is to be hoped that she too will feel that she has less right to interfere now that I have a wife."

"Then you would not have the books removed?"

"Certainly not. If she says anything, you must say I will not have them put away."

"But if she gets angry?"

"Then she must. I shall know how to manage her.—Who can this be?" he exclaimed, hearing the sound of a carriage coming up the avenue. He went to the window, and returned with annoyance depicted on his countenance. "Talk of the wolf," he said, "and one sees his tail. Estelle, it is my mother."

"But I thought it was settled that

we were to have a fortnight to ourselves?"

"Of course it was. And I shall ask her what has made her break her promise."

"But perhaps she wanted to give some orders about her own rooms. Perhaps she will be gone again in half an hour," said Estelle.

Raymond looked out again. "No such luck," he said. "My father's valet is sitting on the box; *ergo*, my father is inside. It is too bad."

Madame's voice was soon heard in the court. She was finding fault with somebody, it was clear.

"Finished luncheon! I never heard of such a thing in my life. I should like to know what makes them so early. It is extremely annoying and inconvenient. Baptiste, give Monsieur your arm. Oh, what an ascent! Thank Heaven I don't live upstairs."

"I do indeed thank Heaven," said Raymond, turning up his eyes to the ceiling.

Estelle began to laugh, in spite of feeling some nervousness at the impending visit.

"You may laugh," said Raymond, "but it is no laughing matter. People have no business to break their promises."

"Had I not better go forward and meet her?" said Estelle, moving to the door.

"Certainly not!" For the first time she detected displeasure in her husband's tone. "I beg you won't move an inch. I am not glad to see her, and I have no intention of getting up even a show of welcome."

"Good morning, children!" said Madame, as she entered. "How do, little one?" This was addressed to her daughter-in-law, as she just touched her cheek. "You did not expect me, I suppose," was the next thing she said, as she threw herself on the sofa and unfastened her bonnet-strings.

"We certainly did not expect you," Raymond answered.

"The fact is, it was getting so hot in Toulouse that I could not stay there a

moment longer. I thought we should be here in time for luncheon, and so we should, only you are so ridiculously early. What made you change our usual hour, eh?"

"Perhaps we wanted luncheon early because we breakfasted early."

"But what on earth induced you to breakfast early?"

"Because we got up early, I suppose."

"But what on earth made you get up?"

"Because there happened to be something worth getting up for."

"Will you come into my room and lay aside your bonnet and shawl?" Estelle asked at this juncture.

"No," the Comtesse replied, "I would as soon stay where I am. I suppose they will give us something to eat presently. I gave orders about it before I came upstairs. You are looking rather pretty, I think. Have you and Raymond quarrelled yet?"

"Quarrelled!" Estelle drew herself up indignantly.

"Just look at her!" cried Madame de Montaigu to her husband, who had nodded all round on entering the room, and had dropped into an arm-chair without a word. "Just note that air of offended majesty! You would manage that pretty well if you were my height, but as you are not, I wouldn't try it if I were you. Well, well, so there has been no quarrelling yet. You will come to it soon enough, never fear."

"I trust I shall never so far forget myself," said Estelle.

"I won't begin," said Raymond, drawing his wife close to him.

"Montaigu," cried the Comtesse, "don't go to sleep. You will have your luncheon presently, and you shall sleep by and by. Raymond, give your father a push. It is very bad for him to sleep so much."

"I wish you would let me alone," said the old gentleman peevishly. "The heat is very oppressive, and I have not a pinch of snuff left."

"Where did you get that morning-gown?" was Madame's next inquiry.

"Mamma had it from Paris. Raymond thinks it pretty."

"Raymond knows nothing about it. I don't like the cut of it at all; I hope you have no more of that pattern."

"Indeed, I have. Mamma had a great fancy for the pattern. It came from the best house in Paris."

"I don't believe it did. You were imposed on, I daresay. You must have them altered. I will lend you a pattern from my Paris dressmaker's."

"I won't have them altered," "I like them as they are," said Estelle and Raymond together.

Further discussion was cut short by the entrance of a servant to say that Madame was served.

"What did I tell you?" said Raymond, as his parents left the room. "Is she not awful?"

"What shall we do if she intends always going on like this?" Estelle asked with a sinking heart.

"I would not mind it so much if she would only let you alone," said Raymond, angrily. "I wish we were a hundred miles away from her. I'll tell you what we will do. We will have the pony-carriage, and drive out as far as the beech-wood. You can take your drawing-book, there are plenty of nice old trees to study, and I will translate some more of Jasmin's poetry for you."

But before they could put their project into execution, a message came that Madame wanted Monsieur Raymond immediately.

While waiting for him to come back, Estelle took up the book of Jasmin's poetry, and tried to read it, but, finding the Gascon verbs puzzling, she laid it down, and went into the book-room to look for a translation which Raymond had said he possessed. She found the book, read a few pages, and then turned to the title-page to learn the translator's name. Suddenly a bright smile broke over her face. The name was "Raymond de Montagu."

"I like his poetry better than Racine's, whatever he may say about it," she thought; "but this is only a translation, after all. I wonder whether he has

ever printed any original poems." She began to search through the shelves, and by and by came upon a small volume in a modest brown cover, which, though only bearing initials, convinced her of Raymond being the author, from the notes and emendations in his handwriting. Straightway she plunged into it, and so absorbed and delighted was she at the evidence of real talent in it, that a knock at the door had to be repeated before she cried "Come in."

Lisette entered, with a contrite face.

"I hope Madame will pardon me," she began.

"What is the matter, Lisette? You haven't been breaking my scent-bottles, I hope?"

"Not so bad as that, Madame. But I hope Madame will pardon me, considering how it occurred. I am desolated about it."

"I don't know what it is yet," said her mistress, good-humouredly.

The fact was, Lisette began volubly, that she had lost her head; and goodness knew it was enough to make any one distracted, what with the packing, and Mathurine's eternal fault-finding, like the clack of a mill. And it was on the night before the wedding, when she had so much to do she didn't know what to be at first. And she was just going to bring Madame—Mademoiselle—the letter—and all the bonnets came at the same moment, and she stopped to pack them, and get them out of the way, and *voilà!* the letter was forgotten, and had lain in her apron-pocket ever since.

"Letter! what letter?" asked her mistress, flushing anxiously.

"I entreat Madame to overlook the negligence," said Lisette, getting ready to cry. "I beg Madame to believe it was accidental. I put the letter in my apron-pocket, really, to keep it safe; there was such a litter of things about; so much being sent in at the last moment, just like those tradespeople. And the letter would have been forgotten till next year, if Madame la Comtesse's maid had not desired me to get my things ready, as Madame purposed having the half-yearly wash and the bleaching in



a day or two. *Voilà!*" And she put a crumpled letter into Madame Raymond's hand.

Estelle started, and turned pale.

"Madame is not angry? Ah, if Madame only knew what I went through in packing her boxes, with that tiresome old Mathurine always at my heels!"

"You could not help it," said Estelle quietly. "That will do, Lisette. You can go."

"Madame is not angry?" asked Lisette doubtfully, lingering in the doorway.

"No. I see you could not help it. Go."

And Lisette departed, murmuring that Madame was very good.

Estelle sat perfectly still, with her hand to her head, staring at the crumpled letter with a look of painful bewilderment, which by and by shaped itself thus in words:

"I made sure he would be too proud to write again after he had been rejected with scorn, as I know he was. I should have been, I think. But I should have known him better than to judge him so. Did he not say he would love me all his life? Oh, my God, I wish I were dead, I wish I were dead!" And then she began to moan and sob, but softly, lest her husband should come in.

"I ought to burn this without reading it," she thought; "but I must know what he says. He has a right to be heard. My own Louis, whom I did love so dearly!"

The letter ran thus:—

"Estelle, I cannot believe that this rejection of me, conveyed through your mother, is of your own free-will. Until I hear from you to the contrary, I shall consider your answer as the result of mere coercion, or, to use a less harsh term, as the consequence of a weak coincidence in your mother's wishes. Since I saw you last at Canterets, I have worked harder than ever I did in my life—I have strained every nerve, buoyed up by the hope of calling you mine one day. That day may be distant, but I do see it now. I should not dare say

so much, did I not feel so convinced that your love for me, like mine for you, is of a nature not to be worn out by long waiting. If I must be rejected, Estelle, let my doom fall on me from your hands alone. I shall bear it best from you. But if, indeed, you love me still, for God's sake let no mother come between us two. Consider yourself and me for a little space, and forget that there are other people in the world. I know your sweet submissiveness, your entire self-forgetfulness; but my love, if you are my love, I crave to be remembered. I say again, let no other come between us two.

"Think once, if you have forgotten—I have not—of those pleasant hours we spent on the mountain side. Must I recall them to you? Every stone, every rock, every tint in the mountain gorge, is before me now. I can see you, as you sat, watching the last sunset we looked on together. The sun went down behind the mountain in front of us, and the red gleam on the snow died away. The evening breeze sprang up, and blew your hair about, and I lay on the rock overhanging the tumbling Gave, and thought you looked like a Madonna: and fell down and worshipped you in my heart. Have you forgotten that evening? Have you forgotten what we said to each other amid the rush of the noisy waters?"

"Write to me with your own hand, Estelle. Write what your own heart tells you.

"My love! my beautiful one! my star! I have perfect faith in you. Adieu."

\* \* \* \*

When Raymond came back, half an hour later, he found his wife lying on the floor unconscious. He took her up, and carried her to her room, and then rang for her maid, and applied eau-de-cologne till she came. He was not much frightened. His mother was in the habit of having nervous attacks and fainting fits, particularly when she had been thwarted in her plans. But Madame was generally restored in a few minutes, and Lisette exhausted all her

simple remedies, and still Estelle gave no sign.

Then he became alarmed, and desired Lisette to tell one of the men to ride into town for a doctor. Lisette went, looking very frightened, and an instant after, Madame la Comtesse appeared, to give the benefit of her experience.

"It is nothing at all; just a fainting-fit," she said, raising the girl's eyelid with her finger.

"What are you about? Do pray leave her alone," exclaimed her son, disgusted at her coolness.

"That's how one sees when they are in a dead faint," said Madame, knowingly. And then she went on to make sage remarks on the imprudence of getting up early, and lacing tight in the morning, and sitting in rooms filled with the perfume of acacias and roses. Lisette came back just then, and was ordered forthwith to shut the windows.

"She is all right now," said Madame by and by, when Estelle opened her eyes and looked round her. "I told you it was a simple fainting-fit. Now, Raymond, it is no good to talk to her, you will send her off again. It is all stuff and nonsense having a doctor. I shall give her a glass of liqueur, and in half an hour she will be as well as ever she was in her life." And Madame trotted off, and left the husband and wife alone.

"Art thou better, indeed, *ma mignonne*, my darling?" he asked, in a voice that fell on her ear tender as summer rain after her mother-in-law's sharp accents.

She moved her head in reply. She could not trust herself to speak yet; partly because she was so sorry for him, —for all his love, thrown away on her. It seemed such a dreadful pity. So little of real, strong love as there was in this world, and to throw it away! Had she never seen Louis, she would have made this love the crowning joy of her life: she would have basked willingly in its hot sunshine all her days. Her instinct told her that it was a love that would never grow cold as long as the impetuous husband-heart beat. And

now, what might have been her glory and her shelter, was nothing but a terror and an oppression. If she only might be let alone, and dare think of Louis! Madame de Montaigu might have made another irruption into her daughter-in-law's room, and treated the young married people to more sage remarks, had not a hindrance occurred in the shape of a visit from the new curé. So she contented herself with sending up the liqueur-stand with directions that Madame Raymond was to drink of a certain liqueur; and retired with the new curé to her own private room, proposing to enlighten him as to the method he was to take for performing the important work assigned him in coming to the parish.

Raymond, glad of any chance that kept Madame downstairs, obeyed her directions as to the liqueur, and supported his wife with his strong arm while she drank it, wondering what should make her shiver and tremble so. She, all the while, was longing to be alone; longing to turn her face to the wall, and weep silently for the love she dared not cherish: the love that would never die—that would stand knocking at the door of her heart of hearts all her life long, crying to be let in.

She knew that Louis Vivian's letter must have dropped from her hand while Raymond was laying her on her bed, for she could see it nowhere. It must be found and destroyed. The fear of her husband's picking it up brought back her strength. More than ever did she long to be alone. And yet there seemed no hope of his going, and she dared not vex him by bidding him go. How should she escape from the clasp of that strong arm, which seemed as if it would never be tired of holding her?

"The window has been shut," she said. "Will you open it, please, Raymond?"

And then, as soon as his back was turned, she slipped down and stood on the floor, peering round stealthily for the letter, which might be under a chair or table. Raymond stooped as he turned, and picked up something.

"Is it right for you to get up?" said he, seeing she had risen. She looked at him as he spoke, and her eyes dilated with fear. He had found the letter. Madame's trailing skirts had swept it over to the window. What would he do with it? she thought. Would he read it? She had an idea that husbands had a right—or believed they had—to read their wives' letters.

"Is this yours?" he asked, smoothing the paper, and holding it out to her.

She longed to clutch it from him.

"Yes," she said, making herself speak quietly; "it is an English letter I had this morning—just now. Do you wish to read it?"

The last words flashed out defiantly. She thought he looked as if he wished—as if he were going to read it. She stood leaning on a chair. A strange mingling of hope with the fear came and took her breath away. She wished he would read, now; read, and then rage and storm at her, hate her, and cast her from him, and go his way.

Yes, and then she would live in some other corner of the château; in the out-of-the-way rooms above the chapel, looking northward to the beechwoods perhaps; and these hateful, splendid, bridal rooms might be his to inhabit when and how he chose. And when they met by chance, they would be "Madame" and "Monsieur" for each other; there would be a bow from him, a curtsey from her, and that would be all.

And then she might think of her dear love, and sin no sin against God or Raymond.

"Do you wish to read it?" she cried.

"Nay," said he; "to do that I must first take lessons in hieroglyphics. What a crabbed hand you English have, to be sure."

It was not like Monsieur Raymond's caligraphy, certainly. His was a fine, clear, wire-drawn hand, which all who ran might read. And he was well satisfied with it, as he was with most things belonging to himself.

"And besides," he continued, "I hardly think your fair correspondent wrote with a view to *my* perusing her letter. For, as I see, the address is to 'Miss Russell,' not Madame Raymond de Montaignu."

And with that he placed it on the table, where Estelle was forced to let it lie until she should be alone.

And there seemed but little chance of that. First, a message came that the new curé wished to pay his respects to M. Raymond. And no sooner had Raymond seen her comfortably on the sofa with eau de cologne at hand, and left her with a promise of quick return, than another message came that Madame la Comtesse would like Madame Raymond to come down if she were well enough, just to be introduced to the curé, who was going immediately. And while she was smoothing her hair, up came Lisette with a counter-message from her husband to beg her not to think of troubling herself, as the curé could come another day.

She did manage to burn Louis Vivian's letter, but as for being alone!—

Madame's arrival at the château was the signal for everybody to call. Day after day the noise of carriage-wheels up and down the avenue was heard from morning till night. For besides callers, there were Madame's dinner-guests; and Madame, knowing that her fame rested on her dinners, had issued invitations for a whole series of them the day after her son's marriage. And then there were balls, and *al fresco* entertainments, and private theatricals; and Estelle, instead of sitting in her silken boudoir, moaning for her English love, had long comedy parts to get by heart, besides rehearsals, and trying on costumes, and hearing Raymond his parts, from morning till night.

No, she would never be alone any more, till they laid her to sleep under the quiet, kindly earth. She got to understand that, little by little, as the days went on.



## CHAPTER XX.

IN WHICH MRS. RUSSELL FINDS OUT  
THAT SHE HAS MADE A MISTAKE.

MRS. RUSSELL, having taken considerable pains to leave her Toulouse friends under the impression that her immediate presence was required in England on family business, travelled to Paris with all speed, and there took up her abode at Meurice's with Julia, Alfred, and that pearl of lady's-maids, Mathurine. Although Mrs. Russell assigned no reason for her delay, Mathurine, with the help of her Languedoc mother-wit, could have told her in two words. It was but natural that Julia should guess the reason of this halt. Mrs. Russell was no doubt determined to prevent all chance of her meeting Harry, and was waiting till his ship should have sailed. This was, in fact, precisely the plan which Mrs. Russell had fixed on before leaving Toulouse. She would prevent Julia's seeing her son, or even communicating with him. She watched her all day, and would have watched her all night as well, had it been possible. But Julia managed to circumvent her chaperone's sagacity. She wrote to Harry, watching in her turn till the silence in the adjacent room assured her of Mrs. Russell being asleep. She rose long before that lady awoke, and had her letter safely posted by one of the hotel waiters. But, wily as she was, Mrs. Russell was a match for her. The day her letter went there was a certain tone of self-satisfaction about her which her chaperone thought suspicious, as till then she had been in a measure subdued, owing to the recollection of the ill-luck of her Toulouse escapade. "She has been writing to Harry," Mrs. Russell concluded, and calculating how long before an answer might be expected, gave orders to Mathurine and to the person who had charge of the letters addressed to Meurice's to bring any to her which might be addressed to the young lady who was travelling under her protection. She gave it to be under-

stood that the young lady was ill sometimes,—too ill to look at her own letters. Excitable, it must be understood, she said, tapping her forehead with an air of commiseration, and actually trembling at her boldness in telling such an awful falsehood. She, however, felt glad when it was told. After all, it was for Harry's sake, and she did not doubt that the recording angel would write on the margin of the page, "necessary;" if, indeed, the thing were recorded at all.

So, the waiter's memory being refreshed with a napoleon, Mrs. Russell's letters were always brought to her directly the post came, instead of being left downstairs till sent for. In a few days, one appeared amongst them addressed to Miss Maurice, and bearing the Portsmouth postmark. Thankful, indeed, did Mrs. Russell feel that the post had come so early, for she herself was in bed, and there was as yet no stir in either Alfred's or Julia's room. Most thankful did she feel that she had had courage to say what she did about the letters and about Julia.

"Do you see this?" she asked, holding the letter between her finger and thumb as if it contained the plague. "Bring me a lighted candle." Mathurine looked on with a queer smile as Mrs. Russell held the letter to the flame. She thought she saw. Yes. That was a letter Madame saw fit to burn. Madame, doubtless, had her reasons.

"That letter," said Mrs. Russell, as she watched it burn, "is from my son to Miss Maurice. She has been writing to him, Mathurine, else he could not know of our being here, nor even guess it, for I have always stopped at the Hôtel Bristol before. She has been writing to him, you see; and I treat the answer—thus."

"And Madame is right, *pardie!*" said Mathurine, with a mixed feeling of disgust at Mam'selle Julie's depravity and of admiration at the energetic measures taken by Mrs. Russell.

"If there is occasion, Mathurine, I shall do the same thing again," her mistress said. "That woman shall *not* be my son's wife!" As the woman

in question was in the adjoining room, this conversation was carried on in sibilant whispers.

"Yes, Mathurine, I will do it again," she said, when the maid was bringing her her morning coffee. "And I don't care if she knows it!"

And again Mathurine declared that Madame was right; adding, moreover, that she knew even better than Madame what a dreadful young woman that was. She had held her tongue, not wishing to disturb Madame; but now that Mademoiselle Estelle, dear young lady, was happily established, and Madame relieved from her anxieties on that head, Madame should know everything. She might have added that she had no more money to expect for her silence, but did not.

So the whole story of the balcony scenes came out with vehement whispers and much gesticulation, though the very cap she wore had been bought with the last napoleon Harry had given her as hush-money.

Mrs. Russell listened till she felt stiff with horror. This was a thousandfold worse than the elopement. This could never be explained away, but once known would blast her reputation of being a wise, prudent matron, for ever and ever. Even in England, what would be said of the mistress of a house where the son could venture on midnight assignations with a lady-guest? She longed to scold Mathurine for knowing of such things and not instantly acquainting her. But she stopped herself. She did not dare scold Mathurine. She would never dare scold her now for anything. Mathurine had but to give warning in a huff at being found fault with, and back she would go to Toulouse with the horrible tale; and so prevent her, Mrs. Russell, proud, unimpeachably correct as she had been all her life, from ever showing her face there again. As she thought of all this, she positively loathed Julia Maurice.

Julia, on her side, returned the loathing with interest. Had she been in Paris with any one else she would have en-

joyed herself; but she could never look at Mrs. Russell without being reminded of that humiliating checkmate at Auch. Over and over did she chafe at Mrs. Russell's strict chaperonage, and declare to herself that life would be a burden till she had escaped from that horrible old woman's hands.

Her miseries were not lessened by the company of the spoilt child Alfred. Alfred knew she was in disgrace with his mother, and presumed upon his knowledge to torment her.

"I say," he began one day, when Mrs. Russell had left the room, "do you know mamma found it very fatiguing, running after you? I heard her tell Mathurine you weren't worth the trouble of bringing back when she had got you."

"Hold your tongue!" exclaimed Julia, raising her hand to box Alfred's ears. Alfred ducked, and the young lady's hand descended with force on the table.

"I hope it stings!" said the young monkey, performing a sailor's hornpipe in front of her.

"You little wretch!" she cried, smarting with pain.

"It is you who are the wretch, miss, not I," said Alfred; "for I heard mamma tell Mathurine that you were an ill-conducted young woman, and you deserved to be whipped, and that——"

But before he could proceed further, Julia had caught hold of him and given him a shake that sent all the breath out of his little body.

"I say!" gasped the young informant, "just let me go, will you?"

"Not yet!" and she held him tight with one hand while she boxed his ears soundly with the other.

"There!" she said, throwing him off after a finishing shake, "you imp of mischief, say that again, and your ears shall have just such another boxing."

"I'll tell my mamma, just see if I don't," whimpered Alfred from the floor.

"If you do," said Julia, setting her teeth, "I'll throw you into the sea when we are going across in the steamer."

And she looked so thoroughly in

earnest, that the boy stifled his crying, and did not tell his mother.

But the day of deliverance dawned at last. One morning at breakfast, Mrs. Russell, who made the *Times* her daily study, read that H.M.S. *Hero*, Captain R. Bolitho, had been spoken with off the Lizard, on her way to her destination; having been detained in the Channel for nearly three weeks by contrary winds.

And then she smiled curiously behind the newspaper, and told Alfred to ring the bell.

"I wish to have my bill brought," she said to the waiter who attended. "And be so good as to bring the time-table of the tidal trains."

She carried off the sheet which contained the naval and military intelligence to her own room. She did not choose "that young woman" to learn anything of her son's movements, even from the columns of a newspaper, if she could help it.

But there was still another sheet, and that Julia took and pored over till her hostess came back.

"Horrid old thing!" she thought to herself, "I dare say there is something about Harry's ship in that piece she has taken away. I knew she wouldn't take me across till the coast was clear. Not that I care, not I; only that I'd give my ears to spite her." And to show that she did not care, she began to talk about the news. It was such a pleasure—was it not?—to get the *Times* when it was not twenty-four hours old instead of three days or more, as it was when they got it at Toulouse.

"There is a bit of news from Devonshire too," she said; "just from my own part of the country."

"And what is that?" asked Mrs. Russell, with perfect courtesy.

"By the lamented demise," Julia read, "of the High Sheriff for the county of Devon, Sir George Vivian, of Vivian Court, Bart., the title and estates fall to the inheritance of Louis

Vivian, Esq., of the Inner Temple, son of the late Louis Harrington Vivian, Esq.; the late baronet's two sons having died previously to their father. The present baronet took high honours during his academical career at Oxford, and possesses a fast-rising reputation in literary circles."

Julia had spited Mrs. Russell to some purpose at last. She did not know it, but she had dealt a homethrust, and Mrs. Russell bled inwardly; though she still preserved a calm exterior, and only said, "Dear me! So sorry to hear that. I knew poor dear Sir George so well. Vivian Court goes to the heir, of course. I wonder where dear Lady Caroline will live? I must try to go and see her when I have placed Alfred at school. And now, my dear, will you put on your bonnet? I am going to the Place Vendôme to get some gloves. Mathurine will do your packing, you know." And they walked out, these two, and bought gloves, and ate ices; and Mrs. Russell gave the detested Julia a lovely parasol that cost thirty francs, and chatted gaily all the way there and back, with that horrid piece of news weighing down her heart.

Yes, it was property worth a clear thirty thousand a year, besides those mining places in Cornwall that brought in such profits every two or three years.

And she had prevented her daughter from marrying all this!

Julia would have danced with joy had she guessed how completely Mrs. Russell had been, in her turn, checkmated.

It was very unfortunate. Just those numbers of the *Times*, a perusal of which might have completely altered her plans with regard to establishing her daughter, had contained leaders obnoxious to the French Government, and had been, one and all, confiscated by an order from the Tuileries; the copies addressed to the Hôtel St.-Jean sharing of course the fate of all the rest.

*To be continued.*



PHYSICAL EDUCATION.<sup>1</sup>

BY J. COTTER MORISON.

It is a sad reflection, forced upon us by evidence too strong to be resisted, that the very progress of civilization is frequently purchased at the cost of evils only a trifle less grave than those which it removes. The most wholesome distrust in rose-coloured views of the olden time cannot protect us from occasionally being rudely reminded that we are still a good way from the Golden Age, and that in this or that particular point our "benighted ancestors" had clearly the advantage of us. In some lines of advancement modern science and co-operation have achieved such bewildering marvels, that sobering reflections of this sort are necessary to keep the slightly over-confident spirit of the present age in a modest frame of mind. Our triumphs are unquestionably immense. But we need to be reminded that our defeats and losses tend to be on a commensurate scale. In numberless trades and occupations, all having for their object the good of society at large, the lives, health, and happiness of the human beings who follow them are one steady, continued sacrifice for the benefit of others. And setting aside such essentially injurious trades, all the social body, it is beginning to be perceived, is paying a very considerable price for the mere convenience and rapidity of locomotion alone which it now enjoys, which is beyond question one of the greatest achievements of modern times. To this, in a very high degree, is owing that want of calmness and leisure, that high-pressure speed which makes life in the great centres of modern civilization more exhausting than old-fashioned campaigning. In former days, people who had to go long distances either walked or rode on horseback, and, even if they availed them-

selves of the new-fangled luxuries of the coach or the wagon, the whole proceeding was so slow and deliberate, that it resembled rather a picnic than a journey, while the alternative was plenty of vigorous exercise and abundance of fresh air. Travelling now is not exercise, but a process—convenient, and, with our modern requirements, indispensable no doubt—but as far as possible removed from exercise, and not necessarily connected with a mouthful of fresh air. Business or caprice causes us to resolve that this afternoon or tomorrow morning we will go 100, 200, 300 miles from our present position. No sooner thought than done. We are carried to the railway station, and then, after going through certain formalities, a process is commenced which rarely fails to deliver us at the spot we wished to appear at in the allotted time. Our energies have not been called forth, except, perhaps, for one brief momentary spasm of hurry, if we happened to be late at the ticket office. Not a muscle has been used and strengthened, not one deep draught of oxygen has been inhaled; we have had a nightmare vision of fields, trees, and earth-cuttings, broken occasionally by the sulphurous twilight of the tunnels, and having for a period wearied and blunted our eyes with attempting to read a book or a paper, we await with cold feet or dust-begrimed skins, according to the season, the moment of deliverance. No one will suppose us ill-advised enough to be querulous over this; but the point which we wish to emphasize is that modern times, by the mere progress of discovery in locomotion, have lost one of the chief sources of health and strength. All animals get their sufficient exercise by the necessity they are under of moving about in search of food, and domestic animals are less vigorous and healthy than their

<sup>1</sup> "A System of Physical Education, Theoretical and Practical." By Archibald MacLaren. Oxford: at the Clarendon Press.

wild congeners, simply because this exercise is curtailed by the services they receive from man. But, further, men are not only under the necessity of exercising their bodies much less, but by the conditions of modern life they are under the necessity of exercising their minds a great deal more, than ever they did before. The battle of life has now to be fought with brains, and with brains too often lodged in flaccid and feeble bodies. No doubt there have been at all times persons who worked their minds and nerves too much and their muscles too little. But by the nature of the case they were the exceptions, not the rule. The misfortune of our day is that what was the exception is becoming the rule. In proportion as people "get on," as it is called, in any walk or profession, are they, for the most part, introduced to a sedentary nerve-exhausting form of life, a form of life from which every conception of old-fashioned hardships or privations has been triumphantly excluded by modern science; but which now shows itself none the less dreadful and destructive. How to combat these destructive influences has long engaged the attention of thoughtful men, who have resolved the problem as to how artificial evils could best be met by artificial remedies. The science of Physical Education professes, in a great measure, to supply the remedy required.

It is to be regretted that on this point many are by no means duly informed, and that a considerable mass of prejudice still reigns on the subject. People still exist who hold decided and hostile views to physical training pursued on a system. We do not allude to the feeble folk of former days, who considered delicacy genteel and poetical, and strength of body a coarse endowment — "the pale, melancholy, and interesting school," who spoke by preference of a poet's "pale and fevered brow," and thought that if pretty women had good appetites, they at least should not indulge them before company. A well-known reaction was led against these persons some years ago, and they are comparatively

rare and unimportant now. The late Nathaniel Hawthorne, indeed, found English girls so like their brothers that he had a difficulty in telling which was which. But, even if there were not just a little exaggeration in this, most people would prefer the state of vigour it indicates to the very opposite state which all travellers report from the other side of the Atlantic. The persons we have in view are by no means sentimentalists or valetudinarians, but often very robust healthy people, who, having done without any particular attention to physical training themselves, rather inconsiderately condemn attention to it on the part of others. They have a rooted idea that all the reported good results of physical training are "mere theory," and will compliment you on your *faith*, if you maintain that at any rate they are stubborn facts. They like exercise, and will take it themselves, provided it is of a *natural* kind. Field sports, cricket, and the like are unobjectionable. There is nothing new-fangled and theoretical about them; what they do with their whole hearts object to is the silly illusion that wrenching the arms out of the sockets by means of pulleys and ropes (and in this it is well understood the essence of gymnastics consists) can possibly do anybody any good, least of all any weak or young person any good. Was it ever contended, it is asked, that the children of respectable parents should swing by the arms and turn upside down like monkeys or acrobats? In a word, they have not patience with such nonsense.

However, all this is nothing more than might have been expected. The changed conditions of modern life demand a change of domestic habits and education, and it is no wonder if the latter change lags considerably behind the former. Moreover, no friend to physical education can have a moment's doubt concerning its ultimate, or rather its speedy, triumph. The "mere theories" have already become so widely realized in concrete facts, and healthy vigorous bodies, to be met in all localities, preaching more eloquently than any words what physical education has done

for them, and what it does every day of their lives, that it is impossible to feel otherwise than good-humoured with objectors. The healthy mind in a healthy body is not easily ruffled even by unintelligent opposition.

It will be no news to the readers of this Magazine to tell them that to Mr. Maclaren, of Oxford, more than to any man living, is the cause of Physical Education indebted for the rapid strides it has of late effected in this country. His magnificent gymnasium at the University, and the marvellous results there produced, constitute only a small portion of the work he has been for many years accomplishing. The British army is now trained on his principles, and in gymnasia invented by him. His last effort is worthy to be placed on a level with any of his former achievements. It is only a little book; but it contains the refined wisdom and experience of a quarter of a century: it throws open to all the world the knowledge obtained in endless studies, experiments, and meditations.

Mr. Maclaren's book consists of 516 well-packed pages, in which every rational and salutary exercise which boy or man can wish to perform is illustrated and described with a fulness and clearness which render incomprehension, so to speak, impossible. The work is a complete manual of the art and science of physical exercise. Every step in the early progress, from the simple use of light dumb-bells up to the highest feats on the trapezium, the vaulting horse, and the parallel bars, is taken separately, and studied and explained with undivided attention. In the 3d and 4th sections, by an ingenious employment of parallel columns, exercises are divided into simple, medium, advanced, and arduous, all performable upon the same apparatus. The practical and vivid conception which the author has taken of his whole subject is strikingly shown in the few pages headed the "Rules for conducting the Lesson" and "Regulations for the Gymnasium." Every exercise is illustrated by one, two, or even three woodcuts, clearly giving the

critical steps in each. Eulogy of this part of the book is quite unnecessary.

It is difficult to make a selection that would give a fair specimen of the *practical* portion of the book, *i.e.* that would at the same time show the purpose and scope of the actual Exercises, and the accuracy and spirit with which the text of the author has been illustrated by artist and engraver. The machine called the "Row of Rings" seems to present the nearest approach to this.

"The single exercise on this machine is a very simple one, and, if the proper elevation of the rings be preserved, it may be safely practised without supervision, or at most with that of a monitor. It is not the less valuable on this account, but, on the contrary, it has a special object which it shares with the exercises of the next machine, *viz.* the equalization in strength and development of the two sides of the upper half of the body, and of the arms; for it necessitates that only one side can work at a time, and that the amount of exertion will be the same for each side, and that therefore the weaker side will actually do more, being the weaker, and consequently by the unerring law of development being in relation to activity, it will in time overtake and rank with its fellow in development and capacity."

It is, however, to another portion that we would direct attention, and employ the little space left to us, *viz.* the introductory chapter in Part I, on "Growth and Development."

It is for this part of his book that Mr. Maclaren deserves the especial thanks of all who care for the progress of physical education. It is a reasoned and scientific plea for gymnastics, using the word in the widest sense. As it consists of a hundred pages, and is a model of condensation, only a very meagre outline of its contents can be expected here. But the chief points on which the argument rests may perhaps be faithfully exhibited.

Mr. Maclaren begins very appositely by showing, that while exercise is cer-



tainly not more important than food, clothing, and fresh air, it is as important, while it is capable of being overlooked and neglected in a way which none of the other sources of life and health at all admit of. A man who goes without his dinner is soon made aware that there is something amiss; an insufficiency of clothing, again, soon makes itself felt: intentional faults in these particulars are not often committed; but an insufficiency

of exercise, although "the punishment is as severe, is not always as clearly traceable to the transgression. Error here, in a great majority of cases, may arise from actual want of knowledge. . . . A vague feeling may be entertained that exercise is a thing to be taken; but to what extent, at what time, or in what manner, are points on which few really consider it necessary to possess any adequate information. The regular urgent re-

Fig. 1.



Fig. 2.



Fig. 3.



THE ROW OF RINGS (see page 513).

*"Single Series.—Single Exercise.—Course II.*

"Position of Attention, facing the first ring, the back to the row.

"1. Raise the left hand and grasp the ring (Fig. 1), advance with short and rapid steps, and, springing from the ground at the end of the run, from the left foot, turn quickly to the right, bending the lower limbs at the knees, and pointing the toes to the rear, the head erect, the breast advanced (Fig. 2); on approaching the second ring, extend the right hand and grasp it, and, while retaining it lightly in the hand, return to the farthest point of the backward oscillation on the ring grasped by the left (Fig. 3); at this point quit the grasp of the left, withdrawing the hand lightly and leaving the ring motionless, turn to the right and bring the left hand in a full sweep round by the thigh, the arm quite straight and fingers pointed downwards, describing a half-circle in the sweep, extend it to the front, and grasp the next ring. Repeat. On grasping the last ring turn quickly round, facing the row, and descend yielding."

"minders which follow on the neglect of the other agents are missing here, or if they do occur it is only as they affect some one of them. For want of exercise, appetite fails; for want of exercise, comfortable bodily warmth is not sustained; for want of exercise, refreshing sleep is not obtained: but these, reminders though they be, come indirectly, and as it were incidentally only." This point, that exercise is the great instrument of physical

culture, is frequently dwelt upon, but not more than its importance deserves. All the tonics, beef-tea, and good food in the world will not add a half-inch to the narrow chest of a sickly boy. All the "airing" he may get from morning to night in southern climes will not infuse stamina and real improvement into him, unless intentionally or otherwise exercise happens to be combined with them. No marvels are pretended to. The weakly offspring of

unhealthy parents will never, under any training, become an athlete; nor does he want to become one. But it is simply certain that if he takes proper exercise in the proper way he will become a healthy, serviceable man, instead of passing through a delicate youth into a valetudinarian manhood. And this leads us to a second cardinal proposition of Mr. Maclaren's, viz. that what modern men in civilized countries want is not strength but health, which is indeed a general and equally diffused strength over all the organs and functions of the body. Those who conceive of gymnastics as aiming only to make young gentlemen emulate Blondin or Leotard, would do well to turn to these pages of Mr. Maclaren. Disproportioned strength—that is, strength in patches here and there—whether centred in the arms, or the legs, or the trunk, or generally in the muscular as compared with the other systems, is what he holds in especial reprobation; though regarded by many as the highest result of gymnastics. Men go about fancying they are strong because they have a big biceps, whereas, taken as a whole, they are as feeble as infants. It is tone, stamina, endurance, which modern conditions attack most, and these it should be our chief aim to maintain or increase, as Mr. Maclaren puts it with equal force and grace: "From the nursery to the school, from the school to the college or to the world beyond, the brain and the nerve-strain goes on continuous, augmenting, intensifying. . . . These are the exigencies of the campaign of life for the great bulk of our youths, to be encountered in the schoolroom, in the study, in the court of law, in the hospital, in the asylum, in the day and night visitations in court, and alley, and lane; and the hardships encountered in these fields of warfare hit as hard and as suddenly, and sap as insidiously, destroy as mercilessly, as the night-march, the scanty ration, the toil, the struggle, or the weapons of a warlike enemy. It is not the power to travel great distances, carry great burdens, lift great weights,

or overcome great material obstructions," which we now require, "but simply that condition of body and that amount of vital capacity which shall enable each man in his place to pursue his calling and work on in his working life with the greatest amount of comfort to himself, and usefulness to his fellow-men."

Mr. Maclaren next advances to the establishment of the keystone of his book and of his system, concerning which he justly anticipates the strongest and least intelligent opposition will be raised. We refer to the incorporation of this physical training into the school course and scholastic period of the young. He moves to the assault of the citadel of prejudice which still dominates over this portion of his subject with the calm and measured tread of a practical tactician. To the objection that boys have not the time for such systematic bodily culture, he aptly replies, that "boys have time for anything which is found desirable or necessary for them to do or to learn." He points out that healthy exercise is not only not hostile, but incomparably conducive, to mental cultivation; and that it supplies a peculiar "relish and zest for bodily exercise," the body, as it were, calling out for its share of attention and development, when the mind has had its sufficient stimulus. He here touches on that rhythmical alternation of action and reaction which pervades all organized nature. A tired brain *naturally* leads its owner to muscular exercise as a pleasant counteraction, longed for as an inexpressible relief. When it is not longed, that only shows how completely health and nature have been forgotten. The cultivated mind can take exercise with a concentrated vigour and profit which are utterly unattainable by the dullard and dunce. Accustomed to clearness and accuracy in their intellectual pursuits, well-trained minds import these qualities into their physical occupations; and, just as wise men see sermons in stones, they see exercise and power and health where others would only see *ennui*. Mr. Maclaren insists,

Cultivate the mind as much as it will bear, but do not, by ignorance and stupidity, defeat your own object; do not cram a boy with knowledge up to manhood to leave him incapable of using it for ever afterwards.

"All exercise should be free, should be voluntary, should be left entirely to a boy's own choice, inclination, and disposition." Such are the remarks made to Mr. Maclaren. He pertinently answers, "What should we think of the schoolmaster who, because a boy was apt and capable, and for his years well instructed, would therefore and thenceforward leave him to his own resources and inclinations?" Trusting to nature is all very well, and up to a certain point necessary, but who trusts solely to nature when he can get the benefit of art to help him? Do market-gardeners? Do horse-trainers? Does anybody who knows what he is about? When we reflect that it is precisely those who need exercise most who are disposed to take it least, we shall the more clearly realize the fatuity of this objection. And this leads to a further consideration which can hardly have escaped the notice of anybody possessed of sound ideas on this subject: we mean the notion that exercise must not be taken when a marked apathy towards it is prominent. The idea that the walk or the ride will *fatigue* the invalid, that he or she does not feel "disposed" or "equal to the exertion," constantly acts as a bar against the only remedy which can do them good. That they do not hunger and thirst for exercise, is that a reason why they should not have it? Are they kept starving because they have not a hunter's appetite. The languid muscles will acquire a flush of rosy health even during an hour's work with a kindly and sympathetic instructor,—a glow which reminds them of long-past years will follow the strange yet pleasant novelties of the gymnasium. "But it is so trying, so fatiguing, to delicate people." And what is undigested food, what are sleepless nights, what are headache and backache, and the

thousand and one miseries of enfeebled health? Are not these fatiguing? The dreaded fatigue is the indispensable preliminary to restorative nutrition—fatigue of course exactly apportioned to the previous strength or debility. But it is here where the great error is made. People fancy exercise is only for the strong. It is precisely the strong who can best do without it. The really strong can take all sorts of liberties with themselves, including neglect of exercise. It is the exercise of the weak which demands our care, just as their diet and clothing do. They can take much of nothing, but what they do take must be given with the most scrupulous anxiety, enlightened by the most catholic knowledge.

Mr. Maclaren passes in review the various school sports, which it is often fondly supposed are quite sufficient for boys as regards their physical development. He does ample justice to them, and would not have one neglected or abolished. But they are no more physical education than reading in the *Penny Magazine* is mental education. Without exception, they develop the lower limbs almost exclusively, while the trunk of the body—the precious casket in which all the noble organs have their home—is passed over and neglected. They have the fatal defect of strengthening the strong parts, while they leave the weak parts weak. But the real truth is, that not one or all of them together bring into play a tithe of the muscles which one hour in a gymnasium sets in motion. What sport exercises the muscles of the chest, the back, and the abdomen as the rings and the trapezium do? Those who have any doubt on this point should take a cricketer or an oarsman into a gymnasium, and see the figure he will cut; not in exercises requiring the least skill, but simply strength.

We here take leave of Mr. Maclaren, hoping that the glimpse we have striven to afford of his book and his system will have the natural effect of making all who read these pages wish for a profounder acquaintance with them.



## THE WORTH OF EDUCATIONAL ENDOWMENTS.

IN a pamphlet published about or a little before the time when he became Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Lowe made an attack, vehement, incisive, dogmatic, as everything that he writes or says is sure to be, upon the application of endowments to the education of the upper and middle classes. There was nothing particularly new in his arguments, though they were set forth with a force and perspicuity which makes the pamphlet well worth reading. They are substantially the same arguments which economists from the time of Adam Smith downwards have urged against charitable foundations and bounties of every kind—arguments so cogent and so easily understood that Mr. Lowe has it all his own way in stating them, and seems, when they have all been marshalled in order, to have fully established his conclusion. It is not of them, since they are in themselves unobjectionable, that we propose to speak, but of the conclusion which he employs them to prove, and which seems to us as false as they are true. That conclusion comes in substance to this, that endowments, manage and regulate them as you will, do more harm than good, and that the only safe and certain way of providing abundant and good instruction for the children of the middle and upper classes is to trust to the operation of the commercial principle of demand and supply. In other words, endowed grammar schools are a mistake, and private-adventure schools are quite sufficient to do for the country all that it can require in the matter of education.

Those who least agree with Mr. Lowe may nevertheless thank him for raising so definite an issue. The educational foundations of England are very numerous; their wealth is prodigious. An attempt to reform them, and make them do properly the work they were meant to do, must be a serious undertaking, requiring great labour and great wisdom.

If they are, as Mr. Lowe thinks, irreclaimably vicious and mischievous, we may be glad to be spared the task of pruning away their abuses, and had better confiscate their revenues at once. If, on the other hand, it can be shown that the system of private adventure schools, from which Mr. Lowe hopes everything, has failed, and must for a long time continue to fail, to meet our educational needs, the very wealth and number of the foundation schools is the most urgent reason for addressing ourselves without delay to the work of reforming them, and placing them under a management which shall not permit them to suffer in future from the abuses by which their state is now disgraced. The question, therefore, whether the "commercial" principle of demand and supply will alone give us good schools and plenty of them is in the present state of the public mind, awakened to the defects of our present system, a very important one, for discussing which no apology need be offered.

Mr. Lowe's arguments against endowments are, we have said, those common to all economists; indeed, to understand their force, a man need only use his common sense. It is plain enough that a person who has no motive of self-interest to make him labour is likely to labour less than one who has; a schoolmaster who draws his 400*l.* a year from a charitable foundation will, in four out of five cases, be lazier than another who has to make the same sum out of the fees of the pupils he can attract. A foundation committed to the charge of people who, like most trustees, have no direct interest in its success, will probably be neglected by them, its funds will be wasted, the intentions of its founder be perverted. A school where no fees are charged will have to complain of the irregular attendance of its scholars, and is pretty sure to injure other schools in its neighbourhood, by unduly lowering the

market price of education. And if the regulations made by a founder for his school are considered sacred, are in the eyes of the law unchangeable, they are certain sooner or later to prove injurious, because unsuited to the altered needs of the time. No one will deny that these are grave evils, and evils by which the management of English endowed schools has been hitherto deservedly discredited. But from this proposition, true and important, Mr. Lowe takes an extraordinary leap to another, for which he advances no argument whatever. Assuming that the evils incident to endowed schools are necessary and irremediable, assuming also that private adventure schools are not exposed to any corresponding evils of their own, he concludes that endowed schools ought to be swept away, that a policy of *laissez faire* is our right policy in education, and that private schools will do for us all that we can desire. This is to take for granted the very matter in issue, viz. that education is in England at this moment one of the things to which the "commercial" principle, the principle of demand and supply, properly applies. We believe the very reverse to be the truth. The principle of demand and supply works perfectly in some departments, imperfectly in others, and in some so imperfectly that no one dreams of trusting our interests to it. It lies upon Mr. Lowe to show that education is a department of the first class. We believe that he cannot do so, and that on the contrary this principle applies where education is concerned so partially and so imperfectly that it cannot be relied on to meet our present needs. The private adventure schools which it gives us are, we shall endeavour to show, unsatisfactory, owing to the defective working of the principle itself; and public schools ought to be established to do what private enterprise has failed to do. Whether such public schools should be endowed or not is a further question to be settled by inquiring what the true use and worth of endowments is.

Looking at the principle of demand and supply in general, it is clear that

private enterprise can be trusted to for the supply of an article only where that article is capable of being supplied good on a small scale. Where a large capital is required, or the co-operation of many persons is needed to produce the article, it is never certain that in any given place private persons will be found coming forward to supply it in adequate quantity and quality. We do not expect individual private speculators to provide us with gas, or water, or railways, or to undertake the transmission of letters or the protection of the public peace. Or, to put the thing differently, a town of six thousand inhabitants may support half a dozen bakers or more, each doing a thriving business, and supplying good bread, because each needs only a small shop, a bakehouse, and at most one or two journeymen at moderate wages. But in a town of six thousand people half a dozen private schoolmasters cannot possibly thrive together and give good instruction to their pupils. To be good—to have spirit, life, organization—a school must be pretty large: it must have spacious rooms, ample provision of maps, books, furniture, and apparatus of different sorts, and must be taught, if the teaching is to be efficient, by several teachers besides the head-master, each thoroughly competent in his own department. To provide all this requires considerable capital and considerable administrative power (a power wholly distinct from that which makes a man a skilful instructor); it requires also much boldness, for if the school fails, the buildings and furniture, being unsuited for other purposes, will have to be sold at a heavy loss. It is therefore only in places where the population is very large and the chances of success exceptionally favourable that we can expect to find private-adventure masters opening a school on a scale so large as the scale of a good school ought to be. And hence it is that where the want of good education has been felt by any particular class of persons, or in a populous neighbourhood, proprietary schools have been established, just because private-adventure teachers did not appear to supply what was needed. Now these proprietary



schools, though not liable to all the objections charged upon the old endowed schools, depart just as far from Mr. Lowe's favourite principle—that of letting the master teach what he pleases, and make his own bargain with the parents. And if Mr. Lowe should reply that in proprietary schools the governing body have more interest in the school's welfare than the trustees of an endowed school usually have in its welfare, he must be reminded that the most successful proprietary schools are those which, like Marlborough College, do not pay, and are not intended ever to pay, a dividend to the proprietors.

Again, it is obvious that the principle of demand and supply cannot operate where there is no demand. Now among English parents of the commercial class there is no demand for a good education. For the sort of instruction which fits a boy to enter a sale-room or a counting-house—for reading, writing, spelling, and quickness at accounts, with occasionally, but rarely, some knowledge of French—there is a demand. But no other kind of knowledge, no mental training, no cultivation of the taste and the intelligence, has any appreciable pecuniary value in practical life, and therefore none of these things is sought after by the ordinary parent. Nor is this wonderful. Greek and Latin have been forced upon English boys for so many generations in the name of a liberal education, and, being clumsily taught, have proved so unprofitable to boys who leave school for business at fifteen or sixteen years of age, that English fathers have taken an aversion to the very notion of a liberal education, and will accept nothing whose direct practical value they cannot see. If they are left to themselves, as Mr. Lowe would have them left, they will pay the private-adventure schoolmaster to teach only the things they want their sons to learn—that is to say, arithmetic, spelling, writing, and geography. The case therefore appears to be one of those in which supply must precede demand. When a really good education—an education like that of the German gymnasias and Realschulen, both liberal and practi-

cally useful—shall have been provided for the middle class, they will learn to appreciate it and be willing to pay for it. At present they will not accept it unless some external pressure is brought on them, and that pressure public schools may, and private-adventure schools cannot, apply.

Further, the principle of demand and supply succeeds only where the consumer knows and can judge of the quality of the article supplied to him. But an average British parent cannot judge of the quality of what is given under the name of education to his son. He has no means of knowing the difference between one private school and another, except report—the report of people as ill-informed and unskilful as he is himself. If he ventures to form an opinion respecting the methods of teaching followed by a master, he is more likely to be wrong than right. Take arithmetic, for instance, the subject which he probably knows most about. Ten to one he thinks that his son ought to be practised only upon what are called the commercial rules, and will complain of a teacher judicious enough to adopt the only proper method, and give the boy a scientific grasp of arithmetical principles before he gives him the various applications of those principles which he will employ in the counting-house. As to whether the teaching of arithmetic or any other subject has been made the means of disciplining and stimulating the boy's mind, the parent can of course form no opinion whatever. Hence private schoolmasters are constantly heard to complain that it is bad policy for them to give the best sort of teaching, that the way to success lies in humouring the foolish whims and vulgar pride of their customers the parents.

Lastly, the principle of demand and supply works satisfactorily only when the purchaser is also the consumer, because then the desire to have the article cheap is balanced by the desire to have it good. But in the matter of education, while the parent is the purchaser, it is the child who is really the consumer; and as the parent does not feel in his own person the dif-



ference between good and bad instruction or discipline, his desire to have a good article is likely to be outweighed by his desire to have a cheap one. Hence he is even less diligent in seeking out an efficient school than he would otherwise be, and the child suffers.

These, it may be thought, are arguments drawn from considering the principle of supply and demand in the abstract; and the right way to judge the *laissez faire* or "supply and demand" system, is to look at its results, and examine the condition of the private-adventure schools throughout England. Many people know from painful experience what their condition is: those who do not, may find it described at length in the pages of the recently-published Schools' Commission Report. It is not too much to say that it is a wretched condition, worse than any reasoning about the matter in the abstract could have led one to expect, and forbidding any hope that private schools can be, for many years to come, an effective means of giving to the middle class that enlightenment and cultivation which it is admitted that they stand in need of. Nothing is further from our intention or wish than to cast a slur upon private schoolmasters as a class. It is not chiefly they—it is their customers—it is the social state of England generally—that is to blame for the defects in their schools; and the most unsparing exposures of those defects come from private schoolmasters themselves, and show how profound are the evils inherent in the commercial system.

Private schools are risky and uncertain things; they do not always appear where they are wanted, and having appeared, they are never sure to continue, since their existence depends on the skill and energy of a single man. It constantly happens that a populous neighbourhood finds itself either without one altogether, or without any one in which even a sound commercial education can be obtained, and the consequence is that parents send their boys to boarding-schools at a distance, of whose merits or demerits they know nothing. Able men do not willingly embark in a pro-

fession where the chances of success are so uncertain, and where success itself brings little credit in the eyes of the world, and no great pecuniary profit. Even if they do try it, finding themselves without a connexion by which to enter business or one of those professions which (like law and medicine) require a long preliminary study, they have seldom the means or the boldness to start a school on a great scale with a competent staff of teachers; and in trying to attend in their own persons to all departments they effect comparatively little in any. Then the social status of the private teacher, though perhaps improving, is still such as to make men of vigour and ambition prefer almost any other career. The meanest curate thinks himself entitled to look down on the schoolmaster; even the surgeon and the attorney count for more in the society of a provincial town. His employers, the parents, treat him with little respect; they think themselves entitled to prescribe to him what and how their boy shall be taught, however ill their plans may suit the general arrangements of the school; they complain of the strictness of his rules; they resent any punishment he may find it necessary to inflict. Men of ability and firmness may succeed in crushing down such interferences and making their dignity respected, but the greater number submit, and many either turn away from the profession altogether, or prefer the dull repose of some remote grammar-school, where the fixed income may be small, but the position is at any rate independent. Considering all these drawbacks, and considering too how small are the profits that can be made off a day-school, and how irksome and worrying are the duties of the keeper of a boarding-school, it is not strange that the large majority of private-adventure schools should be inefficient. They are, we are told by those who have conducted the inquiry into their state, usually small, and hence ill-organized; their methods of teaching are unintelligent and old-fashioned; their assistant masters or "ushers" are almost invariably feeble and half-educated—

men whose salaries of 25*l.* or 30*l.* a year represent not unfairly their value in the labour-market. Exceptions of course are to be found, and perhaps a few brilliant ones. But, taken all in all, the private schools of England are a failure, and for a simple reason—it is not worth while to supply better ones to a class which, like the English commercial class, does not yet know the difference between good and bad education.

To prove that this is a true picture is of course impossible; we can only ask any one who thinks it overcharged to study the facts collected in the voluminous Report of the Schools' Commission, or, still better, to select any district of the metropolis, excluding fashionable suburbs, or any two towns of 10,000 or 20,000 people each, and to hunt up in that area every private-venture school, ascertaining, if he can, what the pupils learn, how they are taught, and, above all, what manner of men teach them. In the metropolitan district or the provincial town they will probably find one, possibly several, fairly good private schools. But for every good one they will find half a dozen bad.

If the *laissez faire* system and the private schools it creates fail us, we are driven back to seek elsewhere the means of educational progress. But we are not necessarily driven back, as Mr. Lowe strangely fancies, upon the old endowed schools, with their time-honoured abuses of irremovable masters, irresponsible trustees, boys taught Latin and Greek for nothing, and taught nothing else. Endowments have, as we hope to show, a use of their own, and may be made to render services of the greatest value. But it is not so much endowed schools that are needed as public schools, an organized system of places of instruction of different grades, established all over the country wherever the population is large enough to need them, placed under some sort of authorized control and supervision, and receiving from their publicity a guarantee of efficiency which both private and endowed schools at present want. Instruction in England is at present wholly unorganized. Endowed schools, pro-

prietary schools, State-paid primary schools (national and British), lie scattered here and there where chance has placed them, each managed without reference not only to those of a different class or grade, but also to others of the same class or grade. Some neighbourhoods are overstocked with schools; others equally or more populous have no school at all, or none of the grade needed. The whole thing is a chaos, and the first step to educational reform is to recognise the necessity of having our places of instruction organized upon some general and definite principles, so as to form parts of an ordered and comprehensive whole. This is one main reason why we should provide public schools for the middle class; they are the proper and necessary link between the public elementary schools which the State supports for the poor and the great schools and universities for the richer classes which the State has, indirectly at least, undertaken to govern and manage. Two other reasons of much weight are suggested by the defects which have just been pointed out in the private-venture schools. The appointment of teachers by some public authority, the supervision of the school by the same authority, the regular examination of the scholars by some independent competent person, will furnish a guarantee of the excellence of the instruction, such as is at present wholly wanting. The parents who now complain that they have no means of knowing a good school from a bad one, and the teachers who complain that they have no means of commending their merits to the public, will thus be relieved of what is a real and serious difficulty. And as the curriculum of studies in the public schools will be drawn up by men of known wisdom and experience, and will have the weight of a public authority in its favour, parents will regard it with a deference they do not now show to the opinion of the individual schoolmaster, and will consent to let their children learn not merely the writing, spelling, arithmetic, and geography, whose use they know, but those other subjects of study, whatever they may be, which the



system of the school may prescribe or encourage, subjects whose value they will for a time take upon trust, and at last come to recognise and understand.

Arguments on this point might easily be multiplied, but those already given may be enough to indicate the improvements to be hoped for from the establishment of a system of public schools throughout England. Whether such schools should be endowed or not is a different question altogether, although Mr. Lowe seems unable to separate the two things in his mind. If well managed, public schools might be self-supporting, as many proprietary schools are now. They do not absolutely need the aid of the educational endowments which England possesses in such large measure. But as these endowments do exist and are of enormous value, it becomes an important question to ascertain in what manner, if at all, they can be applied to benefit education, without risk of the mischief which has so often flowed from their maladministration.

Now, without entering on the general question of the economical working of endowments, it may be taken to be a sound principle, that whatever demand and supply can and will adequately do for us, it is better that they and not endowments should do for us. The object of an endowment ought therefore to be, not to give people gratis something which they are now willing to pay for, but to provide something which they do not yet value enough to pay its full price for, in the hope that when they have got accustomed to it they will begin to value it, and at last come to regard it as a necessary which their own interest requires them to have. In other words, an endowment ought not to supply an article—in this case, education—at a lower price than that which it fetches in the open market. What it ought to do is, taking the market-price, to give a better article for that price than a private dealer can afford to supply. Whatever parents can be induced to pay for the schooling of their children, they must be required to pay; and we must use the endowments attached to schools to make their instruction sounder and wider than the fees

received from parents could alone enable us to make it. The defect of the system of private-venture schools is this, that parents of the middle class have so low and narrow a notion of education that they will not pay fees large enough to let the private teacher provide really good instruction, and to make the profession of teaching profitable enough to attract able men to it. This defect may be met by subsidizing public schools by a sum which will represent the difference between instruction as it is and instruction as it ought to be, and which will ensure to the talent and industry displayed by a teacher a remuneration proportioned to that which the like talent and industry can win in other professions. But the aim of such subsidies will never be to supersede the healthy action of the principle of demand and supply; it will rather be to bring about a state of things in which that principle will of itself do all that the country needs, and endowments, having fulfilled their purpose, will be no longer needed.

If this principle be accepted as sound, its practical applications will readily suggest themselves. The most obvious and safest way of applying an endowment to benefit a school is to spend it on buildings and school apparatus, so as to relieve the income arising from fees of the institution from the burden of rent, and allow receipts from fees to be divided among the teachers. In this way, while the parent has to pay as much as he would pay a private-venture teacher, the public schoolmaster receives more; while at the same time the health and comfort of both boys and masters are secured by giving them good rooms and furniture. A second form of application, that of giving the master or masters of a school a fixed salary out of the endowment, has often led to abuses, but it may be rendered perfectly safe and beneficial if such salary is made to form a comparatively small part of the master's whole income, the rest of which will come from fees paid by the scholars, and if he is removable from office by the governing body, not only for a moral fault, but also for indolence, negligence, or in-



competence. A third application is to provide pensions for teachers who have worked long and successfully in the public service; and it is a merit of this form, that it not only increases the attractiveness of the profession, but provides against an evil which now weighs upon many schools—the retention of his post by an old master whom no one likes to remove because he has served well, but who is no longer equal to his duties. Lastly, there is the application to school “exhibitions”—that is, the giving to boys of approved merit yearly payments of greater or less amount, to enable them to continue their studies at a university or some other place of advanced education. That exhibitions have often been perverted, and are in many instances unwisely administered, cannot be denied. But, admitting that the competitive system may be—perhaps has been already—carried too far, and admitting also that these funds which were meant to aid the poor have been frequently engrossed by the rich it must still be remembered that, by means of exhibitions, the barriers between classes have often been broken down, and a very great number of eminent men have been enabled to win their education and reach positions where they have rendered memorable services to science and learning. The only question is as to the machinery for bestowing these aids upon the right persons. When a suitable machinery has been—as it may be—devised, the utility of money spent in this way will not be disputed.

Besides these, which are among the more obvious methods of turning charitable funds to account, there is another of even greater ultimate consequence. There are some departments of education whose existence the interests of the community demand, but which cannot now, and for a long time to come may not be able to pay their way. In the universities it is desirable to have professors prepared to lecture on many subjects which so few students wish to learn that their fees could not support the professors. Such, for instance, are Oriental languages in one department of knowledge; the higher branches of

mathematics, or such a science as mineralogy in another. If an endowment or a public grant does not provide teaching in these subjects, it will not be provided at all. In every one of our great towns—in Manchester, Birmingham, Leeds, Liverpool, Bristol, Newcastle, Sheffield—there ought to be, besides the schools, an institution like a Scotch or German university, though not necessarily with so large a staff of professors, giving instruction of a high order in the more important branches of literature and science; instruction not merely practical, like that of a technical school, but of a genuinely philosophical character. At present, not one of our great towns, except Manchester, possesses such an institution; and as at Manchester it has been created by an endowment, one is led to believe that some endowment will be needed to start it and give it a fair chance of success in those other towns where it is so greatly needed. For a time, perhaps for a long time, the number of students will not be large enough to make the professorships, paid by fees only, so lucrative as to be accepted by eminent men. But without eminent men such local colleges would not succeed, and it is of the greatest importance to the progress of education and culture in England that they should succeed. To support institutions of this nature is therefore the proper function of an endowment—as it might be the duty of the State to support them if no endowment could be set apart for the purpose—because they are things which the principle of demand and supply does not support, and which it is nevertheless the pressing interest of the nation to have maintained. We are far from wishing to see the State invoked, as some theorists invoke it, to undertake every sort of social reform; but there are cases in which the collective wisdom of England may be greater than the wisdom of private persons; and if it is necessary for Government to educate the lower class, as Mr. Lowe (in spite of his own principles) is forced to admit, it may be matter of public concern to aid in spreading knowledge and cultivation among the middle classes also.

And in doing this by means of any of the methods of applying endowments which we have mentioned no economical law will be violated. The stimulus of self-interest will not be removed from the teacher, because his income will mainly depend on what he receives in fees. Private adventure teachers will not be driven out of the field, because the fees required will be kept up to the market price of instruction.

One word, before concluding, on the practical aspects of the question. Now that within the last year or two the miserably defective condition of the education of the middle classes has been clearly shown and generally acknowledged, it cannot be thought that many sessions will pass without some legislation on the matter. Since private adventure schools are unable to supply what is wanted, a system of new public schools under local management and central supervision will no doubt be, under one form or another, called into existence. Although such schools may, when established, be made wholly or mainly self-supporting—and if so, so much the better, considerable expense will be incurred in founding them and giving them a helping hand at first. And it is desirable that no additional burden should be laid for this purpose on the tax-payer, oppressed as he now is by the increase in local rates. Recourse must therefore be had to the existing endowments, and nothing is more important than that these endowments should be dealt with in no timid or shrinking spirit. Their past history has shown, not indeed as Mr. Lowe would have it, that foundations are necessarily and always pernicious, but that they are pernicious when left to themselves, and that the only way to make them useful is to treat them as so much public money, to be disposed of as public wisdom thinks best. Nor is this all. Besides the educational endowments, there are in every part of England a multitude of foundations for other charitable purposes, usually administered by small bodies of negligent trustees, under the provisions of wills or deeds of gift made two or three cen-

turies ago. In the City of London alone there are hundreds of such foundations with an aggregate revenue of tens of thousands a year, many of which are positively noxious, while of the remainder the great majority are utterly wasted. The time has surely come for an inquiry into the working of these charities, and for considering whether they ought not to be placed under an efficient public control, and whether the funds of those which cannot be shown to serve some good purpose should not be diverted to the support of public schools.

[Since the above was written, Mr. Forster has brought in a Bill for reforming the endowed schools of England and Wales, and for applying to educational purposes the funds of certain classes of non-educational charities, if such charities are certified by the Charity Commission to be now ill-applied. We have not space here to enter into a criticism of this Bill, certain provisions of which, and especially that whereby a line of demarcation is drawn between the endowed schools of the country generally and seven of the so-called public schools, seem likely to excite some measure of opposition. But it may be worth while to remark that, as the object of the Bill—the re-organization of our endowed schools—is one of great and pressing importance, so the means taken to attain that object—the appointment of a temporary Executive Commission—is evidently the most direct and effective that can be suggested. It is to be hoped that every chance will be given to the Commission of doing its work in a thorough and satisfactory way; and for this it will be necessary not only that its powers should be wide, but that those who compose it should be men of recognised eminence, whose names and whose experience will give weight to its suggestions, and command the respect of the local governing bodies with which it will have to deal. Nothing but an unfettered discretion can enable it to make really useful proposals for the alteration of trusts, since, in very many cases, fundamental alterations will be needed to render serviceable endowments which have hitherto been mischievous. So far as head-masters and local trustees have any ideas respecting the management and application of charitable revenues, they generally think it desirable to keep these revenues under their own control, and get as much private patronage out of them as they can. So far, on the other hand, as experience teaches us anything on the subject, it teaches that charities left to themselves are invariably perverted, and that endowment funds can be turned properly to account only when administered with the same publicity and the same regard to the interest of the whole community wherewith we administer direct grants from the treasury of the State.]



## TWO SISTERS.

## FIRST SISTER.

WHEN dusk descends and dews begin  
 She sees the forest ghostly fair,  
 And, half in heaven, is drinking in  
 The moonlit melancholy air :  
 The sons of God have charge and care  
 Her maiden grace from foes to keep,  
 And Jesus sends her unaware  
 A maiden sanctity of sleep.

## SECOND SISTER.

In dreams, in dreams, with sweet surprise  
 I see the lord of all these things ;  
 From night and nought with eager eyes  
 He comes, and in his coming sings :  
 His gentle port is like a king's,  
 His open face is free and fair,  
 And lightly from his brow he flings  
 The young abundance of his hair.

## FIRST SISTER.

Oh who hath watched her kneel to pray  
 In hours forgetful of the sun ?  
 Or seen beneath the dome of day  
 The poisoning seraph seek the nun ?  
 Her weary years at last have won  
 A life from life's confusion free :  
 What else is this but heaven begun,  
 Pure peace and simple chastity ?



## SECOND SISTER.

Oh never yet to mortal maid  
Such sad divine division came  
From all that stirs or makes afraid  
The gentle thoughts without a name:  
Through all that lives a sacred flame,  
A pulse of pleasant trouble, flows,  
And tips the daisy's tinge of flame,  
And blushes redder in the rose.

## FIRST SISTER.

From lifted head the golden hair  
Is soft and blowing in the breeze,  
And softly on her brows of prayer  
The summer-shadow flits and flees:  
Then parts a pathway in the trees,  
A vista sunlit and serene,  
And there and then it is she sees  
What none but such as she have seen.

## SECOND SISTER.

Oh if with him by lea and lawn  
I pressed but once the silvery sod,  
And scattered sparkles of the dawn  
From aster and from golden-rod,  
I would not tread where others trod,  
Nor dream as other maidens do,  
Nor more should need to ask of God,  
When God had brought me thereunto.

FREDERIC W. H. MYERS.

THE MALAYAN ARCHIPELAGO.<sup>1</sup>

BY SIR JOHN LUBBOCK, BART. F.R.S.

IN this work Mr. Wallace gives us a most interesting account of his long residence in the Eastern Archipelago. Here it was that he independently conceived the idea of natural selection, or the survival of the fittest, which has given so profound an impulse to the study of biology, and has explained so many difficulties; here he also carefully studied the habits and geographical distribution of the native fauna, and made large collections, which have supplied him and others with materials for many important memoirs.

He visited Sumatra, Java, Bali, Lombok, Timor, Borneo, Celebes, Gilolo, New Guinea, and many of the smaller islands. The Dutch and their colonial system pleased him very much; of the Portuguese he speaks less favourably; but after all he produces on the mind of the reader an impression that some of the islands where the native civilization has been least affected by European influence enjoy the highest amount of prosperity. There is not, indeed, now any native ruler who, like the Sultan of Achin in 1615, could collect a fleet of 500 vessels, and an army of 60,000 men; still in some of the Malayan islands the state of agriculture is remarkably advanced, and the people marvellously numerous and well off. In Bali, for instance, the whole surface of the country is divided into small patches, so arranged as to permit an admirable system of irrigation, and all in the highest state of cultivation. We talk of England being overpopulated, though we have only 280 people to a square mile, whereas Bali is said to have a population of 700,000, or 480 to a square mile.

Still, though Mr. Wallace's work

gives us much interesting information on the character and social condition of the natives, and some personal adventures by no means deficient in interest, the value of it mainly depends on the numerous zoological facts which it contains, especially with reference to the geographical distribution and habits of the various remarkable animals which inhabit this area,—the orang-utan, the babilusa, the curious ox-antelope of Celebes, the beautiful and mysterious Birds of Paradise, and the rich insect fauna.

The Malayan Archipelago occupies a triangular area, the apex of which, formed by the Philippine Islands, points northwards; the centre is occupied by Borneo and the west, Celebes in the middle, and the Moluccas on the east; the southern boundary consists of a chain of islands, pointing to and almost joining the Malayan peninsula on the west, and terminating on the east between New Guinea and Australia. This chain of islands begins with Sumatra, which is followed successively by Java, Bali, Lombok, Sumbawa, Flores, and Timor.

The whole Archipelago has on the map a peculiar appearance. Java and Sumatra look very much as if they had been budded off from the Malayan peninsula, which itself seems on the eve of separation from the mainland; and, in fact, from this similarity, Sumatra was at one time known as Lesser Java, although in reality much the larger of the two; Borneo looks much like the box that Celebes came in; while Gilolo so exactly repeats on a small scale the very curious shape of its neighbour, that it looks for all the world like a young Celebes; and, lastly, New Guinea has a curious resemblance to a bird.

From the great number of small islands which are scattered between these larger ones, and from the alterations

<sup>1</sup> "The Malay Archipelago: the Land of the Orang-Utan, and the Bird of Paradise. A Narrative of Travel, with Studies of Man and Nature." By Alfred Russel Wallace.

of level which are known to have taken place, we should, *a priori*, have expected that the fauna of the whole Archipelago to possess one uniform character; or even if Borneo and Celebes had presented peculiarities, we should have expected to find one uniform list of species in the long chain of islands which stretches from Sumatra to New Guinea.

It was, however, previously known that Borneo and Celebes differed extremely in their zoology, and Mr. Wallace has now shown that the line separating the faunas of these two islands is continued southwards, and passes between Bali and Lombok. There is perhaps no single fact in geographical distribution more remarkable than the contrast between these two islands, the distance between which is only fifteen miles.

Yet there is nothing either in the soil or the climate to account for such a difference; the volcanic area extends throughout the chain of islands, and exercises no apparent effect upon their productions. It is true that Timor is dry and arid, but so is the east end of Java; the Philippines and the Moluccas closely resemble one another in their volcanic soil and consequent fertility, in their luxuriant forests and numerous earthquakes; while Borneo and New Guinea agree in the absence of volcanoes, in their climate, and in the general aspect of their vegetation; "yet between these corresponding groups of islands, constructed as it were after the same pattern, subjected to the same climate, and bathed by the same oceans, there exists the greatest possible contrast when we compare their animal productions." On the other hand, there cannot be a greater physical contrast than that between the hot, damp forests of New Guinea and the dry, stony deserts of Australia, which however, from a zoological point of view, are so closely connected together.

Sumatra contains the Indian elephant, the tapir, and a rhinoceros, belonging to species which are also found in Asia; Borneo has the same elephant and tapir; the Javan rhinoceros is of a different species, but one that also

occurs in Asia; and the smaller mammalia are generally the same in these three islands, and belong to species which also occur on the mainland. On the whole, "the three great islands of Java, Sumatra, and Borneo resemble in their natural productions the adjacent parts of the continent, almost as much as such widely separated districts could be expected to do even if they still formed a part of Asia."

The large species of mammalia, however, never can have crossed the sea; and if we bear in mind that these islands are connected with Asia by a submarine platform which rarely exceeds forty fathoms in depth, while an elevation of 100 fathoms would convert the whole into land as far as the Philippines in the north and Bali to the east, there can be little doubt that these islands have been connected with Asia by dry land within the lifetime of existing species.

On the other hand, the eastern portion of the Archipelago, including Celebes and Lombok, is almost as closely connected, zoologically, with Australia and New Guinea as the western portion is with Asia. Every one knows that Australia differs far more from all the four great continents than they do from one another. "It possesses none of those familiar types of quadruped which are met with in every other part of the world. Instead of these, it has marsupials only, kangaroos and opossums, wombats and the duck-billed platypus. In birds it is almost as peculiar. It has no woodpeckers and no pheasants, families which exist in every other part of the world; but instead of them it has the mound-making brush-turkeys, the honey-suckers, the cockatoos and the brush-tongued lorries, which are found nowhere else upon the globe. All these striking peculiarities are found also in those islands which form the Austro-Malayan division of the Archipelago. The great contrast between the two divisions of the Archipelago is nowhere so abruptly exhibited as in passing from the island of Bali to that of Lombok, where the two regions



“are in closest proximity. In Bali we have barbets, fruit-thrushes, and woodpeckers; on passing over to Lombok, these are seen no more, but we have abundance of cockatoos, honey-suckers, and brush-turkeys, which are equally unknown in Bali, or any island further west. The strait is here fifteen miles wide, so that we may pass in two hours from one great division of the earth to another, differing as essentially in their animal life as Europe does from America. If we travel from Java or Borneo to Celebes or the Moluccas, the difference is still more striking. In the first, the forests abound in monkeys of many kinds, wild cats, deer, civets, and otters, and numerous varieties of squirrels are constantly met with. In the latter, none of these occur; but the prehensile-tailed cuscus is almost the only terrestrial mammal seen, except wild pigs, which are found in all the islands, and deer (which have probably been recently introduced) in Celebes and the Moluccas. The birds which are most abundant in the Western Islands are woodpeckers, barbets, trogons, fruit-thrushes, and leaf-thrushes; they are seen daily, and form the great ornithological features of the country. In the Eastern Islands these are absolutely unknown, honey-suckers and small lorries being the most common birds; so that the naturalist feels himself in a new world, and can hardly realize that he has passed from the one region to the other in a few days, without ever being out of sight of land.”

Thus, then, the eastern and western portions of the Eastern Archipelago are tenanted by essentially different faunas, that of the west being Asiatic, that of the east, on the contrary, being evidently derived from New Guinea and Australia. Thus we find that fifteen miles of deep sea causes a greater difference than one hundred miles of shallow water. Why is this? Not certainly because the one is more difficult to cross than the other—both are alike practically impassable to land mammalia; but the

difference is that deep sea is generally old sea; while shallow sea, on the contrary, is often of recent origin.

The human inhabitants of the Malayan Archipelago also fall into two great and well-marked divisions—the Malay, or yellow, and the Papuan, or black race. The line of division, however, runs eastward of that which divides the other mammalia, which is natural enough, because man can cross straits which are impassable to other mammalia, and the Malays have long been encroaching on the Papuans. The Malays are unquestionably of Asiatic origin, like the mammals with which they are associated. Mr. Wallace connects the Papuans with the Polynesians, an opinion in which he is not, I think, likely to be followed by many ethnologists.

Putting on one side the Polynesians, who do not come strictly within the scope of the present article, it is my belief that, as the Malays came from Asia, so the Papuans are connected, though somewhat more remotely, with Africa; while the Australians have probably occupied their present area much longer than either of the two other races. The size, the colour, the hair of the Papuan all remind one of Africa, and the moral characteristics point in the same direction: “He is impulsive and demonstrative in speech and action. His emotions and passions express themselves in shouts and laughter, in yells and frantic leaping.”

Nor must this resemblance be looked on as an isolated or exceptional fact. The Orang-utan of Borneo and Java is clearly related to the anthropoid apes of Africa; *Anoa depressicornis*, the curious ox-antelope of Celebes, finds its nearest allies in Africa, and the same is the case with the babirusa or pig-deer. The character of the Madagascar fauna also points, as is well known, to an ancient connexion with India.

On the whole, then, we have in the Malayan Archipelago and Australia three principal races of men. First, the Australian; secondly, the Papuan race, which belongs to the same great human

family as the negro; and thirdly, the Malayan, which is of Asiatic character, and is gradually encroaching on the Papuan, as the Papuans perhaps did long ago on the still lower Australians.

Many of the islands are very poor in mammalia. Thus Timor, though three hundred miles long and sixty wide, contains only seven species of land mammalia: the common monkey; the *Paradoxurus fasciatus*, a civet cat; *Felis megalotis*, a tiger cat, said to be peculiar to the island; a deer, *Cervus timoriensis*; a wild pig, *Sus timoriensis*; a shrew-mouse, *Sorex tenuis*; and lastly an opossum, *Cuscus orientalis*: even of these seven one or two may have been introduced by man. Such facts as these can only be explained in one way; namely, that the island has never formed part of Australia on the one hand, nor been connected by continuous land with Java and Sumatra on the other. The case of Celebes is very similar—that island, though nearly twice as large as Java, containing only fourteen terrestrial mammalia, no less than eleven of which occur nowhere else.

As illustrating Mr. Wallace's powers of observation, I may take his account of those curious cases in which a species is represented, not by a male and a female, but by a male and two very distinct females. Thus, in a beautiful Sumatra butterfly, *Papilio memnon*, there are two very dissimilar females, so unlike indeed that they were at one time supposed to form distinct species. The one kind resembles the male both in form and colour. In the second the hind wings are produced into long tails, no rudiment of which ever occurs either in the male or in the first kind of female. These tailed females thus come closely to resemble the *Papilio coön*, thus affording a case of mimicry resembling those so well described by Mr. Bates. Nor can it be said that the resemblance is accidental, since in India, where *P. coön* is represented by *P. doubledayi*, with red spots instead of yellow, and *P. memnon* by *P. androgeus*, the latter species has tailed females with red spots, thus again mimicking *P. doubledayi*.

*P. coön* belongs to a section of the genus which is not attacked by birds, and no doubt many a female of *P. memnon* has owed its safety to being mistaken for the other species. It is very remarkable that females of each form can produce both.

Mr. Wallace appears to have generally left the pursuit of large game to his assistants, and wisely occupied himself by collecting the smaller but not less interesting species. It must not be supposed, however, that he is deficient in hunting enthusiasm. Far from it: he enjoyed his entomological hunts with a keen zest; and though those who can only appreciate sport in connexion with large game may smile at his enthusiasm, many an English entomologist would gladly have shared the penalty to have joined in the capture of the butterfly which has been since named *Ornithoptera croesus*. Mr. Wallace first got a glimpse of this beautiful species in the forest at Batchian; in two months he only saw one other specimen, till, he says, "One day, about the beginning of "January, I found a beautiful shrub, "with large white leafy bracts and "yellow flowers, a species of *Mussaenda*, and saw one of these noble "insects hovering over it, but it was "too quick for me and flew away. "The next day I went again to the "same shrub and succeeded in catching "a female, and the day after a fine "male. I found it to be as I had expected, a perfectly new and most magnificent species, and one of the most "gorgeously coloured butterflies in the "world. Fine specimens of the male "are more than seven inches across the "wings, which are velvety black and "fiery orange, the latter colour replacing the green of the allied species. "The beauty and brilliancy of this insect are indescribable, and none but a "naturalist can understand the intense "excitement I experienced when I at length captured it. On taking it out "of my net and opening the glorious "wings, my heart began to beat violently, the blood rushed to my head, "and I felt much more like fainting



“ than I have done when in apprehension of immediate death. I had a headache the rest of the day, so great was my excitement, produced by what will appear to most people a very inadequate cause.”

But although the Malayan Archipelago produces many beautiful species, Mr. Wallace maintains that it is quite a mistake to suppose that the animals and plants of the tropics are more brilliantly coloured than those of temperate regions. The idea has naturally arisen from the collection of beautiful flowers in our hothouses,—gorgeous insects and splendid birds in our museums,—but such assemblages do not naturally occur in the tropics, nor are there any such masses of brilliant colouring as are produced in our country by cowslips and primroses, buttercups and clover, bluebells and poppies, heath and furze.

In the regions of the equator, on the contrary, he says, “ whether it be forest or savannah, a sombre green clothes universal nature. You may journey for hours, and even for days, and meet with nothing to break the monotony. Flowers are everywhere rare, and anything at all striking is only to be met with at very distant intervals.”

The flowers of the sea are, in fact, more brilliant than those of the land. In the harbour of Amboyna the clearness of the water, he says, “ afforded me one of the most astonishing and beautiful sights I have ever beheld. The bottom was absolutely hidden by a continuous series of corals, sponges, actinæ, and other marine productions, of magnificent dimensions, varied forms, and brilliant colours. The depth varied from about twenty to fifty feet, and the bottom was very uneven, rocks and chasms, and little hills and valleys, offering a variety of stations for the growth of these animal forests. In and out among them moved numbers of blue and red and yellow fishes, spotted and banded and striped in the most striking manner; while great orange or rosy transparent medusæ floated along near the surface. It was a sight to gaze at for hours,

“ and no description can do justice to its surpassing beauty and interest. For once, the reality exceeded the most glowing accounts I had ever read of the wonders of a coral sea.”

He was also much struck with the beauty of the natives in the Aru Islands, “ though the women, except in extreme youth, are by no means so pleasant to look at as the men. Their strongly marked features are very unfeminine, and hard work, privations, and very early marriages soon destroy whatever of beauty or grace they may for a short time possess.”

Mr. Wallace seems to have been specially pleased with Celebes. At Máros, near Macassar, M. Mesman built for him “ a nice little house, consisting of a good-sized enclosed verandah, or open room, and a small inner sleeping-room, with a little cook-house outside. The forest which surrounded me was open, and free from underwood, consisting of large trees, widely scattered. The ground was as thickly covered with dry leaves as it is in an English wood in November, the little rocky streams were all dry, and scarcely a drop of water, or even a damp place, was anywhere to be seen. About fifty yards below my house, at the foot of the hill, was a deep hole in a watercourse, where good water was to be had, and where I went daily to bathe, by having a bucket of water taken out, and pouring it over my body. In fact,” he continues, “ I have rarely enjoyed myself more than during my residence here. As I sat taking my coffee at six in the morning, rare birds would often be seen on some tree close by, when I would hastily sally out in my slippers, and perhaps secure a prize I had been seeking after for weeks. A few minutes' search on the fallen trees around my house at sunrise and sunset would often produce me more beetles than I would meet with in a day's collecting, and odd moments could be made valuable,—which, when living in villages, or at a distance from the forest, are inevitably wasted. Where the sugar-palms were dripping



“with sap, flies congregated in immense numbers, and it was by spending half an hour at these when I had the time to spare that I obtained the finest and most remarkable collection of this group of insects that I have ever made.”

To a naturalist such a life must indeed have been full of enjoyment. Yet it was not without serious drawbacks. Mr. Wallace, however, keeps these very much in the background. He writes in the spirit of old Hearne, who, when robbed by Indians of almost everything he had, simply remarked that, his load being thereby so much “lightened, this part of his journey was the easiest and most pleasant of any he had experienced since leaving the fort.” In the same spirit, Mr. Wallace makes light of his difficulties and sufferings. Even when he alludes to them, it is merely to express his regret at the loss of valuable time; as, for instance, at Dorey, where he was laid up for some weeks by an internal inflammation of the foot, following a severe ulcer: he only remarks, however, that he was “tantalised by seeing grand butterflies flying past my door, and thinking of the twenty or thirty new species of insects that I ought to be getting every day.”

As a matter of course, he refers to the abundance of troublesome insects; great spiders lurking in boxes, or hiding in the folds of his mosquito curtains; centipedes and millepedes everywhere, to say nothing of flies, scorpions, and especially ants, which crawled continually over his hands and face, got into his bed and among his hair, and roamed at will all over his body, especially in New Guinea, where he believes that during his whole residence of three months and a half he was never a moment without ants among his clothes.

Mr. Wallace seems to have got on with the natives as well as with the insects. Being alone, he had no incautious companions to get him into trouble, and his experience in South America no doubt stood him in good stead. Still it is remarkable that in all his wanderings he never had any

serious dispute with the natives, even though he was for some time the only European in New Guinea, among a peculiarly ferocious people. His preference for manly to female beauty, as already mentioned, may have had something to do with it. Probably, also, his peculiar occupations and property caused him to be regarded as a semi-supernatural being. “I have no doubt,” he says, “that to the next generation, or even before, I myself shall be transformed into a magician or a demigod, a worker of miracles, and a being of supernatural knowledge. They already believe that all the animals I preserve will come to life again; and to their children it will be related that they actually did so.” Many superstitious myths in various parts of the world have doubtless arisen in this manner.

In the Aru Islands he was certainly regarded as a magician: “‘You must know,’ say they; ‘you know every thing; you make the fine weather for your men to shoot; and you know all about our birds and our animals as well as we do; and you go alone into the forest and are not afraid.’”

It would be very unfair, however, both to Mr. Wallace and to the natives, thus to explain away a circumstance so creditable to both. One little trait, for instance, well deserves mention: at Waigiou, as elsewhere, Mr. Wallace was in the habit of paying for birds of paradise in advance; some took goods for one bird, some for two, and so on; when Mr. Wallace was quitting Waigiou one poor fellow who had not been able to get a single bird brought the axe he had received in advance; another who had agreed for six had only brought five. He was absent, and Mr. Wallace could wait no longer, so the boat was prepared, and he was just on the point of starting, when the honest native ran down to the shore in triumph, produced his last bird, and said, with great satisfaction, “Now I owe you nothing.”

Some writers still maintain that there is no race of men without religion; Mr. Wallace, however, adds his testimony to that of most travellers, whether sailors

or philosophers, merchants or missionaries, that this is a mistake: he lived some time at Wanumbai, and saw no signs of any religion. Still he liked the people, and enjoyed his visit to them very much. He even adds, "that among people in a very low stage of civilization we find some approach to such a perfect social state. I have lived with communities of savages in South America and in the East who have no laws or law courts but the public opinion of the village freely expressed. Each man scrupulously respects the rights of his fellow, and any infractions of those rights rarely or never take place. In such a community all are nearly equal. All incitements to great crimes are wanting, and petty ones are repressed, partly by the influence of public opinion, but chiefly by that natural sense of justice and of his neighbour's rights, which seems to be, in some degree, inherent in every race of man. Now, although we have progressed vastly beyond the savage state in intellectual achievements, we have not advanced equally in morals. It is true that among those classes who have no wants that cannot be easily supplied, and among whom public opinion has great influence, the rights of others are fully respected. It is true, also, that we have vastly extended the sphere of those rights, and include within them all the brotherhood of man. But it is not too much to say, that the mass of our populations have not at all advanced beyond the savage code of morals, and have in many cases sunk below it.

"During the last century, and especially in the last thirty years, our intellectual and material advancement has been too quickly achieved for us to reap the full benefit of it. Our mastery over the forces of nature has led to a rapid growth of population and a vast accumulation of wealth;

"but these have brought with them such an amount of poverty and crime, and have fostered the growth of so much sordid feeling and so many fierce passions, that it may well be questioned whether the mental and moral status of our population has not, on the average, been lowered, and whether the evil has not overbalanced the good. Compared with our wondrous progress in physical science and its practical applications, our system of government, of administering justice, of national education, and our whole social and moral organization, remains in a state of barbarism. And if we continue to devote our chief energies to the utilizing of our knowledge of the laws of nature with the view of still further extending our commerce and our wealth, the evils which necessarily accompany these, when too eagerly pursued, may increase to such gigantic dimensions as to be beyond our power to alleviate."

In this passage Mr. Wallace gives a description of the savage very different from that of almost all previous observers. The picture he draws of our own condition is surely somewhat too dark. That our present social state is eminently unsatisfactory cannot be denied, but that we have sunk below the savage code of morality seems to me incredible. Nor can I altogether accept Mr. Wallace's remedy. Our error has been, I think, not that we have accepted the material advantages, and eagerly profited by the miracles, of science; but that in our system of education we ignore, and even oppose its teachings, like the foolish multitude of old, who freely partook of the loaves and fishes, but would not listen to the lessons which accompanied them. The question, however, is too large for discussion here; and I will only say, in conclusion, that Mr. Wallace's work will, I think, justly rank among the best books of travels ever published.

## TWO VIEWS OF THE CONVENT QUESTION.

[The two following papers—the first by the author of “Our Offence, our Defence, and our Petition,” in the Magazine for February, the second by another anonymous writer—can hardly fail to interest the readers of *Macmillan*, and to prolong the inquiry raised by the article just referred to, which has called forth notice in so many quarters. The Convent Question is one by which we are all more or less affected, however we may look upon it. These papers, at any rate, will show that it may be treated with earnestness as well as with ability, and that it is not necessary always to deal with questions affecting women in the tone of alternate flippancy and patronage prevalent in some quarters.—Ed. *M. M.*]

## I.

## A FEW MORE WORDS ON CONVENTS AND ON ENGLISH GIRLS.

“A flourishing Church requires a vast and complicated organization, which should afford a place for every one who is ready to work in the service of humanity. The enthusiasm should not be suffered to die out in any one for want of the occupation best calculated to keep it alive.”—*Ecce Homo*.

THERE are certain times, and these are usually times of great public anxiety, when we must all feel proud of the tone and feeling of the English press. A common danger or a common sorrow strikes an answering note from every newspaper in the country, and we learn to believe that those columns contain the outspoken words of English wisdom and patriotism. But there are other times when public events run smoothly, and when it chances that something concerning religious profession, or something concerning women, comes under discussion. Where then is the wisdom, the philosophy of our instructors? Gone, completely gone; and instead of it a spirit of foolishness, which terribly shakes our confidence in the institution, takes possession of the press. Illogical, unfair, untruthful statements are made without scruple and without reproof; and the philosophers who supply our intellectual food seem wholly possessed by a spirit of blind prejudice. When men talk of women they often talk like silly women catching the folly they attribute to their subject.

Such an exhibition of feeling has lately been made during the long trial

of Saurin *v.* Starr, and the contagion has spread beyond the press. When will people learn the folly of exaggeration, and know that every time they overstep the bounds of accurate truth they are working just so much for the opposite side? It is because men have done this on the present occasion, and because I think it probable that the harsh and ignorant ridicule which has lately been levelled against convents may cause a revulsion of feeling in their favour, that I venture to say a few words about them.

In the first place, let us define what a convent really is. It is an association of women who, following a custom almost as old as Christianity itself, have voluntarily renounced every earthly tie; who have sealed that renunciation by a solemn oath; and who have devoted their lives to poverty, obedience, and self-denial. Every woman who enters a convent knows that from henceforth she completely sinks her own individuality—distinctions of rank, of education, and of wealth are all forgotten; she loses even her own name, and becomes just such another as any of the rest of the community, or any other



nun who has entered the order since its foundation. Such being known to be the case, it is absurd to treat the hardships and privations of a nun as a cause of complaint. It would be as reasonable for a soldier to object to drill, a sailor to the sea, or a clerk to writing. And we should also strive to guard ourselves against the error of judging any system by its abuse: it would be as absurd to condemn all monarchical governments because Nero and Ferdinand of Naples had reigned, or all republicans because certain Swiss or Americans were dishonest or vulgar, as to condemn all convents because one Lady Superior lost her patience with a refractory nun. And yet this is the line of argument most of our advisers have taken up. "See," they cry, "ragged clothes, coarse food, menial work, forced submission to petty tyranny! Young ladies of England, is it for this you abandon all the luxuries and elegancies of life?" We might perhaps be tempted to ask whether these latter pleasures can be really so great, since it is actually the case that every year a number of women prefer to submit to these fearful hardships than to continue to enjoy them; but this is beside our present purpose. What we wish now to do is to point out that if people wish—as the present writer does—to check the fashion for conventual life which is fast spreading amongst us, some more effectual arguments must be used than the mere assertion that it is not a comfortable life. Girls know that before they enter, and enter all the same. Besides, they actually try it during a probation of many months, and still keep fast to their intention. *Punch's* well-drawn cartoon of the "Two Girls of the Period" represents but half a truth; the overdressed girl who looks with horror on the nun scrubbing the floor never would enter the convent, and the convent would not wish to receive her; but the earnest girl who feels that there are better things in life than a neat pair of boots is often tempted in, and the world is the poorer for her loss. Whatever

may be the faults of young ladies in the present day—and perhaps more than sufficient have been confessed already—"fine ladyism" and want of "pluck" ought not to be counted among them. It is now considered vulgar for a girl to be afraid of compromising her dignity by doing anything which requires doing, and at a time when our countrywomen are to be found in all parts of the world, roughing it merrily on wretched accommodation and villainous food, it is absurd to tell them not to undertake a life which they are taught will bring them peace in this world and eternal happiness in the next, because they will enjoy only a limited number of blankets on their beds and a limited number of dishes at their dinners. Men argue as though they would have no objection to convents if the nuns' bedrooms were well warmed and furnished, their dinners varied and well cooked, and their occupations light and easy. If they would take the trouble to study the history of the monastic orders, they would find that luxury has always demoralized them, and that, whenever they have offered any such comforts and pleasures, they have produced a thousand times more evil than has been proved against the sisters at Hull. They would also see how these small annoyances and trivial penances may appear hallowed in Roman Catholic eyes by centuries of use by those whom they regard as saints. And after arriving at this point of sympathy with their opponents they might be able to argue more fairly, and with more hope of carrying conviction into their hearts.

Let us now ourselves consider what are our best arguments against conventual life, and strive to use them to good purpose. The root of monasticism, and of all asceticism whatever, lies in the doctrine, that all human beings are utterly vile before God; that their souls alone may hope for pardon from Him, while their bodies and minds are completely worthless, and only fit for destruction. From this principle it follows that no penances which torture the body, no humiliations which torture

the mind, are considered too severe; and the more willingly these are undergone, the more merit the soul of the sufferer is supposed to obtain. Since every mortal frame feels pleasure in warm, soft clothing and good food, these are taken from it; since freedom of will is instinctive in every mind, implicit, abject obedience is demanded; and since family love and home-ties are the sweetest pleasures of life, these are rigorously denied. All this is done in the name and for the sake of the soul, and it is done equally by the monk who buries himself in his cloister and by the Puritan who turns gloomily away from all earthly enjoyments. Are they right? Did not God when He created man in "His own image," a complex being, endowed with wondrous faculties of body and of mind, as well as with an eternal soul, desire that all three should be offered to Him in worthy homage? Why should we cherish the health of the soul alone, and present to our Maker only bodies diseased through a wilful rejection of the blessings He has bestowed, and minds stunted through lack of training and opportunity of development? It may be argued that the human frame is mortal, and therefore unworthy of care; but this objection does not hold good against the mind. If immortality is believed in at all, it must be the eternal existence of the brain which works under every human skull; and must we not believe that those who, whatever their opportunities, have earnestly striven to cultivate this talent, shall have a higher reward than those who have willingly hidden theirs in the earth? In convents another of God's good gifts is rejected and despised—the gift of progress and enlightenment which is bestowed upon our century. Shall we not fear, when we stand before God's throne side by side with the monks and nuns of bygone ages, if we do not bring with us more than they? Shall we not hear the Judge's voice demanding back the ten talents, when we have brought but one? Again, God has given to every one individual responsibility. Is it right to sacrifice this, to abandon all

free agency, and make oneself a slave where God has made us free? Shall we be allowed to plead that our actions are not our own, but done in obedience to a self-chosen superior?

The doctrine of Christian humility and of Christian obedience is surely carried too far: might not something be said in favour of Christian pride and Christian independence? It is true that while Christ was on earth He suffered no sword to be drawn in His behalf, and bade men, if smitten on the one cheek, to present the other also; but the very last injunction He left to His disciples was, "He that hath no sword, let him sell his garment and buy one." Passive submission to tyranny, though it was to test the faith of the first converts, was not to be the rule of the Christian commonwealth. Nor do we find an example of the abject humility inculcated by these religionists in the conduct of St. Paul at Philippi, where he exacted an apology from the authorities of the city, and claimed the privileges of his rank as a Roman citizen. He suffered humiliation gladly for his Lord's sake when it was necessary, but he could still maintain his dignity as a man and a Roman in his dealings with his fellow-men, thus showing us an example of self-respect which those who fly into the extremes of religious fanaticism would do well to remember. If people, instead of vilifying God's noblest creation—the human mind and body—would seek to perfect and raise them both to be a sample worthy of the indwelling of His Spirit, we should cease to hear of nuns kissing the floor at the feet of their companions, and making themselves ridiculous by frivolous penances. We know that the Roman Catholics argue that it would be impossible to preserve discipline in a convent without these punishments, or some more harsh; and this brings us back to the main question, whether it be right for women who have attained the full maturity of their intellects to submit themselves to a system by which they are treated as we should scarcely treat an infant in

these days, when fools' caps have gone out of fashion.<sup>1</sup>

But, to my mind, the worst part of the convent system is that it sifts society, and leaves only the frivolous in the world. Many people argue as if only the weak and the silly were tempted to become nuns; but this is not the truth. Surely a very weak woman would hardly wish to undertake so unattractive a life; there must be some force in a character which can willingly surrender every species of earthly enjoyment, in order to live what she considers as a higher life. Nor do they do it ignorantly. The general public were surprised by what they seem to have considered "startling disclosures," but we do not believe that one woman in a thousand enters a convent or a sisterhood without being fully prepared for every one of these petty annoyances. Instead of being the weak and frivolous, it is often the noble and the strong who, disgusted with the worrying littlenesses of society (sometimes as hard to bear as the petty tyranny of a Lady Superior), turn to the convent in hopes of relief, and thus deprive the world of qualities which might otherwise prove a bulwark against evil. If we glance over the past or the present history of Europe, we shall see that frivolity in society is nearly always contemporaneous with the fashion for monastic life. And naturally so: not so much from any actual harm done by the convents, as because they have a tendency to absorb and hide those who have any earnestness and solidity of character, leaving social life wholly to those who wish for nothing

beyond amusement. It is worthy of observation, that the last ten years, during which it is said that such a marked change for the worse has been seen in English society, have coincided with the period at which the effects of the multiplying of Roman Catholic and Church of England convents began to be felt. I would ask those who seek for work within their walls to remember this, and that if they feel themselves endowed with earnestness of purpose and depth of feeling beyond their fellows, all these qualities are now required to act as barriers against the encroaching tide of evil. If they are good and able, they should know their vocation is the world, and not the convent. I know that some will argue that their prayers will be more efficacious than their work; but I would remind them that it would be of no avail for a soldier who had deserted his post in battle to plead that he had retired to pray. Prayer, to be effectual, must accompany strong efforts in the performance of duty—must be the food sustaining the healthy life of the soul, not the object of the life itself. Again, we might point to the fact, that in every country where monastic institutions have caused a life of prayer to be considered as more holy than a life of action, that country has wasted away, and God's blessing has evidently *not* rested upon it. Montalembert can scarcely conceal his astonishment at the greatness of England, in spite of her rejection of monasticism. Might we not say that she owes it under God to this cause? If all the noble and high-minded men are attracted into monasteries, the government naturally falls into the hands of the selfish and the base. We know to what this has led in Greece and Spain. We believe it to be the same with the social influence of women.

When a man hears of a girl entering a convent, he generally thinks that the effect of her act is merely to leave one silly girl the less in the world, and says in the tone of the King in "Chevy Chase":—

"I trust I have within my realm  
Five hundred good as she!"

<sup>1</sup> May we be allowed to say that this question of punishment for breach of rules will be one of the greatest difficulties in the way of the Ladies' College? Let the committee beware of falling into conventional mistakes, which appear to be chiefly these:—(1) That the rules are so numerous and so detailed as to be almost impossible of observance. (2) That every infringement of them is supposed to be condoned by a penance. (3) That expulsion is almost impossible. If the College be founded, we hope that the rules will be few and reasonable, and that there will be *no* alternative between an honest and willing acceptance of them and removal from the Institution.



It is a compliment certainly if men think that the place of one good woman is so easily filled by another, but it is rather an unsatisfactory one.

Men, as a rule, divide womanhood into three classes: regarding her either as an angel descended straight from heaven, without even a knowledge of the stains of earth; or as exactly the reverse of this (a picture we will leave to them to sketch); or, lastly, as a being endowed with the faculties and feelings of an ordinarily intelligent kitten: and it is this latter class that they without any examination believe to be occasionally seized with a fanatic desire of transforming themselves into nuns. Why a kitten-like woman should be anxious to place all her gambols under the strictest restraint, and deprive herself of all opportunities of playfulness, it would be hard to explain, but we suppose that this is the proof of her irrational nature. Of course it may happen that a woman enters a convent as a whim or from a passing disgust at the world; but it is absurd to believe the majority who do so in the face of all the hardships and privations which it entails are merely indulging an utterly irrational freak. And yet during the late trial it was actually said that the *dress* might be one of the attractions of conventual life! A curious assertion truly, especially in these days, when one would think there would be nothing to prevent its introduction into Hyde Park did the fashionable world deem haircloth and serge more becoming than velvet and silk. To speak more seriously: if we wish to destroy any system, it is useless to revile and ridicule it—every cause, and especially every religious one, thrives on abuse and laughter; the only effectual plan is to substitute a better one for it. I have already<sup>1</sup> pointed out the want there is of some useful and honourable work for ladies which would enable them to live noble lives while still maintaining their place in society, and I will not go over the same ground again. But while asking for this, which we hope no one will misinterpret into a

<sup>1</sup> Macmillan's Magazine, Feb. 1869.

compromise between God and mammon, we do not wish to cast any slight on the sisterhoods, which are already doing so much noble work in the world. It is very true that much more can be done by an organized body than by so many separate workers, and that those who devote themselves to the task of nursing the sick ought not to mix with those who are unwilling to run the risk of contagion; and so long as this is the only intention they have in separating themselves from family life, we give them our hearty approval and sincere respect. But when they begin to adopt, as in too many cases they do, the old errors of the Roman Catholic Church, and practise a system which stints the mind by cutting off from it all the sources of intellectual growth, and wastes the bodily strength by excessive fasting and broken rest, in order to throw themselves into a state of spiritual nervous excitement, then we earnestly protest against it. I believe a true religion is one that can be accepted by a calm and well-trained mind, inspired certainly by a warm and sensitive heart, but not by the fevered fancy of hunger and fatigue. I believe that it is far from generally known how widely a system such as this is spreading in England. Men engaged in the busy world of literature or politics often know nothing of it, or, if they do sometimes hear rumours of practices strange to them, they set them down as the work of a few very young curates and very silly women. They seem to them as a passing fashion of the day, scarcely worth notice. To those who would know to what point this "fashion" has already reached we would recommend a pamphlet called "The Religious Life portrayed" for the use of Sisters of Mercy, translated from the French, with an introduction by the Rev. R. M. Benson. It is of course Roman Catholic in its origin, but it is adopted without any reserve by a clergyman of the Church of England. We will extract a few sentences, which will show our meaning:—

"The true religious loves retirement, keeps silence, and lives in constant recollection. This is what you, my

“ daughter, should do—seek retirement  
 “ by preference, and avoid visitors, only  
 “ see them when it is necessary. The  
 “ saintly author of the ‘Imitation’ says  
 “ that he always came away from worldly  
 “ conversation the worse for it. . . .  
 “ Do not dwell upon the worldly tidings  
 “ you may hear. . . . You frequently  
 “ say: ‘I desire to sanctify myself  
 “ and be saved; what shall I do to that  
 “ end?’ I answer in one word, ‘Obey.’  
 “ . . . . Seek to have a holy hatred  
 “ of your body, treat it as a vile slave,  
 “ and you will be diligent in all even  
 “ the least duties. And I would  
 “ specially recommend you to study the  
 “ mortification of your senses both in-  
 “ terior and exterior. . . . You must  
 “ love all (your sisters), and I would  
 “ have you love them *equally*. Avoid  
 “ special preferences, they are fatal to  
 “ the true charity of the religious life,  
 “ and do great harm to communities.  
 “ If you have any preference let it be for  
 “ such amongst them as show you least  
 “ affection, who bring most humiliation  
 “ upon you, and to whom you have  
 “ most natural disinclination.”

Such are the principles taught: that family love is to be cast aside (for how can a woman love those whom she is to refuse to see and speak with, or even think of?); that obedience is in itself a virtue, irrespective of the command obeyed; that the body is to be purposely hated and neglected—the senses to be refused their proper develop-

ment; and that even the affection between friends is to be cut off by the barbarous rule which asks for more to be bestowed on the base, the unkind, and the unjust than on the good and the attractive! Yet these doctrines are actually spreading in England. It would be as well, then, if we were, not to ignore and not to ridicule this movement, but to strive to check its fatal defects, by offering to those who are anxious to take part in it some more excellent way. In spite of Father Ignatius, we do not anticipate that this movement will have much success among our countrymen, not because they are wiser than ourselves—for they were ready enough to flock to the monasteries at a time when they had no alternative between slaughtering men’s bodies and praying for their souls—but because there are now too many openings for their religious zeal in useful, secular life. It is otherwise with women. The beginning which has been made may seem comparatively insignificant, but it is foolish to neglect to put out a fire only because it seems burning slowly and in a distant part of our house. Let us check it at once. Let us take advantage of the spirit which is now abroad—a spirit of keen religious feeling and consciousness of responsibility; and by guiding it, and permitting it to perform God’s work in the world, prevent it from taking refuge in the moral suicide of monastic institutions.

## II.

### NATURE AND THE CONVENT.

If it is a mistake to cast censure upon what is right, it is also a mistake to cast censure upon what is wrong on an untenable ground. And the two questions, Why is convent life admired? and Why is it condemned? are certainly questions upon the correct answering of which, at the present time, a little thought and leisure may lawfully be bestowed. The following paper is only

offered as *suggestive* to those who are more nearly concerned in the matter than the writer, or who have greater opportunities or leisure for following out the subject. Some seem to think that the convent life which during the last few weeks has been brought before the public will tend considerably to diminish the alluring influence which that life has upon many minds. Yet

we need scarcely be disappointed if no such change is wrought through its means. By those who set down the longing after this life to romance, sentiment, or fond and foolish play of the imagination, it is supposed that it will be rudely shaken by a record of trivialities, of the littlenesses of every-day life, and of the ludicrous or degrading nature of some of the performances. But it must be remembered that, from the very character of this particular case, those who are disposed can make large allowances, that the imagination can cover up and forget what is evil, as well as create what is good, and that some of these trivialities are absolutely inseparable from life in this world in any of its phases. The frequent story of matrimonial quarrels does not persuade people to remain unmarried, and the romance and sentiment which in this case throws its golden light over the maiden's future is not dissolved by the known facts that some of her friends occasionally dine off cold mutton, or that the mistresses of their families think it proper to superintend most carefully the sweeping and dusting. Family life is full of most minute trivialities, trivialities which would be wearying and disgusting indeed if detailed for continuous days in a public court, yet which in their place are most necessary. And family life, unfortunately, instituted as it was for purposes of love and joy, is often marked across by things which are worse than trivialities. And the romance and sentiment which looks away from what is to what may be, in the one case, will do the same, where it is needed, in the other. But is it not the simple truth, that it is not mere romance and sentiment, not only the ardour of a youthful imagination, active, and rightfully active, though these may be, which lie at the bottom of the turning to convent life? Is there not some desperate want of nature, some craving, universal demand to which this life seems to give a response? To me it seems rash to fling an off-hand, dead charge of "unnaturalness," of "crushing of all the instincts of nature," against

convent life, and then to stand up satisfied that we have flung precisely the right weapon in precisely the right place. If it be so dead against nature, how is it that in all ages thousands have embraced it? This undeniable fact surely contradicts the sweeping censure of "unnaturalness." We may put this to the common sense of any one. In many cases, no doubt, specially in the far-back centuries, and among the female sex, circumstances decided the matter; but while these very circumstances may be turned into a strong plea for the provision for such a life,—the convent might then be the only shelter, the only deliverer from a life more repugnant than death,—we may fairly argue upon the supposition that a large proportion of these were moved by some acting of their own hearts. And looking at the multitudes who embraced this life in times that are past, certainly from no universal necessity, and at the numbers who are embracing it or yearning after it now, it seems to me that some other property rather than "unnaturalness" is suggested to us. Exceptional it may be, but *unnatural*, how can it? No, there is something in its essence which answers back directly to our nature, and there is a want in our nature which it bids fair to supply. Of that want a hundred illustrations might be given. One was presented in a recent number of this Magazine, in a paper written by a "Girl of the Period." It is easy to tell people that they have everything to make them happy, while they only wonder the more why then they are not so; it is easy to tell them that there is work which is only waiting for them to do it, and full room for the play of all their faculties, while they only wish they could see with your eyes and handle with your hands; it is easy to tell them that, if theirs is an unsatisfying portion, they have only to look around and grasp another, while their hearts are echoing again and again with the question, "Who will show us this one good?" And while these young girls are immersing themselves and being immersed in the pleasures of society, the occu-



pations of flattering and talking nonsense, and of being talked nonsense to; and while they are seriously attending day after day to the duties of the toilet, and then spending their still superfluous time how they best can, their hearts, their minds, their souls are living still. It is possible to imagine the *wail* of inquiry with which the spirit, unsupplied with its proper sustenance, undeveloped in its infinite capabilities, may sometimes utter this cry for "good." It is possible to comprehend the desperate craving which ever and anon comes upon it. Feeling itself capable of the reception of infinite good, fancying instinctively that there must be somewhere a supply for this demand, wondering with almost a shudder what it must do to find it, it is possible to imagine the eagerness with which the spirit, in the midst of the whirl around it, cries out for a "Rest:"—an "Arrest," as it were, of itself, in the midst of all this hurrying on—a pause, a solitude, where it may find out what its real business in this world is, and how to do it. To a mind in such a condition, a solitude, a place of retirement, seems almost an ultimatum. If *that* were secured, other needs would be supplied in due course. And there is truth in this. And the human mind in all ages has resolved its wants into a deep, a piteous craving for rest. "Oh that I had wings like a dove, for then would I flee away and be at rest!" "A shadow from the heat," "a lodge in some vast wilderness," so far off that my soul in its anxious musings about itself may be undisturbed by the noise and whirr, and perpetual on-going of this world.

Here then is the convent-life ready for those who are ready for it. Most naturally it comes in, offering a supply for a great demand. And the little bit of poetry—and pretty poetry too—about its crushing the finest instincts of nature, putting entirely to one side the holy joys of a wife and mother, scorning her angelic ministries, &c., warrants some criticism before it is allowed to pass as truth. We must not gather from its indignant tone that the con-

vent is the only bar, and that a compulsory one, between a woman and these sweet experiences. There are women who are bounded by no convent walls, who are tied by no vows, who have freely dispensed with the indulgence of these maternal yearnings, and who have gone through life most cheerfully and happily with no opportunity of bringing their angelic ministry to bear on a husband's heart. Marriage and all its duties are most holy, and ought to be arbitrarily denied to none; yet still it is very evident, either that a large proportion of women were not intended to marry, or that, in some way or other, outside of convents we are contravening the order of Providence. We English Protestants could fill many good-sized convents without withdrawing any of the usual proportion of ladies from married life. And, by the way, it would appear, too, that a nun may even marry after all: that she can, at least in some cases, be released from her vows, and return to the life she had too hastily quitted. And there are—we may not deny it—holier affections than those even of a wife and mother. St. Paul's words still remain on record: "The unmarried woman careth for the things of the Lord, that she may be holy both in body and in spirit: but she that is married careth for the things of the world, how she may please her husband," (1 Cor. vii. 34.) However much and however rightly we may explain or limit these words, still they are there; and we cannot be unbouedly angry if every one does not explain or limit them in the same way.

And where is the flaw in this convent life? What is the *let* to its being freely embraced by those who think they have a vocation for it? We may pass over the great religious differences here, because, if it were desirable, we might have Protestant convents constructed, as to the primary idea of the life, on much the same principle as those of the Roman Catholics.

And does not one great, one fatal objection lie in the *excessive* nature of

this life as practised among us? It is not a foreign plant, but it is a rank overgrowth. Springing from a root which with due restraint and constant watchfulness might be cultured into most fair and fruitful flowers, it has been suffered to grow as it would, with all its luxuriance; unpruned and it has run to seed, sadly overshot itself, and classed itself among the cumberers of the ground. Its flowers have become sickly and of doubtful odour, and its fruit, in some cases, like the apples of Sodom. Its principal excess is its life-long nature. However weary our bodies may be at the close of the day, we do not lie down and resolve we will rise no more. But the mind, irritated and weary with the turmoil and hurry of the outer world, can bethink itself of no medium, and that retirement and seclusion which is only needed for a present distress is strangely enough resorted to for a lifetime. There are indeed such things as "Retreats" in the Romish Church, and if we could imagine all our convents turned simply into houses of retreat, where younger or older maidens, or even married ladies, might shelter themselves for a while from the weariness of fashionable or business life, from any peculiar troubles of their lot,—where they might consider themselves and their position, how they could best fulfil the end of their lives,—and where, by resting, their minds might regain their freshness, and their hearts their freshness; then, though they might still be open to objections, we could see a beauty in these convents. And some such retreats where, at the same time, the poor might be tended and the young educated, might easily be made a blessing. But the case of a whole life being made happier, and better, and more useful, by a seclusion from what is termed "secularity," must be an exceptional one, if it occur at all: and the whole convent life proceeds on the idea of making continuous what should in the nature of things only be occasional. Thus it is forced, and has contracted the taste—and appearance too—of fruit out of season, a sickly overgrowth

which for its own sake we might often desire to gather and hide away, feeling, as we sincerely do, that its root is capable of bringing forth much better things. Besides its excess, though in part no doubt suggested by it, it has serious mistakes in the manner of its development—the observance of poverty, the complete renunciation of will to another, the singular penances.

When the life of the soul runs out into these forms, one cannot but think it is for want of something better to do. They may be harmless, they may even do good in a certain way, they may lessen care and responsibility, but they are over and above the demand of nature for a secluded life, and they must often rather hinder than forward the design of it. They are not only excesses, but they are of foreign growth. If the convent life be embraced as a self-mortification, they may be all very well, but in any other view they are trifling, for all that they achieve for the soul of grace or humility could certainly be achieved by the spirit itself without their aid. They are truly unnatural, except under extremely occasional conditions. The *formality* of convent life seems to us another chief point against it. Its public vows, its uniform and singular garb, do much towards destroying whatever of grace and simplicity there is in it. There is nothing of unconscious, instinctive taking of what nature wants, and having done with it. A compulsory bond is formed for what should be voluntary, a conspicuous garb is thrown over what in its very nature seeks retirement, and the world is called to witness an endeavour to escape from its sight and hearing. Why should there be vows at all, except upon the supposition of after-repentance? And *why in that case?* may be asked with still more urgency. Vows, it is true, protect from a claim from without; the individual who has pledged her word not to come forth to help in any need that may happen either her friends or the world, is safe from hearing any vain tones of appeal on the subject. Yet is not her very safety inglorious—does it

not cast a reflection anything but bright upon the vows which have procured it for her? But the vows have a precedent in the marriage-vow, of which, I suppose, they are partly an imitation. There is a stern necessity for the marriage-vow in the protection which is demanded for society; there is no such necessity in the other case. The two cases are not parallel. Why should not the entrance into the convent be noiseless and unfettered, the continuance there unfettered too, the departure free and easy likewise? And why should not the dress, even if uniform, be uneccentric, quiet, and becoming, the "brides of heaven" not robing themselves as if for attendance at a funeral?

I suppose that I am still open to the charge of having omitted one grand primal idea of convent life, that which explains both its formality and its continuity,—the idea, in short, of the celestial marriage, of the separation from a worldly life, to a life distinctly different, avowedly superior. Even while we en-

tirely dissent from this idea, we must acknowledge the influence it has on those who receive it. Yet still, I think, the very idea might be made to harmonize with a perfect voluntariness; and I think, too, that the idea may be the offspring, in great degree, of the distaste and weariness of which at first we spoke. It is but an outcome of the same feeling of want of rest. This longed-for holy rest becomes the impersonation of everything sacred and best. It is not difficult for fancy to make it so, in comparison of the life which in the outer world is often led.

A demand always creates a supply. A plentiful supply indicates a constant demand. It is vain, and worse than vain, to quarrel with Nature; if we quarrel with the article which is offered in answer to her wants, what better supply can we bring into the market? This question, if we attempt to answer it at all, must be answered at some other time.



## "THE RING AND THE BOOK."

BY J. R. MOZLEY.

MR. BROWNING'S poem is at length complete. The nature of it is not widely different from what might have been anticipated at the outset; and, in particular, hardly anything need be added to the account of the plot which was given by Mr. Symonds, in his article on the first volume of the poem, in the January number of this Magazine. Still, the characters, in the progress of the delineation, have greatly widened and deepened; it has become more and more apparent what the ultimate purpose was, in much that seemed at first insignificant or repulsive; it is seen, what perhaps could not have been certainly told from the first volume alone (though our independent knowledge of the poet might have guaranteed it), that the poem has a cause and reason for its existence, that there is a fundamental thought animating and sustaining it. And it need hardly be added, that there is throughout a vast quantity of keen observation, and intellectual subtlety and force. There can be no doubt that in the formation of his conceptions, Mr. Browning's mind is one of no weak or uncertain grasp.

And yet, with all this, our first impulse is one of critical protest against the form of composition of the book. The substance of what Mr. Browning writes is so good, that it is impossible not to wish it were presented to the reader in a somewhat easier form. There are two counts in our complaint,—the length of his poem, and the difficulty of the style. A poem of twenty thousand lines is no such light thing either for writer or reader; and few such poems, few poems we might say of half the length, have survived to posterity without some intrinsic greatness and universality in the subject. The "Iliad" was treasured up by Greece because the whole Greek nation must necessarily look back with

reverence to the ancestors who had formed them into a nation. The "Divina Commedia" has been treasured up by Europe because it contains the thoughts, fashioned into an imagined reality, of one of the greatest of souls on that future, which of all topics of meditation must ever have supreme interest for man. Virgil's theme appealed directly to every Roman; Tasso's was commensurate with Christendom; that of Milton had certainly no less scope.

The subject of "Faust" is more to be compared with Mr. Browning's subject; but Goethe's great poem (we speak of course of the first part of "Faust" only) is not much more than five thousand lines—only a quarter the length of the "Ring and the Book." And if we come to Shakespeare, "Hamlet" and "Othello" are shorter even than "Faust." It would be difficult to name any poem that has endured, whose length at all approaches to that of the "Ring and the Book," the subject of which has in itself (apart from the mode of treatment) so little comparative importance. And this prolixity becomes still more striking when the structure of the poem is considered. It consists of an introduction, ten speeches, and a conclusion! neither more nor less than this; and each of the ten speeches tells precisely the same story, from different points of view. Think of this, and then think of the variety of personages, incidents, and speeches in "Macbeth" or "Faust!" Surely the story of Pompilia could have been presented to us in a shorter form, and perhaps even with an increase of effect.

Coming to the other count of our complaint, the difficulty of Mr. Browning's style, the secret of his prolixity is in some degree explained. Mr. Browning cannot tell a plain story in a plain way; he cannot report a simple speech

with simplicity. He must needs introduce everywhere comparisons and metaphors; metaphors which darken, and comparisons which obscure. The title of his book is, half of it at least, a metaphor; the "Ring" is merely typical of the poem, and—as we discover at the close—indirectly suggestive of a tender personal memory, and has nothing in the world to do with the subject of it. And sometimes, when we think that we have done with an illustration (it having occupied a page or so, and possibly included other sub-illustrations into the bargain), lo, it turns up again without introduction, and claims the right of an old acquaintance, after pages of intervening narrative! Such, for example, is the simile of the angler, in "Half Rome." But, indeed, this love of metaphor is only one aspect of that general characteristic of Mr. Browning's mind which renders his writings so difficult. The truth is, that he has accumulated learning, thought, and observation to a most extraordinary degree; he has a fondness for his own originality, and likes to communicate to others things novel and previously unnoticed: but he makes no allowance for other people's ignorance; or rather, it may be suspected, he does not altogether dislike puzzling people, and introducing on a sudden and in a casual way topics which cannot be appreciated by the easy-going and somewhat indolent reader. He avoids the commonplace most resolutely; and certainly a poet ought to soar above the commonplace; but still it is to be remembered that the great mass of the hours of our life are concerned mainly with commonplace things,—with things which every one knows and will recognise when presented to them in books—and that for a poet to try and skim off the cream of the cream, and give to his readers nothing but refined intellectuality and delicate vision, is an attempt which must diminish the general sympathy for his writings.

The "Ring and the Book" is however, in these latter respects, a considerable advance on Mr. Browning's previous works. The defence of Capon-  
No. 114.—VOL. XIX.

sacchi—which, though not the most remarkable part of the book as an intellectual achievement, is the part which will probably be the most frequently read hereafter—has pages together of forcible and simple narrative. Yet at the very close and climax of this, the most striking part of the whole, there is a cluster of similes which jars upon the ear from its over-thoughtfulness. Every one who has read the poem will remember the passage; but it may well bear to be quoted:

"Sirs, I am quiet again. You see, we are  
So very pitiable, she and I,  
Who had conceivably been otherwise.  
Forget distemperature and idle heat!  
Apart from truth's sake, what's to move so  
much?  
Pompilia will be presently with God;  
I am, on earth, as good as out of it,  
A relegated priest; when exile ends,  
I mean to do my duty and live long.  
She and I are mere strangers now: but  
priests  
Should study passion; how else cure man-  
kind,  
Who come for help in passionate extremes?  
I do but play with an imagined life  
Of who, unfettered by a vow, unblest  
By the higher call,—since you will have  
it so,—  
Leads it companioned by the woman there.  
To live, and see her learn, and learn by her,  
Out of the low obscure and petty world—  
Or only see one purpose and one will  
Evolue themselves i' the world, change  
wrought to right:  
To have to do with nothing but the true,  
The good, the eternal—and these, not alone  
In the main current of the general life,  
But small experiences of every day,  
Concerns of the particular hearth and home:  
To learn not only by a comet's rush,  
But a rose's birth,—not by the grandeur,  
God—  
But the comfort, Christ. All this, how far  
away!  
Mere delectation, meet for a minute's  
dream!—  
Just as a drudging student trims his lamp,  
Opens his Plutarch, puts him in the place  
Of Roman, Grecian; draws the patched  
gown close,  
Dreams, 'Thus should I fight, save or rule  
the world!'  
Then smilingly, contentedly, awakes  
To the old solitary nothingness.

So I, from such communion, pass content. . .

O great, just, good God! Miserable me!"



The two and a half lines which begin "To learn not only by a comet's rush," are surely too far-fetched, and too much savouring of rhetoric, for the occasion. But to the passage as a whole, and to that which precedes it, no one can refuse his admiration. And though after the finished softness of Mr. Tennyson's lyrical flow there sound at first a roughness and uncouthness in Mr. Browning's verses, there are many passages in these volumes which sound with a true and full music, when the ear becomes accustomed to them.

But to consider the poem as a whole. As was said at the outset, it is a poem which admits of being regarded as a whole; it has a natural unity in itself. There are long poems which are single poems in nothing but the name; which are really collections of shorter poems. Such are the three most successful long poems in English of this century—"Childe Harold," "Don Juan," and the "Excursion." Such, too, is Shelley's "Revolt of Islam;" while his "Prometheus unbound" has only an incipient and (so to speak) tentative unity. Of all these poems, that is true which is emphatically untrue of "Hamlet" and "Macbeth"—which is not true even of the "Lay of the Last Minstrel"—that the different parts are fully as excellent when read by themselves as when taken in conjunction with the rest. The story of Margaret in the first book of the "Excursion," and the episode of Haidée in "Don Juan," may perhaps even preferably be read as separate pieces. And, in general, this class of poems is not distinguished by any intellectual effort which binds together, or rather welds into one, the several portions. Such an intellectual effort does, most decidedly, distinguish the "Ring and the Book." Guido, Caponsacchi, Pompilia, are not mere isolated individuals; they act and react upon each other; nor do they act and react in a mere material way, but the very texture of their natures is altered by their mutual influences. It is not possible to consider adequately any one of them, without considering the other two. It is not

mere melody, it is harmony that is found here. If we were to compare Mr. Browning with a great musician, we should compare him with Schumann. In both of them there is the same laboriousness, the same intellectuality, the same tenderness; both require time for the appreciation of them; and to both, after a long period of doubtfulness, that appreciation is at last being accorded. And though Mr. Browning fails in many points of artistic perfection, yet in this unity of design of which we have spoken—and which is one of Schumann's most marked characteristics—lies the true central point of artistic excellence.

These three characters, Guido, Caponsacchi, Pompilia, as they form a united trio, so they are distinguished from each other by broad lines. This at least is true of the essential parts of their characters; for, unluckily, there are many parts of their respective speeches in which they talk like three Mr. Brownings. But looking at them broadly, they have a wide range, from great complexity to great simplicity; Guido being the most complex, and Pompilia the most simple of the three.

Before, however, proceeding to examine them more minutely, one remark must be premised. We accept for the present, and are content to accept, that view of the subject of the plot—the story of Pompilia—which Mr. Browning evidently means us to believe. It is an undoubted right of a poet to give his story as he holds it himself; and if we think the story improbable, we have a right to say so by way of criticism, but not to criticise the characters on any hypothesis of our own contrary to the poet's account of the matter. And thus we assume, as we are clearly intended to assume, that Guido was a desperate rascal; Caponsacchi a man of fiery and open-hearted, though untrained, disposition; Pompilia a model of pure trustful innocence. But yet it cannot but be observed that the story lends itself to another interpretation, which Mr. Browning has hardly done his utmost to ward off. And, indeed,



as he nowhere expressly declares his own decision on the matter, but leaves it to be inferred from the tone in which he writes himself, and in which he makes his characters speak, it almost seems that he invites the judgment of his readers on the case. Thus challenged, we cannot but think the villainy ascribed to Guido one of an improbable nature. That a man should try to get rid of his wife is no striking improbability; but that having her absolutely in his power, to poison or kill her in any way he chose (and he did not scruple to kill her afterwards), he should prefer the roundabout way of inducing her to elope with another man,—that he should go through long and difficult manoeuvres and forge numerous letters to accomplish this end,—is an hypothesis which, though not impossible, yet requires distinct proof. The counter hypothesis, that Pompilia, cruelly treated no doubt by Guido, eloped with Caponsacchi in a commonplace manner, having previously corresponded with him, cannot be said to be one that experience proves to be unlikely. It is urged, that Pompilia could not write, and therefore could not have corresponded with Caponsacchi; and that, therefore, the letters that were found professing to be written by her must have been forged by Guido,—or at any rate that Guido wrote them in pencil, and Pompilia, in ignorance of their meaning, traced ink over them. But, granting that Pompilia could not write, why must it have been Guido who wrote the letters professing to come from Pompilia? Is not the supposition, that they were written with the knowledge on Pompilia's part of their meaning, one that must be faced and met? And be it remembered, that which lends the extreme blackness to Guido's character is the supposition that he forged these letters: this alone testifies to a persistently cruel and infamous design on his part; otherwise, the accusation of brutality against him might seem to be exaggerated. Nor have we been able to find either in the speeches of the advocates, or in the decision of the Pope, any clear proof that in this, the critical

point of the whole case, Guido was the guilty party.

However, as we said, we will assume henceforth, as Mr. Browning intends that we should, the entire guilt of Guido, the entire innocence of Pompilia. And with this view it is impossible not to admire the skill, the fulness, and the energy with which the character of Guido is drawn. Mr. Browning's portraits do not precisely, as is said of some people's, stand out from the canvas; and for this reason, that he portrays them not so much outwardly as inwardly. There is nothing in which he delights so much as in tracing every turn and winding by which a subtle intellect will justify to itself some act or course of villainy. Until the present volumes, Bishop Blougram was his greatest exploit in this line; nor can anything be more beautiful, viewing the matter as a trial of superior cleverness, than the manner in which the Bishop puzzles, meets, and floors his opponent at every point. But we think Count Guido, in most respects, a character drawn with greater skill even than Bishop Blougram. There is nothing dramatic in the exhibition of Bishop Blougram; he puts forward his case, describes himself simply and plainly, without ambiguity or change of posture. But Guido, in the first instance, when defending himself before the court, is aiming at a character other than his true one; he puts on a tone of injured innocence, talks piously, and with great feeling in his language. Even when condemned, when he knows that he is to die, he does not all at once declare himself genuinely and openly; he puts on a mocking, jeering tone—which in its affectation of carelessness deceives himself as much as any one else—and argues with a subtlety which even at so terrible a moment is clearly a source of pleasure to him; yet he argues with the most palpable inconsistency; sometimes alleging reasons to show that he was not guilty, sometimes endeavouring to show that, though guilty, he ought yet not to be condemned to die. Only at the last moment, when those who are to lead him to execution are actually present at

the door, does he suddenly change his tone to one of piercing and fervent entreaty. The passage is one of the most remarkable in the poem :—

"Till when  
All that was, is ; and must for ever be.  
Nor is it in me to unhate my hates,—  
I use up my last strength to strike once more  
Old Pietro in the winehouse-gossip face,  
To trample under foot the whine and wile  
Of that Violante,—and I grow one gorge  
To loathingly reject Pompilia's pale  
Poison my hasty hunger took for food.  
A strong tree wants no wreaths about its  
trunk,

No cloying cups, no sickly sweet of scent,  
But sustenance at root, a bucketful.  
How else lived that Athenian who died so,  
Drinking hot bull's-blood, fit for men like me?  
I lived and died a man, and take man's chance,  
Honest and bold : right will be done to such.  
Who are these you have let descend my stair ?  
Ha, their accursed psalm ! Lights at the sill !  
Is it 'Open' they dare bid you ? Treachery !  
Sirs, have I spoken one word all this while  
Out of the world of words I had to say ?  
Not one word ! All was folly—I laughed and  
mocked !

Sirs, my first true word, all truth and no lie,  
Is—save me notwithstanding ! Life is all !  
I was just stark mad,—let the madman live  
Pressed by as many chains as you please pile !  
Don't open ! Hold me from them ! I am  
yours,

I am the Granduke's—no, I am the Pope's !  
Abate,—Cardinal,—Christ,—Maria,—God . . .  
Pompilia, will you let them murder me ?'

If Mr. Browning had written nothing but this one scene, it would have sufficed to give him a memorable position among English poets. The sudden change in demeanour caused by the first realization of an impending violent death was never more powerfully drawn. But, indeed, the whole of this last speech of Count Guido is full of power. A resolute cynic and Epicurean on the moral side, a thinker of intense and narrow definiteness on the intellectual side, he is not at any rate a man to be despised. With what scorn does he look upon the vagueness and indecision of those who hover between faith and unbelief, who know not whether they will work for this world or for an eternal life !

"Entire faith, or else complete unbelief,—  
Aught between has my loathing and contempt,  
Mine, and God's also, doubtless."

How strongly and conclusively does he show that all men, however vehement in their professions of faith, do yet by their grief at terrestrial calamity—at the loss of place or money, or the death of a son—bear witness that the seed of doubt in that other eternal existence is not yet removed from their hearts ! This, indeed, has been discerned by the most pious and orthodox moralists ; as when Dr. Johnson expressed his wish that we had better evidence of a future life, and in answer to the objector who said, "Have we not already sufficient?" replied, "I wish we had more." Faith, to mortals on this present earth, does inevitably bring weakness with it ; it is impossible to hold as strongly by an unrealized world as by a realized world ; whereas a determined unbelief in anything but the visible, having all the grounds of its action present before it, is much more in a position to act strongly and resolutely. This Guido sees, and, resolved above all things to be strong, his choice in favour of unbelief is given unhesitatingly. Not less clearly is his choice given in favour of selfish action, as against acting for the happiness of others. "Why," he thinks, "should I act for the happiness of others?" Had an adequate answer been possible to this question, he would have followed it ; but no adequate answer was possible, and to follow an inadequate answer would, to him, have implied weakness. With all this, he has not the perfect confidence in his position, and serene contempt of a Mephistopheles ; there still are human elements about him ; he has feelings and weaknesses in spite of himself.

The character of Caponsacchi is much simpler than that of Guido, and so affords less scope for the exercise of Mr. Browning's peculiar powers. Caponsacchi is a fiery-hearted man, inclined at the outset to take life as it comes, and not troubled by the malady of thought, but capable of being deeply stirred by circumstances ; a man not morbidly scrupulous, somewhat conservatively inclined by nature, taking the priestly vows at the bidding of his superiors, and accepting their interpre-



tation of those vows; yet with a latent fund of strength and passion unsuspected by himself, which starts up into vigorous life despite his own will, and acts amid the warring forces of the world as if those forces had been the premeditated scene of his action. It is curious, that of these two characters, Guido and Caponsacchi, Guido's is clearly the ambitious nature; yet that of Caponsacchi is much the strongest in its action on men. Guido exhibits intellectual power that has become a shrivelled nonentity, because the moral power on which it was based has withered into dust; Caponsacchi exhibits moral power that has only just become conscious of itself, and has not yet blossomed into intellectual power. Thus neither of them has solved that problem, proposed to every man, how our moral power, the strength of our desire, our life and very self, is to be preserved in eternal youth and perpetual renovation; how—without resisting nature, which decrees that all our desires, considered as single and absorbing passions, shall decay and die—we may yet dig perpetually deeper into ourselves, and find an ever fresh spring of feeling to be our centre, while the former desires are not indeed extinguished, but recede into the more outward parts of our being; how we may avoid that loss and despair of happiness, cynical or querulous, in which the mind, incapable of looking forward, stretches itself backwards towards the days that are inexorably past, and the pleasures which can no more revive than can last summer's flowers; how we may have strong hope in the future. Guido does not look forward to the future at all; he has no hope; the problem for him has no solution, so far, at least, as this stage of existence is concerned. In Caponsacchi's life, the crisis has not yet arrived; what we are here told of him is merely the first outburst of his nature, as it is suddenly revealed to himself and others.

The power shown in the conception of the character of Caponsacchi, though less peculiar than that shown in Guido,

is very great; and the description (given by himself) of his flight with Pompilia, and his final appeal to the judges, which we have already quoted, are most vivid and striking. But there are dramatic errors in his speech. All three characters, Guido, Caponsacchi, Pompilia, are made to give a full account of their lives, beginning from their birth up to the moment of the trial. Exception may be taken to this, even in the cases of Guido and Pompilia; but in Caponsacchi most of all it must be considered unnatural. So passionate a man would surely have been more inclined to plunge in *medias res*, and not have detained his judges with a long history of his early life, which surely did not bear upon the question at issue. Probably the Roman bench, as being ecclesiastics, were not a very lawyer-like body; but an English court would certainly have compelled both Guido and Caponsacchi to curtail their remarks very considerably, and to come much more directly to the point. Nor can the beginning of Caponsacchi's speech be considered at all natural or dignified. It is full of abrupt jerks, spasmodic incoherences, and extreme levity; it savours, in short, of Mr. Browning's most undress and ill-considered mood. We are quite sure that a man of Caponsacchi's common sense and dignity would not have begun in this absurd way, however his passion might afterwards have hurried him into incoherence. Mr. Browning always starts in his most crude and abrupt manner; he glides afterwards into smoothness and eloquence. Yet this is unfortunate for readers who begin, as most readers do, at the beginning of a poem.

Pompilia is drawn with studied simplicity; and yet, perhaps, not with simplicity enough. Indeed, for Mr. Browning, it was sure to be an easier task to draw a complex and many-sided character, than a plain and transparent one. And if Pompilia be compared with Margaret in "Faust," she will appear a confused and obscure image beside the clear lines of Goethe's exquisite creation.



Mr. Browning's plan is in part answerable for this; for by giving his heroine only one long speech, he has deprived himself of the dramatic charm of question and answer and swiftly interchanged fancies. But independently of this, Pompilia is too acute in her observation, too thoughtful, sometimes even too satirical, for so young a girl. Yet her speech is very beautiful and touching; and through the defects of the execution the genuineness of the conception may be not doubtfully seen. Whatever faults may be laid to Mr. Browning's charge, uncertainty of purpose is not among them; he never writes without a knowledge of what it is that he intends to effect.

We have spoken, more than once, of "Faust;" and the "Ring and the Book" has indeed a certain affinity to the great poem of Goethe. The fiery heroes, Caponsacchi and Faust; the tempters, the two lost spirits, Guido and Mephistopheles; the simple unfortunate heroines, Pompilia and Margaret, all of these bear a traceable resemblance to each other. It need not be said that in workmanship, in clear delineation, Goethe is far superior to Mr. Browning. But Caponsacchi may justly be considered superior in conception to Faust; for Faust, though intended to be a noble character amid all his errors, must appear to those who regard him attentively to be a very weak man. He does not, from beginning to end of the poem, make one single effort at a truly magnanimous action. He is like a leaf before the wind; he is blown whatever way ambition, or curiosity, or desire impel him.

The subordinate parts of the "Ring and the Book" do not equal in merit the principal parts. This is a fault on the right side; but nevertheless, it is a source of much disappointment and weariness to the reader. In particular, the dissertations of the two lawyers, Dominus Hyacinthus de Archangelis, and Juris Doctor Johannes-Baptista Bottinius, are such as scarcely any one would choose to read over a second time. If the arguments of these two reverend advocates are meant for a joke, they are

too long and tedious by a great deal; if they are meant for earnest, they are unaccountably feeble and pointless. Better by a great deal are the opinions of "Half Rome" and the "Other Half Rome," given in the first volume; though these are still much inferior to the speeches of the principal characters. "Tertium Aliquid," in the second volume, might have been dispensed with without any great loss. The Pope's meditation, in which he comes to the final decision for the execution of Guido, is one from which great things might have been expected. Nor indeed can it be denied that it possesses, in many parts, very great beauty—a serene thoughtfulness flowing out over the problems of the world. But it is hardly made clear what the Pope's real position is in the trial at issue. Is he to be considered a judge, deciding the case? or is Guido's guilt finally decided beforehand, and does the Pope merely consider the point whether his clerical character shall avail to prevent his execution? There are objections to either alternative. As to the first, it does not appear from Mr. Browning's own account in the introduction that the Pope had actually to decide anything but the force of Guido's plea of clericality. Nor, in fact, does the Pope's meditation at all resemble the summing up of a judge; not, of course, that a poet need be bound down to the strict judicial manner; but we must plainly say, that if the Pope was, in the full sense of the word, the judge of the case, he seems to us to have dealt out very insufficient justice indeed to Count Guido. He starts with a pre-determination against him. And yet, to take the other alternative; if the Pope is not the judge of the case, then in all this long poem there is no account of the final decision that declared Guido guilty of a crime worthy of death; there is no attempt to balance the grounds for or against—this most important part of the trial is left a perfect blank. There seems, in short, to be some vagueness in this part of the poem; and however we may think the Roman tribunals not to have proceeded with the formality and

accuracy of an English court, a great part of the vagueness must still be attributed to the poet himself. Apart from this, there is, as we said, much that is striking in the thoughts of the Pope. The finest passage is the conclusion, which we will quote :

"I will, sirs : for a voice other than yours  
Quickens my spirit. 'Quis pro Domino ?  
Who is upon the Lord's side?' asked the  
Count.  
I, who write,—

"On receipt of this command,  
Acquaint Count Guido and his fellows four  
They die to-morrow : could it be to-night,  
The better, but the work to do, takes time.  
Set with all diligence a scaffold up,  
Not in the customary place, by Bridge  
Saint Angelo, where die the common sort ;  
But since the man is noble, and his peers  
By predilection haunt the People's Square,  
There let him be beheaded in the midst,  
And his companions hanged on either side :  
So shall the quality see, fear and learn.  
All which work takes time : till to-morrow,  
then,  
Let there be prayer incessant for the five !"

For the main criminal I have no hope  
Except in such a suddenness of fate.  
I stood at Naples once, a night so dark  
I could have scarce conjectured there was earth  
Anywhere, sky or sea or world at all :  
But the night's black was burst through by a  
blaze—

Thunder struck blow on blow, earth groaned  
and bore,

Through her whole length of mountain visible ;  
There lay the city thick and plain with spires,  
And, like a ghost disshrouded, white the sea.  
So may the truth be flashed out by one blow,  
And Guido see, one instant, and be saved.  
Else I avert my face, nor follow him  
Into that sad obscure sequestered state  
Where God unmakes but to remake the soul  
He else made first in vain ; which must not be.  
Enough, for I may die this very night,  
And how should I dare die, this man let live ?  
Carry this forthwith to the Governor ?"

The conclusion of the poem, like the poem itself, is too long. We certainly did not wish to hear of Dominus Hyacinthus de Archangelis and Juris Doctor Johannes-Baptista Bottinius again ; nor do we think the better of them for their fresh appearance. The account of Guido's execution, which Mr. Browning reports as from a visitor at Rome, is very vivid and interesting.

There is, after all, a greatness in the "Ring and the Book." Mr. Browning, more than most, is a man who has determined to do great things, and who has done them. All his works, and this not the least, grow on the reader of them ; the difficulty dies away, the sense of power increases. To the end, indeed, he has little of the peculiar charm of unpremeditated thoughtlessness. His genius, like that of all the poets of the present day, is of rather a severe and melancholy type. There is in it no lightness or comedy ; the satire is grim and stern ; he never puts himself entirely at ease, and writes what his fancy suggests, without aim or purpose beyond the amusement and delight of it. For this, we must go to the novelists, such as Dickens or Thackeray ; though even into novels the serious character of the age is beginning to press, and in "Romola" or "Silas Marner" there is more strenuous thinking than the whole series of Waverley novels would supply. Similarly, in the "Ring and the Book," there is a greater intellectual strain than could be found in the whole works of Byron, Shelley, Coleridge, Scott, Southey, Keats, and Wordsworth. In Wordsworth indeed there was the commencement of intellectual poetry ; but as yet only the commencement. Whether the change from that day to this be for better or for worse, it is not necessary to determine ; it is sufficient to note the fact, observing, at the same time, that poetry must be crude and inchoate, until all effort, whether of intellect or observation, has been melted down by the heat of imaginative energy, and left no traces of itself, save in the victories that it has won. But this is a rare success ; it is the success of Shakespeare and of Raphael. There is, by the way, one decidedly amusing passage in the present volumes ; it occurs, strange to say, in the speech of that unbearable prig, Bottinius ; and it concerns the origin of the word "merrythought."

The "Ring and the Book" must not be left without some notice of the passage that terminates it : a passage on account of which the "Ring," which



appears so *mal-apropos* in the title, must be more than forgiven. Here it is:—

"And save the soul! If this intent save mine,—

If the rough ore be rounded to a ring,  
Render all duty which good ring should do,  
And, failing grace, succeed in guardianship,—  
Might mine but lie outside thine, Lyric Love,  
Thy rare gold ring of verse (the poet praised)  
Linking our England to his Italy!"

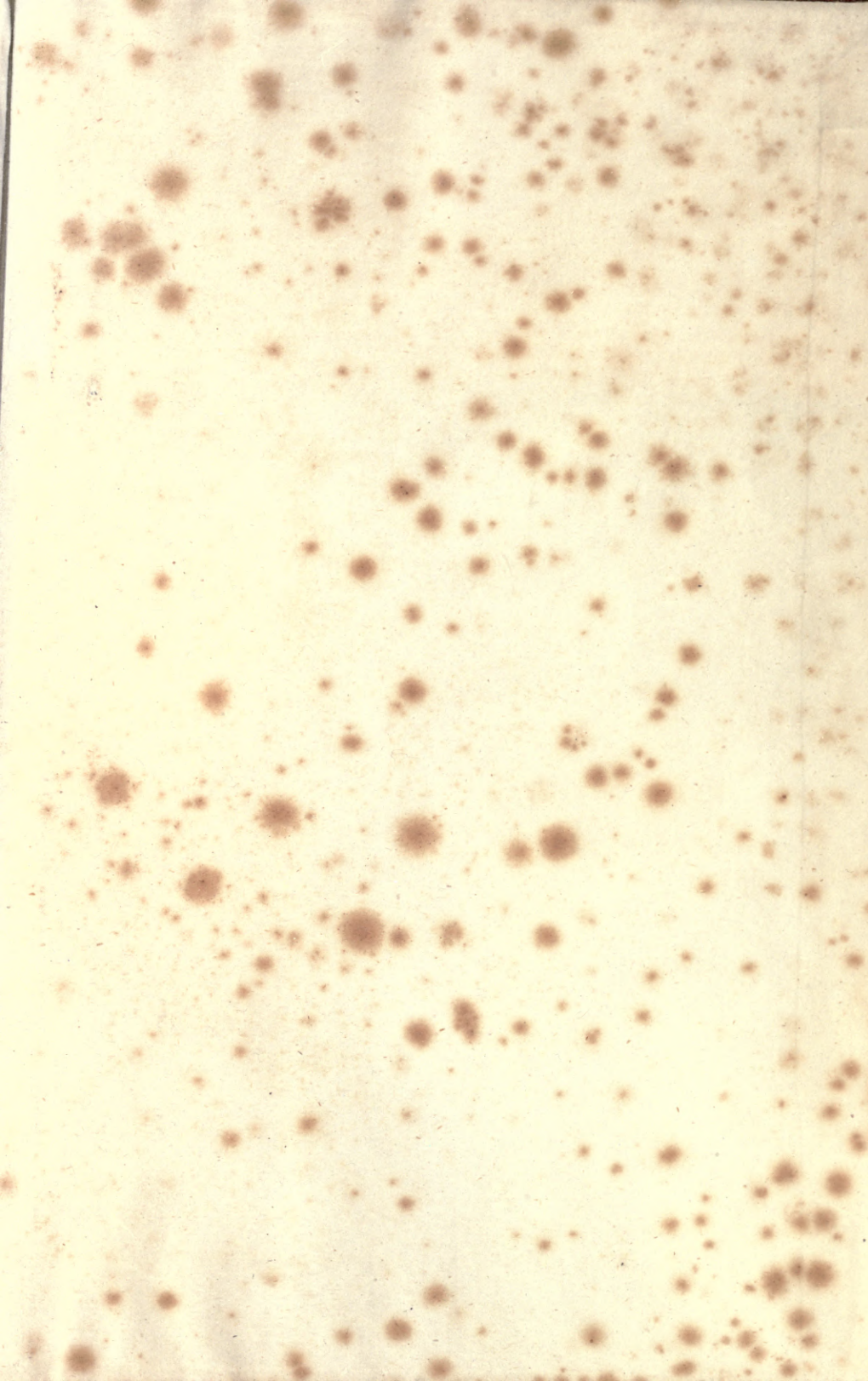
To none ought more heartfelt thanks be paid, than to those who have done their utmost to strengthen the ties between two nations; and none of the present age have deserved this thanks more fully than Mr. and Mrs. Browning. That the latter should have died, just

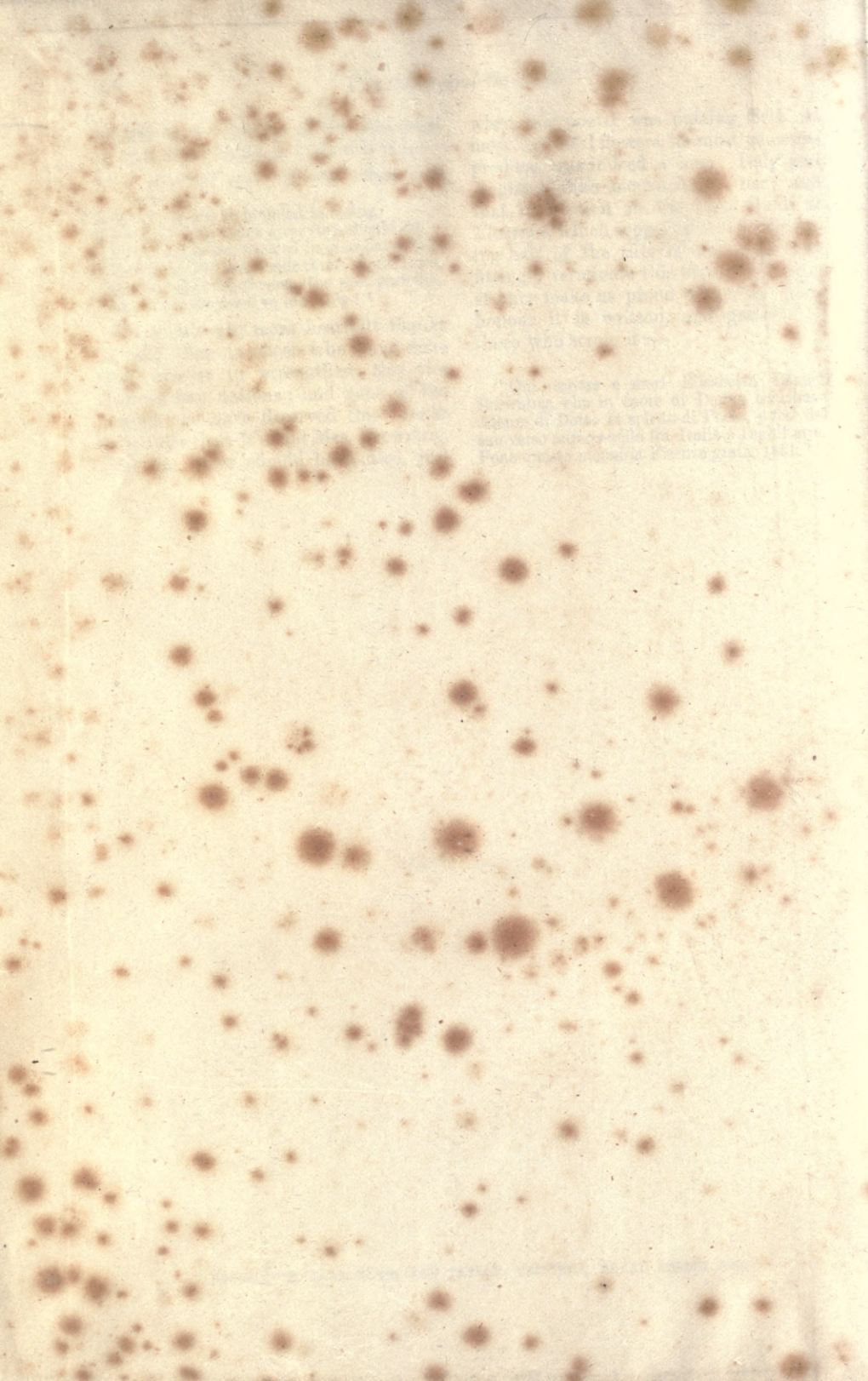
when her poetry was putting forth its most beautiful flowers, its most generous produce, was indeed a loss. Italy and England alike mourned for her; and that inscription on the Casa Guidi at Florence, which suggested to Mr. Browning half of the title of his poem, may fittingly terminate this review. It may at once make us proud of her in whose honour it is written, and grateful to those who wrote it:—

"Qui scrisse e morì Elisabetta Barrett Browning, che in cuore di Donna conciliava scienze di Dotto et spirito di Poeta, e fece del suo verso aureo anello fra Italia e Inghilterra. Pone questo memoria Firenze grata, 1861."

END OF VOL. XIX.









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Macmillan's magazine

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