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# MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER, 1869.

## LAMBETH AND THE ARCHBISHOPS.

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### PART I.

A LITTLE higher up the river, but almost opposite to the huge mass of the Houses of Parliament, lies a broken, irregular pile of buildings, at whose angle, looking out over Thames, is one grey weatherbeaten tower. The broken pile is the archiepiscopal Palace of Lambeth; the grey weatherbeaten building is its Lollards' Tower. From this tower the mansion itself stretches in a varied line to the east, chapel and guard-room and gallery and the stately buildings of the new house looking out on the terrace and the garden, while the Great Hall, in which the library has now found a home, is the low picturesque building which reaches southward along the river to the gate.

The story of each of these spots will interweave itself with the thread of our narrative as we proceed; but I would warn my readers at the outset that my aim is strictly indicated by the title of these papers, and that I do not purpose to trace the history of Lambeth in itself, or to attempt any architectural or picturesque description of the place. What I attempt is simply to mark, in incident after incident which has occurred within its walls, the relation of the House to the Primates whom it has sheltered for seven hundred years, and through them to the literary, the ecclesiastical, the political history of the realm.

Nothing illustrates the last of these relations better than the site itself.

In the new course of national history which opened with the Conquest, the Church was in truth called to play a part greater than she had ever known before. Hitherto, the Archbishop had been simply the head of the ecclesiastical order—representative of the moral and spiritual forces on which government was based. The Conquest, the cessation of the great Witenagemots in which the nation had found a voice, turned him into the Tribune of the People. Foreigner though he might be, it was the Primate's part to speak for the conquered race the words it could no longer utter. He was, in fact, the permanent leader (to borrow modern phrase) of a Constitutional Opposition; and, in addition to the older religious forces which he wielded, he wielded a popular and democratic force which held the new King and the new Baronage in check. It was he who received from the sovereign whom he crowned the solemn oath that he would rule not by his own will, but according to the customs of the realm. It was his to call on the people to declare whether they chose him for their king, to receive the thundered "Ay, ay," to place the priestly unction on shoulder and breast, the royal crown on brow. To watch over the observance of the covenant of that solemn day, to raise obedience and order into religious duties,

to uphold the custom and law of the realm against personal tyranny, to guard amid the darkness and brutality of the age those interests of religion, of morality, of intellectual life which as yet lay peacefully together beneath the wing of the Church,—this was the political office of the Primate in the new order which the Conquest created, and it was this office which expressed itself in the site of the house that fronted the King's house over Thames.

From the days of Anselm to the days of Stephen Langton, Lambeth fronted Westminster as the Archbishop fronted the King. Synod met over against Council; the clerical court of the one ruler rivalled in splendour, in actual influence, the baronial court of the other. There was a constitutional significance in the choice of such a spot as the residence of the Primate, as there was a significance in the date at which the choice was made. So long as the political head of the English people, as Alfred or Athelstan or Eadgar, ruled from Winchester, the spiritual head of the English people was content to rule from Canterbury. It was when the piety of the Confessor and the political presence of his Norman successors brought the Kings finally to Westminster that the Archbishops were permanently drawn to their suffragan's manor-house at Lambeth.

For more than a century of our history the great powers which together were to make up the England of the future lay marshalled thus over against each other on either side the water. The first event in the annals of their new abode illustrates the nobleness of the part which during this interval the Primates were called upon to play. From the moment of his accession, it had been the aim of the last Norman king to complete the work of the Conquest by the fusion of conquerors and conquered. Of this fusion Henry, in the outset of his reign, resolved himself to be the type; and, in the teeth of the taunting Baronage, the King chose a girl of English blood for his wife. He had defied the hatred of caste, but a power

yet stronger than caste-hatred interfered to forbid the banns. The age was at heart a religious one, and political party-spirit veiled itself, not for the first time or the last, under religious forms. The girl, it was whispered, was a nun of Wilton; from childhood men had seen her veiled among the sisterhood. The very thought of such a marriage was sacrilege of the deepest dye, and even Henry was forced to wait the coming of the one man, the wisdom and purity of whose judgment none could question. Anselm was hardly back in England before Matilda stood in his presence at Lambeth, telling her tale in words whose passionate earnestness still breathes through the formal page of Secretary Eadmer. It was a tale that painted vividly the wreck of morals and of law during the actual progress of the Conquest. Daughter as she was of the Scottish king, and sheltered as it seemed by her childish years and the sanctities of the cloister, her Aunt Christiana, to whose care she had been committed, could find no safeguard for her niece against the outrage of the Norman soldiery but in the monastic veil. Again and again the child flung it from her; she only yielded at last to the unwomanly taunts, to the actual blows of her aunt. "As often as I stood in her presence," the girl pleaded passionately to the saintly Primate, "I wore the veil, trembling as I wore it with indignation and grief. But as soon as I could get out of her sight I used to snatch it from my head, fling it on the ground, and trample it in my rage under foot. That was the way, and none other, witness my conscience, in which I was veiled."

The tale carried conviction with it to Anselm's ear, as it still does to ours. In formal court, with his suffragans gathered round him, the Primate cited the case publicly before him at Lambeth, and listened to the confirmatory witness of the sisterhood. Then the girl herself stood forward in the midst of her judges, and offered to make oath of the truth of her tale. But Anselm would hear no more. Those, he said



with unwonted heat, who remained unconvinced, no oath, even the most solemn, would convince; and with the full assent of the Bishops he declared her free from conventual bonds. The approving shout of the great multitude, when a few days after the Archbishop set the crown on Matilda's brow, drowned the murmurs of the few whose party spirit he had so sharply rebuked. The brave, large-hearted act was indeed of good omen for the future of his see. To us it has a special interest as the first of the long series of ecclesiastical judgments which Lambeth has witnessed, and as the one above all others in which the Church by the mouth of her Primate gave its voice on the side, not of the interests of party, but of the common welfare of the realm. But for the Church of all times the day was a memorable one, when the saintliest prelate that ever filled the chair of Augustine preferred the plea of natural justice to the narrow refinements of theological prejudice.

With the union of the English people, and the sudden arising of English freedom which followed the Great Charter, this peculiar attitude of the Archbishops passed necessarily away. When the people itself spoke again, its voice was heard, not in the hall of Lambeth, but in the Chapter-house of Westminster. From the day of Stephen Langton, the nation has towered higher and higher above its mere ecclesiastical organization, till the one stands dwarfed beside the other, as Lambeth stands dwarfed before the mass of the Houses of Parliament. Through the centuries that followed, the Church sank politically into non-existence, or survived merely as a vast landowner; its primates, after a short effort to resume their older position as mere heads of their order, dwindled into ministers and tools of the Crown. The Gate-tower of the house, the grand mass of brickwork, whose dark red tones are so exquisitely brought out by the grey stone of its angles and the mullions of its broad arch-window, recalls an age—that of its builder, Morton—when Lambeth, though the residence of

the first statesman of the day, had really lost all hold on the nobler elements of political life. Cranmer was soon to reveal a yet lower depth in the degradation of the solemn influences which the primacy embodied in the sanction of political infamy. This is not the place for discussing the Primate's character, and the first incident of his life at Lambeth may remind us what a terrible suffering went along with the baseness of his career. If there was one person upon earth whom Cranmer loved it was Anne Boleyn. When the royal summons called him to Lambeth to wait till the time arrived when his part was to be played in the murder of the Queen, his affection found vent in words of a strange pathos. "I loved her not a little," he wrote to Henry in fruitless intercession, "for the love which I judged her to bear towards God and His Gospel. I was most bound to her of all creatures living." So he wrote, knowing there was wrong to be done towards the woman he loved which he alone could do, and that he would stoop to do it. The large garden stretched away northward from his house then as now, but then thick, no doubt, with elm rows that have vanished as the great city's smoke drifted over them, and here in the early morning (it was but four o'clock) a passionate adherent of the Queen, who had found sleep impossible, and had crossed the river in a boat to seek calm in the fresh air and stillness of the place, met Cranmer walking. On the preceding day Anne had in fact gone through the mockery of her trial, but to the world outside the little circle of the court nothing was known, and it was in utter unconsciousness of this that Ales told the Archbishop he had been roused by a dream of her beheading. Cranmer was startled out of his usual calm. "Don't you know, then," he asked, after a moment's silence, "what is to happen to-day?" Then raising his eyes to heaven, he added with a wild burst of tears, "She who has been Queen of England on earth will this day become a queen in heaven!" Five hours afterwards the Queen stood before him as her

judge. The Archbishop was seated in full episcopal robes in the vaulted crypt beneath the chapel, with his assessors beside him. The time had come for Cranmer to play his part, and Henry had reserved for him the basest part of all. The possible guilt of Anne may acquit her secular judges; but not even the guilt of Anne could alleviate the infamy of the Primate. He was called on to declare her marriage no marriage on the ground of a pre-contract; and if the marriage had been no marriage, her sin could be no matter of treason or death. But it was no Anselm that sate now in Anselm's judgment-seat. The marriage, on Anne's confession, was declared null and void, and the barge swept back with its victim to the Tower and the block. It is hard to stand in that gloomy vault and judge Cranmer aright, but it is fair to remember the bitterness of his suffering. Impassive as he seemed, with the face that never changed and sleep seldom known to be broken, men saw little of the inner anguish with which the tool of Henry's injustice bent before that overmastering will. But seldom as it was that the silent lips broke into complaint, the pitiless pillage of his see wrung fruitless protests even from Cranmer. It had begun on the very eve of his consecration, and till his death Henry played sturdy beggar, sometimes with his own royal mouth, for the archiepiscopal manors. Concession followed concession, and yet none sufficed to purchase security. The Archbishop lived in the very shadow of death. At one time he hears the music of the royal barge as it passes the palace, and hurries to the waterside to greet the King. "I have news for you, my chaplain," Henry jests in his brutal fashion, as he draws Cranmer on board; "I know now who is the greatest heretic in Kent!" and pulling a paper from his sleeve, he shows him his denunciation by the prebendaries of his own cathedral. At another time he is summoned from his bed to find Henry pacing the gallery at Whitehall, and to hear that on the petition of the Council the King has consented to

his committal to the Tower. Then the law of the Six Articles parts him from wife and child. "Happy man that you are!" Cranmer groans to Ales, whom, with his usual consideration for others, he had summoned to Lambeth to warn him of his danger as a married priest; "happy man that you are that you can escape! I would I could do the same! Truly my see would be no hindrance to me."

Cranmer was freed by his master's death from this helplessness of terror only to lend himself to the injustice of the meaner masters who followed Henry. Their enemies were at least his own, and, kindly as from many instances we know his nature to have been, its very weakness made him spring eagerly in such an hour of deliverance at the opportunity of showing his power over those who so long held him down. On charges of the most frivolous nature Gardiner and Bonner were summoned before the Archbishop at Lambeth, deposed from their sees, and flung into prison. It is only the record of their trials, as it still stands in the pages of Foxe, that can enable us to understand the violence of the reaction under Mary. Gardiner, with characteristic dignity, confined himself to simply refuting the charges brought against him and protesting against the injustice of the court. But the coarser, bull-dog nature of Bonner turned to bay. By gestures, by scoff, by plain English speech he declared again and again his sense of the wrong that was being done. A temper naturally fearless was stung to bravado by the sense of oppression. As he entered the hall at Lambeth he passed straight by the Archbishop and his fellow-commissioners, still keeping his cap on his head as though in unconsciousness of his presence. One who stood by plucked his sleeve, and bade him do reverence. Bonner turned laughingly round and addressed the Archbishop, "What, my Lord, are you here? By my troth I saw you not." "It was because you would not see," Cranmer sternly rejoined. "Well," replied Bonner, "you sent for me: have you



anything to say to me?" The commissioner read the charge. The Bishop had been commanded in his sermon to acknowledge that the acts of the King during his minority were as valid as if he were of full age. The command was flatly in contradiction with existing statutes, and the Bishop had, no doubt, disobeyed it. But Bonner was too adroit to make a direct answer to the charge. He gained time by turning suddenly on the question of the Sacrament; he cited the appearance of Hooper as a witness in proof that it was really on this point that he was brought to trial, and he at last succeeded in arousing Cranmer's love of controversy. A reply of almost incredible profanity from the Archbishop rewarded Bonner's perseverance in demanding a statement of his belief. The Bishop was not slow to accept the advantage he had gained. "I am right sorry to hear your Grace speak these words," he said, with a grave shake of his head, and Cranmer was warned by the silence and earnest looks of his fellow-commissioners to break up the session. Three days after, the addition of Sir Thomas Smith, the bitterest of Reformers, to the number of his assessors emboldened Cranmer to summon Bonner again. The court met in the chapel, and the Bishop was a second time commanded to reply to the charge. He objected now to the admission of the evidence of either Hooper or Latimer on the ground of their notorious heresy. "If that be the law," Cranmer replied hastily, "it is no godly law." "It is the King's law used in the realm," Bonner bluntly rejoined. Again Cranmer's temper gave his opponent the advantage. "Ye be too full of your law," replied the angry Primate; "I would wish you had less knowledge in that law and more knowledge in God's law and of your duty!" "Well," answered the Bishop with admirable self-command, "seeing your Grace falleth to wishing, I can also wish many things to be in your person." It was in vain that Smith strove to brush away his objections with a contemptuous "You do use us thus to be seen a common lawyer."

"Indeed," the veteran canonist coolly retorted; "I knew the law ere you could read it!" There was nothing for it but a second adjournment of the court. At its next session all parties met in hotter mood. The Bishop pulled Hooper's books on the Sacrament from his sleeve and began reading them aloud. Latimer lifted up his head, as he alleged, to still the excitement of the people who crowded the chapel, as Bonner believed, to arouse a tumult. Cries of "Yea, yea," "Nay, nay," interrupted Bonner's reading. The Bishop turned round and faced the throng, crying out in humorous defiance, "Ah! Woodcocks! Woodcocks!" The taunt was met with universal laughter, but the scene had roused Cranmer's temper as well as his own. The Primate addressed himself to the people, protesting that Bonner was called in question for no such matter as he would persuade them. Again Bonner turned to the people with "Well now, hear what the Bishop of London saith for his part," but the commissioners forbade him to speak more. The court was at last recalled to a quieter tone, but contests of this sort still varied the proceedings as they dragged their slow length along in chapel and hall. At last Cranmer resolved to make an end. Had he been sitting simply as Archbishop, he reminded Bonner sharply, he might have expected more reverence and obedience from his suffragan. As it was, "at every time that we have sitten in commission you have used such unseemly fashions, without all reverence or obedience, giving taunts and checks as well unto us, with divers of the servants and chaplains, as also unto certain of the ancientest that be here, calling them fools and daws, with such like, that you have given to the multitude an intolerable example of disobedience." "You show yourself to be a meet judge!" was Bonner's scornful reply. It was clear he had no purpose to yield. The real matter at issue, he contended, was the doctrine of the Sacrament, and from the very court-room he sent his orders to the Lord Mayor to see that no heretical opinions were

preached before him. At the close of the trial he once more made his way to the commissioners, and addressed Cranmer in solemn protest against his breach of the law. "I am sorry that I being a bishop am thus handled at your Grace's hand, but more sorry that you suffer abominable heretics to practise as they do in London and elsewhere—answer it as you can!" and bandying taunts with the throng the indomitable Bishop followed the officers to the Marshalsea.

From the degradation of scenes such as this Lambeth was raised to new dignity and self-respect by the primacy of Parker. The first Protestant Archbishop was not the man to stoop to servility like Cranmer, nor was Elizabeth the queen to ask such stooping. But the concordat which the two tacitly arranged, the policy so resolutely clung to in spite of Burleigh and Walsingham, by which the steady support given by the Crown to the new ecclesiastical organization which Parker moulded into shape, was repaid by the conversion of every clergyman into the advocate of irresponsible government, was perhaps a greater curse both to nation and to Church than the meanness of Cranmer. It was as if publicly to ratify this concordat that the Queen came in person to Lambeth in the spring of 1573. On either side the chapel in that day stood a greater and lesser cloister; the last, on the garden side, swept away by the demolitions of the eighteenth century, the first still filling the space between chapel and hall, but converted into domestic offices by the "restoration" of our own. Even Mr. Blore might have spared the cloisters from whose gallery, on the side towards Thames, Elizabeth looked down on the gay line of nobles and courtiers that leaned from the barred windows beneath, and on the crowd of meaner subjects who filled the court, while she listened to Dr. Pearce as he preached from a pulpit set by the well in the midst. At its close the Queen passed to dinner in the Archbishop's chamber of presence, while the noble throng beneath followed Burleigh and Lord Howard to the hall, whose oaken roof told freshly of Parker's

hand. At four the passing visit was over, and Elizabeth again on her way to Greenwich. But, passing as it was, it marked the conclusion of the new alliance between Church and State, out of which the Ecclesiastical Commission was to spring: the alliance for protesting against whose tyranny blind old Archbishop Grindal was soon to be suspended and threatened with deposition. But Grindal's protest stood alone. In this matter—as we shall see in an after notice—Whitgift and Bancroft, Abbot and Laud, Juxon and Sheldon were at one. It required an event more memorable than any in the political history of Lambeth to break these bonds and let Church and State go free.

With Puritanism—with nine-tenths, that is, of the religious earnestness of the nation—the Elizabethan policy had doomed the Establishment to wage unremitting war. For sixty years the Primates at their council-board at Lambeth had smitten Puritanism hip and thigh. Then, in the triumph of its great rebellion, Puritanism had swept the Primates from Lambeth, and wreaked its hoarded vengeance on the chapel and hall where the commission had commonly held its sittings. The chapel was desecrated, the hall levelled to the ground. Again the Archbishops returned, like the Bourbons, forgetting nothing, having learnt hardly anything. If any man could have learnt the lesson of history, it was the keen, sceptical Sheldon, and a visit of Pepys shows us what sort of a lesson he had learnt. Pepys had gone down the river at noon to dinner with the Archbishop, in company with Christopher Wren:—"The first time I was ever there, and I have long longed for it." Only a few days before he had had a memorable disappointment, for "Mr. Wren and I took boat thinking to dine with my lord of Canterbury, but when we came to Lambeth the gate was shut, which is strictly done at twelve o'clock, and nobody comes in afterwards, so we lost our labour." On this occasion Pepys was more fortunate. He found "a noble house and well furnished with



“good pictures and furniture, and noble attendance in good order, and a great deal of company, though an ordinary day, and exceeding good cheer, nowhere better or so much that ever I think I saw.” Sheldon, with his usual courtesy, gave his visitors kindly welcome, and Pepys was preparing to withdraw at the close of dinner when he heard news which induced him to remain. The almost incredible scene that followed must be told in his own words:—“Most of the company gone, and I going, I heard by a gentleman of a sermon that was to be there; and so I stayed to hear it, thinking it to be serious, till by and by the gentleman told me it was a mockery, by one Cornet Bolton, a very gentlemanlike man, that behind a chair did pray and preach like a Presbyter Scot, with all the possible imitation in grimaces and voice. And his text about the hanging up their harps upon the willows; and a serious, good sermon too, exclaiming against bishops, and crying up of my good Lord Eglington till it made us all burst. But I did wonder to hear the Bishop at this time to make himself sport with things of this kind; but I perceive it was shown to him as a rarity, and he took care to have the room door shut; but there were about twenty gentlemen there, infinitely pleased with the “novelty.”

It was “novelties” like these that led the last of the Stuarts to his fatal belief that he could safely defy a Church that had so severed itself from English religion in doing the work of the Crown. The pen of a great historian has told for all time the story of the Seven Bishops, and it is only as it bears on Lambeth that I venture to tell it here. Sancroft had long been secluded in his house when the Declaration of Indulgence was sent to him. He was sick in body and in mind. The silent opposition he had already ventured to display by withdrawal from the Ecclesiastical Commission had put a stress on the old man’s loyalty which he could ill bear. But servile as his loyalty was, he had given significant proofs that it would yield to

his fidelity to the Church, and at this last outrage a spirit worthy of the history he represented kindled within him. Again, as in the days of Anselm or of Langton, Lambeth fronted Westminster. Again in the silence of Parliament its voice became the mouthpiece of the realm. Late in the evening of the eighteenth of May, Ken, with five other of his suffragans, were gathered round Sancroft—no doubt in the archiepiscopal closet which lay between the gallery and the chapel. With them stood a group of men yet more illustrious than themselves—Grove and Sherlock, Patrick and Stillfleet, and two whom that day’s work was to lift into the chair of Augustine, Tillotson, dean of Canterbury, and Tenison, vicar of St. Martin’s-in-the-Fields. In cumbrous sentences the Archbishop drew up the famous petition which, while it asserted the loyalty of the Church and the readiness of the prelates to meet in Parliament the scruples of the Dissenters, avowed the impossibility of publishing a declaration so plainly in violation of the law. With the petition that they had signed the six Bishops crossed late in the evening to Whitehall. Sancroft remained at his house. In framing the petition he seemed to have done all that his nature suffered him to do. He remained silent at Lambeth till the royal warrant hurried him from the council-board to the Tower. Released upon bail, he found the footguards drawn up before his gate, and craving his benediction as he passed through their ranks. Again at the close of June his barge shot across the river to Whitehall, and the Primate of all England stood in the midst of his suffragans a culprit at the bar. Lambeth heard the great cheer that rang from the court to Thames and far down the river to the bridge at the news of their acquittal. And in that cheer it heard the lesson not of that day only, but of its whole political history, the voice that still bids the Church of England break with the dead traditions of the past, and fling herself boldly on the living sympathies of a free people.

## A BRAVE LADY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

## CHAPTER X.

THERE is a proverb which sometimes seems amazingly true, that "heaven takes care of fools and drunkards." Can it be for their own sake, or is it out of pity for those belonging to them, to whom they serve as a sort of permanent discipline—the horsehair shirt and nightly scourge which are supposed to contribute to the manufacture of saints? And it is one of the most mysterious lessons of life, that such often is the case; that out of the wickedness of one-half of the world is evolved the noble self-devotedness of the other half. Why this should be, we know not, and sometimes in our ignorance it makes us very angry; but so it is, and we cannot help seeing it.

Of a truth, whether he himself thought so or not, Providence had all his life taken pretty good care of Edward Scanlan. His "good luck" followed him still. When, on Mr. Oldham's private affairs being laid open to his lawyer and doctor—who were also, fortunately, the two churchwardens of the parish—it was discovered that the Rector had been paying his curate for salary the whole amount of the small living of Ditchley—still no objections were made. His was considered so very peculiar a case, that the labourer was found worthy of his hire, and it was cheerfully continued to him. Arrangements were made whereby the curate should take the entire duty of the parish, until, at Mr. Oldham's death, the living should fall in; when—as the patronage of it happened by a curious

chance to belong to Lady Emma's husband, Mr. Lascelles—there was exceeding probability of its being bestowed upon Mr. Scanlan. At least, so said Dr. Waters confidentially to Mrs. Scanlan, and she listened silently, with that nervous, pained expression which always came upon her anxious face when people talked to her about her future or her children's.

But for the present things went smoothly enough both with her and them; more so than for a long time. Impelled by his wife's influence, grateful for the ease with which she had got him out of his money-difficulty and never reproached him with it, or else touched by some conscience-stings of his own concerning Mr. Oldham, at the time of the Rector's illness Mr. Scanlan behaved so well, was so active, so sympathetic, so kind, that the whole parish was loud in his praise. His sinking popularity rose to its pristine level. All the world was amiably disposed towards him, and towards his hard-worked, uncomplaining wife. In the general opening-up of things, people found out Mrs. Scanlan's private relations with Priscilla Nunn. The ladies of her acquaintance, who had worn her mended lace and bought her beautiful muslin embroidery, so far from looking down upon her, rather honoured her for it; and, with the warm, good heart of country gentlewomen, patronised Priscilla's shop, till Mrs. Scanlan had more work than she could do.

Also, when another secret mysteriously came to light, probably through the Curate's own garrulousness, and it was whispered abroad that Mr. Scanlan had



greatly hampered himself by going surety for a friend—a most talented, amiable, but temporarily unfortunate friend (which was the poetical version that reached Wren's Nest)—the sympathy of these dear innocent country people rose to such a height that when somebody proposed subscribing a purse as a delicate testimony of their respect for their curate, it was soon filled to the amount of sixty pounds. Thereto was added a gown and cassock, a Bible and Prayer-book—all of which were presented to Mr. Scanlan with great *éclat*. And he acknowledged the gift in an address so long and effective that, yielding to general entreaty, he had it printed—at his own expense of course—and distributed gratis throughout the county.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Scanlan sat at home at Wren's Nest, sewing at her lace and embroidery more diligently than ever, for it was not unnecessary. All these glories without doors did not provide any additional comforts within—at least none that were perceptible—so great was the increase of expenses. Dazzled by the excitement of his new position, his vanity tickled, his sense of importance increased by being now “monarch of all he surveyed” in the large and increasing parish of Ditchley, Mr. Scanlan launched out more and more every day, and was every day less amenable to his wife's gentle reasonings. Not that he openly contradicted her: indeed, when differences occurred, he continually allowed that her way was the right way; but he never followed it, and never lacked excuses for not following it;—the good of the parish, the good of the family, his position as a clergyman, and so on. He was not honest enough to say he did a thing because he *liked* to do it, but always found some roundabout reason why it was advisable to do it: at which, finally, Josephine only came to smile without replying one single word. Women learn in time, out of sheer hopelessness, these melancholy hypocrisies.

Meanwhile the Curate's money “burnt a hole in his pocket,” as Bridget expressed it—a bigger hole every day;

and had it not been for his wife's earnings, the family must often have run very short—the family, which, besides the younger four, comprised now a great tall youth, almost a young man, and a girl, small and pale, plain and uninteresting—but yet a growing-up maiden, on the verge of womanhood—more of a woman, in precocity of heart and feeling, than many of the young ladies of Ditchley now “come out,” and even engaged to be married. But there was no coming out and no sweet love episode for poor little Adrienne. Her mother, looking at her, felt sure she would be an old maid, and was glad she saw no one she was likely to care for, so as to wound her tender heart with any unfortunate attachment; for the child was of an imaginative nature, just one of those girls who are apt to fall in love—innocently as hopelessly; and never get over it as long as they live. So, if she ever thought of the matter at all, Josephine was thankful that her girl, shut up in her quiet obscurity, was safe so far.

César was different. About him she had no end of anxieties. He was a manly, precocious boy; full of fun, keen in his enjoyment of life; rough a little, though his innate gentlemanhood kept him from ever being coarse. Still, in spite of her care, his frank, free, boyish nature inclined him to be social, and he caught the tone of his associates. He was growing up to manhood with a strong provincial accent, and a *gauche* provincial manner, much more like the shop-boys, bankers' clerks, and lawyers' apprentices of Ditchley, than the last descendant of the long race of De Bougainville.

It might have been a weakness, but she clung to it still—this poor woman, to whom the glories of her ancestry were now a mere dream—her love of the noble line which had upheld for centuries that purest creed of aristocracy—that “all the sons were brave, and all the daughters virtuous.” Now, indeed, it was little more than a fairy tale, which she told to her own sons and daughters in the vague hope of keeping alive in them

the true spirit of nobility which had so shone out in their forefathers. Nevertheless, she felt bitterly how circumstances were dead against her poor children, and how it would be almost a miracle if she could keep their heads above water, and bring them up to be anything like gentlemen and gentlewomen.

Her husband seemed very indifferent to the matter. Indeed, after listening for some time, very impatiently, to her arguments, that they should make some sacrifice in order to send César to college, he negatived the whole question. It did not affect him personally, and therefore assumed but small dimensions in his mind. He seldom saw César except on Sundays, when it rather annoyed him to have such a big fellow, taller than himself, calling him father. As he said one day to Josephine, "it made one look so old."

And all this while the poor old Rector lay in his shut-up room, or was dragged slowly up and down the paths of his pretty garden, a melancholy spectacle, which gradually the people about him and his sympathising parishioners grew so accustomed to that it ceased to affect them. Satisfied that he had every alleviation of his condition that wealth could supply, they left him to be taken care of by his faithful old servants until should come the happy release; at first looked forward to continually, but gradually becoming less imminent. Even Lady Emma—his most affectionate and nearest friend, though only a third or fourth cousin—after coming from Vienna to Ditchley, and staying a few days, returned, scarcely expecting to see him alive again. Yet he lingered—one year—a year and a half, in much the same state: partially conscious, it was supposed, but able neither to speak nor to move. He ate, drank, and slept, however,—passively, but peacefully as a child: his eyes were often as sharp and as bright as ever, and the workings of his countenance showed considerable intelligence, but otherwise his life was a total blank. Death itself seemed to have forgotten him.

Mrs. Scanlan went to see him every

Sunday—her leisure day, and her husband's busiest one, which fact made less apparent the inevitable necessity which she soon discovered, that she must pay her visits alone. From the first appearance of his curate at the Rector's bedside, Mr. Oldham had testified so strong a repugnance to his company that it was necessary to invent all sorts of excuses—thankfully enough received by Mr. Scanlan—to keep him away. And so the formal visits of condolence and sick-room prayers—spiritual attentions which Mr. Scanlan paid, because he thought people would expect him to pay, to his rector—were tacitly set aside, or took place only at the longest intervals that were consistent with appearances.

However, in all societies he testified the utmost feeling, assured the parishioners that his "dear and excellent friend" was quite "prepared." Once, when this question was put to Mrs. Scanlan, she was heard to answer "that if not prepared already, she thought it was rather late to begin preparations for death now; and that for her part she considered living was quite as important, and as difficult, as dying." Which remark was set down as one of the "extraordinary" things Mrs. Scanlan sometimes said—confirming the doubt whether she was quite the pleasant person that she used to be.

Her pleasantness—such as it was—she kept for Mr. Oldham's sick chamber; where the old man lay in his sad life-in-death, all day long. He was very patient, ordinarily: suffered no pain: and perhaps his long, lonely life made him more submissive to that perpetual solitude, which for him had begun even before the imprisonment of the grave. He seemed always glad to see Mrs. Scanlan. She talked to him, though not much—it was such a mournful monologue to carry on—still he would look interested, and nod his head, and try to mumble out his uncertain words in reply. She read to him, which he always enjoyed immensely. She too; since it was the first time for many years that she had had leisure for reading, or considered it right to make for herself



that leisure. But now she did it not for herself; and it was astonishing how many books she got through, and what a keen enjoyment she had of them. And sometimes she would simply bring her work and sit beside him, telling him anything which came into her head—the news of the parish, her children's doings and sayings; to which latter he always listened with pleasure; and she had now no hesitation in talking about them. Whatever the future might be, it was settled by this time. Pride and delicacy were alike needless: the poor helpless old man could alter nothing now. So she lay passive on her oars and tided down with the stream. After Mr. Oldham's illness there came a season of unwonted peace for poor Mrs. Scanlan.

But it was a false peace—impossible to last very long.

There is another proverb—I fear I am fond of proverbs—"Set a beggar on horseback and he will ride to the devil." Now, without likening Mr. Scanlan to a beggar, or accusing him of that dangerous equestrian exercise, there is no doubt he was one of the many men who are much safer walking on foot. That is, too great liberty was not good for him. He did better as the poor curate—limited by his prescribed line of duties, and steadied by the balance-weight of his sagacious old rector,—than when he was left to himself, responsible to nobody, and with the whole parish on his hands. He was not a good man of business, being neither accurate nor methodical. Clever he might be; but a clever man is not necessarily a wise man. Ere long, he began doing a good many foolish things.

Especially with reference to one favourite *bête noire* he had—Puseyism, as it began to be called. A clergyman with these proclivities had settled in the next parish, and attempted various innovations—quire-singing, altar-decorating, daily services—which had greatly attracted the youth of Ditchley. They ran after the High Church vicar, just as once their predecessors had run after the young Evangelical curate, which the old Evangelical curate did not like at all.

Mr. Scanlan's congregation fell from him, which irritated his small vanity to the last degree. He tried various expedients to lure them back,—a new organ, a Dorcas society, a fancy bazaar,—all those religious dissipations which often succeed so well in a country community which happens to have plenty of money and nothing to do—but the errant sheep would not be recalled. At length, maddened by his rival's successes, and by the beautiful new church that was being built for him, a brilliant thought struck Mr. Scanlan that he would try building too. The old school-house, coeval with the parish church of Ditchley, wanted repairs sadly. He proposed to pull it down and erect a new one, of commodious size and Gothic design, a great deal finer and more expensive than the obnoxious church.

This idea restored all his old animation and sanguine energy. He brought down an architect from London, and went round the parish with him, plan in hand, collecting subscriptions. And Ditchley still keeping up its old spirit of generosity, these came in so fast that a goodly sum was soon laid up in the Ditchley bank, in the combined names of the architect and the treasurer, who was, of course, the Reverend Edward Scanlan. A very simple transaction, which nobody inquired into; and even Mrs. Scanlan was scarcely cognizant of the fact. Indeed, her husband had rather kept her in the dark as to the whole matter; it pleased him to do it all himself, and to say with a superior air that "women knew nothing of business."

But presently, top-heavy with his success, he became a little difficult to deal with at home, and prone to get into petty squabbles abroad—womanish squabbles, if I may malign my sex by using the adjective. But I have seen as much spite, as much smallness, among men, as among any women, only they were men who had lost all true manliness by becoming conceited egotists, wrapped up in self, and blind to any merit save their own. When these happen to be fathers of families, how the domestic

barque is ever guided with such a steersman at the helm, God knows! Nothing saves it from utter shipwreck, unless another hand quietly takes the rudder, and, strong in woman's invisible strength, though with streaming eyes and bleeding heart, steers the vessel on.

So had done, or had tried to do, against many cross-currents and dangerous shoals, poor Josephine Scanlan. But now her difficulties increased so much that sometimes her numbed hand almost failed in its task; the very stars grew dim above her; everything seemed wrapped in a dim fog, and she herself as far from land as ever.

Hitherto, though, as before hinted, Mr. Scanlan had hung up his fiddle at his own door, he had always played satisfactorily at his neighbours'. But now he did not get on quite so well with them as formerly. There broke out in him a certain quarrelsomeness, supposed by Saxons to be a peculiarly Hibernian quality, and perhaps it is, with the lowest type of Irish character. He was always getting into hot water, and apparently enjoying the bath, as if it washed away a dormant irritability, which his wife had never noticed in him before. Now she did, and wondered at it a little, till she grew accustomed to it, as to many other faults in him, which, like notches in the bark of a tree, grew larger and uglier year by year.

So large, that the children themselves noticed them. It was useless to keep up the high ideal of paternal perfection, which is the salvation of a family; the blessed doctrine that the father can do no wrong; that he must be obeyed, because he would never exact any obedience that was not for the child's good; must be loved, because he loves so dearly every member of his household. Indeed, these young people sharply criticised, secretly or openly, their father's motives and actions, and continually made out of them excuses for their own shortcomings: "Oh, Papa says so-and-so, and nobody blames him;" "Papa told me to do such and such things, so of course I must do them;"

until Mrs. Scanlan was almost driven wild by the divided duty of wife and mother,—a position so maddening that I should think a woman could hardly keep her senses in it, save by steadily fixing her eyes upwards, on a higher duty than either, that which she owes to her God. But, for many a year, He who reveals Himself by the title of "the Father," and the promise "I will be an husband unto you," had veiled Himself from her in the clouds and darkness generated by her mortal lot, which was such a daily mockery of both these names.

She herself was cruelly conscious how much she was changed, and how rapidly changing; growing callous to pain, indifferent to pleasure, even that of her children; neglectful of her appearance and theirs; allowing her household to sink into those untidy ways, so abhorrent to inbred refinement, which mark the last despondency of poverty. The bright energy with which she used to preach to Bridget and the children on the subject of clean faces and clean clothes; order, neatness, and prettiness—since no narrowness of means warranted a family in living in a daily muddle, like pigs in a sty—all this was quite gone. She rarely complained and never scolded. Towards her husband, above all, she was falling into that passive state of indifference, sadder than either grief or anger. She took little interest in his affairs, and seldom asked him any questions about them. Where was the use of it, when she could place no reliance on his answers?

Oftentimes, with a bitter joy, she thought how much wiser Mr. Oldham had been than she in pledging her to keep the secret; and how well it was that she still retained it; if, indeed, there were any secret to retain. That, until the Rector's death, she could not possibly discover. He must have made his will, but in whose possession it was, or whether anybody was aware of its contents, she knew no more than that often-appealed-to personage, the man in the moon; who seemed to have as much influence over her destiny



as anything else, or anybody either, in heaven or earth. She felt herself drifting along in blind chance, not knowing from day to day what would happen, or what she ought to do.

Often, when returning home from her evening visits to Mr. Oldham, she wished she had never heard from him one word about his money or its destination,—that she had struggled on patiently, as a poor curate's wife, and made her boys little butchers or bakers, and her girls milliners or school teachers, to earn an honest livelihood by the sweat of their brow. Then again, in her passionate ambition for them, she felt that to realize this fortune, to give them all they wanted and make them all she desired them to be, she would have "sold her soul to the devil," had that personage appeared to her, as he did to Doctor Faustus and other tempted souls. She could understand thoroughly the old wives' tales about persons bewitched or possessed: sometimes she felt Satan almost as near to her as if he had started out of a bush on the twilight common, and confronted her in the visible likeness of the Prince of the power of the air,—hoofs, horns, tail, and all.

Thus time went on, and it was already two years since Mr. Oldham's attack; yet still no kind angel of death had appeared to break with merciful touch his fetters of flesh, and lift him, a happy new-born soul, out of this dreary world into the world everlasting. And still to the much-tried mother remained unsolved the mystery of life, more difficult, as she had once truly said, than dying: and she knew not from week to week either what she ought to do, or how she should do it—above all, with regard to her children.

They were growing up fast: César being now a tall youth of sixteen—very handsome: with the high aquiline features and large-limbed frame of his Norman ancestors: not clever exactly,—Louis was the clever one among the boys,—but sensible, clear-headed, warm-hearted: with a keen sense of right and wrong—which he acted upon in

a somewhat hard and fierce fashion, not uncommon in youth. But in this his mother rather encouraged than condemned him. Any harshness of principle was better to her than that fatal laxity which had been, and continued to be, the bane of her domestic life.

César and his father were cast in such a totally opposite mould, that, as years advanced, they naturally divided further and further. Both were very much out of the house, and, when they met within it, they kept a polite neutrality. Still sometimes domestic jars occurred; and one great source of irritation was the father's extreme anxiety that his son's school-days should end and he should begin to earn his own living. Of course, as he reasoned, a poor curate's sons could not expect their father to do more than give them a respectable education. The rest they must do for themselves.

"Yes," their mother would say, when the question was argued, and say no more—how could she?—Only she contrived to stave off the evil day as long as possible: and keep César steadily at his studies in the grammar-school, which was a very good school in its way, till something turned up.

At last, unfortunately, something did turn up. Mr. Scanlan came home one night in high satisfaction; the manager of Ditchley bank having offered to take César as junior clerk with a salary of a few shillings a week.

Josephine stood aghast. Not that she objected to her boy's earning his living, but she wished him first to get an education that would fit him for doing it, thoroughly and well, and make him equal for any chances of the future, particularly that future to which she still clung, as at least a possibility. But here, as on every hand, she was stopped by her sore secret.

"It is a kind offer," said she hesitatingly, "and perhaps we may think of it when—when the boy has quite finished his education—"

"Finished his education! What more education can he get? You surely don't keep up that silly notion of his going

to college? Why, that is only for lads whose parents are wealthy—heirs to estates, and so on."

"What does my boy say himself about the matter? He is old enough to have a voice in his own future." And Josephine turned to her son, who stood sullen and silent.

"No; children should never decide for themselves," said Mr. Scanlan harshly. "You are talking, my dear wife, as if we were people of property, when in our circumstances the principal object ought to be to get the boys off our hands as quickly as possible."

"Get our boys off our hands!"

"Exactly; let them maintain themselves and cease to be a burthen on their father. Why, that big fellow there eats as much as a man, and his tailor's bill is nearly as heavy as my own. I should be only too glad to see him paying it himself."

"So should I, father," said the boy bitterly.

"Then why don't you jump at once at the chance, and say you will go to the Bank?"

"Do you wish to go? Answer honestly, my son. Would you like to be a bank clerk?"

"No, mother, I shouldn't," said César sturdily. "And what's more—as I told Papa, while we were walking home—I won't be one, and nobody shall make me."

"I'll make you!" cried Mr. Scanlan furiously.

César curled his lips a little—"I think, father, if I were you I wouldn't attempt to try."

There was nothing disrespectful in the boy's manner; if it expressed anything, it was simple indifference. César evidently did not think it worth while to quarrel with his father; and, tamed by the perfectly courteous tone, and perhaps scarcely hearing the words, the father seemed to hesitate at quarrelling with his son. They stood face to face, César leaning over his mother's chair, and she clasping secretly, with a nervous warning clasp, the hand which he had laid upon her shoulder. A father and

son more unlike each other could hardly be. Such differences nature does make, and often the very circumstances of education and early association that would seem to create similarity, prevent it. One extreme produces another.

"César," whispered his mother, "you must not speak in that way to Papa and me. Tell us plainly what you desire, and we will do our best to accomplish it."

"Papa knows my mind. I told it to him this evening," said the boy carelessly. "I'm ready to earn my living; but I won't earn it among those snobs in the Ditchley bank."

"How snobs? They are all the sons of respectable people, and very gentlemanly-looking young fellows," said the father. "Quite as well-dressed as you."

"Very likely; I don't care much for my clothes. But I do care for having to do with gentlemen; and they're not gentlemen. Mamma wouldn't think they were."

"Why not?"

"They drink; they smoke; they swear; they idle about and play billiards. I don't like them, and I won't be mixed up with them. Find me something else, some honest, hard work, and I'll do it; but that I won't do, and so I told you."

And César, drawing himself up to his full height, fixed his honest eyes—his mother's eyes—full on "the author of his being," as poets and moralists would say—implying in that fact a claim to every duty, every sacrifice. True enough when the author of a child's existence has likewise been the origin of everything that ennobles, and brightens, and makes existence valuable. Not otherwise.

"My son," said his mother, anxiously interfering, "how comes it that you know so much about these clerks at the Bank? You have never been there?"

"Oh yes, I have; many times, on Papa's messages."

"What messages?"

César hesitated.

"I meant to have told you, my dear," said his father, hastily, "only it concerned a matter in which you take so

little interest. And it is quite separate from your bank account—and you know I am very glad you should draw and cash all our cheques yourself, because then you know exactly how the money goes.”

“What does all this mean?” said Mrs. Scanlan, wearily—“Money, money—nothing but money. I am sick of the very sound of the word.”

“So am I too, my dearest wife—and therefore I never mention it. These were merely parish matters—money required in the school, which I have once or twice sent César to get for me.”

“Once or twice, father! Why, I have been to the bank every week these two months! I have fetched out for you—one—two, let me see, it must be nearly two hundred and fifty pounds.”

“You are an excellent arithmetician; would have made your fortune as a banker,” said the father; and patted his son on the shoulder in a conciliatory manner. “But do not bother your mother with all this. As I told you, she is a woman, and you and I are men:—we ought not to trouble her with any business matters.”

“No, I’ll never trouble her more than I can help,” said the boy, fondly. “But indeed, Mamma asked me a direct question, and to put her off would have been as bad as telling her a lie.”

“Yes, my son,” said Josephine, with a gasp, almost of agony. How was she ever to steer her course? how keep this lad in the right way—the straight and narrow road—while his father—

Mr. Scanlan looked exceedingly uncomfortable. He avoided the countenances of both wife and son. He began talking rapidly and inconsequently—about the school-building and the responsibility it was—and the great deal he had to do, with nobody to help him.

“For, my dear, as a clergyman’s wife, you know you are no help to me whatever. You never visit: you take no position in the parish: you inquire about nothing: you hear nothing.”

“I shall be glad to hear,” said Josephine, rousing herself, with a faint dread that she had let matters go too far, that there were things it would be advisable she should hear. “For instance, this money the boy spoke of—I suppose it was wanted for the school-house, to pay the architect or builder. Have you then nearly finished your building?”

“Why, the walls are so low I can jump over them still, as Remus did over the walls of Rome,” said César, laughing, but his father turned away, scarlet with confusion.

“I won’t be criticised and catechised, before my own son too,” said he, angrily. “César! go to bed at once.”

The boy looked surprised, but still prepared to depart: kissed his mother, and said goodnight to his father: politely, if not very affectionately;—Mr. Scanlan’s fondling days with his children had been long done.

“Shall you want me to take that message to Mr. Langhorne, father? I’m ready to fetch and carry as much as ever you like. Only I thought I heard you tell somebody that the money subscribed was untouched. What am I to say if he asks me about the 250*l.* you had?”

César might not have meant it—probably, shrewd boy as he was, he did not as yet see half-way into the matter—but quite unconsciously he fixed upon his father those intense dark eyes, and the father covered before them.

“Hold your tongue, you goose; what do you know about business?” said he, sharply: and then César woke up to another fact—to more facts than it was fitting a boy of his age should begin studying and reasoning upon; especially with regard to his own father.

As for the mother, she looked from one to the other of them—these two men; for César was fast growing into a man, with all manly qualities rapidly developing in mind as in body—looked, and shivered: shivered down to the very core of her being. God had laid upon her the heaviest burthen He can lay upon a woman. She had lived to see



her husband stand self-convicted before the son she had borne to him.

Convicted—of what?

It was quite true she had taken little interest in this school-building: she hardly knew why, except that her interest in everything seemed to have died out very much of late: a dull passive indifference to life and all its duties had come over her. And Edward had so many projects which never resulted in anything. She did not believe this would, and thought little about it: indeed, the mere facts of it reached her more through her neighbours than her husband, who seemed very jealous of her interference in the matter. When his first enthusiasm had ceased, and the subscriptions were all collected and placed in the Bank, he gave up talking and thinking about it.

But now she must think and inquire too, for it had appeared before her suddenly, and in a new and alarming light. The money which Mr. Scanlan had drawn out, evidently not for business purposes, whose money was it, and what had he done with it?

He had said truly that she managed all the household finances now. He left them to her, it was less trouble; and she had contrived to make ends meet—even including two journeys to London, which he said were necessary: and to which she consented more readily—seeing Mr. Summerhayes was not there. The artist had found England too hot to hold him, and disappeared permanently to Rome. No fear therefore of his further influence over that weak facile nature, with whom it was a mere chance which influence was uppermost. Except for one thing—and the wife thanked God all her days for that—Edward Scanlan's pleasures were never criminal. But what had he wanted that money for, and how had he spent it? Painful as the question was, she must ask it. To let such a thing go uninquied into might be most dangerous.

When her boy was gone, she sat silent, thinking how best she could arrive at the truth. For it was always necessary

to arrive at it by a sadly ingenious approximation; the direct truth her husband had never told her in his life. Even now, he glanced at the door, as if on any excuse he would be glad to escape. But at eleven o'clock on a wet night even the most henpecked husband would scarcely wish to run away.

A henpecked husband! How we jest over the word, and despise the man to whom we apply it. But do we ever consider what sort of a man he is, and must necessarily be? A coward—since only a coward would be afraid of a woman, be she good or bad; a domestic traitor and hypocrite, whose own weakness sinks him into what is perhaps his safest condition—that of a slave. If men knew how we women—all honest and womanly women—scorn slaves and worship heroes, they would blame not us but themselves, when they are “henpecked.”

Few men could have looked less like a hero, and more like a whipped hound—than Edward Scanlan at this moment.

“My dear,” said he, rising and lighting his candle, “don't you think you had better go to bed? It is late enough.”

“I could not sleep,” she said irritably. She was often irritable now—inwardly at least, and sometimes it showed outside, for she was not exactly an “amiable” woman. There was a sound, healthy sweetness in her at the core, but she was like a fruit that has never been properly shone upon, never half-ripened; she set a man's teeth on edge sometimes, as she did just now. “How you can sleep, with that matter on your mind, I cannot imagine.”

“What matter, my dear?”

“Edward,” locking him full in the face, and trying a plan—a very piteous plan—of finding out the truth by letting him suppose she knew it already, “you have been doing, I fear, a very dangerous thing; drawing out for your own uses the money that was meant for your new school. When the architect and builder come to be paid, what shall you do? They will say you have stolen it.”

This was putting the thing so plainly, and in such a brief, matter-of-fact way, that it quite startled Edward Scanlan. His look of intense surprise, and even horror, was in one sense almost a relief to his wife; it showed that, whatever he had done, it was with no deliberately guilty intention.

"Bless my life, Josephine, what are you talking about? If I have taken some of the money, I was obliged, for I ran so short in London, and I did not like to come to you for more, you would have scolded me so; if I did draw a hundred or so, of course I shall replace it before it is wanted. The accounts will not be balanced for three months yet."

"And then?"

"Oh, by then something is sure to turn up. Please don't bother me—I have been bothered enough. But, after all, if this was in your mind—one of the endless grudges you have against your husband—I am rather glad you have spoken out. Why didn't you speak out long ago? it would have made things much easier for me."

Easier, and for him! Ease, then, was all he thought of? The actual dishonesty he had committed, and its probable consequences, seemed to touch him no more than if he had been an ignorant child. To appeal to him in the matter of conscience was idle; he appeared to have no idea that he had done wrong.

But his wife realized doubly both the erring act and its inevitable results. Now, at last, she not merely trembled and rebelled, but stood literally aghast at the prospect before her, at the sort of man to whom her future was linked, whom she had so ignorantly made her husband and the father of her children. In marrying, how little do women consider this—and yet it is not wrong, but right to be considered. The father of their children—the man from whom their unborn darlings may inherit hereditary vices, and endure hereditary punishments—viewed in this light, I fear many a winning lover would be turned — and righteously — from a righteous woman's door.

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But it was too late now for Josephine: her lot had long been fixed. All that she could do was to exercise the only power she had over her husband to show him what he had done, and the danger of doing it; to terrify him, if no other means availed, into truthfulness and honesty.

"Edward," said she, "nothing will make things easy for you. It is useless to disguise the plain fact. You cannot replace that money; you have none of your own wherewith to replace it. And if when the bills for the school-building fall due, it is found that you have made away with the money that was to pay them, your act will be called by a very ugly name—embezzlement."

Poor Edward Scanlan almost started from his chair. "You are joking—only joking! But it is a very cruel joke, to call your husband a thief and a scoundrel!"

"I did not call you so. I believe you would not steal—intentionally; and you are far too simple for a scoundrel. But everybody will not make that distinction. If a man uses for himself a sum of which he is only treasurer, and it is public money, the public considers it theft, and he will be tried for embezzlement."

Her husband had sometimes called her "Themis," and not unlike that stern goddess she looked, as she stood over the frightened man, growing more and more frightened every minute, for he knew his wife never spoke at random, or merely for effect,—as he did.

"How can you say such things to me, Josephine? But I don't believe them. They are not true."

"Then ask Mr. Langhorne—ask any lawyer—any commonly honest man."

"How dare I ask?"

"That proves the truth of my words. If you had done nothing wrong, you would dare."

Her tone, so quiet and passionless, struck him with more dread than any storm of anger. He felt convinced his wife was right. An overwhelming fear came over him.

"Suppose it were true, suppose I could

not put this money back in time, and all were to come out, what would happen?"

"You would be sent to prison, tried, perhaps transported."

"Oh, Josephine! And you can look at me and say such things—me, your own husband! Can't you help me? Have you already forsaken me?"

Quite overwhelmed, he threw himself across her knees, like one of the children, and burst into a paroxysm of childish weeping.

Poor Josephine! What could she do? Only treat him as a child—her miserable husband: soothe him and caress him in a pitying, motherly sort of way, not attempting either reproaches or reasonings, for both were equally hopeless. Evidently, what he had done had never till now presented itself to him in its true aspect; and when it did do so, he was confounded by the sight. He lay, actually shaking with terror, muttering, "I shall be sent to prison—I meant no harm, yet I shall be sent to prison. And I shall die there, I know I shall; and you will be left a widow—a widow, Josephine, do you hear?"—with many other puerile moans, which she listened to without heeding much. Once or twice, with a sudden recoil of feeling, she looked keenly at him, to discern if possible how much of his agony of fear and contrition was real; or how much was contrition, and how much only fear.

Edward Scanlan was too weak to be a scoundrel, at least a deliberate one. But your unconscious sinners, perhaps, do the most harm after all, because you can use none of the ordinary weapons against them. You can defend yourself against a straightforward villain: but a man who cries "peccavi" to all you have to urge against him, who is ready to plead guilty to all the sins in the Decalogue, and commit them again to-morrow;—against such a one, what chance have you?

Mrs. Scanlan had none. To-night it was useless to say another word; it would be like striking a man that was down. All she could do was to calm

her husband's violent agitation—to get him to bed as quickly as possible, and watch by him till he fell asleep, which he did soon enough, holding fast by his wife's hand.

Wretched wife! forlorn mother! Heaven and earth seemed leagued against her, as she sat for hours in that dull calm—alive to all which had happened or might happen—yet bound by a temporary spell, which made it all unreal. She sat, the only creature awake in the house; and scarcely stirred until dawn broke over those smooth, low hills, every outline of which she now knew so well—the hills behind which lay the invisible sea which rounded that smiling France whence her forefathers came. "Why, oh why was I ever born!" cried she, in her heart.

Ah! not here, not here in this dimly seen, imperfect life, must any of us expect to find the complete answer to that question.

#### CHAPTER XI.

In spite of her long knowledge of her husband's character, Mrs. Scanlan had expected—blindly expected—that after last night he would wake up fully alive to his position, amenable to reason, and glad to be helped, even if he could not help himself. But no, he shirked it all. He rose, after a good night's sleep, as if nothing were amiss, avoided every allusion to unpleasant things, and all chance of private conversation with his wife, ate a hearty breakfast, and then set off for a walk, taking César with him; evidently—this companionship of father and son being very unusual—in order to avoid César's talking with his mother at home.

When Josephine perceived this, her heart hardened. The tenderness which had come over her during the heavy watches of the night, when she sat by the sleeping man, and tried to remember that he was her husband, and she must save him, if possible, from the result of his own folly—to call it by no worse



name—this softness dried up; her spirit changed within her, and the plans she had formed, the sacrifices she had contemplated for his sake, seemed but wasted labour, love thrown away.

At dinner-time, Mr. Scanlan did not return, but César did, apparently of his own accord. He had not been to school, but had been occupied in delivering various notes for his father—"begging letters," he had overheard them called in one drawing-room, while waiting in the hall—and the proud lad had gone home burning with indignation, which he tried hard not to let his mother see.

"Why should Papa 'beg?'" said he; "especially money—and I know it was money, for I had to pay it into the bank afterwards; several five-pound notes."

"They were probably for the school," the mother said, and guessed at once that, by the common system of robbing Peter to pay Paul, which weak people are so apt to indulge in, her husband had been trying to replace his defalcations by collecting further subscriptions. She tried to find out what she could from her son; excusing herself secretly by the vital necessity there was that she should know the truth; but César was very uncommunicative. He had evidently been charged to say as little as he could of what he had done or where he had been, and, being a boy of honour, he kept faith, even though it cost him a sore struggle, for he was passionately fond of his mother. At last he said, plainly, "Please, don't question me. If you want to know anything, ask Papa," and stole out of the house.

Then a great fear came over Josephine, a fear which only women and mothers who feel their awful responsibility towards the young souls entrusted to them, can understand.

There comes a crisis in many women's lives—I mean women who have made unhappy marriages—when the wife becomes merged in the mother; and the divine instinct for the protection of offspring, which Providence has rooted in all our hearts, in some of us even deeper than conjugal love, asserts itself so strongly that every other feeling

bends before it. I do not say that this ought to be, I only know that it is—and I believe there are circumstances which fully justify it; for upon it depends the whole salvation of the children.

A wise and good woman once said to me, "If ever you have to choose between old and young, save the young!" Dares any one preach the doctrine—"If a woman has to choose between husband and children, save the children!" I think I dare! I give it as my deliberate opinion that when the experience of long years had killed all hope in the father, and his influence is ruining the children, the slow corruption of daily example adding to the danger of inherited temperament, the mother is bound to save her offspring from destruction; ay, even if in so doing she has to cut adrift the blazing ship upon which once all her treasure was embarked, and escape, perhaps with life only, still with life.

In what manner Josephine Scanlan came to this conclusion, during the miserable time which followed, when she tried every means to gain her husband's confidence, to win him to acknowledge that sin was sin, and not merely "ill luck;" and that, instead of shutting his eyes on his position, he ought to look it in the face and strive to retrieve it—I do not know. But that she did come to it I am certain. Wild and terrible thoughts, nebulous at first, and then settling into a distinct purpose, haunted her day and night. If she only had her children all to herself! to earn their bread and her own by the work of her hands, and bring them up, if ever so poorly, honestly; out of debt and out of danger, out of falsehood and sham religion, out of the cowardly weakness which comes to the same result as wickedness! She meant her husband no harm, she had no personal wrong to accuse him of; she only wished to escape from him; as she would escape from small-pox or scarlet-fever, or any other infectious bodily disease, with those poor little ones, whose moral health was in her hands.

"I blame her not, I only pity her; and the horrible struggle she must have gone through before there ever dawned in her mind the last resort of any woman who has once loved her husband—to leave him. How it was to be done, where and in what manner she could maintain herself and her children without coming upon him for one farthing—which she was determined never to do—was all cloudy at present; but the idea having once presented itself to her mind, not as a moral wrong, but a moral right, germinated there day by day.

No counter-influence came to weaken it. Her husband seemed determined to avoid her, resented the slightest interference, and fell into fits of sullenness whenever she approached, in the remotest manner, that vital point in his affairs which hung over him and his like Damocles' sword. *He* saw it not; he kept up more than his ordinary gaiety, arranged a grand opening of his new schools, as public as the Rector's melancholy state made possible, and accepted with supreme self-satisfaction the parish's tribute of gratitude for his "unparalleled exertions" in the matter.

This ovation took the form of a public breakfast, to which he, his wife, and family were invited, and whither Mrs. Scanlan, with all her children, had to go and receive the congratulations of Ditchley. Dr. Waters himself—the good old man—presented the piece of plate, with much feeling, to the Curate's wife; and hoped that these elegantly-built schools, which did her husband so much credit, and which bore his name on the corner-stone, would carry it down to posterity, as well as his three noble boys: which speech César listened to, in silence certainly, but with a curl on his lip, not good to be seen in a boy who is listening to the praises of his father.

Yet how could the mother help it? She could not teach her son that his father was a hero, or even an honest, brave, truthful, ordinary man. She could only teach him—alas! nothing at all; but leave him to find out things for himself, and trust that God, who sometimes strangely instructs by con-

traries, would bring all things clear to her poor boy in the end.

And walking home that day, with her hand on his arm—César was taller than herself now—Mrs. Scanlan made up her mind.

Her son told her that within a month the school accounts were to be settled, Mr. Langborne being appointed auditor.

"Does your father know this?" she asked, startled out of all precaution by the imminence of the danger.

Yes, César answered; but Papa did not seem to care. And, though saying nothing, the boy showed by his manner that he guessed, plainly enough, why Papa had need to care. How he had found it out the mother dared not inquire; but that he had found out, only too surely, that his father had taken and used money which did not belong to him, was sufficiently clear. Also that his young honest soul was perplexing itself exceedingly about the matter, and all the more because, from some new and unwelcome reticence, he could not speak of it to his usual confidante in all things—his mother.

Into his father's confidence he had been taken to an extent which made Josephine tremble. Indeed, with the vague fear of his children being set against him, Mr. Scanlan had of late been unusually demonstrative to them all. Uneasy as César was, it was evident that the delicate flattery of being treated as a man, and talked to upon subjects that even his mother did not know, was not without its effect—how could it be at sixteen? When she thought of this, and of what it might result in, Josephine grew half frantic.

Her husband came home an hour or two afterwards, greatly exhilarated by his success. Radiant with gratified vanity, exulting in his renewed popularity, and his undoubted triumph over his High Church brother, who had been present and seen it all, he walked up and down the little parlour, admiring his piece of plate, and talking about himself and his doings, till, as Bridget expressed it, "you would have thought

the earth was not good enough for him to stand upon. She only wondered why the master didn't spread his wings and fly away at once, to the moon or somewhere, and then the family might get their tea comfortably." So said the sharp-witted servant, feeling thus much on the matter, and no more, for of course she knew no more. But the mistress, who did know, how felt she?

First, a sensation of most utter scorn, —a wish that she could hide, not only her children from their father, but their father from the children, who, she saw, were all looking at him, and criticising him, with that keen, silent criticism to which youth is prone—youth, just waking up to the knowledge that the grand idolon of parenthood is not an infallible divinity after all. By and by there comes a time when, parents ourselves, we begin to have a tenderness for even the broken image of what might have been a god—but not at first. The young heart is as stern as the young conscience is tender. When children cease to be worshippers, they become iconoclasts.

Adrienne sat watching her father with those big, astonished, half-reproachful eyes of hers, but the rest only laughed at him. César at last rose and quitted the tea-table, slamming the door behind him, and muttering, as he passed through the kitchen, "that he didn't think he could stand this style of thing much longer." So as soon as she could, Mrs. Scanlan contrived to get her husband out of the way, to cool his head, intoxicated with laudations, upon the breezy common.

She walked with him for a long time in silence, holding his arm, and trying to gather up her thoughts so as to put what she had to say in the gentlest and most effectual form, and to drive away from her own spirit that intense sense of disgust which now and then came over her—a sort of moral sickness, which no familiarity with Mr. Scanlan's lax ways had ever quite overcome.

We all are accustomed to have faulty kindred and friends, being ourselves, whether we think it or not, very faulty

too. But what would it be to have belonging to us an actual criminal, who had not only laid himself open to the lash of the law—that sometimes falls on innocent people—but was really guilty, deserving of punishment? yet towards whom we ourselves must continue to fulfil those duties, and entertain that habitual tenderness, which guilt itself cannot annul or destroy?

Mrs. Scanlan asked herself, What if any other man, any stranger, were like her Edward, and had done what he had done, how would she have felt and acted towards him? Undoubtedly, she would have cut off herself and her children from the smallest association with him; have pitied him perhaps, but with a pity mingled with contempt. Now—oh the weakness of womanhood!—though she planned quitting her husband, she did not hate him. Many piteous excuses for him slid into her mind. He was so feeble of will, so regardless of consequences; why had Providence made him thus, and made her just the contrary—put into her that terrible sense of right and wrong which was at once her safeguard and her torment, making her jealous over the slightest errors in those she loved, and agonizingly sensitive over her own?

Perhaps she was in error now—had been too hard upon her husband; had made virtue ugly to him by over-preaching it! Then she would preach no more, but act. She had already carefully arranged a plan to get him out of his difficulty; if he agreed to it, well and good; if he refused—But further she could not look: she dared not.

"Edward"—and her voice was so gentle, that to herself it sounded like a hypocrite's—"don't go in just yet; we so seldom take a walk together!"

Mr. Scanlan assented. He was in the best of tempers, the most cheerful of moods; you would have thought he had all the world at his feet. Whatever doubts might affect him, doubt of himself never did. He talked to his wife, in a delighted vaingloriousness, of all he had done, and meant to do, with regard to the new schools.



"But are they paid for? Have you wherewithal to pay? Did you replace the money you drew for yourself?"

She put the question, not accusingly, but just as a mere question, and he replied with easy composure:

"Well—not exactly. There will be a certain deficit, which I can easily explain to Mr. Langhorne. He will never be hard upon me; me, who have worked so hard for the parish, and not been half paid from the first. It will all come right, you'll see. Don't vex yourself about so small a matter."

"A small matter!" Josephine echoed, and hardly knew whether she was dealing with a child, or a man so utterly unprincipled that he hid his misdoings under the guise of childish simplicity. "I am afraid, Edward, you are deceiving yourself. People will not think it a small matter."

"What will they think? Speak out, you most intolerable woman!"

"They will think as I think. But why repeat what I have so often said before? And we have no time for talking, we must act. César tells me——"

"What has he told you?—the simpleton!"

"Do not be afraid. Only what probably all the world knows, that Mr. Langhorne has been chosen auditor of the school accounts, and that they will be all wound up, and made generally public in a month. Is it so?"

"Oh, don't bother me! Josephine, you are always bothering! Why can't you let a man alone?"

"I would, if I were not his wife, and his children's mother. Edward, just two words. Have you thought what will happen if your accounts are looked into, and found incorrect, and you cannot furnish the deficit, as you call it?"

"But I shall, sooner or later. Of course, I am responsible. I shall tell Langhorne so. He will hush up the matter. He would never proceed to extremities with me."

"Why not?"

"My position as a clergyman——"

"So, a clergyman may do things which, if another man did, it would be called

swindling! I beg your pardon"—and Mrs. Scanlan checked the passion that shook her from head to foot: "I did not mean to use hard words, but I must use plain ones. For I believe, in spite of all you say, that Ditchley might view the thing in a different light from yourself; and that Mr. Langhorne, being a remarkably honest man, and having public money entrusted to his honesty, would find himself unwillingly obliged to have you arrested for embezzlement, clergyman as you are. You would find yourself a little uncomfortable in the county gaol."

Edward Scanlan started. "Nonsense! You are talking nonsense!"

"Excuse me, no!—I am not speaking at random: I know it for a fact."

"How can you know it? You have not been so mad as to go and consult anybody?"

"I have not. A wife must be very mad indeed before she takes anybody into her counsel against her husband. But she must protect herself and her children, if she can. I borrowed a law-book, and found out from it everything I wanted to know on that—and other subjects."

"I always said you were a very clever woman, and so you are. Too clever by half for a poor fellow like me."

Edward Scanlan's speech, bitter as it was, had an underlying cunning in it—it touched his wife's most generous point—and he knew it.

"I am not clever, I do not pretend to be," she cried, warmly. "I am only honest, and anxious to do my duty to both husband and children, and it is so hard—so hard! You drive me nearly wild sometimes. Edward, why will you not listen to me, why will you not trust me? What motive can I have in 'worrying' you as you call it, but your own good and the children's? God knows, but for that, I would let everything go—lay me down and die. I am so tired—so tired!"

And as she stood with her face to the sunset, even its rosy glow could not brighten her wan features, or her hair, in the raven black of which were min-

gling many white streaks. Josephine had arrived at the most painful crisis for a beautiful woman, when she is neither young nor old: not even middle-aged, which season has sometimes a comely grace of its own, but prematurely faded, like the trees after a hot summer of drought, which attempt no lovely autumn tints, but drop at once into winter and decay.

Her husband looked at her, and saw it. He was in a vexed mood perhaps, or else he simply said what came uppermost, without thinking, but he did say it, "Dear me, Josephine, how very plain you are growing!"

She turned away. She would hardly have been woman had the arrow not touched her heart, but it scarcely penetrated there. She had long ceased to care for her good looks, and now she was too desperately in earnest about other things to mind what even her husband thought of her. It was not till afterwards that his words recurred to her memory and settled there, as bitter words do settle, long after the speaker has forgotten them. Now she simply turned the conversation back to the point in question, and discussed it as calmly and lucidly as she could.

The plan she urged was, that Mr. Scanlan should borrow, in some legal way, the sum wanting, giving as security a policy of assurance on his life, and finding a friend to guarantee his yearly payment of the same. This kindness she would herself ask of Dr. Waters, or of Lady Emma's husband. It was merely nominal, she knew; because, if Edward neglected to pay the few pounds yearly, she could do it herself: her earnings through *Priseilla Nunn* were still considerable. Her practical mind had laid out the whole scheme. She had even got the papers of an assurance office: there was nothing for Mr. Scanlan to do but to take the requisite steps for himself, which—he being unluckily a man, and therefore supposed competent to manage his own affairs and that of his household—nobody else could do for him. But his wife's common sense had simplified all to him

as much as possible, and her clear head succeeded in making him take it in.

It was of no use. Either he did not like the trouble—his Irish laziness always hated trouble; or else he had that curious prejudice which some weak people have against life assurance, as against making a will. Above all, he was annoyed at his wife's having done all this without consulting him, step by step, in the affair. It seemed to imply that she had her own way in everything, which must not be. He brought in every possible argument—Apostolic or Hebraic—to prove that even to criticise or attempt to guide her husband was a dereliction from wifely duty, which he—for one—was determined to resist.

Far different was his tone the night he flung himself at her knees, and implored her to help him; but then Mr. Scanlan had been made an important personage to-day. He was like one of those

"Little wanton boys who swim on bladders,"

of his own vanity and egotism, and the bladders had been pretty well blown up since morning. Nothing that Mrs. Scanlan urged could in the least open his eyes to the reality of his position, or persuade him that he was not sailing triumphantly on a perfectly smooth sea, with all *Ditchley* looking at and admiring him.

"Nobody will ever breathe a word against me," repeated he, over and over again. "And I dare say, if I manage him well, Langhorne will arrange so that nobody even finds the matter out. Then, of course, it will not signify."

"Not signify!"

Years ago—nay, only months ago—Josephine would have blazed up into one of her "furies," as her husband called them; her passionate indignation against shams of all kinds, and especially against the doctrine that evil was only evil when it happened to be found out: but now she indulged in no such outburst. She did not even use that sarcastic tongue of hers, which sometimes could sting, and would have stung bitterly, had she not been such a

very conscientious woman. She merely echoed Edward's words, and walked on in silence. But what that silence covered, it was well he did not know.

So he made himself quite comfortable and even cheerful: satisfied that he was his own master and his wife's likewise, and had used fully his marital authority. He treated the whole subject lightly, as if quite settled, and would again have passed on to other topics.

But Josephine stopped him. Her lips were white, and her hand with which she touched him was cold as stone.

"Pause a minute, Edward, before you talk of this thing being 'settled.' It is not settled. You have a heavy time before you, though you see it not. I am very sorry for you."

"Tush—tush!" cried he, much irritated. "As if I could not manage my own affairs, and take care of myself. Do let me alone. All I ask of you is to hold your tongue."

"I will, from this time forward. Only it would not be fair, it would not be honest, if I did not tell you what I mean to do: that is, if things go on with us as they have been going on of late."

"How do you mean?"

Josephine stopped a moment to put into words, plain words, though neither imprudent nor harsh, the truth she thought it right not to keep back. Stern as her course might be, there should be at least no concealment, no double-dealing in it.

"I mean, Edward, that you and I, who always differed, now differ so widely, that the struggle is more than I can bear; for I see it is destruction to the children. To use your own favourite text, 'two cannot walk together unless they are agreed.' They had better divide."

"I am sure I have no objection. Good night, then. I never do take a walk with you that you don't scold me," said he, perhaps wilfully misunderstanding, or else, in his loose way of viewing things, he did not really catch the drift of her words.

She tried again. "I shall never 'scold' any more: I shall not speak, but act; as seems to me right and necessary. I cannot sit still and see my children ruined."

"Ruined! Why, they are getting on exceedingly well. They'll take care of themselves, never fear. Already César knows nearly as much of the world as I do."

"Does he?" said the mother, with a thrill of fear which made her more desperate than ever, to say these few words—the fewest possible—which she had told herself, at all costs, she must say. "I know, Edward, children are not to a father what they are to a mother; and to you especially they have never been anything but a burthen. I therefore have less scruple in what I intend to do."

"What are you driving at? What is the meaning of all these hints?"

"I hint nothing; I say it out plain. Your ideas of honesty and honour are not mine, and I will not have my children brought up in them. I shall therefore, as soon as I can, take a decisive step."

"What! inform against me? tell all Ditchley that your husband is a thief and a rogue? That would be a nice wife-like act."

"No. I shall not inform against you, and I shall never say one word concerning you to anybody; I shall simply—leave you."

"Leave me! What ridiculous nonsense!"

Nevertheless, Edward Scanlan looked startled. Gentle as his wife was ordinarily, he knew well that, when roused, she had a "spirit of her own,"—that she always meant what she said, and acted upon it too. And, as sometimes in his mistaken notions of propitiating her he had told her himself, he was a little afraid of his Josephine. But the idea she now suggested was too daringly untenable. His sense of outward respectability, nay, even his vanity, refused to take it in. After a momentary uneasiness, he burst into laughter.

"Leave me! Well, that is the



drollest idea! As if you could possibly do it! Run away, bag and baggage, with the children on your back, and Bridget trotting after! What a pretty sight! How amused Ditchley would be! And how could you maintain yourself, you silly woman? Isn't it I who keep the pot boiling?" (He did not now, but it was useless telling him so.) "Besides"—and Mr. Scanlan drew closer to his wife, and tried to put upon her "the comether," as Bridget would say, of his winning ways—very winning when he chose—"besides, Josephine, you *couldn't* leave me;—you are fond of me; you know you are."

Josephine drew her breath in a gasp, and looked from her husband's face up to the face of the sky, which seemed so clear, so pure, so true! Oh the difference between it and us, between heaven and man!

"I was fond of you," she said; "but if I were ever so fond—if you were dear to me as the core of my heart, and I had children whom you were doing harm to, whom it was necessary to save from you, I would not hesitate one minute: I would snatch them up in my arms, and fly."

"Here's a new creed!" and Mr. Scanlan laughed still, for the whole matter appeared to his shallow mind so exceedingly absurd. "Have you forgotten what St. Paul says, 'Let not the wife depart from her husband'?"

"St. Paul was not a woman, and he had no children."

"But he spoke through the inspiration of Scripture, every word of which we are bound to receive."

"I dare not receive it whenever it is against truth and justice," cried passionately the half-maddened wife. "I do not believe blindly in Scripture; I believe in God—*my* God, and not yours. Take Him if you will,—that is, if He exists at all,—but leave me mine—my God, and my Christ!"

After this outbreak, which naturally horrified Edward Scanlan to a very great extent, he had nothing to say.

With him everything was so completely on the surface, religion included; a mere farrago of set phrases which he never took the trouble to explain or to understand—that when any strong eager soul dared to pluck off the outside coverings of things and pierce to the heart of them, he stood aghast. No Roman Catholic—one of those "Papists" whom he lost no opportunity of abusing—could believe more credulously in his Virgin Mary and all the saints, than did this "gospel" curate in a certain circle of doctrines, conveyed in certain fixed phrases, the Shibboleth of his portion of the Church, upon which depended the salvation of its members. God forbid that I should allege every Evangelical clergyman to be like Edward Scanlan; or that I should not allow the noble sincerity, the exceeding purity of life, the warm-hearted Christian fellowship, and wide practical Christian charity—Oh, how infinitely wider than their creed!—of this body of religionists. But to any one like Josephine, born with a keen and critical intellect, a passionate sense of moral justice, and a heart that will accept no temporising until it has found the perfect truth, the perfect right, this narrow form of faith, which openly avers that its principal aim is its own salvation, becomes, even when sincere, so repulsive, that its tendency is to end in no faith at all.

She had occasionally horrified Mr. Scanlan by remarks like the foregoing, but this last one fairly dumbfounded him. He regarded her with complete bewilderment, and then, not having a word wherewith to answer her, said, "he would pray for her." No other conversation passed between them till they came to the gate, when he observed with a patronising air—

"Now, my dear Josephine, I hope you have come down from your high horse, and are ready for supper and prayers. Let us drop all unpleasant subjects. I assure you I am not angry with you, not in the least. I always wish you to speak your mind. All I want is a little peace."

Peace, peace, when there was no peace! when the merest common sense, even a woman's, was enough to show her on what a mine her husband was treading; how at any moment it might burst at his feet, and bring him and all belonging to him to ruin in the explosion. For, shut his eyes to it as he might, excuse it as she might, his act was certainly embezzlement; disgraceful enough in any man, doubly disgraceful in a clergyman. When it came to be known, in a community like Ditchley, his future and that of his family would be blighted there for ever. The straw to which she had clung in case that other future, which she was now so thankful he had never known of, failed,—namely, that on Mr. Oldham's death the living of Ditchley might be given to Mr. Scanlan, would then become impossible. Nay, wherever he went, her husband would be branded as a thief and a swindler, and, justly or unjustly, the stigma of these names would rest upon his children. It might be that in her long torment about money matters she exaggerated the position; still it was one cruel enough to madden any honest, upright-minded woman, who was a mother likewise. A little more, and she felt it would be so; that her mind would lose its balance, and then what would become of the children?

"Edward," said she—and her great black hollow eyes gleamed upon him like one of Michael Angelo's sybils—(not a pleasant woman to be married to; a Venus or Ariadne might have suited him far better)—"one word before it is too late. Peace is a good thing, but there are better things still—honesty and truth. Listen to me; any honest man will see the thing as I see it. You must replace that money, and there is but one way,—the way I told you of. Try that, however much you dislike it; save yourself, and the children, and me. Husband, I was dear to you once."

"Don't blarney me," said he cruelly, and turned away.

His wife did the same. That appeal also had failed. But she never altered her manner towards him. She was

speaking only out of duty, but with no hope at all.

"If you can once get clear of this liability, I will go on working as usual, and making ends meet as usual. And perhaps you will try that we shall be a little more of one mind, instead of pulling two different ways, which is such a fatal thing in the master and mistress of a household. But you must decide, and quickly. We stand on a precipice which any moment we may fall over."

"Let us fall then!" cried he, in uncontrolled irritation, shaking off her detaining hand. "For I won't insure my life, and nobody shall make me. It looks just as if I were going to die; which no doubt I shall, if you keep on worrying me so. There, there, don't speak in your sharp tone, which always sets my heart beating like a steam-engine, and you know my father died of heart disease, though they say sons never take after their fathers but their mothers, which ought to be a great satisfaction to you. Never mind; when you've killed me, and are left a widow with your boys, you'll be so sorry!"

So he rambled on, in a sort of pitiful tone, but his complaints, as unreal as the bursts of carefully-arranged pathos in his sermons, affected Mrs. Scanlan very little; she was used to them. Though not robust, she always found he had strength enough for anything he liked to do. It was chiefly when he disliked a thing that his health broke down. So his lugubrious forebodings did not wound her as once they used to do. Besides—God help her!—the woman *was* growing hard.

"Very well," she said, "now we understand one another. You take your own course, I mine. I have at least not deceived you in any way; and I have had patience—years of patience."

"Oh, do cease that dreadful self-complacency. I wish you would do something wrong, if only that you might have something to repent of. You are one of the terribly righteous people 'who need no repentance.'"

“Am I?” said Josephine. And I think—to use one of those Bible phrases so ready to Mr. Scanlan’s tongue—that instant “the devil entered into her as he entered into Judas;” and she passed into the last phase of desperation, when we cease to think whether we ought or ought not to do a thing, but only that we *will* do it.

The head of the family walked in at his front door, calling Bridget and the children to prayers, which he made especially long this night, taking occasion to bring in “Judge not, that ye be not judged;” “First take out the mote that is in thine own eye, and then shalt

thou see clearly to pull out the beam that is in thy brother’s eye;” with other similar texts, all huddled together, higgledy-piggledy, in meaningless repetition, so that the first Divine utterer of them would scarcely have recognised His own gracious words.

Josephine heard them, as one who hears not—who desires not to hear. She merely knelt down, and rose up again, with the sense of evil possession, of the devil in her heart, stronger than ever; sinking presently into a sort of dull despair. Had things come to this pass? Well, then, let them come; and there would be an end.

An end!—

*To be continued.*



MR. GLADSTONE ON HOMER.<sup>1</sup>

ALTHOUGH the Homeric poems have enjoyed, ever since the era that produced them, an unbroken popularity, to which the history of literature supplies no parallel, the sources and grounds of the interest felt in them have been very different in different ages. The Greeks of classical times looked on the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* not only as almost sacred books—the highest authority upon the legends of the gods and heroes—but as a sort of encyclopædia of valuable information on all subjects. Ion—the rhapsode, in the dialogue of Plato's which bears his name—declares that he finds in Homer all that men need to know for the guidance of their lives. Even when this view had been dropped, the poems continued to be treated as a storehouse of moral precepts and examples, and that not only by schoolmasters, but by people who, like Horace, had the fullest appreciation of their poetical splendour. In the centuries that followed the revival of letters, it was their aspect as works of art that alone drew the attention of the world; the same rules of literary criticism were applied to them as to Virgil and Tasso; or, conversely, rules were drawn from them to be used in judging of epics as a class. The style and manner in which Pope and his coadjutors translated them into English show a surprising ignorance of or carelessness for what would now be thought their most distinctive features as the offspring of a simple and strenuous age. Within the last eighty or ninety years a new ardour has been thrown into their study, first by the great Wolfian controversy, and then by the perception that it is to them we must look for the most trustworthy picture of the condition, political and social, of primitive Greece—that they are, in fact,

not only unrivalled masterpieces of song, but the best of all possible historical authorities for a period interesting in itself, and doubly interesting from the parallels and the contrasts it suggests with the primitive polities and religions of other nations.

There has thus arisen a school of critics, which is interested not less in the matter than in the form—the style and language—of the Homeric poems, and which, though in a different sense from Ion, finds everything in them, and would draw everything from them. To this school, it need hardly be said, Mr. Gladstone belongs; and his book is not so much a criticism on the poems as works of art, as a treatise on the geography, history, and mythology of early Greece, so far as they can be gathered from Homer. How far the poems carry us towards a full knowledge of the times and places in which their scene is laid, is a question on which much difference of opinion must be expected. Recognising with the enthusiasm of genius the magnificent sweep and compass of the Homeric lyre, finding an infinitely varied mass of legends and traditions—descriptions of the present and allusions to the past—worked up into the story of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, Mr. Gladstone has been fired with the idea of gathering these materials into a complete and harmonious whole, and has perhaps gone further than most scholars will be disposed to follow him, in believing it possible to reconstruct the ethnology and history of primitive Greece from what Homer tells us.

But the scope of his work seems to have been greatly mistaken by those critics who have supposed it to be an attempt to present a complete account of the condition of heroic Greece, its people and states, its religion and polity. Important as are the Homeric poems in an historical point of view,

<sup>1</sup> "Juventus Mundi: Gods and Men of the Heroic Age." By the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M. P. London: Macmillan and Co.

containing as they do the only contemporary record of the age they belong to, still they are only one among several sources of information, all of which must be diligently scrutinized by an inquirer into the primitive condition of the nation. There are legends preserved in the earlier poets, from the time of Hesiod downwards, legends sometimes confirming and sometimes contradicting those we find in the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*. There are other traditions given by Herodotus and the historians of classical Greece; there is much to be learnt from a careful study of the features of the country, from ruins and inscriptions, from etymology, from an examination of the Greek dialects, from a comparison of the Greek mythology with that of the Vedas and other early Oriental writings. It is only by bringing together all these various sources of light, and seeing how far they confirm or modify the testimony of Homer, that results of permanent value can be obtained; and even these results must in many cases remain fragmentary or doubtful. To take the most obvious instance, the question as to the relation of the so-called Pelasgians to the Hellenes, after all the labour that has been bestowed upon it, is still to us what it was to Herodotus—a puzzle, no explanation of which can be called more than plausible.

Homer, then, is by no means a sole and sufficient authority for the history of the times before him, or even of those in which he lived. All his testimony has a truth and a bearing, but it is frequently too broken and allusive to be made the basis of positive conclusions; and in the case of the Olympian deities, it occasionally gives us forms of legend not reconcilable with one another. But being as he is the most copious authority, and an authority different in kind from all others, it is most desirable to ascertain precisely how far his sole evidence carries us, and what sort of a picture of early Greece it enables us to form. Thus we become the better able to interpret him by himself, to test seeming inconsistencies, to determine how far his

representations, taken as a whole, are in accordance with those conclusions which other sources of knowledge may be taken to have established. Hence Mr. Gladstone is doing a great service to the study of Greek antiquities by dealing in his wonderfully thorough and exhaustive method with Homer, and Homer alone, piecing together a history, a topography, and a mythology out of a multitude of scattered statements and allusions. No one knows better than he does that this is not all that is wanted for the complete elucidation of the subject, but it is one of the most complete contributions which can be made towards that elucidation. He justly remarks that the great requisite to any progress in the investigation of the innumerable questions which the Homeric poems raise is a thorough knowledge of the text, and promises us an analysis of their contents arranged in systematic form:—

“My main object, then, in this and in the former work, has been to encourage, or, if I may so say, to provoke the close textual study of the poet, as the condition of real progress in what is called the Homeric question, and as a substitute for that loose and second-hand method, not yet wholly out of vogue in this country, which seeks for information about Homer anywhere rather than in Homer himself.”

“In further prosecution of this purpose, I have begun, and carried forward at such intervals as I could make my own, another task. With patient toil, which applied to most authors would have been drudgery, I have tried to draw out, and to arrange in the most accessible form, resembling that of a dictionary, what may be termed the body, or earthy and tangible part, of the contents of Homer. To a dissection of such a kind, the ethereal spirit cannot be submitted. This analysis will be separately published, so soon as other calls upon my time may permit. It must not be supposed that so homely a production aspires to exhibit Homer as a poet. Yet it exhibits him as a chronicler and as an observer; it helps to give an idea of his power by showing some part at least of the copious materials with which he executed his great synthesis, the first, and also the best, composition of an Age, the most perfect ‘form and body of a time,’ that ever has been achieved by the hand of man.

“Like Colonel Mure, I am convinced that the one thing wanted in order to a full solution of what is called the Homeric question is knowledge of the text. In an aggregate of his

27,000 lines, as full of infinitely varied matter (to use a familiar phrase) as an egg is full of meat, this is not so commonplace an accomplishment as might at first be supposed. I have striven to attain it; yet, as I know, with very partial success. And I do not hesitate to say, with the productions of some recent writers and critics on the poet in my mind, that the reading public ought to be very wary in accepting unverified statements of what is or is not in Homer."—*Juventus Mundi*, Pref. pp. viii. ix.

However widely one may differ from some of Mr. Gladstone's conclusions, it is impossible not to admire the extraordinary vigour and enthusiasm with which his work has been executed, and which almost compels the reader to feel that interest, even in the minor details of the subject, which the author has so strongly felt. The knowledge of the text of Homer which he displays is wonderfully minute and comprehensive; nor is it the sort of knowledge which any one may acquire by the help of a concordance; it is the result of a long and patient study which has filled the writer's memory with the verses of the poet, until they seem part of himself. To this familiarity with the text, Mr. Gladstone adds a singular keenness in detecting stray allusions and hints, and great skill in weaving out of such allusions, scattered here and there through the two poems, theories which are always coherent if not always convincing. Nothing can be more ingenious than the way in which he reasons from such slight indications as the use of those epithets which we are used to take as mere stock terms of ornament, from the relation intimated to exist between certain deities and certain places, from the recurrence of particular names, or types of name, in the genealogies.<sup>1</sup> It is true that this ingenuity is liable to become fanciful. Mr. Gladstone's mind is so active and sanguine that he will not rest content in ignorance where knowledge seems in anywise possible, but insists on pressing into his service every fact which can be, however remotely, connected with the subject under discussion; and when he

has given it the interpretation which suits his theory, he is apt to appeal to it thenceforward as a bulwark of that theory, forgetting or appearing to forget that some other interpretation may have been at least as plausible. In truth, his own skill in discovering and handling evidence sometimes makes his case appear to himself, as well as to an interested reader, stronger than it really is; the building raised is so seemly and well-proportioned that the insecurity of its foundations passes unnoticed. This tendency, however, is one which can scarcely be avoided by an eager and fertile genius, and we are far more disposed to be grateful for the acuteness which opens up so many fruitful lines of thought, and discovers so much meaning in names and phrases and statements which previous inquirers had passed lightly over, than to complain of an occasional omission to test some ingenious hypothesis by the strict rules of criticism. Throughout the book, but most conspicuously in those parts of it which deal with the ethics and politics of the heroic age, Mr. Gladstone displays a remarkable power of entering into the tone and spirit of his author, and his conception of Homeric society strikes us as being juster, his description of it clearer and more graphic, than any that can be found among his English predecessors. Long and loving study of the poems has, so to speak, Homerized his mind, and enabled him to hold the true balance between those critics of the last century who treated Homer as a literary man, sitting down, after the fashion of Camoens or Milton, to write an epic, and that more modern school which, like Dr. Maginn, deals with these majestic and elaborate works of art as mere ballads drawn out to an unaccountable length. Lastly, his book has the merit, rare in the work of an orator, of being not only admirably clear and forcible in style, but perfectly simple and concise. There is hardly a sentence in it which the argument could dispense with, or which leaves us in doubt as to its meaning. Many topics of the highest interest are discussed with a brevity

<sup>1</sup> See for instance p. 61, on the epithets given to the Ἄχαιοι.



which Mr. Gladstone has evidently thought himself bound to observe in the present work, but for which it is to be hoped he will make amends by returning to them on some other occasion.

The contents of the book are exceedingly various; in fact it is not a systematic treatise so much as a series of essays. One-third of it is occupied by an examination of the evidence of Homer respecting the ethnology of early Greece; another third, speaking roughly, is given to his mythological system; and the remainder contains discussions of the ethics and polity of the heroic age, of the topography of Troy and the outer geography of the *Odyssey*, and of the human characters in the poems, and of Homer's notions of beauty, of works of art, of physics, of number and colour. The first of these divisions—that which treats of the primitive Greek races—although always ingenious and often brilliant, seems to us the least satisfactory in point of positive results. Unless where it can call philology in to guide and to confirm its reasonings, ethnology is a proverbially uncertain study; and in the case of primitive Greece philology sheds but a feeble and intermittent light upon the affinities of the various races, and the historical order of their respective supremacies. We are, perhaps, able to assert in general terms the presence over Greece and its islands and the adjacent coasts of Asia Minor of a pre-historic race, usually called Pelasgians, out of which the tribes bearing the historical names of *Æolians*, *Dorians*, and *Ionians* arose. But whether all these tribes were equally branches of the Pelasgian name, or whether they were all Hellenes or no, or how the name Hellenes became the common name of the nation, are questions that seem unlikely ever to receive a satisfactory answer. Nor need this greatly surprise any one who remembers how many unsolved ethnological problems the history of modern Europe, and indeed of our own island, sets before us. The question whether the English nation is mainly Celtic or Teutonic may indeed be dis-

missed as unworthy of a serious discussion; but it remains unsettled whether the Britons of *Cæsar* and *Tacitus* were or were not all of Celtic blood; whether a race distinct from the Celtic can be traced in Ireland before the invasions of the Norsemen, what was the language and what the affinities of the *Picts*,<sup>1</sup> who down to the tenth century were a considerable nation. The case is much the same with regard to the question of the relation of the Greeks to foreign and especially Oriental peoples. Mr. Gladstone has expended even more than his wonted acumen in detecting the action of a Phœnician influence on the religion and the arts of the Hellenes, and he undoubtedly succeeds in pointing out many traces of it whose existence had not been noticed before. But both here and as respects the influences exercised by Phrygia and Egypt, while the fact is indisputable, we are still unable to decide whether or no there were ever such immigrations into or colonizations of Greece from these countries as the legends of *Pelops*, *Kekrops*, *Danaus*, and *Kadmus* seem to represent. For these legends may be sufficiently explained by supposing, with *Ernst Curtius*, that Greeks settled abroad were the means of introducing into continental Hellas certain arts and the worship of certain gods, or that these arts and this worship had in some undetermined manner filtered into Greece from the countries with which the Greeks were, by trade or otherwise, chiefly brought into contact. In assuming a Phœnician origin for several of the great houses of heroic times, such as the *Æolids* and *Actorids*, Mr. Gladstone goes further than most students will be disposed to follow him; and his doctrine that Homer studiously conceals the foreign origin of the great families from motives of Hellenic patriotism appears incompatible with the perfect

<sup>1</sup> Mr. J. H. Burton, for instance, though he regards the problem as insoluble, inclines to the belief that they were of Germanic or Scandinavian blood; while most of our recent ethnologists take them to be Celts, probably of the Cymric branch.

naturalness and simplicity of his narratives, and with the absence in the poems of any such clearly-marked distinction between Greeks and barbarians as we find existing in the days of Herodotus.

It would be wrong, however, to pass over these chapters of the book without calling attention to the admirably careful examination of Homer's use of what Mr. Gladstone calls the "three great appellatives" of the Greek host—*Argæians*, *Danaans*, and *Achaians*. He shows convincingly that these names, so far from being used at random, have each a specific meaning and specific set of associations; the first being the regular term for the host considered as the inhabitants of Greece, and in particular of Peloponnesus, and applied to the bulk of the host as distinguished from the leaders; the second being a military and traditional name; the third denoting rather the chiefs and aristocracy, and therefore the most honourable name for the nation at large. With an equally delicate precision the use of the title, "*Anax andrôn*," is investigated: it is shown to be restricted to six persons—*Agamemnon*, *Anchises*, *Æneas*, *Augeias*, *Eumelos*, and *Euphetes*—and applied to them in a manner which implies that it was not a commonplace title of honour, but described some peculiar hereditary or personal dignity. The suggestion that it belongs to the representatives of families originally non-Hellenic, and is a trace of a patriarchal or Asiatic state of society, in which the sovereign was "master of men" rather than their legitimate ruler, seems a little too speculative, since in several of the cases cited, such as *Augeias* and *Eumelos*, not to say *Agamemnon*, the foreign origin is very doubtful; and there are many other heroes of supposed foreign blood who do not receive it. But there is good reason to believe with Mr. Gladstone that it expresses a specific relation of its wearer or his family to his or their subjects, and may convey with it what we should call, in modern language, feudal associa-

tions. The cases of *Anchises* and *Æneas*, to whom alone among the Trojans it is applied, seem to point in this direction, since they are the representatives of the old Dardanian dynasty of the hills, which the family of *Priam*, ruling in *Ilium*, had to some extent supplanted.

The seventh, eighth, and ninth chapters, entitled "The Olympian System," contain a very exact and minute account not only of the Homeric mythology, properly so called, but also of the whole view of the supernatural which the poems present, and the various forms under which the action of physical and moral forces of the world is conceived of. The portion of this dissertation most likely to provoke criticism is that which endeavours to establish a connexion between Greek and Hebrew traditions, by tracing to a Jewish source some of the most remarkable characteristics of the Hellenic deities. Mr. Gladstone does not merely deduce the conception of *Zeus* as father of gods and men from a primitive religion of mankind, such as that to which allusions are made in the *Book of Genesis*, but argues that in the figures of *Apollo*, *Athenè*, *Artemis*, and *Leto*, we have evident traces of Messianic tradition:—

"Besides the idea of a Deity which in some sense is three in one, the traditions traceable in Homer, which appear to be drawn from the same source as those of Holy Scripture, are chiefly these:—(1) A Deliverer, conceived under the double form, first of the 'seed of the woman'—a being at once divine and human; secondly of the *Logos*, the Word or Wisdom of God. (2) Next, the woman whose seed this Redeemer was to be. (3) Next, the rainbow considered as a means, or a sign, of communication between God and man. And finally the tradition of an Evil Being, together with his ministers, working under the double form described by *Moloch* in his speech, of 'open war,' and of 'wiles'; as a rebel, and as a tempter. This last tradition is indeed shivered into fragments, such as the giants precipitated into *Tartarus*, and as *Atè* roaming on the earth; with perhaps a portion of the idea lodged in *Kronos*, whose common and only description in Homer is 'Kronos of the crooked thought' (*ἀγκυλομήτης*). The other four traditions appear to be represented in the persons of *Apollo*, *Athenè*, *Leto*, and *Iris*. Of course it by no means follows that they have no other origin than in these traditions, or that, as they stand in Homer, they represent

<sup>1</sup> See, however, among other passages *Il.* x. 539.

such traditions and nothing else. Iris, for example, must evidently be considered as an impersonation of a Nature-Power."—P. 207.

"Not by one, but a crowd of attributes and incidents, they [*i.e.* Apollo and Athenè] are severed from the general body of the Olympian deities of Homer, and closely associated together, though very far from being even substantially identified, far less confused. These attributes are partly intellectual, partly moral. The general result is to render their position grossly anomalous and wholly inexplicable, if the explanation of it is only to be sought in the laws of the Olympian system, or in such traditions as the older nature-worship, or the Egyptian, or Syrian, or Phœnician mythologies could supply.

"But when we turn to the Hebrew annals, we find there a group of traditions, belonging to what may be termed the Messianic order, which appear to supply us with a key to the double enigma. The general characteristics of the Messianic anticipations are in marked conformity with the common prerogatives of Pallas and Apollo. And the distinctions of the two deities fall in, not less clearly, with the twofold form in which those anticipations are presented to us: the one, which pointed to a conception more abstract, and less capable of being confounded with mere humanity; the other, to a form strictly personal, and intimately associated with our nature.

"In these resemblances, there appears to be found a very strong presumption, that the Hellenic portion of the Aryan family had for a time preserved to itself, in broad outline, no small share of those treasures of which the Semitic family of Abraham were to be the appointed guardians, on behalf of all mankind, until the fulness of time should come."—Pp. 287, 288.

How far Mr. Gladstone supposes the Messianic traditions which he discovers in Homer to have been derived from the primitive religion, preserved in its highest purity among the children of Abraham, how far to have been brought from Palestine to Greece by the Phœnicians, we do not very clearly understand. In the latter alternative there would be the difficulty of assuming that the Phœnicians, whose religion was, as we know, antagonistic to the Jewish, were likely to transmit to other nations its most exalted ideas. But, setting this aside, it is surely necessary, in order to establish Mr. Gladstone's propositions, for him to prove two things.

Firstly, it ought to be shown that the Greeks, an eminently imaginative and reflective race, could not have them-

selves developed out of the original conception of Athenè and Apollo as nature-powers, gods of the Air and Light, those very attributes which it is proposed to derive from a foreign source. The Sun-god, which Apollo must have at first been, though in Homer he is distinct from Helios, is naturally the child of the Sky-god (Zeus) and the goddess of Night or the Unseen (Leto); and it seems not impossible to evolve from his functions as Sun-god even that magnificent range of powers and privileges on which Mr. Gladstone so eloquently dilates.

Secondly, it ought also to be shown that the Messianic tradition, in the form stated by Mr. Gladstone, that of "the Logos, the Word or Wisdom of God," was developed sufficiently early, and with sufficient clearness to be capable either of living on among the Pelasgic or Hellenic race after it had moved westwards from the great centre of dispersion, or of being transmitted to them from Palestine in pre-Homeric times. Mr. Gladstone seems inclined to put Homer as early as B.C. 1100, but even taking the later date of 950—850 which is commonly assigned to him, can it be shown that this conception of the Messiah had taken a distinct shape among the Hebrew people in the days of, we will not say of Eli—whom the Jewish chronology places at about 1150 B.C.—but of Rehoboam or Asa?

It is one of the greatest merits of Mr. Gladstone's method of treatment that he brings out so clearly by his analysis of Homer's text the difference between the character and prerogatives with which several among the Olympians are invested in Homer, and those which later Greece gave them. He shows that Hermes and Aphroditè, for instance, want, or have only in a rudimentary form, many of the powers which most distinguish them as the objects of a more modern worship: Dionysus is, so to speak, only just a god, Heracles and the Dioseuri very doubtfully divine; Asclepius is a mere man. To many deities, such as Ares, Aphroditè, Artemis, we find no regular worship offered either



by Greeks or Trojans, while others, as for instance Demeter, do not yet seem to have assumed a prominent place in popular faith. We hear nothing at all of the Phrygian Cybele.

Into the question of the origin of the Olympian system, and the modes of reconciling the discrepancies of legend regarding its members which we find even in Homer, want of space makes it impossible to follow Mr. Gladstone. He seems inclined to give somewhat too great a share to the Phœnicians as moulders of Greek religion, attributing to them not only Aphroditè, whom Homer expressly connects with the half-Phœnicized Cyprus, and who of herself suggests Astarte and Mylitta, but also Hermes and Poseidon. Now Poseidon, as lord of the sea, is surely a necessary part of a system of nature-powers, such as the Greek religion in its origin was,—and his relation to Nereus, whom Mr. Gladstone calls the true Sea-god of the Greeks, may be compared with that which he has so well pointed out as existing between Herè, Gaia, and Demeter, all originally representing Earth, and Apollo and Helios, both forms of the Sun-god. By this elemental character of Poseidon we must explain his most remarkable epithet, Ἐνοσίχθων. Ἐνοσίχθων, and his action in the great earthquake of the twentieth book; it is also in virtue thereof that he is father of the Cyclops. It does not appear that any Phœnician deity had either a name or attributes corresponding to those of Poseidon's, while we find the supreme Phœnician god, Melkarth, represented in Greece by the Sea-god Melicertes, and sometimes identified with Heracles. And while fully admitting the great light which Mr. Gladstone has thrown upon the scenery of the sea-world of the *Odyssey*, and the numerous traces of Phœnician influences which he points out in Homer's account of the wanderings of Odysseus, we doubt whether it follows that the supremacy in those regions of Poseidon necessarily proves him to be a Phœnician god.

Even more interesting than his description of Olympus is Mr. Gladstone's

analysis of what he calls the preternatural beings of the second order—the lesser Nature Powers—the personified moral forces, such as *Até*, *Fate*, and the *Erinnues*. From this he passes by an easy transition to an examination of the ethics of the heroic age. No part of the treatise is more clear, penetrating, or delicate in its discrimination of fine shades of thought, but it must be read as a whole to be properly understood and appreciated. If he sometimes appears to represent Homer a little too much in the light of a moral teacher, rather than the unconscious spokesman of a simple age, Mr. Gladstone nevertheless brings out with admirable force the contrast between the purity and naturalness of his views of human life and society and the far darker vices, which in later ages stood over against the lofty theories of philosophical moralists.

“The morality of the Homeric period is that of the childhood of a race: the morality of the classic times belongs to its manhood. On the side of the latter, it may be urged that two causes in particular tend to raise its level. With regular forms of political and social organization, there grows up in written law a public testimonial on behalf, in the main, of truth, honesty, and justice. For, while private conduct represents the human mind under the bias of every temptation, the law, as a general rule, speaks that which our perceptions would affirm were there no such bias. But, further, with law and order comes the clearer idea and fuller enjoyment of the fruits of labour; and for the sake of security each man adopts, and in general acts upon, a recognition of the rights of property. These are powerful agencies for good in a great department of morals. Besides these, with a more imposing beauty, but probably with less of practical efficacy, the speculative intellect of man goes to work, and establishes abstract theories of virtue, vice, and their consequences, which by their comprehensiveness and method put out of countenance the indeterminate ethics of remote antiquity. All this is to be laid in one scale. But the other would, I think, preponderate, if it were only from the single consideration, that the creed of the Homeric age brought both the sense and the dread of the divine justice to bear in restraint of vice and passion. And upon the whole, after the survey which has been taken, it would in my opinion be somewhat rash to assert that either the duties of man to the deity or the larger claims of man upon man were better understood in the age of Pericles

or Alexander, of Sylla or Augustus, than in the age of Homer."—Pp. 400, 401.

"We have in the poems a picture of Greek marriage as to its unity, freedom, perpetuity; as to the restraint upon it, and as to the manner in which branches of it and substitutes for it were regarded. This picture, so striking in itself, becomes yet more so by comparison with Eastern manners, even as they were exhibited in the Hebrew race. It is also in glaring and painful contrast with the lowered estimate of woman among the Greeks of the classical period, and with their loathsome immorality. More important, however, than any particulars is the general tone of the intercourse between husband and wife. It is thoroughly natural; full of warmth, dignity, reciprocal deference, and substantial, if not conventional delicacy. The fulness of moral and intelligent being is alike complete, and alike acknowledged on the one side and the other. . . . Of rude manners to a woman there is not a single instance in the poems. And to this circumstance we may add its true correlative, that the women of Homer are truly and profoundly feminine. As to the intensity of conjugal love, it has never passed the climax which it reaches in Odysseus and Penelope."—Pp. 410, 411.

In the chapter on the politics of the Homeric age, Mr. Gladstone insists forcibly on the prominence given to the power of speech, as the strongest proof of the spirit of freedom among the primitive Greeks, and the necessity which a sovereign prince lay under of respecting the wishes of his subjects. In this respect, as in so many others, a strong resemblance may be traced between Homeric society and that of the Teutonic tribes at the time when they come upon the stage of authentic history. Like the Achæans, the followers of Alaric, Clovis, and Cerdic recognised a sort of divinity in their great houses, chose their king from one house only, and obeyed him almost implicitly so long as he could maintain his popularity by leading them to victory. But there was no servility in their obedience: the leader dared not act in opposition to the expressed will of his subjects, and, if he did, might find himself, like Clovis in the famous story of the vase of Soissons, defied by a single freeman. To declare peace or war, to pass laws, to allot the spoil and parcel out the conquered land, belonged of right to the assembly of the tribe, although in that assembly the

influence of the sovereign and the chiefs who surrounded him was usually paramount. A Homeric agora, either before Troy or in Ithaca, may well be compared with a *mallum* or *placitum* under the Carolingian kings; though in the latter we have no record of those oratorical displays which Antenor's famous description of the eloquence of Odysseus<sup>1</sup> proves to have been known among the more susceptible and quick-witted Greeks.

"In the Homeric ideas upon Polity, perhaps the most remarkable of all is the distinction accorded to the power of speech. The voice and the sword are the twin powers by which the Greek world is governed; and there is no precedence of rank between them. The power of public speech is essentially a power over large numbers; and, wherever it prevails, it is the surest test of the presence of the spirit and practice of freedom. The world has repeatedly seen absolutism deck itself with the titles and mere forms of liberty, or seek shelter under its naked abstractions; but from the use of free speech as the instrument of governing the people, it has always shrunk with an instinctive horror. The epithets and incidental passages with which Homer honours it, show much of his mind. But the most emphatic testimony to its importance, and to the state of things which it betokens, is the free, signal, and varied excellence of the Homeric Speeches."—P. 341.

"With respect to the power of speech, and the capacity of being moved by it, the performances of the Poet are truly the best picture of the age itself. Unlike great poems, great speeches cannot be made, except in an age and place where they are understood and felt. The work of the orator is cast in the mould offered him by the mind of his hearers. He cannot follow nor frame ideals at his own will; his choice is to be what his time will have him, what it requires in order to be moved by him, or not to be at all.

"If the power of oratory proper is remarkable in Homer, so likewise, and perhaps yet more, is the faculty of what in England is called 'debate.' In Homer's discussions, every speech after the first is commonly a reply. It belongs not only to the subject, but to the speech that went before; it exhibits, given the question and the aims of the speaker, the exact degree of ascent and descent, of expansion or contraction, which the circumstances of the case, in the state up to which they were brought by the preceding address, may require. The debate in the Assembly of the First Book, and that in the Encampment of Achilles, are, as oratorical structures, complete and consummate."

<sup>1</sup> Iliad, iii. 204.

We have not space left to speak of the miscellaneous topics dealt with in Mr. Gladstone's last two or three chapters, although they are by no means the least interesting or valuable part of the book. In his analysis of the outer geography of the *Odyssey* he seems to have sufficiently proved that Homer conceived of a sea extending from east to west to the north of Thrace, and that the voyage of *Odysseus* from *Thrinacia* (which, although not necessarily *Sicily*, is undoubtedly in the west) to the *Isle of Circe*, "where are the dwellings and "dancing-places of the Dawn, and the "risings of the Sun," must have carried him right across it. It may, perhaps, be objected that space cannot be found to the south of this great sea for the pastoral races over whom *Zeus* casts his eyes in the thirteenth *Iliad*—the "Hippomelgoi, Gactophagoi, and Abioi, "justest of men."<sup>1</sup> If the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* are not by one hand,<sup>2</sup> the difficulty disappears, but even on the other hypothesis it is quite conceivable that the author troubled himself but little to have a consistent geographical scheme; he believed in a "wide and terrible sea" to the north, and had also heard of nomad peoples, straying with their flocks over boundless wastes: both are indefinitely localized in the north. In his remarks upon Homeric geography, Mr. Gladstone is throughout clear and practical; his simple method of putting together the various statements to be found in the Homeric text, apart from the explanations and hypotheses of the commentators, has thrown a great deal

<sup>1</sup> It is singular to find at so early a date that association of justice with barbarism which we commonly take to be one of the fictions of a highly civilized age.

<sup>2</sup> Mr. Gladstone expresses a strong opinion in favour of the unity of the authorship of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, but, apparently from want of space, does not discuss the question in detail. It is to be hoped that in his next work he will minutely examine those distinctions not merely in the use of words, but in manner and versification, on which the leading *Chorizontes* lay so much stress. The impressions of readers differ so widely that little is gained by appealing to the general feeling which one may have of likeness or unlikeness between the two poems.

of light on questions that were previously confused or misunderstood.

In some points he might push it even further, by admitting in *Homer* an even slighter knowledge of the geography of the Mediterranean than he seems to assume. It is just as easy to take the land of the *Phaaci*ans to be purely fanciful, in the same sense which *Aeaea* is, as to identify it with *Corfu*; nor is there really any ground but the whim of the later Greeks for connecting *Scylla* and *Charybdis* with the rocks and whirlpools of the *Faro*. As to the stream of circumambient Ocean, it is not impossible that Phœnician tales of the flowing and ebbing of the Atlantic tides may have had something to do with the notion of a river, as well as the currents through the Straits of *Gibraltar* and *Yenikaleh*, which Mr. Gladstone mentions. As respects the Homeric descriptions of colour, he remarks on the strong feeling shown for distinctions of light and shade, as compared with the vague and apparently indiscriminate use of terms denoting the prismatic colours, and draws from this the conclusion that the perceptions of colour, in the latter or proper sense, were still undeveloped among the early Greeks, as we know them to be in the case of children and even of many adults. A still more interesting question is raised in the short discussion given of the traces of a feeling for the beauty of Nature to be found in the Homeric poems. Different as this feeling is from the modern taste for the picturesque, it is, we believe, much stronger in the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* than has been commonly assumed, and certainly clearer and fuller than in any other poem belonging to an equally primitive and simple age. Mr. Gladstone cites the description of the garden of *Alecinous* and the grotto of *Calypso* as instances; and as the latter is intended to be a wild scene, it is an instance of much weight. But perhaps even more stress ought to be laid upon the occasional epithets and phrases which indicate the vivid impression made by natural objects upon the poet's mind.



So Ithaca, though it rears only goats, is called (as Mr. Gladstone remarks) "loverlier than a horse-feeding country;" so Neriton, its chief mountain, is mentioned repeatedly, not as if merely for the purpose of identification, but apparently because the speaker's eye had loved to dwell upon it; so, too, we have the eminently picturesque epithet of mountains, *ὄρεα σκίβεντα*. And the extraordinary fulness and accuracy of the descriptions of sea scenery, show an intense earnestness in watching all its changeful moods which implies a sort of delight in doing so. The truth seems to be that the difference between the Greek feeling and our own lies not in the absence or presence of the enjoyment of the beauties of mountain, stream, and cloud, so much as in this, that our enjoyment has become conscious and reflective. Nature was then simply nature—a series of phenomena unrolled before the eye; and whatever was there of grandeur or beauty was keenly perceived and truthfully described. But just because there was less sense than in modern times of the opposition between man and the external world, there was less of an attempt to transfuse those phenomena with human emotion, and what we call the sentimental or romantic view of Nature was wanting.

This is one of the questions on which we hope to have more light poured by Mr. Gladstone when he gives us the promised Homeric concordance. And in regard to such questions it is strange to think how much, after the admiring labours of five-and-twenty centuries, still remains to be elucidated by a close study of the text. In Homer, more perhaps than in the case of any other author, it may be truly said that there is nothing too small to be worth spending time and pains upon. For the interest and value of the Homeric poems does not lie solely or even mainly in their artistic merits, nor in the wealth of information they supply

to the grammarian, the historian, the comparative mythologist, but rather in the fact that they show in a far richer and more perfect form than any other early compositions, the view which the primitive mind, simple but not barbarous, took of man's life and of the universe. The Hebrew literature is always tinged by the lights and shadows of a strenuous religious and national feeling; the ballads and romances of the Middle Ages, not to speak of the rudeness of the first and the unreality of the second, contain much that is not truly their own—infiltrations, so to speak, from Christianity and from heathen antiquity. But in the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* we have presented to us by a genius, or geniuses, of the highest order, a comprehensive picture of human character and passion, of the forces that move society, of the relations which man sees or fancies he sees existing between himself and nature and the supernatural, a picture wherein all things are so calmly and harmoniously set, that they seem not painted but self-mirrored. Reading them, we think we catch glimpses of the underlying truth of life, stripped of everything artificial and modern; we breathe the air of the world's morning, the fresh free air of the mountain tops. Shakespeare in some respects, Dante and *Æschylus* in others, have doubtless surpassed the Ionian singer, but he remains, if only because he is the first, the most natural, and the most universal. And as the world, growing older, clings more closely to the memory of its childhood, so will it continue to cherish with increasing tenderness and wonder, the poems in which those memories are most perfectly enshrined. It is perhaps the greatest charm of Mr. Gladstone's book that he feels this so ardently, and that he carries this ardour with him, like a quenchless lamp, into the minutest details of his labour.

## A FEW MORE WORDS ON THE ATHANASIAN CREED.

BY PRESBYTER ACADEMICUS.

IN the November number of this Magazine for 1867, on the occasion of the Episcopal Conference at Lambeth, we attempted to call attention to the origin and peculiarities of the Athanasian Creed, trusting that "in the cultivation of a spirit of charity," and through "their desire and resolution to return to the faith and discipline of the undivided Church," the assembled Bishops might see fit to recommend the removal of a comparatively recent document, which has been a source of grave offence to many Christian congregations, and which has been altogether rejected by one of the Churches derived from and still in full communion with our own. In the present number we propose very briefly to recur to the subject, partly in order to supply one or two omissions in the former article, partly in order to commend the matter once more to the attention of some of the more influential members of our Church, and especially to that of the Ritual Commission, which, we believe, has not yet completed its labours.

In what was said in our former article of the proceedings of the Royal Commission of 1689, we followed the account given in Cardwell's "History of Conferences," which is substantially true, but neglected to avail ourselves of the parliamentary paper printed by order of the House of Commons in 1854, which contains an exact account, transcribed from a document in the possession of the Archbishop of Canterbury, of the proceedings of the Commissioners and of the alterations proposed by them in the Book of Common Prayer. The account of the deliberations on the Athanasian Creed is in many respects so curious and interesting that we here extract it in full.

From the Diary of the Proceedings:—  
 "Oct. 23 [1689].—The chief debate  
 "was about the Athanasian Creed. . . It

"was moved either to leave it with an  
 "alias, or to leave 'out the Damnatory  
 "Clauses, or to leave it as it is with a  
 "Rubrick. For it was alleg'd, 1. That  
 "it was antient. 2. Received by our  
 "Church ever since the Reformation.  
 "3. Offence to leave it out; but granted  
 "that if it was to do now, it were  
 "better to omit it.

"It was reply'd by the Bp. of Salisb.  
 "[Burnet]: 1. That the Church of  
 "England received the four first General  
 "Councils, that the Ephesian Council  
 "condemns any new creeds. 2. That  
 "this Creed was not very antient, and  
 "the Filioque especially. 3. That it  
 "condemned the Greek Church, whom  
 "yet we defend.

"It was propos'd by the Bp. of  
 "Worcester. [Stillingfleet], to have a  
 "Rubrick that it shou'd be interpreted  
 "by Article . . . of our Church, and  
 "that the Condemning Sentences were  
 "only as to the substance of the Articles;  
 "which was drawn up and approv'd of."

In consequence of this decision, it  
 was determined to add the following  
 words at the end of the Rubric pre-  
 scribing the use of the Athanasian  
 Creed:—"The Articles of which ought  
 "to be receiv'd and believ'd as being  
 "agreeable to y<sup>e</sup> Holy Scriptures. And  
 "y<sup>e</sup> Condemning Clauses are to be  
 "understood as relating only to those  
 "who obstinately deny y<sup>e</sup> substance of  
 "the X<sup>p</sup> Fayth [according to ye 18th  
 "Article of this Church. These last  
 "words were afterward struck through]."

Of the arguments employed by those  
 who defended the retention of the Creed,  
 it is plain that the second and third  
 would apply to any ecclesiastical change  
 whatever. There are always those to  
 whom a change of any kind will give  
 "offence." But both ecclesiastical and  
 political history teach us the lesson that,  
 if a change be desirable in itself, the  
 neglect to make it will ultimately be-

come a far more serious cause of offence than a timely concession. The stronger brethren have surely their claims on consideration as well as the weaker, —claims which it may be at least as perilous to resist. Had the Church of England conceded this and a few similar points in 1689, how different might have been her relations to Dissent during the last century, and to the higher intelligence of the country at the present time! As to the argument which appealed to the antiquity of the Creed, it is, perhaps, hardly presuming too much on the learning and candour of those who employed it, to suppose that, if they had been acquainted with the present state of the controversy, it would not have been advanced. But far the most remarkable feature in the arguments of the more conservative section of the Commission was the admission that, “if it were to do now, it were better to omit it.” Such is undoubtedly the feeling of many at the present time, who would still, like Stillingfleet and his friends, be loth to surrender the Creed. Let them reflect that, if this had been the prevalent temper at the era of the Reformation, we should probably still be using the missal, and invoking the protection of the saints.

Among Burnet’s arguments, it is curious to find one which would now appeal to the sympathies of a far larger section of Churchmen than it probably did at that time,—“That it condemned the Greek Church, whom yet we defend.” As the same argument, when recently employed by the Dean of Westminster (in *Macmillan* for Feb. 1868, p. 278), has been misunderstood,<sup>1</sup> it may be well to state precisely what is meant by it. Whatever may be the tacit understanding amongst ourselves, there can be little doubt that by the author of the Creed, and by a large number of those who still recite or

read it, the Condemnatory Clauses are understood as applying to those who call in question any, even the smallest, portion of the statements which it contains. Though it may be a tradition in our own Church that the awful denunciations which are put in the mouth of the congregation are directed only against those who deny, in general terms, the doctrines of the Trinity and the Incarnation, this is certainly not the natural construction of the document, nor can we suppose that the ignorant and fanatical priesthood of the age in which the Creed was probably composed (the 8th century), would have entertained the slightest scruple in consenting to endless tortures those who presumed to call in question even the smallest tittle of what they had learnt to regard as the received doctrines of the Church. The unbiassed exercise of the reason was at that time, and long afterwards, regarded in orthodox circles as the most heinous crime of which a man could be guilty. No nice distinctions were drawn between a “doctrine” and its “exposition.” The triumphant air with which the Creed at once announces the eternal damnation of those who reject it is in itself sufficient evidence of the temper in which it was composed. Now the dogma of the Procession of the Holy Ghost from the Son as well as from the Father (against the assertion of which by the Western Church the Greek Church most strenuously protested, and still protests, and which therefore, if not formally denied by members of that Communion, is at least left an open question) is most emphatically affirmed in the so-called Athanasian Creed:—“*Spiritus Sanctus a Patre et Filio, non factus, nec creatus, nec genitus, sed procedens.*” The “*et Filio,*” it certainly seems to us, was in the mind of the author a portion of that “Catholic faith, which except a man believe faithfully he cannot be saved.” To this it is no reply that the Creed, with the exception of the clause “*et Filio,*” occurs in books of devotion recognised by the Orthodox Church, such as the “*Horologion*” spoken of in the letter already referred to, by Mr.

<sup>1</sup> See a Letter to the *Guardian*, July 28, 1869. Mr. Mayow, in the subsequent number, though differing from the conclusions of the Dean of Westminster, pointed out the misconception which was involved in Mr. Baron’s letter.



Baron, or, as we are informed, in the "Sledovannaya Psalter." It may be true that the Greek Church, by thus far recognising the Creed, though it is never recited in her public Offices (a most important point of difference between her case and our own), is, in common with ourselves, exposed to the charge of anathematizing those who call in question any portion of a long, intricate, and in many respects ambiguous, statement; but we add one anathema the more by denouncing an opinion which, if not maintained, is at least allowed within the pale of the Greek Communion itself. And thus it is by no means an improbable supposition that a Greek Christian, induced to attend our services from what he had heard of our desire for unity with his own communion, might hear himself denounced by our congregations as one who "cannot be saved," and "without doubt shall perish everlastingly."

The position of the Greek Church in reference to the Athanasian Creed naturally suggests to us that of the American Church. It is widely known that in the Service-books of that Church the Athanasian Creed has been erased, while two Creeds only, the Apostles' and the Nicene, are mentioned in her Articles. But few are probably aware of the struggle by which the American Church acquired for herself this freedom.

The first Convention<sup>1</sup> of the Protestant Episcopal Church, which was held at Philadelphia in September 1785, determined, among other alterations in the Liturgy and Articles, to omit the Nicene and Athanasian Creeds, and the clause "He descended into hell" in the Apostles' Creed. It was, however, regarded as desirable to obtain consecration for their Bishops from the English episcopate, and hence it was neces-

<sup>1</sup> This account is abstracted from a book entitled "Letters on the Ministry, Ritual, and Doctrine of the Protestant Episcopal Church," by Jared Sparks, A.M., Baltimore, 1820. Bishop Wilberforce, in his "History of the American Church," refers to the communications on the subject of the Creeds which passed between the English Bishops and the American Convention,—but only briefly.

sary that the changes made in the Liturgy should not be distasteful to the leading English prelates. But the extent of these changes had begun to alarm many Churchmen in the mother country; and in a second Convention, a letter was read from some of the English Bishops expressing hesitation in granting episcopal consecration, on account of the changes introduced in the Liturgy. At a third Convention, held at Wilmington, in Delaware, October 1786, a letter was read from the Archbishops, in which, amongst other complaints, they say: "We saw with grief, that two of the confessions of our Christian faith, respectable for their antiquity, have been entirely laid aside." After expressing a wish to continue in spiritual communion with the American Church, and a sincere desire to complete the Orders of their ministry," they add, "We therefore most earnestly exhort you that you restore to its integrity the Apostles' Creed, in which you have omitted one article, namely . . . ; nor can we help adding, that we hope you will think it but a decent proof of the attachment you profess to the services of our Liturgy to give to the other two Creeds a place in your Book of Common Prayer, even though the use of them should be left discontinued." In a letter from the Archbishop of Canterbury, received at the same time, it is said, "But whether we can consecrate any Bishop or not must yet depend on the answers we may receive to what we have written."

Notwithstanding the threat conveyed in this last letter, the Convention remained firm on the subject of the Athanasian Creed. The Nicene Creed they unanimously re-admitted; the clause in the Apostles' Creed was re-inserted with the option of omitting it<sup>1</sup> in the public services; but it was determined by a large majority that the Athanasian Creed should not even have "a place in the Book of Common Prayer," or be

<sup>1</sup> At a later period a third alternative was allowed; to employ in place of the expression "He descended into hell," the words, "He went into the place of departed spirits."

cited as a rule of faith in the Articles. The English Bishops offered no further objection; and thus, while this stumbling-block continues in the English Church, a sore cause of pain and perplexity to many in whom, like the divine Founder of our religion Himself, the spirit of charity is stronger than the reverence for tradition, it has been entirely removed in a Church which derives its Orders from our own, and remains in full communion with us. But though the Bishops were undoubtedly wise in making this concession, they at once exposed themselves to the charge of inconsistency. It is not easy to answer the pertinent question put by the author of a recent pamphlet entitled "A Letter by a Dissenter against his Will:"—"By what right are foreigners admitted into communion, and I, a free-born Englishman, excluded?"

In the long correspondence on the Athanasian Creed which has recently appeared in the columns of the *Guardian*, as well as in the debate in the Upper House in the last session of Convocation, the Damnable Clauses are justified by a reference to Mark xvi. 16, "He that believeth not shall be damned." A person who regards the Athanasian Creed as a paraphrase of the simple word "believeth," and the words "shall perish everlastingly" as an accurate translation of the Greek expression *κατακριθήσεται*, must entertain a peculiar view of the nature of language. But this is not the point to which we at present wish to direct attention. Our Church has been called "the most learned Church in Christendom," a title of which her writers are never weary of boasting. But surely the lamp of learning must be burning with a flickering flame, when we find a passage which is not found in the two oldest manuscripts of St. Mark,<sup>1</sup> and which, if not spurious,

as it probably is, possesses the most doubtful claims to authenticity, spoken of by a distinguished prelate in Convocation as "the statement of our Lord himself," and by a well-known ecclesiastical dignitary in the columns of the leading Church newspaper as "our Lord's own anathema," without—so far as we are aware—these misleading statements being called in question, either in Convocation or in the columns of the *Guardian*. We can hardly suppose that all the prelates present in Convocation were ignorant of the critical difficulties which attach to the latter verses of St. Mark's Gospel; and, if not ignorant of them, we think that at least one of their number might have had the courage to state them. What should we think of an historical or philological society in which a spurious or doubtful passage from some ancient author was quoted as decisive, and was allowed by the other members to pass unquestioned? And, in proportion to the gravity of the subject and the importance of the occasion, is, we conceive, the strength of the obligation to courage and truthfulness. A high tone of morality is the least that can be expected in the chief ministers of an established religion; but the simple love of truth is, we fear, a virtue which theological disputants have still to learn from those whose studies are of a more secular character. The reports of Convocation are probably read by few persons who do not take a direct interest in ecclesiastical matters; and it is well,

relation between the readings of the "Textus Receptus," from which our Authorized Version is translated, and those of the three oldest manuscripts of the New Testament, the Sinaitic, Vatican, and Alexandrian. The need of even such elementary information on the criticism of the sacred text is painfully apparent from the manner in which our clergy, not excluding our Bishops, constantly quote, both in their sermons and in theological controversy, spurious or doubtful passages as "words of our Lord himself," "utterances of the inspired penman," and the like. Those who profess a peculiar reverence for the very words of Scripture might, at least, be expected to employ the utmost pains to ascertain what those words are, and on what authority they rest.

<sup>1</sup> The Vatican and the Sinaitic. In both these manuscripts the last twelve verses of St. Mark are absent. The English reader can now, at the small cost of 1s. 6d., obtain accurate information (of which a notice appeared in the September number of this Magazine), through the Tauchnitz New Testament, as to the exact

perhaps, for the reputation of Convocation that it is so.

But perhaps we are fighting a forlorn hope. It may be that the English, like the Romish, Bishops and clergy have determined to throw themselves on the ignorance of the uneducated and half-educated masses, and to make no effort to ally the Church with the growing intelligence of the times. Symptoms of such a determination are not wanting, and meanwhile the necessity for an opposite policy is becoming daily more urgent. Any careful observer of the tendencies of modern society may verify for himself the fact that it is the highest intellect of the nation which is most entirely alienated from the services and doctrines of the Church—that it is the stronger, and not the weaker, brethren whom it is now the most needful to gain. Will our ecclesiastical rulers recognise this fact, and attempt to provide in the Church of England a religion which, while it satisfies the deepest cravings of the spiritual nature, shall not be inconsistent with the most profound knowledge of the age; or will they, taking their stand on the exact determinations of some past synod or council, repudiate all the discoveries of history, criticism, and science, and declare themselves at open war with intellect and learning? If they select the latter alternative, the end cannot be far off. It is indeed the primary duty of the parish priest to “preach the Gospel to the poor,” but the ecclesiastical ruler must take a wider view of the needs of mankind and the prospects of religion. A Church or religion which no longer commands the allegiance of the higher intelligence of a nation must sooner or later (though the time may be counted by decades and not by years) cease to retain its hold on the faith of the poor and ignorant. Those of our Bishops and clergy who are anxious to avert so great a calamity

would be wise at once to address themselves to the task. And, however difficult in many cases it may be to reconcile reverence for the past with the more extended knowledge and searching logic of the present day, the course to be adopted in the case which we are now considering is plain and unmistakable. Here is a document of no great antiquity, which is not improbably a forgery of the eighth century, and is certainly not the production of the Father with whose name it is generally associated; which anathematizes one large branch of the Christian Church, and has been repudiated by a daughter community of our own; which, according to the opinion of those who advocate its retention, contains no essential doctrine not already affirmed by the other Creeds, but which to many, on account of its uncharitable denunciations, has become a grave cause of offence. While, in the view of others, it only casts additional obscurity on the doctrines which it is intended to explain.<sup>1</sup> What but the most unreasoning spirit of conservatism—a spirit which must be fatal in the course of time to the very existence of the institutions which it so passionately admires—can account for the retention of a symbol which at once serves so slight a purpose<sup>2</sup> and creates so grave a scandal?

1 On the question of the intrinsic merits of the Creed, as well as on that of its age and probable origin, the reader is referred to our former article, which appeared in November 1867, and to which this is only supplementary.

<sup>2</sup> We are here assuming that the advanced Anglo-Catholic school of the future is not likely to require the Creed for a purpose similar to that for which it is employed at Naples. When the recitation of the Nicene Creed is found ineffectual to produce the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius, recourse is had to the Athanasian Creed, which, owing doubtless to the superior vigour of its language, is frequently, as on a recent occasion, found to be efficacious. (See *Times* of Sept. 28.)



## SIMMENTHAL.

FAR off the old snows evernew  
 With silver edges cleft the blue  
     Aloft, alone, divine ;  
 The sunny meadows silent slept,  
 Silence the sombre armies kept,  
     The vanguard of the pine.

In that thin air the birds are still,  
 No ringdove murmurs on the hill  
     Nor mating cushat calls ;  
 But gay cicalas singing sprang,  
 And waters from the forest sang  
     The song of waterfalls.

O Fate ! a few enchanted hours  
 Beneath the firs, among the flowers,  
     High on the lawn we lay,  
 Then turned again, contented well,  
 While bright about us flamed and fell  
     The rapture of the day.

And softly with a guileless awe  
 Beyond the purple lake she saw  
     The embattled summits glow ;  
 She saw the glories melt in one,  
 The round moon rise, while yet the sun  
     Was rosy on the snow.

Then like a newly-singing bird  
 The child's soul in her bosom stirred ;  
     I know not what she sung :—  
 Because the soft wind caught her hair,  
 Because the golden moon was fair,  
     Because her heart was young.

I would her sweet soul ever may  
 Look thus from those glad eyes and grey,  
     Unfearing, undefiled :  
 I love her ; when her face I see,  
 Her simple presence wakes in me  
     The imperishable child.

FREDERIC W. H. MYERS.

## THE MAISON PATERNELLE AT METTRAY.

BY H. LATHAM, M.A. FELLOW AND TUTOR OF TRINITY HALL.

Most people have heard of the admirable Reformatory for juvenile offenders at Mettray, near Tours, which was established many years ago by a French nobleman, now deceased, and the Conseiller de Metz, who is still at its head. The system of this Reformatory has been studied by most of our authorities on matters of prison discipline, and has often been fully described; but there is another institution at the same place, also under the direction of M. de Metz, which has not been very long in operation, and is much less known. This is "La Maison Paternelle"—which is in fact a prison for unmanageable lads of the upper classes. Youths of from eleven to twenty may, on the complaint of their parents to the President of the Provincial Tribunal, be committed to this house of correction. They are imprisoned, each in a cell by himself, for a period of from one month to three according to the circumstances of the case. The place is not generally shown, but in the summer of 1868 I got permission, through the kindness of some friends, to go over the building, and was furnished, in the most obliging manner, with all the information I desired. We can hardly conceive in England that a parent should send his boy of twelve years old to undergo three months of solitary confinement,—for solitary it is, excepting that each prisoner is visited by instructors in the branches of study he requires. The boys are treated with gentleness, well fed when not refractory, and the Principal talks to them from time to time, with, as I was assured, and as I believe, a quite parental tenderness. But however kindly he be spoken to, a boy must feel that he has been sent to gaol. His parents' claim to his affections will seem invalidated by their thus invoking the help

of the State in dealing with him, and it will seem natural to us English, that he should come out, as I heard that many lads do come out, with a rooted hatred of all existing institutions.

French parents seem generally to be indulgent and affectionate, and though I was told that, in certain classes in Paris, family life was rotten, and the children neglected, yet what I saw in the provinces gave me a favourable idea of French feelings.

Such a thing then as the Maison Paternelle jars on a traveller's feelings; it seems out of keeping with the people. A gaol seems a cruel and degrading remedy for childish faults; most Frenchmen, on the other hand, are horrified at our employment of corporal punishment: I met, however, with many teachers who thought that some form of it, used with judgment, might obviate the necessity of constant minor punishments, and of the Maison Paternelle as a supreme terror. We may well ask, "Is such a place necessary, and if so, why?" To the first question, the reply is made, "Something of the kind seems to have been necessary, because it grew up of itself; it arose to meet an evil that was crying for cure. It was not originally part of our system, but now and then the system had to do with such intractable materials that it would not work, so we have got this to make it work."

"Our system of higher education," I was again told, "is an elaborate instrument, most complete to behold, perfectly made out in all its parts; it enables the minister to say in the Chamber, 'I can tell what lesson every boy in France is saying at this moment.'" But it is a machine, and deals with all alike. The mass of boys is shovelled in at one end, the handle is turned, and

the average youths come out moulded into something like the same shape, with the regulation stamp, but an abnormal subject gets thrown out or crushed.

"The class must be treated as one" is an axiom on the Continent. If a boy falls behind, so much the worse for him. The mechanism must not be put out for an individual. Such rigid systems work ill in the case of any strong idiosyncrasy; that humouring of an eccentric or strong-willed boy, which is often so well managed in England by a master who has tact, and the gift of divining what is going on in a boy, is out of the question in France. The rector understands organization; the professors are learned in their subjects, the *maîtres d'études* are alive to all the tricks and evasions of the boys, but it is nobody's business to understand a boy, to enter into his feelings and ways of judging things; he is not approached through his affections or his *esprit de corps*, he is viewed solely as a subject to be kept in order and taught. This view of their province as educators French teachers carry out with great diligence, but to English minds it is a narrow one, and some Frenchmen are beginning to allow this. In contrasting English with Continental education in general, we find that with us more is thought of the human being, and less of the knowledge imparted, than abroad. The foreigners ask, What will he know? the Englishman, What will he be?

Very little choice is given in general education in France. In order to enter upon any career, a youth must obtain a diploma of Bachelier ès Lettres, or Bachelier ès Sciences; the former is most commonly required. The course of study is laid down pretty minutely in Government programmes, and the examinations are held at various provincial centres. There are no universities, as in England and Germany, where students reside, though the *écoles normales* supply something of this kind for special instruction. One lyceum hardly differs from another in anything but diet and charges. At Paris a boarder pays 1,200f. (48l.) per annum;

in the country, 800f. or 900f., but an English boy would complain of starvation. There are also colleges, which are in the hands of the clergy, and these seem in favour with a great body of the people. The studies in these, like those at the lyceum, are directed according to the programme for the two examinations for diplomas, but the teaching is carried on by those who live among the boys; they make a family of them, and a better feeling exists than in the lyceum, where there is a cold air of official and almost military routine. The professor at the lyceum probably has private pupils, and attends for his hour or two at the school as at an office, and only knows the pupils as members of the class. Supervision is maintained by *maîtres d'études*, who are usually regarded by the boys as spies. There is no one like the master of a house at a public school, whose business it is to keep his eye on the boy all through his course; no one who would be able to give his friends hints about his character, and advice about his profession; neither is there any room for the growth of that affection between master and boys which of late years has been so commonly found in England, and which has had certainly a good effect both on morals and manners. A lyceum, in its organization, reminded me more of the Woolwich Academy, such as it was thirty years ago, than of any other English institution. The examination for the Baccalauréat involves a great number of subjects, and these cannot be all got into the school work, except by keeping the boys eleven hours a day in school. I heard from the boys that, during a great part of this time, they were furtively playing: this one might conjecture. Every now and then an offender is detected, and punished. The punishments are, impositions, keeping in, standing against a wall in the playground, imprisonment on bread and water, the black-hole, and finally expulsion. Reports of misconduct are also sent to the friends of the boy. It was observed to me, that a new offence grew out of the punishment of an old



one : an imposition is not done properly, and is doubled in consequence, or a boy who is kept-in talks out of the window, for which he is further detained ; and so an unlucky wight gets into a long series of troubles from a fault originally trifling. Again, it was said the punishments are too much of the same sort ; they are only different in degree, not in kind. The difference between one and the next greater is not sufficient to frighten a boy ; and in time, by being always in disgrace, he gets to look upon rebellion as his *rôle*, and acts up to his part ; for boys readily adopt a *rôle*—*e.g.* a boy who finds that he is set down as a wag, affects waggery all the more studiously. Even expulsion has little terrors for a young boy. He is glad to be quit of the lyceum ; the evils of the punishment do not take hold of his imagination ; they operate heavily indeed in after-life, but he looks only to the present. Besides, by inflicting this, you are doing the boy the very injury which school-punishments are meant to prevent his bringing on himself, you are damaging his prospects in <sup>1</sup>life ; and when he is expelled, what is to be done with him next ?

I was told the following story to show how lightly a hardened young scape-grace regarded expulsion, and to illustrate the necessity for some greater terror in the background. A lad of about fourteen had run through the whole course of punishment at a lyceum, and remained incorrigible. There could be no order in a class when he was present ; he was an adept in every kind of trick, he had driven the unhappy *maîtres d'études* nearly wild, and nothing remained but to get rid of him. So, at the end of the half-year, when the students were ranged on each side of the hall, and the authorities were col-

lected at the end, the offender was brought forward. The Rector then addressed him :—“ Monsieur, your conduct, since you have been a pupil here, has caused us the most lively regret. The most earnest remonstrances of your teachers, the most affectionate solicitations of your friends, punishments most unwillingly inflicted, have alike proved unavailing ; nothing remains but to free this establishment from the presence of one whose behaviour has been ruinous to order, and whose example has been most pernicious. Nothing remains but that you should be returned into the hands of your justly-incensed father and your weeping mother (*notre père justement courroucé et votre mère toute éplorée*) ; you are expelled from this lyceum, and no other lyceum in France will receive you.” Whereupon the young scamp, carrying out his *rôle* of bravado to the last, threw up his cap, and cried, “ Hurrah ! no end of holidays ” (*vacances perpétuelles*).

The sting of expulsion for a young boy, it was observed, lies in parental displeasure ; but in most of these cases, “ the incensed father ” had been brought into action so often that he had lost his terrors. Such a boy would, before this, have frequently have gone home with a bad report, and been in disgrace all the holidays. I heard the evil of this system of sending home complaints much dwelt upon. They said, It carries into the family the ill-feeling which reigns in the lyceum ; it imposes on the parent the duty of punishing, and so turns home into school. Instead of a boy's affection growing, by looking forward to a warm greeting, he goes home in a spirit of distrust or defiance, and is met with a shake of the head, with an assumed coldness, or with lamentations and reproofs. Confidence in his father is destroyed, he ceases to look on him as a friend, and one object in placing him in the hands of preceptors is defeated. Part of the hatred of everybody and everything which was found in some of the inmates of the Maison was, it was thought, engendered in this way.

<sup>1</sup> I have heard complaints of a similar nature with regard to the present system adopted in punishing naval cadets. For a serious breach of rules they are sent away for a time, or placed at the bottom of their batch,—this affects their position in the service, so that an officer may miss the command of a ship when he is fifty, for some breach of discipline committed when he was fifteen.

No doubt, such evils may arise from frequent complaints ; and schoolmasters should exercise, as I believe they usually do, careful judgment in making them. But they have a difficult part to play ; it is a delicate task to draw the line between their responsibility and that of the parent, and the latter should not wish to shrink from his fair share.

I must now relate what I saw and what I was told on my visit to the Maison Paternelle. Its *raison d'être* was given me in a single sentence : "With us the State represents the schoolmaster, and, to some extent, the parent as well ; and this is its rod."

The idea of this establishment was suggested to M. de Metz by a gentleman who was visiting the Reformatory, and who said, "You have done all this to reclaim poor boys : can you do nothing for us of a higher rank, whose hearts are being broken by their sons ?" M. de Metz considered the suggestion, planned the Maison Paternelle, and obtained the requisite authority from the Government.

On reaching Mettray I got the fullest and frankest information from those who showed me the institution. The Maison Paternelle is worked by the same managers as the Reformatory, and is part of the same concern ; the institution on the whole is a well-acknowledged success, and it has this characteristic of institutions whose stability is insured, viz. that those belonging to it speak freely of any particular shortcomings. "You are sensible people in England," said the gentleman to whom I had brought a letter ; "when a boy will not obey his parents or masters, *tout simplement on le donne le fouet*, and so you have no need of a Maison Paternelle."

The actual Maison Paternelle is a long narrow building attached to the back of the chapel used by the inmates of the Reformatory (the *colons*, as they are called), and of the same breadth with it. The object of this mode of construction will be seen presently. The building has two stories, the plan of each is the same ; a broad passage runs down the centre, and cells of about ten feet by eight are

arranged on each side ; there is in most of them a partition separating a small sleeping-closet from a little study ; they are furnished with different degrees of comfort. Some had a hammock with only a table and chair, others had a bed and a bookcase, with an engraving or two on the walls, and one or two were quite comfortably furnished, looking something like a study at a public school : these are called *cellules de luxe* ; they were empty when I was there. Thirty boys were in the place, and fifteen more were to come when the lyceums broke up—the Maison would then be full. The young offenders on arriving are put into a cell with a hammock ; and if they conduct themselves well, and are supposed to be penitent, they are removed into more comfortable quarters. They are called at five or six in the morning, and each boy has to make his bed, and clean his room : a very young boy would be helped by one of the warders. Each boy takes his meals in his cell. The diet is much the same as would be supplied at a lyceum. Twice in the day each boy is taken by himself into a yard for exercise ; teachers come over from Tours, and give to each boy separately the instruction he requires, and set him his lessons. Twice in the week, each boy, if well-behaved, is taken out by one of the officials for a walk by himself, and sometimes is allowed to bathe in the river, but all is so arranged that no boy shall ever see another.

If it were known that a boy had been incarcerated in the Maison Paternelle, it would of course be a slur on him through life, and, in consequence, great precautions are taken to keep the fact of his imprisonment a secret. (Two brothers were once in the House at the same time, but neither knew that the other was there.) The friends usually give out that the boy is gone to a tutor's ; and his name is known only to the Principal : the rest of the establishment only know a boy by the number which is given him on his arrival. Thus a boy has to carry a secret about with

him through life, and one would fear that to keep this must often require some sacrifice of truth.

There is a difficulty about attending service in chapel. At the end of the central passages, there is a large door opening into the chapel at the back of the altar. During service time, these doors are thrown open, and the door of each cell is half-opened, so as to slant towards the open doors at the end; and by this means a boy sitting near the door at the entrance of his cell can hear, and just see, the priest who is officiating at the altar. Warders prevent the boys from coming into the passage, or even looking into it; any attempt to do so is severely punished.

For punishment, they are put on the diet of the "*colons*," or else on bread and water for a short time, or removed into cells nearly dark, which are under the building.

I was told that the boys, on first arriving, are frequently furious for two or three days; that they often tore their hammock and bedding to pieces, smashed their table and chair, and would not listen to any instruction. After some time they usually grew calm; sometimes the inconvenience of being without a bed or any furniture brought them to a more reasonable frame of mind, and when penitent a fresh hammock and furniture were given them. The officials treat the boys gently and kindly; the Principal visits them in their cells, and tries the effect of persuasion. If they show penitence, and are diligent in their work, they gain some little indulgence; one such indulgence is to give a boy *un petit compagnon*, i. e. to allow him to have in his cell a bird in a cage.

The period of each boy's imprisonment is fixed at first according to the circumstances of the case, and it did not appear that the period could be shortened by good behaviour; the most that a boy could obtain would be promotion to one of the *cellules de luxe* which I have spoken of.

When a parent wishes to send his boy to the Maison Paternelle, he applies to the President of the Tribunal of his

district, who gives him an order, which is a warrant for the detention of the boy. The payment made by the parent for his son is about 150 francs per month.

Neither the officials, nor those who had visited the boys as instructors (I was not allowed to see any boy myself), gave very favourable accounts of the effect of the system, as producing reformation in the boy where any serious evil existed. The boys, they said, found it answer to pretend to be penitent. The use of the place is less as a reformatory than as something to be held up *in terrorem* by parents and schoolmasters to overawe the rebellious spirit which seems to be more rife amongst French boys than those of other nations.

I was told of one case of a boy, not twelve years old, who had lost his father, and so entirely refused all obedience to his mother that she had been obliged to send him to the Maison Paternelle. My informant had remonstrated with the boy, assuring him that his mother was most attached to him, and pointing out the misery he was causing her. The boy agreed to all this, and admitted that his mother had been always kind to him; but, he said, one of his companions had told him, that a *man* ought not to be subject to a woman, and subject he would not be. I quite agreed with my informant that some more summary proceedings might have changed this young gentleman's views, without his being sent to a gaol; but the Code Napoléon prohibits the application which, certainly in old times, would have been administered under the circumstances in England.

A gentleman high in the Educational Department was visiting Mettray, and asked M. de Metz if he had among these boys any thoroughly wrongheaded ones, any *mauvaises têtes*? "I have indeed," was the reply. "Can I see one?" "Certainly." So the visitor was shown into the cell of a hardened offender, and tried all his persuasive powers on him; but he allowed that he was quite foiled. "I cannot get," said he, "a good word from him." He had



tried to get at his better nature in all ways. He had spoken of his parents, of his country, of *la gloire*, finally of *le bon Dieu*; but the boy stoutly maintained his indifference or his aversion to all, and, I am sorry to say, expressed himself not the least strongly on the occasion of the final appeal.

But the picture has its lights as well as its shades. When a boy's disposition had settled into malignity, nothing indeed could be done; the boy in his long solitude would brood over his wrongs. But it seemed that even the bad ones owned the gentleness and kindness of the managers at Mettray; their animosity was not against them, but against their parents, against the rector of the lyceum, and their natural enemies, the *maîtres d'études*, who had been the causes of their imprisonment.

At Mettray, the nature of young people, especially that of bad boys, is the peculiar study of those in office; they get to understand their ways of thinking, and to put themselves *en rapport* with them, for which, as I said before, there is no scope at a lyceum. Hence, some young boys at Mettray, who were not ill-disposed, but who had fallen into disgrace from idleness or unruly vivacity, and then from not doing their impositions had got into graver troubles, came to a very friendly understanding with the authorities, and soon obtained such indulgence as could be granted. Some of these boys, having nothing else to do, went to work, I was told, in good earnest, and on leaving, passed examinations in which they had entirely failed before; but for such cases the regimen is a severe one. Thus the only cases in which any good is done in the way of reformation are those in which so rigorous a treatment seems unjustifiable.

A lad who had been expelled from one lyceum for impertinence, had retrieved his character at Mettray, and been admitted at another. Here again his quick temper brought him into collision with the authorities, and he was sent away; a small sum of money

was given him to take him home, but instead of going home, he made his way to Mettray, and begged the Vice-Principal to write to his friends, and meanwhile to lock him up.

Only one instance of escape had occurred, and in that case the boy was recovered by the police, was brought back, and immured in an underground cell. But though the system failed in reforming bad boys, yet teachers and others all declared that some such punishment was necessary as a terror, something which should take hold of the imagination of boys; and this the mystery attaching to the place, and the long period of the punishment, seemed to do. Expulsion, or the modified form, "removal at the suggestion of the authorities," is inflicted so frequently, that parents, I was told, cry out, "What are we to do with our bad boys? Does the State, which is the sole schoolmaster, suppose that it is only to take charge of the good ones? A boy of fifteen cannot be put to work yet, and where is he to go for the next three years?" We in England sometimes hear it complained of, that boys are sent away from certain schools before correction has been fully tried; with us, however, there is the resort of the private tutor, but this is not always effective, and he would be too expensive an article for France. This very summer (1869), 150 boys were expelled from the principal lyceum at Paris, in consequence of an *émeute*, which originated in their finding fault with their provisions. Such a circumstance, which in England would have made a prodigious stir, passes off with but slight comment in France. Only the strongest schools in England could expel twenty boys without seriously "sending the school down," but a lyceum can be no more sent up or down than the Woolwich Academy.

Educational institutions are Government affairs on the Continent, and parents, having but little choice about education, appear to resign themselves to whatever happens, more peaceably than we do. Rectors of lyceums, it

is said, like French officials in general, are not very tolerant of complaints, and the parent who writes to the newspapers is unknown abroad. I was told at Bonn, that four students had died from wounds in duels in a year and a half; this would answer to ten being killed in that time at Cambridge, taking the proportion of the numbers of students. We may conceive the storm of indignation that would arise in such a case in England—in Prussia it is hushed up.

I made many inquiries on the subject of education, and I found a general feeling, both amongst the public and the professors, that the boys are overworked in the lycæums. An eloquent denunciation of the system has been put out by M. Victor de Laprade, in a little book called "L'Éducation Homicide." Eleven hours a day in school seems very heavy, and of course it makes such a thing as work out of school impossible. Indeed, the course for the degree of Bachelier includes so many subjects, that though each is compressed into a short manual, framed after the official programme, a boy's head can have no room for anything else. Neither in France nor Germany is there the voluntary work out of school which is done by a few boys in England, who have a natural taste for reading. All is lessons, and little is learnt which is not taught in school; but, on the other hand, there are none so idle as the "ruck" of fifth-form boys with us. The class of parents who let their sons find out that they care little whether they learn or not, hardly exists abroad.

I found the teachers at the lycæums often dissatisfied with their position. "The Government," they say, "constructs the educational machine for the whole country; it only gives us a handle to turn, and we all grind out the same article all over the country. We have not to educate, but to prepare for fixed

pass-examinations. We hear of your masters being devoted to getting their school up; nothing of this kind is possible with us. Your masters regard the boys as their own; our duty is not so much to the boys as to the State."

I passed from France into Prussia, and there I found no need of a Maison Paternelle; partly perhaps because the gymnasia are mainly, if not entirely day-schools, and the daily work is not so excessive; partly because the examination on leaving school for the University, which answers in part to the Baccalauréat in France, can be adapted to the wants of individuals, and is conducted within the school in a family way, but mainly because the State furnishes the schoolmaster with a scourge as much dreaded as the Maison Paternelle can possibly be.

If a boy cannot pass the examination for getting into the highest form but one—the *secunda*—at the gymnasium, and does not stay in it a year, he is not entitled as an educated person to serve in the army as a volunteer, but must go as a common soldier. That is, instead of serving in his own town, and being drilled once or twice a week, much as our volunteers are, he must go into a barrack with his regiment, wherever it may be quartered, and be subject to the heavy military punishments of Prussian discipline; and this for three years instead of one. Two thousand young men are said to have fled from Frankfort this summer, to avoid such service. The terror of this retains dull lads of the better classes plodding away at the gymnasia sometimes till they are twenty-two, kept in good behaviour by the dread of being dismissed, in which case they would at once be seized on for the army. On telling this to my French friends on my return, "Ah," said they, "if we could threaten our collegians with three years of barracks, we could do without our Maison Paternelle."

## ESTELLE RUSSELL.

## CHAPTER XXXVIII.

## A MEETING.

"MY Raymond," Estelle wrote to her husband, "when can you come to me? I would not tell you how I missed you, while you were watching poor old Grand-papa, but I may say it now. I do say it. Raymond, I am wearying for you. Even your letters become tame and dry to me, because I want you, your own self, so much. Cannot your mother and Hortense get on together for a little while?"

It was the answer to this letter that sent her out late one afternoon under the beech-trees in the park, in the broad walk above the Gave.

Raymond refused to come.

Told her—she could hardly believe it—to have patience yet a little longer; to be calm, and wait.

When a woman, habitually exercised in the practice of calmness and patience, is exhorted thereunto as if she had failed in both, it is just the way to make her very angry and very impatient.

And Estelle was very angry. So angry, that she had put on her bonnet after getting her husband's letter, and had come out under the beech-trees to reason with herself, and let her anger evaporate in walking to and fro, without a word to Mrs. Russell or Lisette.

It was not Raymond she was angry with, in reality, although she had crumpled and twisted his letter so. It was Madame.

Madame, who had been already so cruel to her; who had tried to separate her and her boy; who had tried once before to make mischief between her and her husband; who was trying now, steadfast in hard-heartedness, in spite of the widowhood that might have softened her, if anything could.

Raymond wrote kindly: she had to confess that, as she read his letter over; but it was too hard to have him kept from her, all because Madame choose to tyrannize.

But how could Madame, who had plagued her husband in one way or another for so many years, understand what it was to want a husband, except as somebody to plague *ad libitum*?

Now she would plague Raymond; and Raymond would come back to his wife by and by, nervous, irritable, out of tune, to be soothed to rest.

It was soothing to her own mind to feel so sure of her power in this respect: a mesmeric power he had once called it, when the touch of her soft fingers and the coo of her voice had exorcised the brain-weariness arising from much deep thought.

Her anger against Madame evaporated as she walked on, thinking of this. She took patience; nay, she went so far as to give Raymond credit for his strength of mind in keeping away from her.

She forgot the obnoxious exhortation that had roused her to anger, and simply accepted the fact—that he could not come yet; that she must wait a while.

She could not, did not, forgive Madame: how could she? For she was—she had long felt it instinctively—her enemy, and a dangerous one. She felt now that she was at her old work—mischief-making.

But she must wait. She could not write to Raymond, "Your mother hates me, chooses to hate me. Why, she best knows; but so it is. She is not lonely in reality; but she makes you believe it is so, in order to separate you from me."

She would not say this, simply because Madame was her husband's mother.

"And it must end—it must," she thought, as she walked up and down the leafy avenue along by the Gave.



By and by, when the summer came, Madame would get tired of having her château empty, would fill it with her friends and acquaintances as in by-gone times; enjoy society in a grave, private, decorous kind of way, and let Raymond go.

She walked on, a little stirred perhaps;—or rather, less passively sorrowful—for a quiet, deep undercurrent of sorrow had grown to be her habitual mood—but able to drink in the beauty of the scene around; drink deeply, though not as in the dear days when the angel of Death seemed far off.

Yet who, in sorrow or gladness, could see that long panorama of stream and hill and forest and jagged snow-crest unmoved?

When the very water, as it tumbled over rock and stone downward to the broad Atlantic—its last home—sang, Glory be to God!

She stayed, listening to it, and to the sigh of the warm spring breeze and the note of the cuckoo, till the lengthening shadows warned her to return home. The park was becoming deserted. She heard the Béarnaise nursemaids calling the children from their play on the grassy slopes, and the receding carriage-wheels at the park entrance. As the silence grew, the tumbling, whirling Gave sang louder and louder, Glory be to God!

And on earth, peace!

Peace, in despite of a mother-in-law's mischief-making.

But at that moment she heard a child's cry—a pitiful, tired cry, that made her forget Madame, and hurry onwards in the direction from which it proceeded.

Down in the midst of fern and long grass lay the owner of the childish voice, a well-dressed little girl. Estelle called to her first in French and then in English. The little maiden stopped crying and raised her head, and Estelle recognised her as one of the pretty children whose play she was in the habit of watching from her balcony.

“My pet, how came you there?” she cried, hastening down to her.

“I was playing hide-and-seek with

some little girls, and I lost my shoe, and can't find it anywhere,” the child answered, relapsing into sobs, and showing a dainty little foot, only protected by a silk stocking stained by the rank grass.

“Poor little darling!” She looked so dreadfully forlorn in spite of her fine dress, that Estelle stooped down without a word more and kissed her warmly.

“Now then,” she said, when the child had returned her kiss, “we won't cry any more. We will try to find this shoe.”

But after a long search it became evident that the shoe was irretrievably lost, and that the little maiden must get home without it. She looked discolorately at her shoeless foot, and the tears gathered in her eyes again.

“I think I must try to carry you,” said Estelle. “If we can manage to get down as far as the lower walk, we may meet a boy or a peasant woman, perhaps, and I will send for a carriage to take us home.”

The child was not very heavy—not so heavy as her own boy had been. But mothers do not feel the weight of their own children. Estelle was obliged to rest as soon as she came to a seat. Then it struck her as very comical that she should be carrying Julia's child. Raymond would be vexed if the little adventure led to a renewal of acquaintance, as it would very likely, and no help for it. But it was comical, nevertheless. It struck her as very strange that the child should be all alone, however; it seemed like neglect on the part of the attendant. Such a finely-dressed child might have been stolen for the sake of its clothes. She asked how she came to be alone. Had she run away from her nurse?

“Nurse doesn't like France,” said the child, “and she went away yesterday. And Papa took me out. The little girls asked me to come and play, and he said I might. He said he would come for me when he had done reading the newspaper; but he didn't come. And afterwards the little girls were gone, and I couldn't find them, and I couldn't find

Papa. And I lost my shoe. Don't you tell Mamma that, because she will scold Papa and make him cough."

Estelle tried not to smile at these frank domestic revelations.

"Won't Papa scold you?" she asked.

"I don't think he will—not much," said the child; "not if I give him lots of kisses."

"Why is your sister not with you?"

Estelle asked next, as she walked on slowly, with the child clinging round her neck.

"Mamma took Bessie with her. They are gone a long way. Bessie is Mamma's pet," was the answer.

"I can see Papa," she suddenly cried out, pointing to a stooping figure seated on a bench near the end of the avenue.

"Keep still, dear, else I cannot hold you," Estelle exclaimed, for the little one had started up in her arms, and was stretching forward eagerly, crying—

"Papa! Papa!"

The figure turned. It was the gentleman whom she had seen enter the house muffled up in the tartan comforter; the owner of the bad cough she heard at night, when she sat alone in the drawing-room after her mother was gone to bed.

He rose, hearing the little one's repeated cry, and came towards them, folding his newspaper and crushing it hastily into his pocket. He came on with the inquiring uncertain air that very near-sighted people have; came on quickly, and then stopped to cough, leaning on his stick. And Estelle, coming closer with her little burthen, saw, with a sudden flash of recognition, the man whom she had loved years ago; the man for whom she had once counted it gain to wait a lifetime.

He bared his head with a look of courteous inquiry. He was very bald, and his hair was grey. The mouth was too compressed. The old expression of patient waiting was gone, replaced by lines of sour disappointment, of weariness, of disgust even.

She stood and looked for one instant. Could this be the man she had loved so dearly when she was Estelle Russell?

He did not seem to recognise her. She explained briefly how she had found the child; the little one also putting in her word, to ask if the lady might go home in the carriage with them.

As Estelle spoke, a look of half-recognition passed over her old lover's face. It softened a shade or two, as he said:

"I cannot express how much I am indebted to your kindness. I had no idea what trouble my poor little girl was in. Maudie, I hope you thanked this lady." Then with a look of uncertainty—"I am distressed at the fatigue you have been put to. May I know to whom I am so much indebted? My wife—Lady Vivian—will call and thank you." Then the old, hard look came back.

"This is the lady who lives upstairs," the child broke in.

"I am Madame de Montaigu," said Estelle simply. "I am staying with my mother, Mrs. Russell, on the second floor at Maison Labadie. I shall be happy to make Lady Vivian's acquaintance."

"I think we knew each other some years ago," said the Baronet. "I was Louis Vivian when I met you."

His voice trembled a very little, and his face softened for one instant, and then grew hard as iron again.

"I beg a thousand pardons for allowing you to hold this child, but the fact is—I am not—I fear I should not be able to hold her for one moment. Might I ask you to carry her as far as the nearest seat? The carriage is waiting at the entrance of the park. I will call one of the servants to relieve you of your burthen. As you have already been so kind, may I beg you to stay with Maudie till I return?"

He turned away and was lost among the trees. And Estelle, who had at first been so taken by surprise that she had accepted everything as a matter of course, now had time to wonder over it all. That the man whom she had known as plain Louis Vivian should be in possession of carriage, servants, and a title seemed strange enough, but that he should be the husband of Julia Maurice was tenfold stranger. Strangest

of all, perhaps, that they should have met in this manner.

She was sorry to see him so terribly aged, so visibly soured. She had hoped that he would forget her and marry some one who would make him as happy as she might herself have done, had she been allowed to follow her own inclination.

One look in his face was enough to show that her hope had not been realized. She would never have believed it possible that Louis Vivian, whom she had known and loved as a brave fighter against adverse circumstances, could come to this; Sir Louis Vivian, prosperous and miserable!

"It is very sad," she thought to herself. "I did hope he might have found a congenial wife. Well, he need not have married her unless he had chosen. That is one advantage men have over women."

A powdered footman wearing the Vivian livery appeared before very long, touched his hat respectfully, and took Miss Maude up in his arms.

"Sir Louis is coming up that walk, Madame," he said, speaking, under the impression that Estelle was a foreigner, very distinctly, and rather louder than was quite necessary. "Sir Louis is extremely sorry to keep you waiting, but since his last attack he daren't walk fast against the least bit of hill."

Estelle hesitated for one moment. Sir Louis would, of course, wish to drive her home.

Should she accept or refuse?

She tried to consider what she would do if he were a mere stranger under the same circumstances. It was but an act of simple courtesy on his part to offer his carriage after the service she had rendered.

It might seem churlish if she refused. There was no need of being churlish, certainly. They were both married, and there was an end of it. If she refused, he might think—men *are* so vain—he might think—anything. And that would never do.

"You had better carry Miss Vivian on by the path Sir Louis said he would

take," she said, walking on in front herself.

Five minutes later they were rolling up through Place Grammont towards Maison Labadie. Sir Louis did not attempt to talk, nor did she. She felt tired; and did not choose to talk commonplaces about the weather and the scenery either, to this man; who, whatever he had become in mind and temper, however he had chosen to shape his life, had been once upon a time her faithful lover, whom for two years she had nightly committed to God's holy keeping.

Lady Vivian's pony equipage stopped the way in the courtyard of Maison Labadie, and they had to wait till it drove off.

"Mamma will be angry because I have lost my shoe," Maudie began to whimper as they got out.

"Nonsense!" said Sir Louis. "Mamma will not be so unreasonable."

"If Bessie had lost hers, Mamma wouldn't mind," the child persisted.

"I cannot have you talk such nonsense, Maudie," Sir Louis rejoined sternly, looking very much annoyed. "Carry Miss Vivian up to the nursery," he said to the footman.

"Who in the name of wonder was that woman in black you had got in the carriage?" was Lady Vivian's first question, when her husband, after taking a courteous leave of Estelle—with perhaps a dash of formality in it—entered the drawing-room.

Sir Louis was out of breath. He went to the nearest sofa and sat himself down before answering.

"Can't you answer?" her ladyship continued, without looking up from her occupation. She was arranging a bouquet of lilies in a vase, and was quite deaf to the sound of her husband's hurried breathing. She was accustomed to it, probably.

"Louis! I want to know what woman this is that you've picked up."

"A woman whom you will have to thank for picking your child up," Sir Louis replied coldly.

"Picking Maudie up!" Her lady-



ship's face was not pleasant. "I might have known something would happen to her when I let her go out with you!"

"Well, tell me what did happen, at any rate," she continued, seeing that Sir Louis was silent again. "Where is Maudie?"

"Maudie is quite safe in her nursery." And then he gave as much of an explanation as was necessary to satisfy his wife of the propriety of her calling upon Madame de Montaignu.

"Well! to think of her actually being in the house with us!" was her ladyship's exclamation. "Russell, Montaignu. It must be the same."

"Same what? Did you know them?" He knew that she knew them well enough.

"Why, the same people I was staying with at Toulouse, years ago. How I did hate Mrs. Russell, to be sure! Estelle was a soft little creature that couldn't say 'bo' to a goose. I tried to stir her up to rebellion, but 'twas no go. Her mother made her marry young De Montaignu, a French dandy whom she had taken a fancy to. La! How that unlucky child did cry the night before her wedding, to be sure!"

"Cried, did she?" said the Baronet, who had laid himself down among the sofa-cushions with his back to her ladyship.

"Cried! I never saw anybody cry like Estelle. Buckets full was nothing to it, I can tell you," said Lady Vivian, laughing. "I used to shed torrents when I was a girl, too: but mine were absolutely nothing to hers. To be sure, I never cried except after I had been in a passion."

Sir Louis, just then, gave something between a gasp and a groan.

"What's the matter?" said his wife; "are you ill?"

"Thank you, no. A little tired."

"I dare say you have been overwalking yourself, as usual. I suppose I had better go and thank Madame de Montaignu to-morrow. How very odd it is, her being here. I should have no objection to take *her* up again, you know, but I wish she were not with that horrid

mother of hers. I hate Mrs. Russell, I'd have helped Estelle to marry—or to communicate with—the man she was so fond of—she never would tell me who—just to spite Mrs. Russell."

"I wish to Heaven you had," the Baronet ejaculated, with his face in the cushions.

## CHAPTER XXXIX.

### FEMININE DIPLOMACY.

It was very odd indeed, Lady Vivian thought, as she dressed for dinner that evening; quite comical, this meeting of Estelle and her mother. She resolved to be civil to Mrs. Russell, to be patronizing, if the shadow of an opportunity presented itself. For she had not forgiven Mrs. Russell's lectures to her on lady-like behaviour, nor her conduct in that matter of the elopement; although, as she told herself, the greatest kindness Mrs. Russell could have done her was to bring her back as she did. If she had married Harry Russell, what a terrible mistake it would have been! He was but a lieutenant still, and that escapade happened seven years ago. And she—was Lady Vivian.

Sir Louis sat silent and ate nothing. Her ladyship did not condescend to take any notice of him. She understood good cookery, and her palate told her that the dinner was irreproachable. If her husband did not eat, it was probably for the same reason that he did not speak. He was "in his sulks." He was so often sulky now that she never noticed it. She went her way—he his.

She came to him later in the evening. He was at his writing table, surrounded with books and papers.

"You are not coming with me, I suppose?" she said, drawing on her gloves.

He looked up wearily. There was no sign of pleasure in his countenance as his eye fell on her. Yet people said she was a splendid woman. She was a trifle altered from what she had been when Julia Maurice, naturally. The double chin was more developed, the down on the upper lip more strongly marked; in

short, she was quite a full-blown beauty now—a wife, men said, of whom any husband ought to be proud.

Sir Louis, however, did not look proud of his wife. His voice expressed nothing but the coldest depth of indifference as he answered her question.

“No, I am not going out to-night.”

“You had much better rouse yourself, instead of moping to death among those stupid books and papers. It’s very tiresome my having always to go out without you.”

“You can stay at home if you please.”

“I daresay!” returned her ladyship. “I don’t want to be moped to death either. And it isn’t so very amusing to hear nothing but the scratching of your pen all through the evening.”

Sir Louis made no reply.

“So you won’t come?” said his wife, when she had finished buttoning her gloves.

“No.” And then he added, feeling that his answer was of a discourteous brevity, “I do not feel fit for going out to-night, Julia. I am very weary.”

“You shouldn’t overwalk yourself,” she returned.

“Good night.”

“Good night.”

She went half-way down stairs, and then stopped and turned. She was thinking whether she would go back and kiss her husband. She had more than half a mind to do it. She went back to him. He was leaning his head on his hands when she entered.

“Is anything the matter with you?” she asked, going up to him.

He looked up. “No,” he exclaimed. “What should there be the matter, more than usual? Why do you ask?”

“Would you wish me to stay at home with you, Louis?” she said.

“Not on any consideration,” he exclaimed. “Do you imagine for one moment that I wish you to mope yourself to death on my account? Pray go to your party and amuse yourself.”

He spoke with some irritation. She repented having taken the trouble to come upstairs.

“I won’t offer to stay at home again in a hurry,” she said, as she walked out of the room, leaving the door open purposely to annoy her husband.

Sir Louis turned, smiling a bitter smile as he quietly rose to shut out the draught. He shivered and coughed, and at length threw down his pen and drew near the fire. What did he see in the embers he stared at so intently?

Not much that was pleasant, to judge by his face.

Lady Vivian was disappointed in her hopes of patronizing Mrs. Russell. Mrs. Russell was no more to be patronized now than she was six years ago. There are some people who cannot be patronized, and she was one of them. I cannot imagine even a duchess patronizing her. Certainly it was a thing not to be done by a baronet’s wife.

The silver-haired, peach-cheeked little lady saw Lady Vivian’s abortive attempt, and smiled gently at it, as she lay back on her downy cushions.

She did not like my Lady one whit better now than when she was plain Julia Maurice. Perhaps she liked her still less. For, although she had been glad enough to hear that that dangerous young woman was married, and thereby precluded from drawing her son Harry into her toils, the pleasure of the news had been materially lessened on learning that the bridegroom was the very man whom, as a struggling barrister, she had rejected for her own daughter. For Lady Vivian it was quite enough to feel that she was disapproved of by any one for her to take a dislike to the individual. She felt now that Mrs. Russell disapproved of her. Along with her courteous speeches and her drawing-room smiles, there was a certain frigid undertone which reminded Lady Vivian that Mrs. Russell had not forgotten Julia Maurice’s offences. But in spite of this latent antipathy between the two ladies—and on either side it was strong enough, though unconfessed, to have kept them wide apart—it so happened that each had in view the intention to make use of the other.

Lady Vivian had discovered that Mrs.

Russell was well acquainted with some noble Englishwomen, who for reasons of health had been staying the winter at Pau. These ladies were the leaders of a certain set in London from which Lady Vivian, in spite of her riches, in spite of her beauty, in spite of her undoubted popularity, had hitherto been excluded. But people who come to Pau cannot bring their "set" with them; consequently society there is to a great extent a sort of conglomeration of many sets. Late as it was in the season now, Lady Vivian resolved to leave no stone unturned to get an introduction to these ladies through Mrs. Russell.

Mrs. Russell on her side had discovered that Sir Louis Vivian was an intimate friend of the then First Lord of the Admiralty, and her mind had instantly fastened on the idea that he might be brought to use his interest for one or both of her sons. With this object in view, she, with scarcely an effort, put aside all her dislike to Sir Louis's wife; and Estelle's announcement that she did not intend to be intimate with Lady Vivian was received with strong disapproval.

"I can't understand you," Mrs. Russell cried. "That escapade of hers at Toulouse never did *you* any harm. You are Comtesse Estelle de Montaigu at last, though you have had to wait so long—and——"

Could it be possible, she thought, that Estelle still preserved some lingering sentiment for her *ci-devant* adorer? Was it for that she disliked the wife?

"I am sure," she said, aloud, "your husband is excessively fond of you."

"It is because I think my husband would disapprove of Lady Vivian that I wish to see as little as possible of her," replied Estelle, quietly.

"Now I do call that sheer nonsense," said Mrs. Russell. "She goes everywhere; indeed, in some circles she quite sets the fashion. She is rather fast, I admit; but it's very much the fashion to be fast just at present. Of course, if she had ever gone beyond a certain limit, I should say to you, 'Cut her dead.' But she is a clever woman, my dear.

She just keeps within bounds. She will never do anything that might by any possibility lead to her exclusion from Court. Now you know how very particular the Queen is; and while Lady Vivian continues to attend all the drawing-rooms, you and your husband may be quite sure you are safe in knowing her. And, even supposing she were not well looked upon at Court, I really think family feeling might induce *you* to be civil."

"Family feeling!" said Estelle, bewildered.

"Yes, certainly. Why, didn't you hear," cried Mrs. Russell, raising herself on her couch, "didn't you hear Sir Louis say Lord —— was a great friend of his?"

"Lord ——? Well?"

"Why, don't you know—I declare you are becoming as ignorant of home affairs as if you were a real Frenchwoman—don't you know Lord —— is First Lord now? Don't you see that it is of the greatest consequence to Harry and Alfred to have friends on both sides? If the present Ministry resigns, I should not want Sir Louis, because then my own friends would come in; but as long as this Government continues in office, Sir Louis may be useful—most useful. It is wonderful what a difference it makes to men in your brothers' profession, the having friends on either side. All the years I have been living in England," Mrs. Russell continued, sinking back on her cushions, "I have thought of nothing else. All my energies have been bent towards making friends who might be useful to my dear boys. Ah! they will never, never know how hard I have worked for them! You don't enter into my feelings, Estelle. I believe you have not a spark of ambition in you. As for me, if I could but live to see Harry an admiral and darling Alfred captain, I should die happy."

"Oh mother, mother," Estelle cried, "I do understand, I do enter into your feelings! Have pity on me!" she cried, weeping bitterly. "Do not say such hard things. Have not you your two



sons, and am not I left childless? robbed of my one, my only one?" And she wept on, and would not be comforted.

Mrs. Russell herself caught the infection of tears. "It was the will of Heaven," she said at length.

"It is easy to say that," returned her daughter, "but it does not make the sorrow easier to bear. However," she continued, with quivering lips, "I do not like you to think that I am quite indifferent to my brothers' interests because I am married and settled in France; and I am sure Raymond would not wish me to be so. I will do nothing to offend Lady Vivian. How far my civilities are to go, Raymond himself must decide. He was always most particular about our acquaintance when we lived in Paris."

And when next Estelle wrote to her husband she asked him the question—how far he wished her to be civil to Lady Vivian. To make it clear why she thought it necessary to ask, she was obliged to remind him of Julia Maurice's attempted elopement with her brother Harry. She saw that affair now under a very different aspect to what it had borne seven years ago. She understood now what small regard Julia Maurice must have had for her own reputation. She had been long enough in the world to know how warily, in all times and places, it behoved a young and beautiful woman to walk; and Julia's recklessness seemed to her not the recklessness of the girl who did not know, but the recklessness of the woman who did not care. Apart from all this, she felt herself completely antagonistic to Lady Vivian as Lady Vivian. She felt herself shrink from her, with her air of insolent prosperity, her affectation, her carelessness of everything not immediately affecting herself. As to the past, she could not throw blame on Julia without giving her own brother an equal share. Her cheeks burned as she recalled the hissing of Raymond's voice the only time he ever called her brother '*scélérat*.' From tenderness to Harry, she toned down her expressions in recalling that miserable, silly affair to her

husband's recollection. Still, there the bare fact remained of the attempted elopement; and she secretly hoped that that would be enough in itself to make Raymond disapprove of a renewal of the acquaintance.

But to her surprise, Raymond wrote as follows: "You are right, my Estelle, in thinking that our feelings are the same in this matter. Were we together in our sweet home in Paris, able to pick and cull our society, I would say, do not receive this lady into our circle. But we are not in Paris, that charming retreat of social liberty. We are divided; you attending on your mother, I on mine. And sometimes—be it said by the bye—Madame's exacting temper makes me almost glad you are not with me; though, were you here, I know, dear love, how many allowances your innate kindness of heart would make for her fits of irritability. Poor woman! she thinks, alas! that as Countess Dowager she will be treated with less consideration by her children. In all the improvements I am gradually introducing into the management of the estate, I grieve to say she only sees symptoms of Anglomania; and she talks as if Montaigne were her kingdom, and she its forcibly deposed sovereign.

"I thoroughly appreciate your mother's wish to keep up a connexion which may be useful to her sons. The only thing which could for a moment make me regret my own nationality is, that I can never be of the slightest service to either of my brothers-in-law in their profession. I cannot suppose, my Estelle, that your mother, whom I have every reason to love and esteem, would wish for any friends whom it would ill beseem my wife to know. As for congeniality, I can quite imagine Miladi Vivian an uncongenial acquaintance to you. But then, how many women have I seen equal to you in refinement of mind or manner? I cannot call to mind even one! Your intercourse with Miladi is neither more nor less than a sacrifice of your own private feelings to the good of your family. Be it so. It cannot be for very long, dearest.

“And that brings me to the query, when shall we be together again? I trust Madame Russell’s health improves. Do not let her imagine for one moment that I wish you to leave her before she is completely restored. Heaven forbid that my wife should be a less devoted daughter than she was when I took her from her home. I beg of Madame to accept my devoted homage. I would willingly join you at Pau or elsewhere. But my mother declares she cannot do without me; even with Hortense, who, however, begins to find our monotony tell upon her spirits. And in truth, *mignonne*, it was high time I took an active hand in our affairs; for during our residence in Paris, in spite of my mother’s sharp eye, my father’s intendant contrived to cheat shamefully. I have put a stop to all such doings, and have got a new intendant who promises well, and will doubtless do well as long as he is looked after.”

“I am glad your husband sees the thing in a proper light,” was Mrs. Russell’s remark when her daughter informed her of the tenor of Raymond’s letter.

## CHAPTER XL.

### LADY VIVIAN’S MORAL CODE.

ESTELLE was surprised to find by the time spring was half over and Pau was becoming deserted, how very intimate she and the Vivians had become.

She was angry with herself for having allowed the intimacy to spring up, and yet on reflection she felt she could scarcely help it. Truth to tell, in spite of Mrs. Russell’s eagerly expressed wishes, the acquaintance had died a natural death but for Lady Vivian, who had from the first chosen to take good care to improve all her opportunities of intercourse with the inhabitants of Maison Labadie. She had discovered that Comtesse Estelle could be quite as useful to her as could Mrs. Russell. Comtesse Estelle had the *entrée* into all the best foreign society of the place. Lady Vivian

did not care for foreign society, but having heard that it was difficult to get an introduction—that the residents drew back from the acquaintance of mere visitors of a season—she determined to be introduced into what she called Estelle’s “set,” and succeeded. It cannot be said that she shone very brilliantly amongst the *élite* of the Basses-Pyrénées. She made herself conspicuous by her bad French truly; but so have many Englishwomen before and since, who have been pardoned notwithstanding. But the men thought Miladi “fast,” and translated their thought—they may have found a word for it by this time—by that indescribable shrug and smile and lifting of the eyebrows which speaks so plainly of utter disesteem. So with the women. They asked where was the husband of Miladi. He was sick, he was melancholy, he had the spleen, that heritage of all well-born Englishmen, and was consumptive besides. Then why did Miladi not stay at home to nurse him and cheer him up, instead of displaying her white shoulders at balls?

Miladi disposed of her husband very quietly. Alone? Oh dear no, she never left him alone. Fortunately two old friends lived in the *appartement* above theirs, and as one of them was in bad health and, like her husband, unable to bear heated rooms, they made a point of spending the evenings together when she was out.

It was most fortunate their being close to these old friends, for her physician had insisted that she was not to mope. She had all her life been accustomed to a whirl of society. Pau, said she with a flirt of her spangled fan, Pau, my dear Madame, was stagnation itself. Not that she regretted having come. No. When a husband’s health is concerned, everything must be sacrificed,—everything; even the dear children. She knew she ought to have left darling Maudie and Bessie at home, but their father insisted on their coming, although the heat of the climate was known to be too great for them. What could she do? A sick man has his whims, and

this was one of them. She never complained, but she was distressed for her little ones; and so on.

To hear Lady Vivian, you would have thought her a pattern wife and mother. These prettyspeeches were for the public, French and English; she never made them to Estelle. On the contrary, she seemed to feel that Estelle's having already known so many of her private sentiments in old days enabled her to dispense with all disguise now. In her moments of expansiveness she confessed many things to Estelle which that young lady would rather not have heard, and which, when she did hear them, she did not love Lady Vivian the better for.

"Marriage is a lottery, as you know, my dear," her ladyship would say. "We have both found that out. I married for position. My heart was elsewhere, as you may remember—for I bethink me of certain foolish confidences made long ago—ah, well-a-day! But I felt that, situated as I was, I had no right to listen to my heart. I knew how exceedingly my sisters would be benefited by my making a good match.

"Poor things! Papa is gouty and Mamma is rheumatic, and they see little society indeed unless they come to my house. I did think Sir Louis would be fonder of me, I confess. He is never positively unkind, you understand, dear, but oh, such an icicle! However, one must make the best of one's bargain; 'tis for better for worse, and whenever Sir Louis is more than usually sulky, I think that, after all, poor dear Herbert might have been as bad, and worse, for he had an awful temper. And as I said, in my position I can do so much for the girls."

Estelle might dislike Lady Vivian's candour, but she strove to give her full credit for all the sisterly devotion she laid claim to. She knew that it was possible for a woman to be admirable as a sister, and admirable in no other relation of life. She did not know that Lady Vivian's sisterly affection showed itself principally in making over to Lizzy, Lucy, Emily, and Clara

the dresses and ornaments which she had worn through one season, and which were not sufficiently worn out or old-fashioned to be passed over to her maid: and that she never invited them to her house in London or to Vivian Court unless there were people also invited—scientific and literary friends of Sir Louis—whom she did not think it worth her while to amuse. Of Henrietta she saw scarcely anything. They moved in totally different circles, she would inform her husband, when he complained of her never inviting Dr. and Mrs. Vandeleur to dinner. For Henrietta was Mrs. Vandeleur now. Before the two years had quite passed over, the doctor had married her, and taken her to his home. And although the Baronet's wife had sneered her very worst, Henrietta had never repented her marriage with the hardworking London physician. Her home was a happy, peaceful one. Many an hour did her brother-in-law pass in her little drawing-room, when his own house was turned upside down by some fête, matinée musicale or otherwise, of his restless wife's. Well would it have been had her ladyship's vagaries ended in such matinées and soirées. But Sir Louis had far other and graver sources of discontent. Long before the honeymoon had waned, he had discovered that the beautiful creature whom he had looked upon somewhat in the light of an impetuous child, did not care for him, but had merely married him to share his title. But the mortification of this discovery was as nothing to what he experienced rather more than a year later, on finding by accident that Captain Waldron's visits at his house were become the talk of the clubs: that bets were given and taken as to the length of time her ladyship would take in making up her mind to brave disgrace for the sake of the handsome soldier. Sir Louis Vivian staggered, rather than walked, into his wife's presence after hearing this horrible gossip. He knew she did not care for him, he had made up his mind to that; but she had a child, an innocent baby.



If she was dead to all wifely affection, could she not at least remember that she was a mother? If she were prepared to cast away her own good name, at least let her pause for the sake of her poor baby's. Had she thought, he asked fiercely, how that baby would be pointed at in after years, as the daughter of—of a woman who had disgraced herself? Good God! That it should have come to this, he cried. Had he not done his duty by her? Had she any reasonable cause for discontent? Was she not able to gratify every whim? And Heaven knew their name was legion!

Lady Vivian was startled and silent at first, for it was a new thing to her to see her husband in a passion. But she presently recovered herself, and defied him to his face. The first heat of passion over, Sir Louis felt how utterly useless it was to prolong a discussion with a woman, unreasonable at all times, and now roused to anger. He felt, too, that it would have been wiser had he waited till he was able to speak calmly and temperately. It was possible, he thought, relenting, that she had only been thoughtless. She and Captain Waldron were old friends and relatives. She was new to London life, and did not know how careful a young wife should be. Something of the kind he attempted to say, by way of an apology for his hasty words. His wife rejected both the apology and all subsequent attempts at reconciliation. She forced him to see that the farther they were apart the better she was pleased; and Sir Louis desisted at last in disgust. But Lady Vivian—although the rule of her life was never to allow any one to put her in the wrong—although she chose to defy her husband in words—saw clearly that, since people had begun to talk, Captain Waldron was better out of the way; and accordingly intimated that the Captain's visits must cease. She would have no correspondence, not she—was the answer he got to a piteous request that he might be allowed to write to her. There were too many servants about. She did not choose

footmen and lady's-maids to be prying and conjecturing and—who knows?—carrying stupid tales to her husband perhaps.

"You may run up now and then when you can get a day's leave," she said; "but I'll have no writing. If you write, I shall return the letter unopened; give it to my husband, perhaps, to enclose to you! How would you like that, Monsieur Herbert? No, we live too much before the world. We are to be good friends always, of course; but I won't have you even so much as give me a look that may compromise me. And you can stay away altogether, if you choose," she continued, in reply to some remonstrance of the Captain; "and the very best thing you could do, if you are really as devoted to me as you say, would be to marry, and ask me to your wedding. That would shut people's mouths. I tell you I don't choose to be talked of except as a woman who leads the fashion. Why shouldn't I go to your wedding?" cried her ladyship. "You came to mine, didn't you? Herbert, I have no patience with you! You are too great a spooney!"

Yes, Captain Waldron averred, he was a spooney: that was the right name for a man who let himself be played with as she had played with him. It was like a cat playing with a mouse, he said, with a bitter laugh. Her ladyship cut short his reproaches and dismissed him. And he went his ways—cursing himself, Fate, Lady Vivian, and all things in creation; and feeling half inclined to marry Lizzie Maurice, for pure pique.

Lady Vivian had taken care never to provoke a repetition of that first scene with her husband. His reproaches had galled her sorely, but she rather respected him for the anger that had prompted them. However, another cause of complaint arose, and gathered in magnitude as time went on. One of the strongest—almost the only strong—resolutions Lady Vivian had made before her marriage had been that she would never allow herself to run into debt. But her wants had increased with her position.

Gradually she found herself so much involved that she was forced to apply to her husband. His horror and distress were tenfold increased by the knowledge that he gained at the same time of her untruthfulness. It was the old story: the cooked accounts—misapplication and misappropriation of moneys, which had been her habit when keeping house at Wembury. Sir Louis carried this grief to his mother; the other he had kept to himself. But when he poured forth this trouble to her, and found the relief it was to unburden himself, a strong prompting came over him to tell her all. He forebore. Julia was the mother of his little ones—his Maudie and Bessie; and for their sakes he kept silence. Mrs. Vivian saw that something remained untold, but did not press him. If he chose to tell her—well; if not—well. In spite of that one consummate act of folly—his marriage,—she clung to her darling old belief in her son's wisdom, and made an idol of that wisdom still. She had long seen that some unhappy secret lay on his mind; that his life was empty and weary in spite of the press of work of all kinds with which he surrounded himself. That his wife contributed in no way to his happiness and comfort had been plain to her from the very first. Many and bitter were the tears Mrs. Vivian had shed since the beginning of her son's prosperity. Many were the times when her spirit had risen in indignation at the small estimation in which his comfort and well-being were held by her daughter-in-law. She kept silence, at her son's entreaty. For when on one occasion she had declared in the height of her maternal wrath that she would speak once for all to Lady Vivian, and find out whether she were lost to all sense of consideration, Sir Louis had raised his head from the mantelpiece—they were in Mrs. Vivian's little drawing-room at Vivian Court—"Mother," he said, "for my sake keep silence, now and always. If ever there is a scene between you and my wife, you will have to leave this house: she will make you, Mother, whether you will or not. And that, I

think, would go as near to break my heart as anything could in this world. I am ashamed to have to say so to you, dear Mother; but I know—I know that she would be glad to see you go. I know that if once she could bring you to a quarrel, she would say, 'Either Mrs. Vivian leaves this house, or I.' And what could I say then? I married her, you know, Mother; I took her for better for worse. And there are the children, too," he added, with a groan. "Stay with me for their sakes, if not for mine; the poor little things are so fond of you. But you must keep quiet, if you stay, dear Mother," he went on, with a piteous smile. "You must let me come and sit by your fire and tell out my grievances as they come, and never mind. Won't it make you more inclined to keep the peace with my Lady when I tell you that the only comfort of my life is to get to this corner of the house, where I know she—where, in short, I am sure of being quiet as long as I stay?"

Yes, that was true enough, Mrs. Vivian admitted. Lady Vivian never troubled the dowager's apartments with her presence; and, as Sir Louis had said, would have been delighted at the smallest pretext for making Mrs. Vivian quit her comfortable corner; which pretext the widow had as yet not given either in word or deed. She could not be complained of, or at any rate turned out of Vivian Court, because she kept silence; so silence she resolved to keep, and did keep, for her son's sake—albeit, as time went on, and she saw more and more of the levity of her daughter-in-law's character, she would debate much within herself whether it were not her duty to speak. Lady Vivian, who fondly imagined that her flirtations were always kept within due bounds, would perhaps have been somewhat astonished could she have known how lightly Mrs. Vivian regarded her, how totally without surprise she would be at any shortcomings of her daughter-in-law. But my Lady went her ways, as became her light nature, and never troubled her head as to what might be

the secret thoughts of the widow in her quiet nook at Vivian Court.

And so they went on till Sir Louis, suddenly falling ill, caused the breaking-up of the household. Mrs. Vivian would have come abroad too, to nurse her son. But no, Lady Vivian was determined to have no mother-in-law spying out her actions on the Continent. She spoke out her mind plainly when Sir Louis expressed his wish that they should all travel south together.

"Mrs. Vivian has her rooms at the Court," she said; "let her keep to them. I never heard you say that it was provided she was to travel with us wherever we went; I know, at least, that it was not so arranged in the marriage settlements. You and she may agree about it as you like, only let me know in time, because if she goes I stay at home with the children, and so I needn't have my dresses packed."

Her ladyship knew that her husband would not part with the children. That hint about their staying with her gained her her point quite easily.

"Why must women hate each other so?" Sir Louis murmured, feebly, when he repeated Lady Vivian's words to his mother. "You must stay behind, Mother; it can't be helped. I hoped it would never have come to this; but so it is, and I'm beaten, as I told you I should be. You see I can't leave her behind and take the children and you with me; and she knows that. And perhaps I ought not to leave her behind, even with the children. She is a handsome woman, you know, Mother, and has always been much admired, and so on. And we had better be together, I think. Though what I shall do without you I can't imagine; especially as now that I'm so out of sorts I shall want to grumble more than ever."

Mrs. Vivian's eyes filled with tears, few and bitter. She was getting old, and yet she saw, looking tremblingly forward, the possibility of her only son dying before her. Truly, in such a case, the tears of old age are the very waters of bitterness.

## CHAPTER XLI.

## NEW THOUGHTS AND OLD MEMORIES.

ALL that lonely winter Mrs. Vivian's sole comfort had been in her son's frequent letters. Sitting by her fire, while the west wind roared in the tops of the fir-trees, she read them again and again as eagerly as if she had been a young woman, and the letters love-letters. As the winter passed, she became gradually aware of a different tone in his communications. There was less apathy, less querulousness. Lady Vivian's name was rarely mentioned, and though there was no lack of information about the children, and messages in plenty from them, there was more of other topics; whereas formerly the children's sayings and doings, much as they interested Mrs. Vivian, had often filled the paper more entirely than was agreeable to her. Now, as spring approached her son's letters seemed to take the old tone of former years. There was less in them about his own health, and more about his own thoughts and doings; and throughout them there ran a strain of calmness and hopefulness which sent a glad thrill through the widow's heart. God, she thought, bending her head reverently, had at last heard her unwearying prayers; her only son was given back to her. She had sometimes felt ungrateful, nay angry, at that gift of riches which had brought so many small crosses with it. She remembered such repinings with sad compunction now. For what indeed would have become of her, had not her son's wealth enabled him to take Dr. Vandeleur's advice and winter abroad, where the nipping east winds could not touch him? He would have died; Dr. Vandeleur said so. And she, miserable, would have been left to moan and tear her grey hair alone.

Yes, alone. For *that woman*—so she spoke to herself of her handsome daughter-in-law—that woman would make no moan for her husband. In all the widow's fears for her son, in all her



sorrow for his apparently frail tenure of life, indignation at Lady Vivian's heartlessness was largely intermixed.

If her darling Louis died, thought Mrs. Vivian with an angry flush on her withered cheeks, that woman would not care, more than if he were a piece of worn-out furniture that must be consigned to the lumber-room. If she wept indeed, her tears would be crocodile's tears, dried as soon as shed.

She, the mother, would have to mourn alone. To her would fall the task of keeping the memory of their father green and lovely in the children's hearts—not to Lady Vivian.

But now she put away these sad forebodings. Her son was taking a fresh lease of life, and she could dry her tears, thank God, and take courage.

A change there was in Sir Louis for the better, both in mind and body. As for his renewed health, the climate accounted sufficiently for that. As for the change in the tone of his mind, he was ignorant of its cause, and, if he thought about it at all, had laid it to the account of renewed bodily vigour, till one day his consciousness was suddenly sharpened by a chance word, and both cause and effect stood out clear before him.

It was thus.

Lady Vivian was out, and Sir Louis was spending his evening in Mrs. Russell's drawing-room. A quiet, friendly evening it had been, like the many that had gone before it. Mrs. Russell on her sofa as usual, her daughter working by her side; he, reclining in an arm-chair, speaking or keeping silence as he chose; so without restraint had their intercourse become by this time.

Estelle's head had long bent over her work; she had been very silent, he fancied, all the evening. She had in fact been making her arrangements in her own mind; had been wishing—she was getting tired of wishing—that her husband would come to her before she and her mother left Pau. She would not ask him, however; she remembered with a slight stirring of her blood that letter of his, the first that had ever

made her angry; that letter in which he had besought her to be patient and "reasonable." Unpleasant as it was to travel even a short distance without his accustomed escort, she determined within herself that nothing should induce her to ask him again to leave Toulouse on her account, or for her own mother's convenience. Her mother's health was improving; she would be able to do without her by and by. Let Madame de Montaignu make much of her son for the time she would have him all to herself. Such had been the tenor of her thoughts during the long silence that Sir Louis had wondered at. So long it seemed to him at last, that he was on the point of addressing her with a question on some English book he had lent her, when she suddenly looked up, and said—

"We are going to leave Pau in a few days. I suppose Lady Vivian will be at home some time to-morrow afternoon; Mamma would like to call and say good-bye to her."

All the blood rushed to Sir Louis's heart at those few calm words. Going? An end to those quiet, pleasant evenings?

With a great effort he answered Estelle as calmly. "I think my wife will be at home. I will tell her." Soon afterwards he took his leave, and descended to his own part of the house.

But not to sleep. Long after Lady Vivian had returned from her party, and had dismissed her tired maid, did he walk up and down, up and down, like one possessed; fighting—but how weakly!—with his own heart.

He knew it all now. The light of a revelation had broken suddenly upon his blind ignorance. That strange, blessed quiet, that indefinable sense of well-being which had taken hold of soul and body, suave, soothing, and impalpable as the air he breathed—all, all, was the effect of her presence. In such harmony might his life have glided onward all these years, had she been by his side and not another.

This hint of approaching departure had opened his eyes. But for that, he

might have lived on and on; unquestioning, content to be, because she was near. For it was the same Estelle, and yet not the same. The black robes, the drooping head, the calm self-possession of manner, all this belonged to a stranger. Only when he listened without looking at her did the girl Estelle come back to him unchanged. The sweet voice, the slight hesitation at times for an English word, the foreign idiom and foreign accent, all this went to make up the identity of the Estelle he had loved and lost. Fool that he had been! he cried aloud, clenching his hands in impotent anger; fool, to think it possible he could be near her, and not love her! What of the change in her? What of her mourning robes? What though her head drooped, and her once lovely eyes had grown dim with weeping? What of all that, and more? He might have known that, alive or dead, fair or faded, she never could be less to him than the elect of his heart. There had her shrine been, never to be filled by another image as long as that heart beat.

He confessed all this to himself, expecting no return. At no time had he dared contemplate such a possibility; and now that he knew her other self—the woman that had grown from the girl of fair promise—the belief was stronger in his mind that he had become less than nothing to her, and that her husband was all in all. Perhaps the secret of the intensity of his worship lay in this belief. Pain as it was to look back and think of what might have been—of that perfecting of his life which could never be—he hugged the pain as if it were pleasure, because with it came the thought of her transcendent goodness, of her perfect guilelessness, of her unimpeachable loyalty to her husband. He was not a man worthy of her, perhaps. Who could be? Was he himself worthy to possess that perfect pearl?

He answered himself sadly in the negative.

What had his life been, alas! since  
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he had lost the hope of calling her his own? A poor, mean, patched-up life, full of small aims and perfunctory work; full of chafings and repinings at the inevitable: full of useless scorn, and, still more, useless anger. Could she have spoken, was that the life she would have bid him lead?

No; a thousand times no

And this life of his, so full of small discords, had been resolved into perfect unison through her. Her presence had brought harmony and rest with it.

Must it all end? he asked. Must the old clash and jangle return to madden him? It could not be. He tried to shut out the very thought.

He could not harm her; she was as one of God's angels to him, and as far removed from the jar of earthly strife.

He resolved that, wherever she went, he would endeavour to follow. Farther he did not look; only to be near her was what he craved. As for harm to her or to himself, the longer he thought, the more he scorned the idea. Why, was he not on better terms with Lady Vivian? Had she not somehow lost her strange knack of ruffling him, since the beginning of those pleasant evenings in Mrs. Russell's drawing-room?

\* \* \* \*

"We are going to Biarritz, and perhaps I may take a run into Spain, just for the sake of saying I have been there," said Lady Vivian when Estelle and her mother went to make their adieux.

Mrs. Russell said something polite about meeting at Caunterets. She must stay there at least three weeks for the baths. She should have much pleasure in thinking they might meet again; which meant exactly nothing. But Sir Louis had written to the First Lord of the Admiralty about Harry Russell, and therefore Mrs. Russell bound herself over to practise all possible civility to his wife.

"Sir Louis is a particularly well-read man," Mrs. Russell observed to her daughter one evening when they had been about a week at Caunterets: "I miss his evening visits greatly. He quite makes up for his wife's silliness."

Estelle did not answer for a moment.

Then she said coldly: "I thought him rather prosy sometimes."

"Prosy? Oh dear, no! What can you be thinking of?"

"His English politeness, Maamma." And as she spoke, she felt the blush which had dyed her cheeks when she first answered her mother, rising from cheek to forehead.

"You are become so very French, you know," replied Mrs. Russell, stifling a yawn behind a French newspaper. Estelle rose suddenly and left the room.

Why did she not choose to confess that she missed the Baronet's society? Why had she given utterance to that lie? For a lie it was; she knew that as soon as she had spoken.

True, she had been accustomed to the society of clever men ever since her marriage. True also, that Sir Louis Vivian's frequent visits had supplied what had been an unacknowledged daily want, ever since her mother's health had so far improved as to be no longer a pressing anxiety.

But although she had missed the clever talk she had been accustomed to, she had never missed the talkers. And she did miss Sir Louis.

How much? she dared to ask herself.

How much? she dared not answer.

She rose and stood before her glass—stood scanning her face, with self-contempt written on every feature.

"So!" she said at length, as she turned away. "So! I miss him. I? Is it come to this? And he is not my husband, nor my brother, nor my lover; but just simply a man who wanted very much to marry me a long while ago, and who lost no time in consoling himself with Julia Maurice. I wonder whether he did love me so much, then? It could not have been very deep love, or he would never have married that flirt. And I remember how he spoke once of English flirts; and I, poor little fool, felt so pleased that I had never flirted, and that he knew it!

"And now what matters it what he said or thought? What right have I to remember anything that concerns him? I have my husband who loves

me—if not so well as he did once, at least as well as I deserve——"

Then her tears began to fall, for she remembered her boy, and the thought would force itself upon her that it was only since the boy's death that her husband's love had grown colder. Often during that winter, as she sat alone in the drawing-room after she had read her mother to sleep, had that thought intruded; but dimly, not putting itself into words. Now many little things gave it a clear shape, made it tangible enough for her mind to take hold of and not let go.

Mrs. Russell had more than once thrown out hints of Raymond's wish for an heir to his title. She had judged simply from her great knowledge of the world, not from anything Raymond had ever said. But Estelle felt that her mother did know the world, and that the fact of her possessing such knowledge made her an infinitely superior woman to herself. And so the little, lightly uttered hint had had its weight, had sunk down into her mind, and was bearing its fruit, although she had told her mother what she truly believed herself, that Raymond was not like other men. Lady Vivian, again, was a woman who knew the world, better perhaps than even Mrs. Russell. And she had expressed the same opinion in plain words as regarded herself, adding with the candid air which it was her habit to put on when she was going to say something especially unpleasant: "You'll find it so yourself, my dear, if you have not found it out already."

Estelle had almost hated her for making that speech. She would have written then to her husband to beg him to come to her, only she could not bear the idea of a refusal like the last. "No," she thought, "I will do what he tells me; I will be patient and wait. I know he will come as soon as his mother becomes quite unbearable."

And, still thinking, it occurred to her how like Lady Vivian's domestic behaviour was, in some respects, to Madame de Montaignu's. Only Raymond could run away from his mother



and Sir Louis, poor man, was tied to his wife. And then pity for him rose pre-eminent, as it had done many a time before, when there had been those unmistakable symptoms of a storm in the Vivian household which rendered the position of a spectator so unpleasant. But she stopped herself. She was angry with herself for her pity. She would not—she had no right—to pity him, or to speculate how he could have yoked himself with such an unequal helpmeet. It was no business of hers.

And now she took a solemn vow that she would never willingly meet Sir Louis Vivian again: that there should be no communication on her part with Lady Vivian; though the latter had suggested their taking several excursions together in the course of the summer. It was a comfort to remember that Sir Louis's demeanour had been uniformly calm, rather cold than otherwise.

"I know he is very proud, too," she thought. "So proud that he would resent my pity. I'll stifle it. Why should I pity Julia Maurice's husband? Supposing she does not care for him, why, no doubt, he got accustomed to that long ago."

\* \* \* \*

The days that followed were days of feverish restlessness to Estelle.

She rose before the sun had appeared above the mountains; she took long walks, sketch-book in hand, before her mother was dressed. She read aloud for hours together without allowing a sign of weariness to escape her. She anticipated every wish of her mother's before

Mrs. Russell had time to express it. She sang little songs to herself as she worked. Habitually a silent woman, she now even counted her stitches aloud. All this strange bodily activity was forced on her by her steady resolution not to think. She hated herself that her thoughts had gone so far already. She longed for something—anything, no matter what—to happen, that might turn the current of her mind in some safe direction.

She had her reward. The something came before long in the shape of Raymond's long-delayed new book. Estelle read it through with avidity. Most of the pieces she had known before, though only in their more or less unpolished state. Here they were as gems, well cut, well set.

Sitting with her husband's book on her lap, she could let herself fall back again into her old daily attitude of stately quiescence; could think, though with strange minglings of pleasure and pain, of the sweet hours she had passed in her pretty Paris boudoir, with her boy's arms twined round her neck, and Raymond by her side; could remember the long talks over a line, a word; the scratchings, the blottings-out;—and, alas and alas! the clapping of hands and the tiny ripple of childish laughter when, after much cogitation and pulling of his moustache, "Papa" found the right word, and abandoned the blurred page to "jolie Maman" to copy out fairly. Sweet, sad, wholesome memories! Amongst these she could safely linger, although they made her tears flow.

*To be continued.*

## OXFORD SLANG.

A story is told by Herodotus of a certain king of Egypt, who wished to find out whether or not the language which his subjects spoke was the oldest in the world. He gave orders, accordingly, that two children who could not yet talk should be separated from their parents and should be brought up by themselves in a place where there should be no possibility of their hearing any language spoken, Egyptian or other. All inarticulate mumbblings and gurglings, in which modern mothers love to find such deep and mysterious meaning, were to be disregarded, but the peasant to whose care the infants were confided had strict orders to report to his royal master any words, or any sounds reasonably like words, which they might utter. The king thought that, of course, the children would talk in due time, and that, as they would not have been taught to speak in any one tongue in preference to any other, the first words which they would naturally use would be found to belong to that original language of which he was in search. The two unconscious philologists, meanwhile, were suckled by goats, as no woman could be trusted to be silent before them. The frisky peasant one day entered the room where his charges were kept, when they immediately ran up to him, and, clasping his knees with their hands, lisped out the word "Becos." The matter was reported to the king. He made diligent inquiry amongst men of every nation, and at length discovered that, in the Phrygian language, "becos" meant "bread." So his Majesty was satisfied that, of all the languages in the world, that spoken by the Phrygians was the oldest.

Let us imagine that, in the present day, some Oriental potentate should wish to discover the best possible form in which the English language could be spoken. Let us suppose him to be

animated by not less than the usual respect which foreigners feel for Her Britannic Majesty's English; but let us remember that he cannot have failed to observe that a large portion of Her Britannic Majesty's subjects are in the constant habit of falling away into that species of grammatical dissent which is technically known as "Slang." The Oriental potentate, under these circumstances, perhaps tries a similar experiment to that which silenced the doubts of the ancient Egyptian. He secures, let us say, the valuable services of two young Englishmen. He entrusts them to the care of a confidential servant, who has orders to volunteer no remarks to them and to answer none of their questions. All books, newspapers, and letters are to be kept sedulously out of their reach. They are permitted to play neither cards nor chess; every species of amusement which could possibly suggest a topic for conversation is denied to them. Their royal entertainer is firmly convinced that, when at last all restraints are removed from them, and they are encouraged to speak, he will instantly discover how the English language may be best and most respectably spoken. He tries the experiment, and the result is, that he is henceforward a staunch believer in the primacy of slang. He visits his captives; he inquires of them as to how they have passed their time, and he is told that they have found it "awfully slow."

Without going so far as to assert that slang is everything that could be wished, it will probably be safe to say that slang now-a-days is a very considerable fact. It is a fact which has had a past, and which will assuredly have a future. Our ancestors used words in jest which we use in earnest; many a chance expression, uttered carelessly long ago, has since found a place in our

dictionaries. In days to come, the low-born phrases which are now looked down upon by believers in etymological caste, may be elevated and ennobled; the suspected vocabulary which now enjoys at best a Bohemian existence, may be received into grammatical society. There are instances of words which were contemptuously rejected upon their first appearance, but which have lived to triumph over their detractors, who died unknown. A man must have made for himself a distinguished reputation in some department of science or of art, before he can venture with any safety to throw discredit upon the study of that which may yet become the very language in which posterity will criticise his achievements. The study of language is an integral and essential part of the study of character: we must not acquit or condemn either a nation or an individual until we have heard what they have severally to say for themselves. Is it too much to ask for a few moments of time, and a few pages of type, for the brief examination of an institution so important in its effects and so universal in its influence as slang? It is a fact, and therefore should be acknowledged; it is a custom, and therefore may be criticised; it is a science, and therefore shall be discussed.

It would not be easy, within the limits to which a magazine article is necessarily confined, to do anything like full justice to a subject upon which much has been said and more remains to say. It may perhaps suffice that the question of slang should be here regarded, not generally, but in one of its particular manifestations. Such a method of considering the subject will certainly contract the sphere of our inquiries; but, on the other hand, it will materially enhance their interest. The mass of readers, as a rule, do not care to have a problem or a theory considered wholly from a cosmopolitan point of view: a little judicious bias or prejudice on the part of an author tends to make his work at least more popular. A "History of European Morals" is a more readable book than a "History of Human

Morals" would be; and perhaps it is safe to assert that a "History of London Morals" would have a larger sale than either. Many a Cockney who would care nothing about the mysteries of the metropolis in general, would yet take the greatest delight in being initiated into the smaller secrets of Grosvenor Square. There is, upon this principle, a certain amount of excuse for the writer who shirks the enormous difficulty of an essay upon the whole subject of slang, and who confines himself to treating of one particular representative department. The question then arises, Where is this representative department to be found? Some species of slang will be, from their very nature, excluded from our discussion; there is no need, for example, of a disquisition upon that particular form of complimentary address which is commonly known as "Billingsgate." There can be not much doubt, again, as to the inutility of criticising theatrical slang, cricketing, and all other athletic slang, or, in fact, of noticing any set of expressions which are merely technical and naturally connected with some special profession or practice. The only language which deserves consideration from a social point of view is the language used in society; and if the field of inquiry, even after having been so restricted, should appear yet too wide for a necessarily hurried investigation, such a portion of it should be selected as shall fairly represent the whole. The upper classes of English society appear to be fairly represented by those of their members who are at the universities of Oxford and Cambridge. Cambridge and Oxford may be said to be socially and intellectually typical of young England, and a paper upon "Oxford Slang," or upon "Cambridge Slang," will probably suffice as a specimen essay upon the slang of all male society. A lady has no slang of her own, but she is generally content to borrow from her brother and his friends. Even, however, if there were a set of slang expressions sacred to female use, it might be more convenient to discuss them under the general head



of "Ladies' Conversation." The present article shall devote itself to the exclusive consideration of "Oxford Slang" as spoken in our own day. The writer would preliminarily impress two points upon the attention of his readers. Firstly, he does not wish to be accused of having expressed any opinion concerning the advantages or disadvantages of slang as an institution; he simply accepts it as a fact. Secondly, he does not pretend to any special acumen or peculiar information which might give his criticisms an extrinsic value; he desires to approach his subject modestly and tentatively, as a man should do who is a searcher after, and not an expounder of, the truth.

Oxford slang may be divided into two classes: there is the slang of the place, and there is the slang of the people. A discussion of the former class will constitute no part of the ensuing inquiry: expressions which have merely a local interest, or which are representative only of university customs, may be allowed to pass without examination. It is not intended, for instance, to attempt any explanation of the fact that an undergraduate calls his first and last university examinations, respectively, "smalls" and "greats;" or to assign any historical or etymological origin to the expressions, "ploughed," "gulfed," and the like. These figures of speech, and such as these, relate simply to the essential part of university life; and they cannot be considered as likely to influence in any way the slang of non-university society. When, however, we come to the latter of the two classes into which Oxford slang was above divided, we shall perhaps find our subject devoid neither of interest nor instruction. An average Oxford undergraduate probably uses more slang of a certain kind, in a given time, than any other human being. No matter what sort of conversational tune he may be playing, he keeps his slang-stop always pulled out. Repartee, more or less brilliant, is universally the mode in young Oxford. Everybody contributes his share to the common stock of verbal

pleasantry which is unintermittently kept up from generation to generation. A man in society now-a-days, though he may not have sufficient wit, has at any rate sufficient memory, to make him amusing. If an undergraduate be blessed with no original sources of social merit, he has but to fill up certain conversational formulas which have become part of undergraduate language, and he may well pass muster. This system of being funny according to formulas is one of the most important elements in the slang of Oxford; and at the same time it is one of the most difficult to describe. We shall perhaps best explain our meaning by giving an instance of this patented jocularity. When a man sees that anything worthy of more than ordinary remark is happening, in which he is in any way connected, he explains his astonishment as a species of covetousness, and instantly "troubles" his neighbour for the object which has caused the excitement: for example, if he sees his friend with a startlingly good, or bad, meerschaum, he says, "Oh! I'll trouble you for your pipe!" If he thinks that the weather is excessively warm, he exclaims, "Oh! I'll trouble you for the heat!" This, strangely enough, is almost identical with the modern formula of the London street-boys, "I'll have your hat!" If we compare the two expressions, we notice that Oxford has perhaps the advantage in point of politeness; but that, on the other hand, the London phrase is the better one, as admitting of a less frequent application. Nothing can be more nauseous than to be obliged to listen continually to the conversation of a man who "troubles" you at every turn. Unfortunately, many of the slang expressions which are heard mainly or exclusively from Oxford men are available for such a constant use, that one soon grows tired of them. To many readers, however, the following specimens, taken at random from the slang which is most in vogue at Oxford at present, may be sufficiently new to be interesting.

A man is said to be "in the swim" when any piece of good fortune has

happened, or seems likely to happen, to him. To have rowed one's College-boat to the head of the river,—to have received a legacy,—to have made a good book on the Derby,—are any of them sufficient to have put one "in the swim." The metaphor is piscatorial, "swim" being the term applied by Thames fishermen to those sections of the river which are especially frequented by fish. The angler who casts his bait into these may depend upon sport, whereas his neighbour at a little distance may not have a nibble, being "out of the swim."

No more cruel fate can happen to an undergraduate than to be "out of it." This is a phrase of very general application. A man who is unwell, unhappy, in debt, or in any other respect uncomfortable, considers himself, generally, as "out of it." It never occurs to him to say *what* he is "out of." If this expression could be proved to have been derived from the one which we noticed first, then "out of it" would only mean "out of the swim." But this is not likely. Probably the phrase belongs primarily to cricketers, who alternately have an innings and are "out."

At the time when the *Pall Mall Gazette* was startling everybody with its revelations about "A night in a work-house," an adjective, then very much in people's mouths, acquired at Oxford a special meaning which it had never had before. Since that date, no worse compliment can be applied to anything than to say that it is "casual."

There is another adjective something like the last in meaning, which may deserve a notice here, although it is used at perhaps no more than one or two colleges in Oxford. This is the word "gruttish," derived from the substantive "grut." Its origin is very unique. A few years ago it was the fashion in a certain set for a man to hail his friend with a greeting of "Here comes the great So-and-so!" The word "great," in the uncouth pronunciation of some rustic freshman, became corrupted into "grut." Now-a-days, "gruttish" means boorish, and a "grut" is a bore.

Anything which is not "casual" and not "gruttish" is said to be "in good form." Originally, perhaps, "good form" was the aim of boating men only; but the expression has now attained a much wider signification. We may define a man who is always "in good form" in very much the same terms in which a well-bred man has been happily defined: he is one whom one likes at first sight, and whom one does not cease to like until he does something bad enough to make one alter one's opinion of him.

The word "bosh," as almost synonymous with the word "rubbish," is well known. Oxford claims the credit of having invented the verb "to bosh." Its meaning is much the same as that of the kindred verb "to hustle." "Boshing" a man is perhaps more violent than simply "hustling" him. Both verbs, however, mean something like to "balk," to "amoy," or (when applied to things) to "spoil." For instance, you "hustle" a man by being rude to him; you "bosh" his joke by refusing to laugh at it; you "bosh" his chance of sleep by playing upon the cornet all night in the room next to him. The slang use of the verb "to hustle" is evidently only metaphorical, from the physical to the moral world. The other explains itself.

One is said to "score off," or to "notch," any person over whom one obtains any advantage either in word or deed. To make a successful repartee to a friend's remark is to "score off" him; to secure for oneself that comfortable seat by the fire, for which you know that another man has been waiting, is to "notch" him. This, of course, is a metaphor taken from any game in which each point gained from one's adversary is "scored" or "notched" for oneself.

When a man has told, let us say, some story which has not had the intended comic effect, or when he is in any other way conscious of an involuntary baldness in what he has just said, he helps out the deficiencies in his remarks by affecting suddenly to remember that he has only been quoting, and he instantly adds the pretended author's

name. Thus, one may often hear, in undergraduates' society at Oxford, such an observation as, "Pass the wine, please. Shakspeare." Such a form of witticism may have been at first intended as a satire upon the system which attaches increasing importance to extreme accuracy, and which demands chapter and verse for every remark, and a *raison d'être* for everything.

A very common method of "boshing" a man's pun is to explain, sarcastically, and as it were for the benefit of the bystanders, the way in which it has evidently been made. Supposing that somebody in a company of undergraduates is talking, for example, of the Irish Church Question, and tries the hackneyed experiment of being funny about the "Bill" and the abbreviated Christian name of the present Premier, his neighbour will perhaps exclaim, "Yes! I see it!" and then kindly announce to the company, "Play on the word Bill!" This joke is sometimes put in a more abstruse form. If a witty remark is made, let us say, about port wine, some one says, "Play on the word sherry!" or in some other way intimates that he appreciates the joker's intention to be amusing rather than his success. Of course this is

always done in the most perfect good temper.

The last expression on our list is one which has never quite succeeded in establishing itself as a genuine piece of Oxford slang. One may occasionally hear a man say that he intends to "have a crib on" to do so-and-so. By this he means that he will make up a quiet party to do whatever he has mentioned. For example, "to have a crib on" to go to the Derby, is to arrange a comfortable (perhaps a clandestine) trip to see the race. "Crib," in fact, is slang for sanctum. A man who has a sanctum can please himself as to whom he shall admit into it; a man who "has a crib on" will take care that no outsider is let in.

In conclusion, we need offer no apology to our readers for having treated of such unimportant details as the above. The name prefixed to this essay was a warning that nothing very serious was to be expected. We crave, however, the indulgence of two classes of society: we hope that ladies will forgive us if we have been dull, and that Oxford undergraduates will not be hard upon us, even although we should in some fashion have broken trust.



## ECCLESIASTICAL COURTS.

BY FRANCIS W. ROWSELL, BARRISTER-AT-LAW.

THE *Pall Mall Gazette* of the 20th Oct. announces as follows:—"Arrangements have been made for proceeding without delay with the prosecution of the Rev. W. J. E. Bennett, vicar of Frome. On Thursday, the 28th inst., the Dean of Arches will hear the argument on the admission of the articles, and the argument on the merits will be heard on Wednesday, the 10th of November. Whatever the decision of the Court of Arches may be, the case will go eventually to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council."

What is the Court of Arches, what is the Privy Council, that they should sit in judgment on causes ecclesiastical? What is the nature of the machinery provided by law for the settlement of questions which may arise in the Church?

These questions can hardly fail to have suggested themselves to the minds of laymen—to the minds of some of the clergy too—during the trial of the recent ecclesiastical suits. The strong protests which, since judgment was delivered in the Natal case, have been made by a section of Churchmen against the composition and jurisdiction of the Privy Council, have interested people still more in the matter. Some explanation of the legal relation of the Church to the State may therefore not be unacceptable to our readers. It is our object to show the origin and nature of the several ecclesiastical courts, and especially to set forth the source of the authority of the Privy Council, a court spoken of as if it were the very tribunal of unbelieving heathen before whom the Apostle Paul wondered that Christians should dare to bring their suits.

From the Norman Conquest till the reign of Edward the First ecclesiastics in England were for every purpose

amenable only to strictly ecclesiastical courts, which had however, for certain important purposes, jurisdiction also over the laity. The attempts made by several kings, especially by Henry the Second, to put a bridle on the Churchmen, proved ineffectual. But the moral effect of the "Constitutions of Clarendon"—marred though it was by the criminal blunder involved in the murder of Becket—was very considerable, and was apparent for years afterwards in the conduct of the Church towards the State. The precedent set by Henry the Second was never forgotten by the kings who came after him. The clergy, on their part, remembering how near they had been to subjection, were wise in time, and not only conceded points to resolute kings who required them, but were careful not to provoke such kings beyond the bounds of patience. Thus when Edward the First, annoyed at the immunity enjoyed by clerks from the just punishment of their crimes, insisted on some change in the lax system of the Church courts, the clergy consented to an Act of Parliament (the statute of Westminster the First, c. 2) which forbade the release of a felon clerk from the custody of the bishop until he had cleared himself by "purgation,"<sup>1</sup> or by some other mode, "so that the king shall not need to provide any other remedy therein." There are many other instances of a desire, induced perhaps by necessity, on the part of the clergy to be on good terms with the king, most particularly with regard to appeals to Rome and interference by Rome, a point about which the kings were exceedingly sensitive, and upon

<sup>1</sup> "Purgation" was the affirmation on oath by the accused person that he was innocent, supported by the oaths of twelve purgators that they believed him. A jury of twelve clerks gave their verdict upon the proceedings.

which depended the real authority of the local ecclesiastical courts.

Before proceeding to describe the ecclesiastical courts of to-day, that is to say, courts from whose decisions an ultimate appeal lies to the sovereign, it may be well to consider the same courts as they existed before the Reformation, with the causes of which they took cognizance, and their mode of procedure.

The courts were three in number—the archdeacon's, the bishop's, and the archbishop's. An appeal lay from the lower to the higher, and there was a right of final appeal to the judgment of the Pope, who could try the matter either before himself in Rome, or through a legate armed with full powers. These tribunals took cognizance of all questions relative to the Church itself, and of all criminal, civil, or ecclesiastical matters in which clerks were concerned. They had jurisdiction also over laymen in questions *pro salute anime*. Such were brawling, doing violence, or committing other irreverent conduct in church or churchyard, neglecting to repair ecclesiastical buildings, incest, or incontinence. Their jurisdiction further extended over all causes testamentary and matrimonial.

It is difficult at this distance of time to ascertain with anything like certainty the precise method of procedure adopted anciently in these courts; nor perhaps, except from an antiquarian's point of view, is it of much importance to have it defined. That the canon law was administered in them we know, and the probability is that the process was by citation and oral pleadings, though there is some ground for suggesting that written pleadings, as at the present day, were in vogue in some of them. One is at a loss to discover by what means the ecclesiastical judges compelled obedience to their citations, and to the orders made by them at the different stages of the suit. They had of course the ecclesiastical censures at their disposal, the highest being excommunication. These must have been weapons powerful enough, in a superstitious age, to deter from disobedience. But whether these

or any less mighty means were used, it is certain that the arm of the common law did not exert itself to help the priestly tribunals. Yet it is probable also the common law courts considered it sufficient return to a writ of *habeas corpus*, if the gaoler stated in effect that the prisoner was detained by order of the bishop or other recognised ecclesiastical judge.

The criminal jurisdiction of these courts sprang up in England, as has been said, at the time of the Norman Conquest. It was further moulded by successive prelates, who all aimed at making the Church and its ministers more and more independent of the State. On the ground that the saints were to judge the world, they deemed it improper that those who by their profession might have been supposed to be saints should be called in question by the supposed representatives of the world. But "the world" could not shut its eyes to the fact that the clergy, though saints by profession, were by no means always saints in practice. So far from being able to see why a clerk's coat should save him from the grip of the severer law, it thought, on the contrary, that he should be particularly subject to it, considering that the effect of his ill example was more telling than that of a layman. A priest who had committed a murder the world held ought not to be treated otherwise than an ordinary man. If the latter was put to death, the former should not be handed over to his bishop for such correction as his bishop thought fit, and the canon law allowed. This was the rock on which Church and State split when Becket was primate, and the people clamoured for the trial and punishment, according to the common law, of a priest who had committed a rape on the person of a young woman in Herefordshire. This led to the "Constitutions of Clarendon," whereby the clergy renounced their right to a distinct tribunal. It also led to the murder of a Becket, whereby the salutary principles embodied in the "Constitutions" were indefinitely postponed

as to practice. Some of the caste privileges, such as sanctuary and benefit of clergy, which gradually came to be shared with certain of the laity, were early found to be so intolerable as to require curbing at all hazards, and the clergy, afraid of the determination they saw in opposition to them, wisely acquiesced in the Acts of Parliament which restrained these important privileges. With certain restrictions, however, the ecclesiastical courts continued, down to the time of the Reformation, to administer criminal justice upon clerks. But the punishments, even for the gravest crimes, could not go beyond fine, imprisonment, and degradation from priestly rank, in some cases coupled with excommunication.

It would seem, however, that the clergy, who were amenable to the ecclesiastical courts, were not altogether dead to their natural rights as citizens. We find an Act of Henry the Seventh's (1 Hen. VII. c. 4) called "an Act to punish Priests for Incontinency by their Ordinaries," which declares that bishops shall not be liable to an action for false imprisonment on account of their sending incontinent clerks to prison.

Other matters relating to the clergy, noticed in these courts, were neglect of duty, immoral conduct, preaching doctrines at variance with the Articles of the Church, suffering dilapidations. Laymen might be summoned for brawling in church, fighting in churches or churchyards, incontinence, drunkenness, and the like, and also for maintaining propositions of faith contrary to those held by the Church. Jurisdiction was also given to them by a statute of Edward II. to try, and punish, any one, cleric or lay, who "defamed" a priest, that is, who wrongfully and falsely accused him of incontinency.

But it was in the matter of heresy that the ecclesiastical courts became most prominent, and for the purpose of stopping heresy they deemed the power already in their hands to be insufficient. Until the rise and growth of Wycliffism the spiritual courts had been able to deal effectually with such heresies as

presented themselves. These were probably few, and rather fanciful than real. For three hundred years after the Conquest men were too much occupied in acustoming themselves to the new state of things,—in welding the uncongenial elements which were in England into one nation, in conducting the wars which were incidental to the establishment of a Norman kingdom in the country,—to allow of their entering upon original speculations on religious questions. Besides which, the fear of the powers already in the hands of the clergy was enough to restrain the aspirations of those few who really found time to think. But after that period, when increasing corruption in the manners of Churchmen, and the decrease of spirituality in their doctrine, had attracted attention, and had begotten thought on religious topics in the minds of men, differences arose between the thinkers and the Church, and the fanciful and the Church. The Church, which claimed to be on her part infallible, could not brook the differences, called them heresies, offences against God and His truth, and demanded that they should be punished as treason against the Most High. The threat and execution of the sentence of excommunication, which had formerly been strong enough to deter men, were now found to be insufficient. The new school repudiated of their own accord the Church which shut them out of communion, and denounced it as the preacher and maintainer of a lie. It was no punishment to them to be excommunicated, for they were numerous enough to found a Church of their own, in which they found all the spiritual comfort they desired. Still they did not wish to be without the Church Catholic; they claimed that they represented the true Church, and that the established Church was the representative of an impure form of it. They were to be found in all ranks and classes of society, though, as of old, it was the common people who heard them gladly. They taught in the universities through Wycliffe himself and his own immediate friends, as well as in the



country districts by means of the "poor preachers," who devoted themselves to the work, and went about preaching the Gospel of the Kingdom, as they said,—sowing tares in the garden of the Lord, said the established Churchmen. The efforts of the bishops and of Convocation being unavailing to root out the heresy (consisting chiefly of those differences on which all the Protestant Churches were founded), the Pope took up the matter. In bulls addressed to the king, the primate, and the University of Oxford, he respectively exhorted them with apostolic fervour to weed out the Lollers (*lolium inter triticum*) from the Church.

The king (Richard II.) took time to consider, and then agreed to a statute, 5 Ric. II. st. 2, c. 5, passed through Parliament by the clerical influence, whereby it was ordered that preachers of heresy should be apprehended on the requisition of the bishop, and imprisoned "till they will justify them, according to the law and reason of Holy Church." More than this he did not do; but the primate assembled a council of the clergy, laying before them the papal bull, and requested their formal decision upon the doctrines of Wycliffe. Wycliffe had already in the late king's reign been brought to answer before the Bishop of London in St. Paul's Cathedral, but being protected by the Duke of Lancaster and the Londoners, had escaped punishment. Now, however, his doctrines were formally investigated, and condemned as heretical by the consistory or bishop's court. Wycliffe met the decision with the statement that his judges had "put an heresie upon Crist and the seyntes in hevynne," and he declined to retract all, though he explained away some of his tenets.

In spite of 5 Ric. II. st. 2, c. 5, which came into operation soon after this, the opinions of the Reformers gained ground, and the clergy made it a condition of their support to Henry the Fourth, that he should strengthen their hands in the war against heresy. Under his auspices the secular arm was first brought in to help the ecclesiastical

courts in the punishment of delinquents. The 2 Hen. IV. c. 15, after reciting that the Church of England was orthodox in its faith, provides, that heretics refusing to abjure their heresy, or relapsing after abjuration, should be delivered to the secular arm. The sheriff "the same persons, after such sentence promulgate, shall receive, and them before the people in an high place see to be burnt; that such punishment might strike fear into the minds of others, whereby no such wicked doctrines and heretical and erroneous opinions, nor their authors nor fautors, in this realm and dominions, against the Catholic faith, Christian law, and determination of Holy Church, be sustained or in any wise suffered." But this was still deemed insufficient. A provision of Henry the Fifth, 2 Hen. V. st. 1, c. 7, rules that the magistrates should assist the ordinaries in exterminating heresy, that is to say, should arrest a man for heresy as they would arrest him for rifling a henroost, and hand him over to the bishop, and that persons convicted of heresy should be considered and treated as traitors also. In this manner there was placed in the hands of the ecclesiastical judges a power greater than the king's, a power of inquisition into the very thoughts of men, and a power to punish with a most horrid form of death any thought which the bishop might deem to be an improper one. The clergy obtained the intervention of the secular arm in the matter of punishments, because, as the Jews pleaded before Pilate, it was not lawful for them to put any man to death. The canon law forbade the clergy to shed blood, and they carried their respect for the letter of this law to the uttermost when they provided, in the Act of Parliament passed at their instance, that the punishment should be death by fire, which dried up the blood instead of spilling it.

It is curious to remark, that the archbishop or bishop's court before which heretics were tried seems to have consisted, not of any fixed number or

rank of persons, but of a council chosen at the discretion of the bishop, to sit with him as his assessors. It shows at all events a desire on the part of the bishop, acting according to the light that was in him, to do right, that in important cases involving difficult points of doctrine—one can hardly call it law—he summoned a large number of assessors to assist him in arriving at a judgment. Thus, in the case of Reginald Pecock, Bishop of Chichester, the author of “The Repressor” and many other works, towards the end of the fourteenth century, the Archbishop of Canterbury delivered the writings of the prisoner to twenty-four doctors, who were directed to examine them, and report whether there were heresies in them or not. They formed a sort of ecclesiastical grand jury; and upon their presentment, which was to the effect that there were certain specified heresies in the books, the court, consisting of the archbishop and the Bishops of Lincoln and Rochester, gave judgment, after hearing what the Bishop of Chichester had to say in his own defence. They drew up a condemnation of a creed which Pecock had composed, and directed Dr. Pinchbeck to read it on the following Sunday at Paul’s Cross, and they required Pecock to retract his errors before a large meeting of bishops and of doctors, both secular and religious, which was convened at Lambeth Palace three weeks afterwards.

The practice of the courts in matters of heresy continued to be regulated according to the discretion of the bishop or archbishop. The offence could be tried in either court, according to the rank of the offender, until the time of Henry the Eighth; and, to judge from the recital to the 25 Hen. VIII. c. 14, it would appear that the proceedings were latterly by no means fair and above-board, but arbitrary and oppressive. That statute complains of the general and large words of 2 Hen. IV. c. 15, under which heretics were still apprehended, and says that they give the ordinaries power to arrest any “whom they thought defamed or suspect of

heresy.” Indeed, it says, not even “the most expert and best learned man of this your realm diligently lying in wait upon himself can eschew and avoid the penalties and dangers of the same Act and canonical sanctions, if he should be examined upon such captious interrogatory as is and hath been accustomed to be ministered by the ordinaries of this realm in cases where they will suspect any person or persons of heresy.”

The statute of Henry IV. was therefore repealed, and it was ordered that because “it is not reasonable that any ordinary by any suspicion conceived of his own fantasy” should put a man in peril, heretics were to be questioned in open court before the ordinary, and to have an open trial. At the same time it was ordered that it was not to be accounted heresy to speak against the Pope, or the canons, or against the spiritual laws promulgated by the Bishop of Rome. Yet heretics, proved to be so by the law of the realm, were to be punished as heretofore.

The “laws of the realm” by which persons were adjudged heretics were henceforth the will of the king, whose enactments, legalized by a servile Parliament, were of the bloodiest and most comprehensive kind. Framed on the “cross-fishing” principle, they caught at the same time the conservatives of the old faith and the more advanced liberals of the new school, and the law of the Six Articles, or the “Bloody Bill,” was especially destructive of all who thought the least differently from the king. The ecclesiastical courts of the new régime were charged with the administration of these laws, and the provisions of 25 Hen. VIII. c. 14 were practically of little benefit. As a guide to the courts, however, it was provided by Act of Parliament that the king was to be considered as head of the Church, and that all those who taught anything contrary to the doctrines enunciated in his book of faith, “The Institution and the Erudition of a Christian Man,” or who should contravene the articles set forth in his Acts, which made certain specific dogmas heretical, should be burned as heretics.

As regarded the canon law, it was ordered to be revised by royal commissioners, and until it should be revised, so much of it as was not contrary to the common law of England or the king's prerogative was to be taken as in force. Henry, however, as head of the Church, claimed the power to bring ecclesiastical causes from the ordinary's court, before himself in council, and he exercised this power in the case of Lambert, who was burned for heresy, and in several other cases.

The canon law was not revised till the reign of James I. Till then, with the exception of Mary's reign, when the old order of things was temporarily re-established, the law of the Church was virtually the will of the sovereign for the time being. In 1603 a set of canons were drawn up, out of the ancient canon law, by Convocation, and received the sanction of the king; but as the House of Commons did not approve them (and never has approved any, before or since), they were binding on the clergy only, if even on them. Prosecutions for heresy ended in conviction, in James's reign, and several persons suffered death by fire under sentence of the Tudor laws, though some of these, like the law of the Six Articles, had been repealed. Not till 29 Car. II. c. 9 was the sting drawn from the heresy laws. By that statute the *De heretico comburendo* was abolished, "and all punishment by death in pursuance of any ecclesiastical censures was to be from henceforth utterly taken away and abolished, any law, statute, canon, constitution, custom, or usage to the contrary notwithstanding."

It is a noticeable feature of the Reformation that the ancient jurisdiction of the ecclesiastical courts was not taken away, though the ultimate appeal was changed from the Pope to the king. The practice and procedure remained much the same; but it is probable that though the old laws respecting heresy were still unrepealed, the heresy causes brought before the courts were confined almost exclusively to articles framed upon the new statutes. As regards other matters,

of discipline, ritual, &c., there was not any change, but the jurisdiction of the courts on criminal process was greatly circumscribed by the curtailment of the benefit of clergy in many cases where before it had been allowed.

Next to power over life and death, bestowed upon ecclesiastics by the heresy laws, stands excommunication. This and other censures proceeded at the discretion of the court, and were the causes of civil disability as well as of ecclesiastical punishment. Excommunication was an ecclesiastical censure whereby the person against whom it was pronounced was for the time cast out of the communion of the Church. It was of two kinds, the greater and the lesser. The latter deprived the person sentenced of the sacraments and of the privilege of attending divine service of any kind; the former deprived him not only of these, but also of the society and conversation of the faithful, that is to say, Christians were forbidden to have any dealings with him. If they disobeyed, they rendered themselves liable to the lesser sentence, and if they persisted after due warning, to the greater. The lighter sentence might be pronounced on the moment, at the discretion of the judge, in order to compel obedience to the process of the courts, to compel a man to appear to a citation, or to carry out any interlocutory order. The graver sentence was not, except on important occasions, and by the mouth of high authorities, to be pronounced without some formal sentence declaratory of the reasons on which the sentence issued. An excommunicated person was to be to the faithful as "a heathen man and a publican," until he had been received into the Church again after penance, by the properly-constituted authorities; the questmen or churchwardens were bound (and are still required) to exclude him from church; he could not bring an action in any civil court, nor be presented to a benefice, nor be an advocate, nor a witness. If excommunicated by the greater sentence, he could not make a will, and in any case he was denied Christian burial unless he had been



reconciled before death. The greater excommunication was promulgated in the church four times a year, with bell, candle, cross, and book, and it was competent to the bishop, unless the excommunicated person made his peace within six weeks, to issue his precept to the sheriff and have him arrested under the writ *De excommunicato capiendo*. It seems there was some question about the propriety of the sheriff acting on the bishop's certificate, considering that he was a royal officer, and answerable in damages to any one whom he detained unlawfully, and the point was mooted whether the sheriff was bound to act *ex gratiâ regis* or *ex debito justitiæ*. The question did not receive any solution, perhaps was not made of sufficient importance to demand one, till the reign of Elizabeth, when with the rise of the new faith came questions about the necessity of complying with old rules, and the 5 Eliz. c. 23 was passed in order to settle the matter.

This statute set the case of the excommunicated upon a distinct basis. It recited the difficulty which existed in the way of proceeding under the writ *De excommunicato capiendo*. Provision was made that the writ should issue out of the Court of Chancery on the bishop's certificate, and be returnable in term time in the King's Bench, where the cause of arrest might be fully set forth, in order that the judges might see whether or not it was a proper one for the decision of the ecclesiastical judge. What were good causes for review in the ecclesiastical courts at the time may be learned from the thirteenth section of the Act, viz. original matter of heresy, refusing to have a child baptized, refusing "to receive the holy communion "as it is now commonly used to be "received in the Church of England, "incontinency, usury, simony, perjury "in the ecclesiastical court, or idolatry." The excommunicated man, once imprisoned, was only released on submission, signified to the Chancery by the bishop or archbishop.

The disabilities attaching to excommunication remained in force after the

Reformation, and indeed till the year 1813. The Act 53 George III. c. 12,—an Act for the better regulation of the Ecclesiastical Courts in England,—took away the power to give sentence of excommunication except as a definitive sentence upon some legal cause, and utterly abolished all civil disabilities formerly consequent upon it. To the king was reserved power, if he chose to exercise it, of ordering the arrest of an excommunicated person for a period not exceeding six months. By the same Act provision was made for punishing by arrest any one who committed contempt of the regular ecclesiastical courts.

Interdict, a punishment abandoned at the Reformation, proceeded at the discretion of the judge, and prohibited divine services to the persons or places interdicted. Baptism was allowed because of the uncertainty of life, but the Eucharist was permitted only in the article of death. Burial in consecrated ground might take place, but without any rites; marriages were solemnized at the church door.

Degradation and deprivation were applicable to clerks only. The former took place after conviction for heresy, and for atrociously scandalous conduct. The degradation of a priest was in this wise. Dressed in his full vestments, a chalice and a paten were put into his hands. The eucharistic vessels and the chasuble or scarlet robe were then taken from him, and he ceased to be a priest. A copy of the Bible was given to him and taken away, together with his stole or tippet, and he ceased to be a deacon. The removal of the alb or surplice and the maniple took with it the dignity of sub-deacon. The giving and taking away of a candlestick, a taper, and a small pitcher showed that the degree of acolyte had been abandoned. With his book of exorcisms the clerk gave up his power as an exorcist; with his book of daily lessons his office of reader; with a sexton's gown and a church-door key his authority of sexton. Then the tonsure was obliterated, and the bishop, in the name of the Church, completed the

man's degradation thus: "By the authority of God Almighty, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, and of us, we do take from thee the clerical habit, and do depose, degrade, despoil, and deprive thee of all order, benefit, and privilege of clergy."

Deprivation of benefice proceeded and proceeds on the commission of conduct declared by the common, statute, and canon law to be unworthy of a curate of souls. What this conduct is it would be long to state, but the common law courts prevent the ecclesiastical authorities (a bishop or the Dean of Arches can "deprive") from playing the tyrant in the matter, by means of their writs of prohibition, which issue upon the common law court being satisfied that an injustice or an impropriety is about to be committed.

Suspension is the sentence which even the bishop's chancellor can pronounce upon a clerk who has misconducted himself. It is a temporary punishment of the same nature as deprivation, and subject to criticism and review by the civil courts.

The modern courts for ecclesiastical causes are the same in name as their ancient prototypes, the king in council being however substituted for the Pope as the court of final appeal. The archdeacon's court is an inferior tribunal in which local matters of discipline, and cases where the jurisdiction is as it were voluntarily allowed by the suitors, are determined.<sup>1</sup> An appeal lies from it to the bishop, in whose court are brought all important causes, as in a court of first instance. Upon matters of comparatively minor importance, the bishop's chancellor,—a civilian learned in the law, and of high professional status,—decides;

<sup>1</sup> "The Archdeacon is called *Oculus Episcopi*, and hath some jurisdiction of himself, as to visit his archdeaconry, and there to receive presentments (but he must referre them to the Bishop to be corrected); he may induct those whome the Bishop hath instituted to any rectory, vicaridge, &c.; he may *corrigerè in levioreibus*; he may see to the repaire of churches."—From a MS. in Record Office, dated 24 March, 1636-7, published in a Parliamentary Return, April 1868, by H. C. Rothery.

his power extending even to suspending clerks for misbehaviour. Upon all graver causes the bishop, sitting with his chancellor as assessor, gives judgment, unless, as is more commonly the case, he sends the matter by "letters of request" to the purely legal and more authoritative court of the archbishop, called the Court of Arches, on account of its having formerly held its sittings in the church of St. Mary of the Arches, or St. Mary-le-Bow.

The Arches Court, over which a civilian Dean of Arches presides, is a court of appeal belonging to the Archbishop of Canterbury.<sup>1</sup> It receives appeals from all the ecclesiastical courts in the province of Canterbury, and entertains original suits on "letters of request" from any of the bishops. It has also episcopal jurisdiction over the thirteen parishes in London which are subject to the primate as bishop; and entertains appeals from the Court of Peculiars, which is also a court of the archbishop, having jurisdiction over those parishes dispersed throughout the province of Canterbury which are under the episcopal authority of the archbishop.

From this court an appeal formerly lay to the Pope, as supreme head of the Church, but since Henry the Eighth

<sup>1</sup> "The official principall (so called) of the Arches heareth and determineth all causes of appeales made to him from any of the Bishoppes that are Suffragans to the Archbishop of Canterbury; for any nullitie, injustice, delay, or denial of justice; as also made from any of their Chancellors or Commissaries, or from their Archdeacons or the officials of them, and from their severall Deanes and chapters of their Cathedral churches that have any ecclesiasticall jurisdiction *etiam omisso medio*."

"The said Court of the Arches did heretofore heare and determine any originall suits called out of any of his sullragans territories; but now by a statute of 23 Henry VIII. none shall be cited to appeare out of the dioces where they dwell, which is the cause that few are called originally into the Court of Arches, unlesse at the request of the ordinary, but only out of London dioces, who being called to Bow Church that is situate in the dioces of London, are not said to be called out of their dioces where they dwell."—From a MS. in Record Office, dated 24 March, 1636-7, published in a Parliamentary Return, April 1868, by H. C. Rothery.

the appeal has been, till lately, to the king in his Chancery; and since 2 and 3 Will. IV. c. 92 to the king in his Privy Council. When the appeal lay to the Chancery, a commission was issued to certain delegates, chosen for the occasion, and these delegates tried the cause. Now the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, consisting of the Lord Chancellor, the law lords, some retired judges, and for ecclesiastical causes the archbishops and sometimes certain bishops, is the ultimate court of appeal. It represents the king, who is by statute the head of the Church.

The causes with which the ecclesiastical courts concern themselves and upon which, under the watch-dog supervision of the common law courts, they administer the canon and civil law in England, are:—matters of Church discipline, ritual, immorality, misconduct in clerks, spoliation of one benefice by the holder of another, dilapidation of Church buildings, neglect to repair churchyards, withholding of tithes, and heresy. Till lately, also, they took cognizance, through a court called the Prerogative Court, of matrimonial and testamentary and intestacy causes. Their jurisdiction in the latter was so old that a learned commentator says “it is not ascertained by any antient writer” when it began in England, but it was probably arrogated by the clergy as being the most likely persons to know what the last wishes of deceased were, and as the only men who could interpret the meaning of a

written document. Their jurisdiction in matrimonial matters was founded on the sacramental nature of the marriage tie, which was made *in facie ecclesie* only. Those who only could bind were those who only could loose, and who could declare the precise nature of the contract and the extent to which it was injured by irregularities in the parties or failure in the necessary obligations. The clergy, therefore, held the keys of marriage, and their practice was on sufficient cause shown to pronounce, according to the circumstances of the case, a divorce *a mensâ et thoro*, which was a sentence of separation, or a divorce *a vinculo matrimonii*. Since the Reformation, however, Parliament, in the exercise of its paramount power, encroached on this peculiar province of the ecclesiastical courts by granting divorces on petitions duly ascertained; and now, since the twentieth year of her Majesty's reign, the jurisdiction of the ecclesiastical courts, both in testamentary and matrimonial matters, has been taken away, and vested in the new courts for probate and matrimonial causes.

The spirit of Henry the Second might be consoled for the miscarriage of the “Constitutions of Clarendon,” could he see ecclesiastical courts in England, the distinctive feature of which is that no clergyman has the power to decide any matter of importance to the clergy, and no matter whatsoever which can seriously affect the laity.



## THE SUEZ CANAL.

BY F. A. EATON.

THIS work, the most costly and magnificent enterprise of modern times, is now so nearly approaching completion, that one may almost speak of it as *de facto* accomplished. The formal opening, as our readers are aware, has been fixed to take place on the 17th of the present month in the presence of the Emperor of Austria, the Empress of the French, the Crown Prince of Prussia, and a host of other exalted personages. To this accomplishment, it must be owned, England has in no way contributed. Indeed there is little exaggeration in saying that it has been carried through in spite of her opposition; certainly in the face of the most stolid indifference on her part. The politician and the engineer whose opinions in their respective departments admitted of no dispute declared against the scheme, and the press naturally followed in the same strain. Lord Palmerston's opposition may, it is true, at any period prove to have been a well-founded one: a very short time ought to show the fallacy of Stephenson's condemnation. When England found her half-sulky efforts against the undertaking of no avail, she seems to have consoled herself by looking upon it as a chimera which would never come to anything, and has accordingly paid but little heed to its progress. A letter from the Duke of St. Alban's to the *Times*, in the spring of 1867, was the first endeavour to draw public attention to the fact that the canal was no myth, and that it was being constructed with an activity and energy of which people in England had no idea. But it is only very lately that we have shown any disposition to recognise the magnitude of the work, and award due merit to those whose energy and ingenuity have carried it on so near to ultimate completion.

It will be unnecessary here to enumerate the attempts which have at various periods of Egypt's history been made to establish a water-communication between the Mediterranean and Red Seas: but it is worth while to note a difference between the present canal and all the other projected and accomplished ones, viz. that their Mediterranean point of departure was the Nile, and they were consequently part fresh water and part salt, while the present one goes direct from sea to sea—the seas themselves furnishing its waters. Hence the appropriateness of the name, "Maritime Canal," serving to distinguish it from the small Fresh-water Canal which the Company made a few years ago from near Zagazig, the then limit of cultivation at that part of the east of Egypt, to Suez, following the course, and in many places actually employing the bed, of the old Pharaonic canal. The history of this company, "La Compagnie Universelle du Canal Maritime de Suez,"<sup>1</sup> is now pretty well

<sup>1</sup> The following table will show the proportion in which its shares were taken up in different countries:—

	Shares.
France . . . . .	207,111
Egypt . . . . .	96,517
Austria . . . . .	51,246
Russia . . . . .	24,174
England . . . . .	5,085
United States . . . . .	5,000
Spain . . . . .	4,046
Holland . . . . .	2,615
Tunis . . . . .	1,714
Sardinia . . . . .	1,353
Switzerland . . . . .	460
Belgium . . . . .	324
Tuscany . . . . .	176
Naples . . . . .	97
Roman States . . . . .	54
Prussia . . . . .	15
Denmark . . . . .	7
Portugal . . . . .	5
Sweden . . . . .	1

TOTAL . . . . . 400,000

known. It owes its existence to M. Ferdinand de Lesseps. In 1854 he obtained a concession for the making of a canal across the Isthmus of Suez from the then Viceroy of Egypt, Saïd Pasha. As the Sultan, however, withheld his assent, and various other hindrances occurred, nothing further was done till 1858, when subscriptions were first opened, and the company started with a paid-up capital of 8,000,000*l.* In 1859 the work was first begun, and was carried on until 1863 under the terms of the original concession chiefly by means of the fellaheen—Egyptian peasants—whom Saïd Pasha had agreed to furnish as labourers at the rate of 20,000 monthly. On the accession of Ismail Pasha, in the spring of 1863, the work suddenly came to a standstill, as that prince refused to continue to supply the labourers; and, indeed, referred to the Sultan for revision all the terms of the concession granted by his predecessor. By the consent of all parties the Emperor of the French was named arbitrator, and he decided that the Company should give up some important clauses, and that the Viceroy should pay them for so doing. Accordingly 78,000,000 francs, more than 3,000,000*l.*, were awarded to them for the withdrawal of the fellaheen, and the resumption of the lands originally granted; the Company retaining only two hundred metres<sup>1</sup> on each side of the line of the canal, for the erection of workshops, deposit of soil excavated, &c. A further sum of 16,000,000 francs was to be paid for the purchase of the Fresh-water Canal mentioned above, and of the tolls levied on it; making in all a sum of nearly 4,000,000*l.* At the beginning of these difficulties the Company were disposed to consider themselves badly treated, but in the end they had every reason to be satisfied with the result. They got what they stood most in need of—money; and they were forced into replacing the manual labour of the fellaheen, who notwithstanding their num-

bers made comparatively slow progress, by a system of machinery which, when one looks at the ingenuity displayed in its invention, and the enormous scale on which it has been applied, must certainly be considered as one of the chief glories of the enterprise. In 1867, 4,000,000*l.* more were raised, partly by means of a lottery. Since 1864 the work has been going on rapidly and without interruption.

The present short account of the history and actual state of the canal is the result of two fortnights spent along its banks in 1867 and 1869. From the mouth of the Damietta branch of the Nile to the Gulf of Pelusium, there stretches a low belt of sand varying in width from 200 to 300 yards, and serving to separate the Mediterranean from the waters of the Lake Menzaleh; though often when the lake is full, and the waves of the Mediterranean are high, the two meet across this slight boundary-line. In the month of April 1859 a small body of men, who might well be called the pioneers of the Suez Canal, headed by M. Laroche, landed at that spot of this narrow sandy slip which had been chosen as the starting-point of the canal from the Mediterranean, and the site of the city and port intended ultimately to rival Alexandria. It owed its selection not to its being the spot from which the shortest line across the Isthmus could be drawn—that would have been from the Gulf of Pelusium—but to its being that point of the coast to which deep water approached the nearest. Here eight metres of water, equal to about 26 feet, the contemplated depth of the canal, were found at a distance of less than two miles; at the Gulf of Pelusium that depth only existed at more than five miles from the coast. The spot was called Port Saïd in honour of the Viceroy, and a few wooden shanties soon took the place of the tents first put up. Hard indeed must have been the life of the first workers on this desolate strip of sand. The nearest place from which fresh water

<sup>1</sup> The metre is 39·371 inches; and 100 metres are 109 yards very nearly.

could be procured was Damietta, a distance of thirty miles. It was brought thence across the Lake Menzaleh in Arab boats, but calms or storms often delayed the arrival of the looked-for store; sometimes indeed it was altogether lost, and the powers of endurance of the little band were sadly tried. After a time distilling machines were put up, and in 1863 water was received through a pipe from the Fresh-water Canal, which had been completed to the centre of the Isthmus.

The first thing to be done at Port Said was to make the ground on which to build the future town. This was done by dredging in the shallows of the lake close to the belt of sand; the same operation serving at once to form an inner port, and to extend the area, and raise the height, of the dry land. When the fellaheen were withdrawn, and recourse was had to machinery for supplying their place, a great impetus was given to Port Said. It soon became perhaps the largest workshop in the world. The huge machines, which were to do the work hitherto done by hands and baskets, were brought piece by piece from France, and put together in long ranges of sheds erected along the inner port. In another part sprang up the works where Messrs. Dussaud were to make the huge concrete blocks for the construction of the piers of the outer harbour. At the same time the dredging of this harbour was commenced, and the sand taken up near the shore was utilized for making these blocks, which are composed entirely of this sand and of lime brought from Theil in France. The first block of the piers was laid in August 1865, and both were completed in Jan. 1869, the western to a length of more than two miles, and the eastern of more than a mile and a half.<sup>1</sup> At their commencement from the shore they are nearly a mile distant from one another, but they gradually converge till at the mouth of the harbour there is not more than a quarter of a mile between them.

<sup>1</sup> The exact lengths are 3,500 and 2,500 metres.

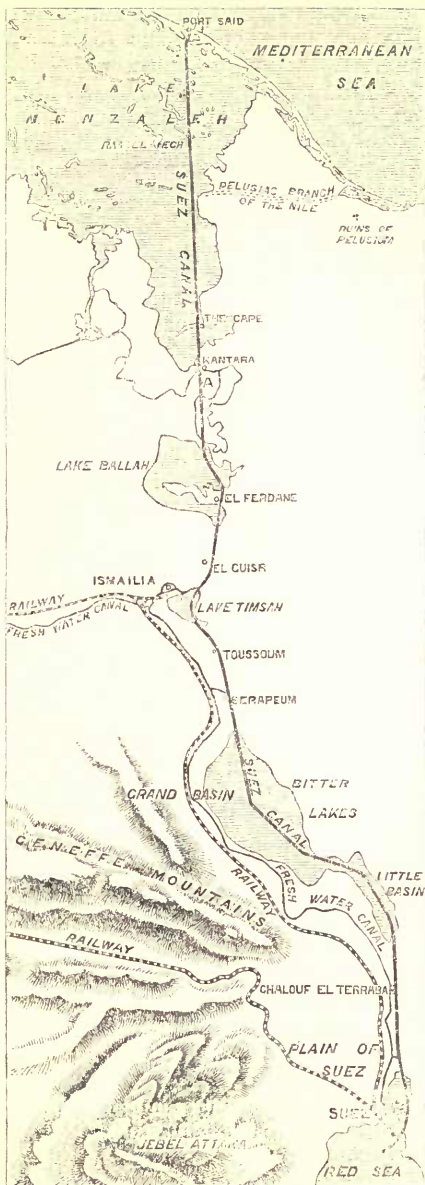
It is more than probable that it will be necessary to lengthen these piers, so as to render the entrance to the harbour narrower and less exposed. Great fears were justly entertained that the sand which is continually drifting eastward from the mouths of the Nile would gradually silt up the harbour, notwithstanding the shelter afforded by the west pier. The piers were thus constructed: three blocks were placed side by side, then above them two more, and on this substratum others were dropped irregularly till the requisite height was reached. Between these irregularly-laid blocks there are of course large interstices, but it was supposed that these would be quickly closed up by different marine substances, which, adhering to the blocks, would, in conjunction with the drifting sand, form a sort of mortar sufficient to stop effectually every aperture. This has not proved to be the case, and in the spring of this year a sloping bank of sand extended some 150 feet into the harbour. One remedy proposed for this most serious evil, which if it does not threaten the existence of the harbour will much increase the expense of its maintenance, is to build up the apertures with small stones; but there can be no doubt that it will tax all the energies of the conductors of the enterprise.

Port Said now numbers more than 10,000 inhabitants. The piers being finished, and the dredges and other machines all put together and despatched to different parts of the canal, it lost for a time its busy aspect, but its increasing capabilities as a port soon brought fresh life and animation. Three inner basins have been dredged out, and the sandy mud raised forms the basis for quays and warehouses. Fresh water is still supplied from Ismailia, but another larger pipe has been added, and a big reservoir, called the Château d'Eau, holding sufficient for three days' consumption, provides against the improbable accident of both pipes being out of order at the same time. The dredging of the vast area of the outer harbour is carried on unceasingly, the method



being the same as that employed so successfully, to take one among many instances, in the port of Glasgow.

Let us leave now this "Rendezvous maritime de l'Occident et de l'Orient," to use the words of its enthusiastic founder, and passing through the harbour, with the town and principal docks on the right hand, reach the point at which the canal proper may be said to begin. It commences with a wide sweep southwards—the town and harbour facing nearly north-east—and runs in a straight line due north and south for forty-five kilometres,<sup>1</sup> through the Lake Menzaleh to Kantara, passing by the stations of Ras el-Ech<sup>2</sup> and the Cape. As far as Ras el-Ech there are always a few feet of water in the lake; but beyond this point, excepting for a short time after the inundation of the Nile, it is little better than a morass, the upper surface consisting of a thin coating of clay, and the bottom of sand or mud, or a mixture of both. Great fears were entertained as to the possibility of ever cutting a permanent channel through this unstable material, more especially at that point where the old Pelusiatic branch of the Nile had to be crossed, and the mud was even more liquid than elsewhere. And for some time it certainly did seem as if the attempt would only furnish a converse parallel to the story of the Danaïdes and their tub. As fast as the mud was taken up by the dredges, and put out on either side to form banks, it sunk again by its own weight. The engineers were in despair, and the work threatened to come to a standstill; when a Dalmatian peasant, a second Brindley—*rusticus illiteratusque*—employed on one of the dredging machines, came forward and offered, if they would give him the use of all the *matériel*, to solve the difficulty. His offer was accepted, and a sort of contract for a few hundred yards was given him. He set the dredging machines again to work; but as soon as they had put out



SECTION AT A



<sup>1</sup> The kilometre is five-eighths of a mile.

<sup>2</sup> The Canal Company's method of spelling the Arabic names has been followed in this paper.

on the line of the bank just so much mud as would stay above the surface of the water, he stopped them to allow this small nucleus to harden, which it quickly did under an Egyptian sun. He then put on a little more mud, and let it harden again; and so on, bit by bit, till a good hard bank was made. The success of his simple expedient was complete, and the whole line of bank in this part was made in the same way. It is now being strengthened with loose stones, brought from quarries near Ismailia. Kantara is one of the principal stations on the canal, numbering about 2,000 inhabitants. It is situated on a chain of low sandhills, which divide Lake Menzaleh from Lake Ballah, and lies in the direct route between Egypt and Syria: that route which was once one of the greatest highways of the old world, and served as the causeway to succeeding armies of Egyptians, Assyrians, Persians, Greeks, Romans, Arabs, and French, all bent on war and plunder. The new highway that traverses it will, it is hoped, be devoted to peace and money-making.

Soon after leaving Kantara, the canal quits the straight line it has hitherto pursued, and, with a few gradual turns, passes through several shallow lakes, the principal of which is Lake Ballah, dotted here and there with tamarisk-tufted islets, to El Ferdane; and a short distance further on enters the heights of El-Guisr. Up to this point the whole of the country traversed, with the exception of the slight clay elevation of Ras el-Ech, and the three sandy knolls of the Cape, Kantara, and El Ferdane, lies either at, or below, the level of the Mediterranean; consequently, these slight eminences removed, and the difficulty of making the banks overcome, the channel was easily excavated by dredging, and there would be nothing particular to mention about it, were it not for the ingenious apparatus invented by M. Lavalley for enabling the dredges to discharge their material at once upon the banks, and so to help to form them. This consists in a long iron spout of semi-ellip-

tical form, 230 feet long,  $5\frac{1}{2}$  wide from edge to edge, and 2 feet deep. It is supported by an iron framework, resting partly on the dredge and partly on a floating lighter. The dredge-buckets discharge their contents into this spout at a height of thirty-five feet above the water, and the stuff flows easily down the slight incline at which the spout rests, and is deposited at a sufficient distance from the edge of the water to prevent all chance of its falling back into the canal. It is aided in this process by a constant flow of water pumped into the spout by a rotary engine, and by an endless chain with large pieces of wood attached to it, working along the whole length of the spout, and pushing on stones or heavy lumps of clay that might cause obstruction. The amount of soil excavated and deposited on the banks by one of these long-spouted dredges is enormous—80,000 cubic metres a month is the average in soft soil; but the dredge which in the month of April this year had the blue flag flying, indicative of its having obtained the prize for the most work done the month previous, had gained that distinction by no less a figure than 120,000 cubic metres. When the banks are too high to admit of the employment of the spouts, another method, hardly less ingenious, is used for disposing of the stuff. It is shot into a barge fitted with huge boxes. The barge as soon as filled is towed off, and placed underneath what is called an *élévateur*. This is an inclined tramway supported on an open iron framework, resting partly on a lighter and partly on a platform moving on rails along the bank. Up and down this tramway runs a waggon worked by an engine placed on the lighter. Hooks hanging from the waggon are fixed to one of the boxes, and the engine being set going, the box is hoisted up, and carried swinging below the waggon to the top of the tramway, where it tilts over, and having discharged itself, is run down again and dropped into the barge.

On entering the heights of El-Guisr, the scenery of the canal changes. The eye no longer rests on an almost un-

broken expanse of lake and morass, studded here and there with islets, and at times rendered gay and brilliant by innumerable flocks—regiments one might almost call them, in such perfect and almost unbroken order are they drawn up—of rosy pelicans, scarlet flamingoes, and snow-white spoonbills. The view, if monotonous, has been at least extensive; but now it is bounded on either side by a high wall of sand. The *scuil*, as the French call it, of El-Guisr is rather less than ten miles in length, with a maximum height of about 65 feet above the level of the sea, and is composed chiefly of loose sand interspersed with beds of hard sand and clay. The work here was commenced by the fellaheen, who, with the primitive tools common to the Egyptian labourer, viz. hands for grubbing up the soil, and baskets for carrying it away, excavated a channel from 25 to 30 feet wide, and about five feet below the level of the sea. When they were withdrawn in 1863, the work was entrusted to M. Couvreux, who took a contract for completing the cutting to the full width, and to a depth of about ten feet below the sea-level. For doing this he employed a machine of his own invention called an *excavateur*—a sort of locomotive engine working behind it a chain of dredge-buckets on an inclined plane: on reaching the top of the plane, the buckets open at the bottom, and discharge their contents into waggons; these were drawn by locomotives to the top of the embankment, along a well-arranged network of tramways. M. Couvreux finished his contract in 1868, and then the deep dredging was continued by Messrs. Borel<sup>1</sup> and Lavalley; screw-lighters carrying away the stuff and discharging it into Lake Timsah. Soon after passing the encampment of El-Guisr, and just before entering Lake Timsah, the canal makes

a most awkward double bend. This was done by the engineers who traced the line in order to take advantage of a slight depression in the ground, and lessen the amount of excavation; but it is a fatal mistake, and must be rectified, as the width of the canal at that point will hardly admit of a long vessel getting safely round such turns. The width, it should be stated, varies, at least at the water-line. In those parts where the soil is either below the surface of the sea, or not more than about seven feet above it, the width is nearly 330 feet; in those where the soil is higher it is not much over 190 feet. The width at the bottom, however, is throughout 72 feet. The depth is 28 feet.

On a prominent point at the end of the El-Guisr heights stands the *chalet* of the Viceroy, occupied by the Prince and Princess of Wales on the occasion of their late visit to the canal. It commands a good view of a part of the deep cutting, and the distant prospect from it across Lake Timsah is very fine.

Lake Timsah was formerly a fresh-water lake receiving the overflow of the Nile, and to judge by its name a great resort of crocodiles, *timsah* being the Arabic word for that animal. It had long, however, been merely a lake in name, and no thing remained to mark its site but a deep depression in the desert till the 12th of December, 1866, when, through the channel already cut from Port Said, the waters of the Mediterranean, regulated in their fall by a sluice 66 feet in width, began to pour into its bed; and on the 12th of May, 1867, a regatta was held on its waters to celebrate its inauguration as an inland salt-water lake. It took 80,000,000 cubic metres of water to fill it. The canal passes along its eastern shore, cutting through two or three projecting promontories. On the northern shore is the town of Ismailia, about a mile and a half from the canal.

Ismailia, though inferior in size to either Port Said or Suez, may be said to have become from its central position the principal town on the Isthmus. It was not until the Fresh-water Canal had been extended from Tel-el-Wadec that

<sup>1</sup> While these pages are passing through the press, the death of this able and eminent engineer, to whom the enterprise probably owes more than to any one else, is announced. It is indeed hard that he should thus have been removed when on the very eve of his triumph.



Ismailia began to spring up on the desert sand, and now it is one of the prettiest and most charming spots imaginable. Its trim houses, well-kept streets, and beautiful little gardens form a characteristic picture of French taste and neatness; and it is difficult, looking at this delightful oasis, and feeling the fresh cool breeze from the lake on which it stands, to believe that only a very few years ago the whole was one glaring waste of barren desert sand. It seems only necessary to pour the waters of the Nile on the desert to produce a soil which will grow to perfection, flowers, fruit, vegetables—in fact, anything. And, thanks to the Fresh-water Canal, Ismailia has a plentiful supply of Nile water. Not far from the town are the fine pumping engines on which Port Said and the whole line of the canal between it and Ismailia are dependent for water. It is conveyed, as has been said, through two pipes, and at every kilometre there is an open tank accessible to man and beast. From 1,500 to 2,000 cubic metres of water are daily pumped along these pipes. The contractor, M. Lasseron, is paid one franc for every cubic metre. The rest of the line of the canal is more readily supplied with water, as the Fresh-water Canal continued from Ismailia to Suez runs alongside it, at a distance varying from a few hundred yards to three miles. When this Fresh-water Canal was finished, in 1864, it was determined that, in conjunction with the channel which already existed from Port Said to the borders of Lake Timsah, it should serve as an anticipatory means of communication between the two seas. Accordingly, a small branch salt-water channel was dug from the main channel up to Ismailia, a distance of about a mile and a half, and joined to the Fresh-water Canal by two locks. Other locks brought the Fresh-water Canal to the level of the Red Sea at Suez, and since 1865 a continually increasing traffic has passed along this means of communication between the two seas. During the Abyssinian war it was very largely

made use of. It is time, however, to return to the canal.

It passes, as has been said, along the eastern shore of Lake Timsah; and as the maximum depth of the lake does not exceed twenty-two feet, the bottom of the channel had to be dredged. A large space of the lake will also be dredged out to the depth of the canal for the purpose of forming a harbour, with landing quays running along the northern side between the canal and Ismailia. Leaving the lake, and pursuing for a short distance a south-easterly direction, among tamarisk-tufted sand-hills, the cutting of Toussoum is entered, with rather a sharp curve. This curve will, like that at El-Guisr, have to be done away with. The heights of Toussoum, varying from fifteen to twenty feet, are composed chiefly of loose sand. The first channel to a few feet below the sea-level was, as at El-Guisr, excavated by the fellaheen. Dredges have completed it, the stuff being taken and discharged close to the shores of Lake Timsah in lighters which, in order to admit of their getting rid of their contents in very shallow water, open at the side instead of at the bottom. Immediately after Toussoum comes the *seuil* of Serapeum, about three miles long, and from fifteen to twenty-five feet high, composed of sand with layers of clay and lime, and here and there a sort of half-formed rock, of shells embedded in lime. The withdrawal of the fellaheen took place before anything had been done here, and there being at that time little hope of free manual labour, it became a difficult problem to know how to get rid of the superficial soil. The difficulty was eventually met by a scheme which rivals any of the numerous ingenious and skilful contrivances brought out in connexion with this canal. It was remarked that considerable depressions existed in the configuration of the soil which might easily be turned into, as it were, closed basins communicating with the line of the canal. Then, as the surface of Serapeum was about the same level with the Fresh-water Canal, distant only three miles, it appeared

possible to introduce its waters by a branch channel into these depressions, and convert them into lakes. This was accordingly done; and dredges brought up from Port Said by the connected communication of the Maritime and Fresh-water Canals spoken of before, were floated into the artificial lakes, from which they made their own way into the line of the canal, and began clearing it out. Flat-bottomed, twin-screw lighters, opening at the side, carried the stuff away, and deposited it in the lakes. At the commencement of this enterprise a great cause of apprehension presented itself, which deserves mention, if only on account of the way in which it was proved groundless. It was feared that the light sand composing the upper surface of the soil would never hold water sufficiently, and that the loss by permeation and absorption would be greater than the flow from the Fresh-water Canal could supply. Nile water, however, contains an immense quantity of mud in solution, and this sandy soil is full of very fine calcareous particles; the two soon mixed, and formed a coating which rendered the sand *quasi*-impermeable, and reduced the absorption to a minimum. While this work was going on transverse embankments kept the fresh water from running on the north side into the channel already cut from Lake Timsah, and on the south side into the low land between Serapeum and the Bitter Lakes. This latter portion, about a mile and a half in length, was excavated to the full depth by manual labour, chiefly European.

The so-called Bitter Lakes were an extensive depression in the desert soil, about twenty-five miles long, from a quarter of a mile to six miles wide, and of an average depth in the centre of from eight to thirty feet below the sea-level. The bottom in the deepest parts was covered with a very thick deposit of salt, and the whole was in fact a sort of salt-water marsh. The high ground on the eastern side is dotted with tamarisk shrubs, forming, with the earth and sand at their roots, high mounds, which at a distance have so

much the appearance of trees that the French have given it the name of the "Forêt." The sandy, gravelly surface all about is strewn with shells, presenting almost the appearance of a sea-beach. Some people consider this depression of the Bitter Lakes to have at one time formed the head of the Red Sea; and M. de Lesseps is of opinion that here must be placed the point of crossing of the Israelites. The narrowest and shallowest point in this depression serves to divide it into two unequal parts, that on the north being called the "Grand Bassin," and that on the south the "Petit Bassin," "des Lacs Amers." The former is about fifteen miles long, from five to six miles broad, and of an average depth of from twenty-five to thirty feet, the deepest part being covered with the salt-pan already mentioned; the latter is about ten miles long, two miles broad, and with an average depth of fifteen feet. The narrow neck that divided the two lakes was first cut through, and it then remained to fill them as Lake Timsah had been filled. For this purpose a weir was constructed obliquely across the line of the canal at the commencement of the depression, similar in principle to that which had regulated the flow of water into Lake Timsah, but far larger and stronger, it being over 300 feet in length—the largest sluice, probably, ever constructed. The flow of water could be regulated to a nicety by the gates. It had been intended that the inauguration of this stupendous undertaking should take place in the presence of the Prince and Princess of Wales on their return from the Nile, but they had not arrived at the time that all was ready, and the sluices were first opened in the presence of the Viceroy, who, it is worthy of remark, had never before visited any part of the canal, political reasons having kept him from showing any public personal interest in the undertaking up to this time. On the 17th of March, 1869, the two dams which, as the reader will remember, confined the fresh water in which the dredges were working through the heights of Serapeum, were cut,

some of the sluices were raised, and the filling of the Bitter Lakes commenced. It was a moment which had been looked forward to with great anxiety, nothing of the same kind ever having been before attempted on such a large scale. All, however, went well; the wooden *barrage* successfully withstood the rush and pressure of the water, and the only mishap was the upsetting of one of the dredges at Serapeum. There certainly were some other sufferers. The salt water killed all the fish which had come in with the fresh water from the Nile, and for some days afterwards the canal was covered with their dead bodies. It has been calculated that it will take nineteen hundred millions of cubic metres of water to fill the Bitter Lakes. In this estimate is included an allowance for evaporation and absorption, based upon minute and careful experiments. Of this enormous quantity of water the Mediterranean will supply the largest share, the Red Sea also contributing its quota.<sup>1</sup>

The course of the canal follows a straight line from the cutting of Tous-soum to the centre of the "Grand Bassin;" it then makes a bend eastward, to near the commencement of the channel leading into the "Petit Bassin." Through this channel it passes in a direction almost due east and west, and then, shortly before leaving the Bitter Lakes, resumes a direct southerly course. Its line through the lakes is carefully buoyed out, but a considerable portion of their area will be dredged out to the full depth of twenty-six feet, to serve, like Lake Timsah, as an inland harbour.

On leaving the Bitter Lakes, the canal passes for a mile or two through a gradually rising ground to the *seuil* of Chalouf el-Terraba. The plateau is here from twenty to twenty-five feet above the sea-level, and about six miles in length. A part of the surface soil

was excavated by the fellaheen. After their removal nothing was done till 1866, and then the work was recommenced upon a different system to any hitherto employed. It was let out by the piece to gangs of workmen, got together from all countries. They were provided with tools; and a system of tramways and inclined planes served for the conveyance and discharge of the material excavated. The soil consisted chiefly of gypseous clay and pure clay, but an obstacle hitherto unmet with was encountered in the shape of a layer of rock several feet deep, and extending for about 400 yards along the cutting. It was composed principally of sandstone, with varieties of limestone and conglomerate, the latter in some places very hard, in others soft, as though recently formed. A few Italian miners soon removed it by blasting. The work here was considerably impeded by the great quantity of water found at a certain depth, and which was increased by the infiltration from the Fresh-water Canal, not a quarter of a mile distant. This water was kept under by engines, which pumped it over the west embankment into a part of the plain where a portion of the bed of the old Pharaonic canal offered a natural reservoir. Traces of this old canal may be seen in many places.

After Chalouf the canal enters with a gentle turn eastward what is called the Plain of Suez. This plain is a low marsh, with a thin coating of sand and a substratum of clay and mud. It is hardly more than a foot or two above the level of the sea, and, indeed, at the period of high tides the waters of the Red Sea completely cover it. A first channel was cut by hand-labour, and it was intended to complete the depth by dredges working in the water, which rapidly accumulated. But after the dredges, brought down the Fresh-water Canal, and floated thence by an ingenious contrivance into this channel, had begun their work, it was found that the nature of the soil in some parts was so solid as, if not to preclude the possibility of the dredges

<sup>1</sup> A telegram of the 1st October states that the barriers which regulated the flow from either sea have been removed, and that the water in the Bitter Lakes is already within a few feet of the sea-level.



working in it, at any rate to render their progress excessively slow, and the expense in repairing the damage to them by the great strain enormous. Another system of procedure, presently to be explained, was accordingly adopted. It should here be stated that in 1858 the contract for the completion of the whole work yet remaining to be done was taken by Messrs. Borel and Lavalley, who had been already so successfully engaged upon the greater portion of it. These gentlemen, by the terms of their contract, undertook to deliver up the canal in a completed and navigable state to the Company on the 1st of October, 1869, under a penalty of 500,000 francs (20,000*l.*) for each month of delay. The slow progress made by the dredges in the Plain of Suez gave them little hope of completing this part of the canal in time; and, inverting the course hitherto pursued, they determined, if possible, to substitute hand-labour for machinery. The dredges were removed, the water pumped out, and all the hands available concentrated on this point.

With the withdrawal of the fellahen it had seemed as though manual labour would never again figure conspicuously in the accomplishment of any great part of the canal. European labourers, even if they could have been imported in sufficient numbers, would never have been able to support the climate, and the privations which the absence of water and of easy communication at that time rendered inevitable; and the natives who offered themselves voluntarily were very few in number—nor, indeed, were their services considered of much use. By dint of numbers during the continuance of the *corvée* they had accomplished a good deal, and moreover they cost but little: but their individual labour, though worth two or three piastres a day, was certainly not worth as many francs, the least that they could be had for as free agents. Gradually, as the means of providing them with food and water increased, labourers became attracted from Europe, and in 1867 the Company found itself able to command some 3,000 or 4,000 men, exclusive of

those employed on the dredges and other machine-work. They were a motley crew, from all parts of the south of Europe. At the same time the number of native candidates for work had also considerably increased; Syrians too and Bedouin of the desert came flocking in. An increased want of hands made it necessary to accept everybody; though, as has been said, oriental labour was not rated very highly, and involved certain disadvantages. For instance, these Arabs at first steadily refused to work by the piece. They wanted to be paid for each day's labour, with the power of going away whenever they liked. And as unremitting exertion is contrary to Arab habits, it was necessary to place overseers to see that they earned a day's wages. A certain time, too, was lost in teaching them to handle pickaxe and spade, and guide a wheelbarrow over a suspended plank, the first attempts generally ending in an ignominious upset and redeposit of the contents whence they came. Another peculiarity they had, which made them at first rather expensive workers. It was noticed that the shovels served out to them were used up with curious rapidity. At last it happened to an inspector to discover evident marks of fire on one of the worn-out tools. On inquiry it was found that the Arabs had concluded that shovels, though they might be perverted to the purpose of digging, were evidently, by their shape, intended in the first instance for the roasting of coffee and corn, and they had accordingly so employed them. The difficulty of managing the tools their natural aptitude for imitation soon overcame. An appeal to their cupidity, unailing means for convincing an Arab, removed their objections to working by the piece. For instance, when a gang working by the day had earned altogether a certain sum, say forty napoleons, the inspector would show them a similar amount of work done by the piece in the same time by the same number of men for which fifty napoleons had been received. This argument usually proved irresistible, and as a general result both

contractors and workmen benefited. But though, as they improved in handling their tools, the natives managed to do good work, they seldom or never could earn as much as Europeans, and while a worker in a European gang would earn from five to six francs a day, three or four were the native's average gain, and gangs fresh to the work got perhaps only two. But these are large daily earnings for an Egyptian, a Syrian, or a Bedawee, and continually increasing numbers came to supply the place of those who returned home to spread the story of the profitable work to be done, and tell their listeners of the wonderful "Goobaneyieh" which, though it made them work hard, did not bastinado them, and, wonder of wonders, actually paid them what it had promised. Many a "*Mashallah!*" must this last statement have elicited. Thus it was that the contractors found themselves able to command a supply of free manual labour beyond anything ever supposed possible, and they resolved to take advantage of it for executing the remaining six or seven miles of the canal from Chalouf to the commencement of the Suez lagoons. Nor did the result belie their expectations. In the month of April of the present year there were some 15,000 men at work.

The whole scene along these six or seven miles was truly wonderful. Such a number and variety of men and animals were probably never before collected together in the prosecution of one work. Here were to be seen European gangs—Greeks, Albanians, Montenegrins, Germans, Italians, &c., generally working at the lower levels, and where the tramways and inclined planes carried away the *déblais*. Their only animal helpers were mules to draw the waggons. Then would come groups of native gangs, the produce of their pickaxes and spades borne away in wheelbarrows, or on the backs of camels, horses, donkeys, and even children. Of these animals the donkeys were the most numerous, as well as the most intelligent. It was curious to watch them. Seldom did the boy

whose post it was to drive them think of accompanying them; he generally stood at the top of the embankment, and emptied the contents of their baskets as they arrived. Below, as soon as the basket was loaded, one of the fillers would give the animal a smack with the spade, and an emphatic "*Empshee, ya kolb*" ("Get along, O dog"), and it would quietly move off, and gradually make its way to the top; when, the basket emptied, it would be dismissed with another "*empshee*," and proceed down again. These donkeys would preserve an unbroken line in mounting and descending the tortuous and steep incline, and if a stoppage took place, a shout from the men was sufficient to send them on again. Their only trappings were the open-mouthed sacks made of shreds of palm leaf, flung across their bare backs, forming a double pannier. The camels had a more scientifically constructed burden, consisting of a pair of open wooden boxes closed at the bottom by doors fastened with a bolt; on the bolt being withdrawn the doors opened, and the boxes discharged their contents. In many places blasting was going on; the half-formed rock, composed of shells embedded in lime and sand, offering as stubborn a resistance to the pick as it had to the dredge buckets; at any rate blasting was the quicker process. Steam pumping-engines at intervals of a few hundred yards kept down the water which filtered in freely, and at the same time conveyed fresh water to cisterns placed at a short distance from one another on both sides of the canal. The Fresh-water Canal is about a quarter of a mile distant. The head-quarters of this busy scene was called the "*Campement de la Plaine*," and consisted of an agglomeration of wooden huts lying in the swamp between the two canals. A short distance beyond commence what are called the Suez lagoons, and there a dam marked the end of this animated dry-work section. On the further side of the dam was water, and dredges were again to be seen at work. A first

shallow channel through these lagoons had been dug by hand. This soon filled, partly with salt water from the surrounding marshes, partly with fresh water brought through a narrow cutting from the Fresh-water Canal. The dredges with long spouts were then introduced, and carried on the work; a dam just opposite what is called the Quarantine station stopping the flow of the tide of the Red Sea.

Shortly before reaching the lagoons the canal takes a slight turn eastwards, leaving the town of Suez about a mile and a half to the west; and then, tending westwards again, enters the head of the gulf opposite the roadstead, and rather more than a mile below the town. Its entire length from the harbour of Port Said to the roadstead of Suez is 160 kilometres, just 100 miles. The last few hundred yards of the canal follow in the narrow channel that runs up from the roadstead to the town, and are bounded on the west by a breakwater, which also serves as a protection to the new harbour at the head of the roads. The marshy ground behind the breakwater has been raised with the stuff excavated from the bed of the canal, and a dock and landing quays constructed on it. To the north are the arsenal and dry dock, and a railway station, destined to be the terminus of the Alexandria, Cairo, and Suez Railway. A branch line for goods already comes down to the dock, and the town will no doubt soon extend in this direction. Suez has increased wonderfully within the last few years, and from a few hundred inhabitants, in sheds scattered here and there on the sand, has become a flourishing town with a population of 17,000. It cannot be said to owe its birth to the canal, as Port Said and Ismailia do; but its recent rapid increase and development is due to that work, and to its humble though most indispensable *ancilla*, the Fresh-water Canal, before the making of which all the water came to Suez by train from Cairo, as it did in more early days still on camels' backs from a distance of several miles.

A few words remain to be said on the tolls to be levied, the method of transport, means of lighting, &c. to be employed on the canal. The tariff has been fixed at ten francs per ton measurement and ten francs per passenger. There were at one time various plans as to the means of locomotion to be employed for getting vessels through. At first the idea was against their using their own propelling powers; they were to be towed either by tugs, paddle or screw, or working along an endless chain, or by locomotives running along a railway on the bank. Last year, however, a commission specially appointed of French engineers, contractors, shipowners, naval and merchant ship officers recommended that ships should employ their own means of propulsion, and that the mean rate of speed should be fixed at ten kilometres ( $6\frac{1}{4}$  miles) an hour. It is intended to try some electric system of lighting for marking the course through the Bitter Lakes at night; and should this prove successful, it will probably be applied along the whole length of the canal. Every ship will be obliged to take a certificated pilot on board. Besides Lake Tinsah and the Bitter Lakes, there will be certain points at which ships can pass one another, the present width at the bottom, only seventy-two feet, being insufficient to allow ships of large tonnage to pass wherever they may happen to meet.

We have now gone over the whole of this great work. That it will be ultimately completed there can be little doubt, though it is impossible to suppose that completion will have been attained in every part by the date fixed for the formal opening. But, even though the accomplishment of the canal be no longer a possibility, or a probability, but a certainty, the grave question still remains, Will anything come of it? Will the result be at all proportionate to the energy, and ingenuity, and, above all, the capital expended? Though these are problems which time and experience alone can solve, it may



not be amiss to examine a little some of the points connected with them. With regard to the maintenance of the canal as a serviceable and navigable channel between the two seas, the means and appliances which served to create will surely suffice for keeping in a state of efficiency. Great stress has been justly laid on the filling up with sand both at Port Said and along the canal, the falling in of the banks, &c.; and no doubt all this will to a certain extent take place: still the providing against it presents no difficulty except that of expense. And thus the real question is, whether the traffic will be sufficient to meet this undoubtedly heavy expense. On this there are two points to be considered. What was the object for which the canal was constructed? Is that object likely to be attained? The practical object of the canal is to reduce the navigable distance between the West and the East by nearly 8,000 miles. From England to India, for example, the distance by the Cape of Good Hope is 15,000 miles; by the Suez Canal it will be 7,500. From this closer approximation of East and West will result, it is expected, an industrial and commercial revolution of which the effects are incalculable. The two hundred millions of Europeans who send their manufactured products to the East, and the seven hundred millions of Orientals who consume those products, and send in exchange their raw materials to the West, will be brought into closer, less costly, and more intimate relations. In considering whether this result is likely to be attained, it may not be out of place to recollect that up to the beginning of the sixteenth century the commerce between East and West had all passed by one or other of the two branches of the Red Sea. The general insecurity of life and property which began to prevail when Syria and Egypt fell under the dominion of the Turks, and the consequently increased difficulties of transhipment from sea to sea, necessitated the employment of some other route; and Vasco da Gama having just at that

time doubled the Cape of Good Hope and reached Calicut, this circuitous sea-route became the highway between East and West. A few years ago a partial return was made to the old route; but though there was security, still the expense and trouble of transhipment and conveyance across Egypt was an effectual barrier to its being employed for the heavy goods. The case between the two routes stood thus: by the Cape, cheapness, but with length of time; by Egypt, shortness of time, but with expense and trouble. The canal secures shortness of time combined with cheapness and avoidance of trouble. As compared with the Cape route, the saving of time will considerably more than compensate for the expense of the tolls; and as compared with the land route through Egypt, while the time is nearly the same, the trouble is *nil*, and the expense considerably less—the railway charge for conveying goods between Alexandria and Suez being more than double the ten francs per ton<sup>1</sup> proposed as the rate for the canal. It must be borne in mind, however, that it is only by steamers that the canal route can be used. The difficult navigation of the Red Sea, and the continued prevalence in it of the same wind,<sup>2</sup> preclude the possibility of sailing ships being employed with any punctuality. Steamers will have to be employed, and commanded by a class of captains superior to the general run of small merchant-commanders. The recent misfortunes of the P. & O. Company show how tremendous are the risks which the Red Sea presents even to the experienced commanders of their boats.

<sup>1</sup> The rates by rail from Alexandria to Suez are:—Unaccelerated, 20s. per ton, with 8s. port dues; accelerated, 90s. per ton. Passengers and mails will no doubt always go by railway across Egypt, Port Said being at least ten hours further than Alexandria from either Marseilles or Brindisi; and this, with the fifteen or twenty hours required for going through the canal, gives an advantage in time to the railway of nearly twenty-four hours.

<sup>2</sup> For six months in the year the north wind blows down the Red Sea; for four months there are almost constant calms; and for the remaining two months there is south wind.

Much time, therefore, must inevitably elapse before anything like a full development of the anticipated traffic can be realized; and this will be a crucial period for the canal. For while its expenses will probably exceed its revenue, it must still be kept in a state of perfect efficiency in order to induce confidence in its safety and capabilities, and prove beyond question the reality of the advantages which it offers. Many modifications and changes, all involving great outlay, will also have to be made during this time. The sharp turns must be done away, and the breadth and depth considerably increased before it can really be serviceable for large ships. No doubt the energy which has hitherto so successfully overcome every obstacle will be equal to these emergencies. M. de Lesseps looks upon this canal as a sacred work which has been given him to accomplish; and the faith which he has in his mission—a faith with which he has inspired all those who have so ably seconded him in his task—has never yet faltered, nor failed to justify itself by success. We in England should at any rate wish him God-speed; for if he succeeds, we shall be, or we ought to

be, the greatest gainers by his success; though possibly Italy will be the country which will proportionately profit the most.

With regard to the question of the neutrality of the canal, that will no doubt solve itself when occasion requires. Of course, though the company calls itself an Egyptian company, and flies the Egyptian flag, it is practically a French company, and France must necessarily have a preponderating influence in its affairs. *Palmarum qui meruit ferat*—it would be rather too much to expect that it should give up what it has justly earned. Complications may arise, perhaps unpleasantly for England, but there is reassurance in the thought that every new path and opening for commercial intercourse is a fresh guarantee of peace; and as the greatest consumers always command the market, England should eventually have the practical control of this highway. She must recollect, however, that the success of the canal will aim a much greater blow at the monopoly she has enjoyed of the trade between the East and the West than any hitherto experienced, and that consequently she ought to be prepared for the struggle should it come.

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### THE PRAYER OF HERCULES.

HEAR me, O Zeus my father, for I am thine,  
 Thy son, though mortal; whom the fates have set  
 To conquer many things, and then to die,  
 And see in death the face of equal gods.  
 Behold, in patience I have tamed the brood  
 Of Nemea and of Lerna, hallowed from fear  
 The shadows of Erymanthus, driven their bane  
 From the dark waters of the haunted lake.  
 Still I sweep deaths from earth, and still the price,  
 My own death, is not given. The gods are strong,  
 And I know well that some immortal force  
 Lives in this godsprung blood; for in the night,  
 And when Alcmene's star is clear in heaven,  
 I have heard falling from the upper sky  
 His song whose harp called Ilion from the ground,

Who sings to gods for ever ; and with strange hope  
 The smile of the divine night makes me glad,  
 Even as that look seen long ago in dreams,  
 When of two women giving toil or ease  
 I chose her who gave toil ; then in the dream  
 I thought her face grew glorious ; and it passed,  
 And lo, Alemene bending over me.  
 But in this hour, O father, when all things droop,  
 When on Cyllene or in deep-set brakes  
 No louder sound than the cicada's note  
 Vexes Pan's sleep at noon, in this faint hour,  
 Not all for faintness, I have stayed my hand  
 From helping men who blame and guard their lives,  
 I have come in from weary, helpless men  
 To ask at this thy altar for the end  
 Of mortal thralldom, if now my time is full  
 When I must pass among the kindred gods.  
 O Zeus, strike me immortal where I stand,  
 If such a death as opens deathless life  
 Cannot pollute these walls ; or if my fate  
 Gives yet new labours, cheer me with a sign  
 Of that for which I labour.

So he prayed :

But through the spear-hung trophies on the walls  
 Trembled a brazen clangour, and overhead  
 The temple-gloom was cloven and in large air,  
 Like sacred Delos on the evening sea,  
 Shone out clear thrones of gods, and faces of men  
 Now gods, because they suffered : from the front  
 Of that fair place Alemene looks on earth,  
 With such a brow as if some speechless fame,  
 Caught from quick mind to mind among the gods,  
 Had told her that her son shall conquer death,  
 And enter where the heroes speak of wars  
 Waged in old days on earth, when hillside gleams  
 Of windy sunshine in wide Thessaly  
 Glanced on the spears of gods that fought for men.  
 But at her side a maiden seems to wait  
 A tarrying footfall on the floor of heaven,  
 Nor heeds Apollo's harping, though he sing  
 Of Thetis whom a mortal won to wife.

R. C. JEBB.



# MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

DECEMBER, 1869.

## LAMBETH AND THE ARCHBISHOPS.

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### PART II.

THE political history of Lambeth lies spread over the whole of its site, from the gateway of Morton to the garden where Cranmer walked musing on the fate of Anne Boleyn. Its ecclesiastical interest, on the other hand, is concentrated in a single spot. We must ask our readers, therefore, to follow us beneath the groining of the Gate-House into the quiet little court that lies on the river-side of the hall. Passing over its trim grass-plot to a doorway at the angle of Lollards' Tower, and mounting a few steps, they will find themselves in a square antechamber, paved roughly with tiles, and with a single small window looking out upon Thames. The chamber is at the base of Lollards' Tower; in the centre stands a huge oaken pillar, to which the room owes its name of the "Post-room," and to which somewhat mythical tradition asserts Lollards to have been tied when they were "examined" by the whip. On its western side a doorway of the purest Early English work leads us directly into the palace Chapel.

It is strange to stand at a single step in the very heart of the ecclesiastical life of so many ages; within walls beneath which the men in whose hands the fortunes of English religion have

been placed have from the age of the Great Charter till to-day come and gone; to see the light falling through the tall windows with their marble shafts on the spot where Wyclif witnessed before Sudbury, on the lowly tomb of Parker, on the stately screen-work of Laud, on the altar where the last sad communion of Sancroft originated the Nonjurors. It is strange to note the very characteristics of the building itself, marred as it is by modern restoration, and to feel how simply its stern, unadorned beauty, the beauty of Salisbury and of Lincoln, expressed the very tone of the Church that finds its centre there. And hardly less strange is it to recall the strange, roystering figure of the Primate to whom, if tradition be true, it owes this beauty. Boniface of Savoy was the youngest of three brothers, out of whom their niece Eleanor, the queen of Henry the Third, was striving to build up a foreign party in the realm. Her uncle Amadeus was richly enfeoffed with English lands; the Savoy Palace in the Strand still recalls the settlement and the magnificence of her uncle Peter. For this third and younger uncle she grasped at the highest post in the State save the Crown itself. "The handsome Archbishop," as his knights loved to call him, was not merely a foreigner as Lanfranc and

Anselm had been foreigners—strange in manner or in speech to the flock whom they ruled—he was foreign in the worst sense: strange to their freedom, their sense of law, their reverence for piety. His first visit set everything on fire. He retreated to Lyons to hold a commission in the Pope's body-guard, but even Innocent was soon weary of his tyranny. When the threat of sequestration recalled him after four years of absence to his see, his hatred of England, his purpose soon to withdraw again to his own sunny South, were seen in his refusal to furnish Lambeth. Certainly he went the wrong way to stay here. The young Primate brought with him Savoyard fashions, strange enough to English folk. His armed retainers, foreigners to a man, plundered the City markets. His own archiepiscopal fist felled to the ground a prior who opposed his visitation. It was the Prior of St. Bartholomew's by Smithfield; and London, on the King's refusal to grant redress, took the matter into her own hands. The City bells swung out, and a noisy crowd of citizens were soon swarming beneath the walls of the palace, shouting threats of vengeance. For shouts Boniface cared little. In the midst of the tumult he caused the sentences of excommunication which he had fulminated to be legally executed in the chapel of his house. But bravado like this soon died before the universal resentment, and "the handsome Archbishop" fled again to Lyons. How helpless the successor of Augustine really was, was shown by one daring outrage, perpetrated in his absence. Master Eustace, his official, had thrown into prison the Prior of St. Thomas's Hospital for some contempt of court; and his diocesan, the Bishop of Winchester, as foreign and lawless as Boniface himself, took up the injury as his own. A party of his knights appeared before the house at Lambeth, tore the gates from their hinges, set Master Eustace on horseback, and carried him off to the episcopal prison at Farnham. At last Boniface bowed to submission, surrendered the points at issue,

recalled his excommunications, and was suffered to return. He had learnt his lesson well enough to remain from that time a quiet, inactive man, with a dash of continental frugality and wit about him. Whether he built the Chapel or no, he would probably have said of it as he said of the Great Hall at Canterbury, "My predecessors built, and I discharge the debt for their building. It seems to me that the true builder is the man that pays the bill."

But Boniface never learnt to be an Englishman. When, under the guidance of Earl Simon of Montfort, the barons wrested the observance of their Charter from the King, the Primate of England found shelter in a fresh exile. The Church had in fact ceased to be national. The figure of the first Reformer, as it stands on the Chapel floor, is in itself the fittest comment on the age in which the Chapel was built, an age when the interests of popular liberty and of intellectual freedom had sheered off from the Church which had so long been their protector. With them the moral and spiritual life of the people had gone too. The vast ecclesiastical fabric rested in the days of Sudbury solely on its wealth, and its tradition. Suddenly a single man summed up in himself the national, the mental, the moral power it had lost, and struck at the double base on which it rested. Wyclif, the keenest intellect, the purest soul of his day, national and English to the very core, declared its tradition corrupt and its wealth antichrist. The two forces that above all had built up the system of mediæval Christianity, the subtlety of the schoolman, the enthusiasm of the penniless preacher, united to strike it down. It is curious to mark how timidly the Primate of the day dealt with such a danger as this. Sudbury was acting in virtue of a Papal writ, but he acted as though the shadow of the terrible doom that was awaiting him had already fallen over him. He summoned the popular Bishop of London to his aid ere he cited the Reformer to his judgment-seat. It was not as a prisoner that Wyclif appeared in the

Chapel; from the first his tone was that of a man who knew that he was secure. He claimed to have the most favourable construction put upon his words; then, availing himself of his peculiar subtlety of interpretation, he demanded that, where they might bear two meanings, his judges should take them in an orthodox sense. It was not a noble scene—there was little in it of Luther's "Here stand I—I can none other;" but both sides were in fact acting a part. On the one hand, the dead pressure of ecclesiastical fanaticism was driving the Primate into a position from which he sought only to escape; on the other, Wyclif was merely gaining time—"beating step," as men say—with his scholastic formulæ. What he looked for soon came. There was a rumour in the City that Papal delegates were sitting in judgment on the Reformer, and London was at once astir. Crowds of angry citizens flocked round the archiepiscopal house, and already there was talk of attacking it, when a message from the Council of Regency commanded a suspension of all proceedings in the case. Sudbury dismissed his prisoner with a formal injunction, and the day was for ever lost to the Church.

But if in Sudbury the Church had retreated peaceably before Wyclif, it was not from any doubt of the deadly earnestness of the struggle that lay before her. Chichele's accession to the primacy was the signal for the building of Lollards' Tower. Dr. Maitland has shown that the common name rests on a mere error, and that the Lollards' Tower which meets us so grimly in the pages of Foxe was really a western tower of St. Paul's. But, as in so many other instances, the popular voice showed a singular historical tact in its mistake; the tower which Chichele raised marked more than any other in the very date of its erection the new age of persecution on which England was to enter. The little gateway in the northern side of the Post-room leads up the worn stone steps to a dungeon in which many a prisoner for the faith

must have lain. The massive oaken door, the iron rings bolted into the wall, the one narrow window looking out over the river, tell their tale as well as the broken sentences scratched or carved around. Some are mere names; here and there some light-pated youngster paying for his night's uproar has carved his dice or his "Jesus kep me out of all il compane, Amen." But "Jesus est amor meus" is sacred, whether Lollard or Jesuit graved it in the lonely prison hours, and not less sacred the "Deo sit gratiarum actio" that marks perhaps the leap of a martyr's heart at the news of the near advent of his fiery deliverance. It is strange to think, as one winds once more down the stairs that such feet have trodden, how soon England answered to the challenge that Lollards' Tower flung out over Thames. The white masonry had hardly grown grey under the buffetings of a hundred years ere Lollard was no longer a word of shame, and the reformation that Wyclif had begun sat enthroned within the walls of the chapel where he had battled for his life.

The true victory of Wyclif, the victory of the nameless sufferers of Lollards' Tower, was won in that same chapel, in the consecration of Parker. The storm alike of the Reformation and of the Catholic reaction had swept away before the accession of Elizabeth; the Church of England as it stands to-day, the quiet, illogical compromise of past and present, was to be moulded into shape by her first archbishop. Every circumstance of the service marked the strange contrasts that were to be blended in the future of that Church. The zeal of Edward's days had dashed the stained glass from the casements; the zeal of Elizabeth's day was soon to move, if it had not already moved, the holy table into the midst of the Chapel. But the reaction from the mere iconoclasm and bareness of continental Protestantism showed itself in the tapestries hung for the day along the eastern wall, in the rich carpet spread over the floor. The old legal forms, the old Ordination Service reappeared, but in their midst



came the new spirit of the Reformation, the oath of submission to the royal supremacy, the solemn gift no longer of the pastoral staff, but of the Bible. The very dress of the four consecrating Bishops showed the same strange confusion. Barlow, with the Archbishop's chaplains, who assisted him in the office of the Communion, wore the silken copes of the older service; Scory and Hodgskins the fair linen surplice of the new. Yet more noteworthy was the aged figure of Coverdale, "Father Coverdale," as men used affectionately to call him, the well-known translator of the Bible, whose life had been so hardly wrung by royal intercession from Mary. Rejecting the very surplice as Popery, in his long Genevan cloak he marks the opening of the Puritan controversy over vestments which was to rage so fiercely from Parker on to Laud.

The story of that controversy cannot be told here, though it was at Lambeth that it was really fought out. More and more it parted all who clung to liberty from the Church, and knit the episcopate in a closer alliance with the Crown. When Elizabeth set Parker at the head of the new Ecclesiastical Commission, half the work of the Reformation was undone. No primate since the days of Augustine had wielded a power so great, so utterly despotic, as that of Parker and Whitgift, of Bancroft and Abbot and Laud. Perhaps the most terrible feature of their despotism was its wholly personal character. The old symbols of doctrine were gone. The lawyers had not as yet stepped in to protect the clergy by defining the province of the new. The result was that at their Commission-board at Lambeth, the primates created their own tests of doctrine, tests utterly independent of those provided by law. In one memorable instance Parker deprived a vicar for denying verbal inspiration. Nor did they care greatly if the test was a varying or a conflicting one. Whitgift strove to force on the Church the supra-lapsarianism of his "Lambeth Articles." Bancroft, his successor, was as earnest in enforcing

his dogma of the divine right of the priesthood. Abbot had no mercy for Erastians. Laud was furious against Calvinists. It is no wonder that, as the seat of the Ecclesiastical Commission, the very name of Lambeth stank in the nostrils of the English clergy.

It was reserved for the last of the primates whom we have named to make it stink in the nostrils of the English people. Under Laud, the great engine of ecclesiastical tyranny was perverted to the uses of civil tyranny of a yet viler kind. Under Laud, the clerical invectives of a Martin Marprelate deepened into the national fury of "Canterburie's Doom." With this political aspect of his life we have not now to deal; what the Chapel brings out with singular vividness is the strange audacity with which the Archbishop threw himself across the strongest religious sentiments of his time. Men noted as a fatal omen the accident that marked his first entry into Lambeth; the overladen ferry-boat upset in the crossing, and though horses and servants were saved, the Primate's coach remained at the bottom of the Thames. But no omen brought hesitation to that bold, narrow mind. His first action, he tells us himself, was the restoration of the Chapel, and, as Laud managed it, restoration was the simple undoing of all that the Reformation had done. Edward's iconoclasm, as we saw in a previous story, had dashed the glass from the windows. The injunctions of Elizabeth had set the altar in the middle of the Chapel. The credence-table had disappeared. The copes, which we have seen used under Parker, and which still remained in use in cathedral churches, were disused here. Abbot had put the finishing stroke to all attempts at ceremonialism. Neither he nor his household would bow at the holiest of names. It was probably he who abolished the organ and the choir. Such as it was, however, the Chapel had seen the daily worship of the Elizabethan and Stuart primates, and, as Prynne says, it was still a place "whither many of the "nobility, judges, clergy, and persons of

“all sorts, as well strangers as natives, “usually resorted.” But to Laud its condition seemed intolerable. “I found “the windows so broken, and the Chapel “lay so nastily,” he wrote long after in his Defence, “that I was ashamed to “behold, and could not resort unto it but “with some disdain.” With characteristic energy, the Archbishop aided with his own hands in the repair of the windows, and racked his wits “in making up the “history of those old broken pictures by “help of the fragments of them, which “I compared with the story.” In the east window, his glazier was scandalized at being forced by the Primate’s express directions to “repair and new make the broken crucifix.” The holy table was set altar-wise against the wall, and a cloth of arras hung behind it embroidered with the history of the Last Supper. The elaborate woodwork of the screen, the richly-embroidered copes of the chaplains, the silver candlesticks, the credence-table, the organ and the choir, the genuflexions to the altar, recalled the elaborate ceremonial of the Royal Chapel.

Copes, organ, choir, silver candlesticks—these were as daring a defiance of the religious sentiment of England as ever Lollards’ Tower had been, and they were no empty defiance; on the contrary, they were signs of the radical change which Laud contemplated in the position as well as in the spirit of the Church. Among the archives of the see, lies a large and costly volume in vellum containing a copy of those records in the Tower which concern the clergy. It is, as Laud proudly calls it, “faire written,” and the frontispiece is a triumph of Italian art. The compilation of this book was entered by the Archbishop at the end of his diary as one among the twenty-one “things which I have projected to doe if God blesse me in them;” and it is among the fifteen to which he has added his emphatic “done.” Its real value in Laud’s eyes was as a justification of the bold step which a year before its completion he had ventured to take in what he believed to be the interest of the

Church. In March 1636 Juxon—Bishop as he was—had been made Lord High Treasurer of England. “No “Churchman had it since Henry VII.’s “time,” Laud comments proudly; “I “pray God blesse him to carry it so that “the Church may have honour and the “State service and contentment by it. “And now if the Church will not hold “up themselves, under God I can do no “more.” Juxon so carried him in his high office that all personal resentment was disarmed; but the daring step none the less ended in bringing about his patron’s fall. Laud could indeed “do no more.” Ruin was already closing round, and, high-handed as the Archbishop’s course had been, he felt dimly the approaching wreck. At the close of 1639 he notes in his diary the great storm that broke even the boats of the Lambeth watermen to pieces as they lay before his gate. A curious instance of his gloomy prognostications still exists among the relics in the library—a quarry of greenish glass, once belonging to the west window of the gallery of Croydon, and removed when that palace was rebuilt. On the quarry Laud has written with his signet-ring, in his own clear, beautiful hand, “Memorand. Ecclesie de Micham, “Cheme, et Stone cum aliis fulgure com- “bustae sunt. Januar. 14, 1638-9. Omen “avertat Deus.” The omen was far from averted. The Scottish war, the *Bellum Episcopale*, the Bishops’ War, as men called it, was soon going against the King. Laud had been the chief mover in the war, and it was against Laud that the popular indignation at once directed itself. On the 9th of May he notes in his diary: “A paper posted upon the “Royal Exchange, animating ‘prentices “to sack my house on the Monday fol- “lowing.” On that Monday night, the mob came surging up to the gates. “At “midnight my house was beset with 500 “of these rascal routers,” notes the indomitable little prelate. He had received notice in time to secure the house, and after two hours of useless shouting the mob rolled away. Laud had his revenge; a drummer who had joined in

the attack was racked mercilessly, and then hanged and quartered. But retaliation like this was useless. The gathering of the Long Parliament sounded the knell of the sturdy little minister who had ridden England so hard. At the close of October, he is in his upper study—it is one of the pleasant scholarly touches that redeem so much in his life —“to see some manuscripts which I “was sending to Oxford. In that study “hung my picture taken by the life” (it is at Lambeth still), “and coming in “I found it fallen down upon the face “and lying on the floor, the string being “broken by which it was hanged against “the wall. I am almost every day “threatened with my ruin in parliament. “God grant this be no omen.” On the 18th of December he is in charge of the gentleman-usher of the Lords on impeachment of high treason. In his company the Archbishop returned for a few hours to see his house for the last time, “for a book or two to read in, “and such papers as pertained to my “defence against the Scots;” really to burn, says Prynne, most of his privy papers. There is the first little break in the boldness with which till now he has faced the popular ill-will, the first little break, too, of tenderness, as though the shadow of what was to come were softening him, in the words that tell us his last farewell: “I stayed at Lambeth “till the evening, to avoid the gaze of “the people. I went to evening prayer “in my chapel. The Psalms of the “day (Ps. 93 and 94) and cap. 50 of “Isaiah gave me great comfort. God “make me worthy of it, and fit to “receive it. As I went to my barge “hundreds of my poor neighbours stood “there and prayed for my safety and “return to my house. For which I “bless God and them.”

So Laud vanishes into the dark December night never to return. The house seems to have been left unmolested for two years. Then “Captain Browne and his company entered “my house at Lambeth to keep it for “public service.” The troopers burst open the door “and offered violence to

the organ,” but it was saved for the time by the intervention of their captain. In 1643 the zeal of the soldiers could no longer be restrained. Even in the solitude and terror of his prison in the Tower, Laud still feels the bitterness of the last blow at the house he held so dear. “May 1. My chapel windows defaced and the steps torn up.” But the crowning bitterness was to come. If there were two men living who had personal wrongs to avenge on the Archbishop, they were Leighton and Prynne. It can only have been as a personal triumph over their humbled persecutor that the Parliament appointed the first custodian of Lambeth, and gave Prynne the charge of searching the Archbishop’s house and chambers for materials in support of the impeachment. Of the spirit in which Prynne executed his task, the famous “Canterburie’s Doom,” with the Breviat of Laud’s life which preceded it, still gives pungent evidence. By one of those curious coincidences that sometimes flash the fact upon us through the dust of old libraries, the copy of this violent invective preserved at Lambeth is inscribed on its fly-leaf with the clear, bold “*Dum spiro spero.* C. R.” of the King himself. It is hard to picture the thoughts that must have passed through Charles’s mind as he read the bitter triumphant pages that told how the man he had twice pilloried and then flung into prison for life had come out again, as he puts it brutally, to “unkennel that fox,” his foe.

Not even the Archbishop’s study with its array of Missals and Breviaries and Books of Hours, not even the gallery with its “superstitious pictures,” the three Italian masterpieces that he hurried as evidence to the bar of the House of Lords, so revealed to this terrible detective “the rotten, idolatrous heart” of the Primate as the sight of the chapel. It was soon reduced to simplicity. We have seen how sharply even in his prison Laud felt the havoc made by the soldiery. But worse profanation was to follow. In 1648 the house passed by sale to the regicide Colonel Scott; the Great Hall was at



once demolished, and the Chapel turned into the dining-room of the household. The tomb of Parker was levelled with the ground; and if we are to believe the story of the Royalists, the new owner felt so keenly the discomfort of dining over a dead man's bones, that the remains of the great Protestant primate were disinterred and buried anew in an adjoining field. When the reaction against outrages like this brought the Stuart home again, it flung Scott into the Tower and set Juxon in the ruined, desecrated walls. Of the deeper thoughts that such a scene might have suggested, few probably found their way into the simple, limited mind of the new primate; the whole pathos and dignity of Juxon's position lay in his perfect absorption in the past. We shall see in an after-story, in what a touching spirit of loyalty to the great history which he represented he restored the Great Hall that the Puritans had levelled to the ground. But while the Hall rose thus in renewed beauty, the Chapel was rescued from desecration, and the fine woodwork of screen and stalls replaced as Laud had left them. They were destined ere long to be witnesses of a scene even stranger than the revels of the Puritan colonel, of a scene which was the practical comment of time on Juxon's dream of "setting all things as they stood of old." In the Trial of the Seven Bishops, Sancroft had stood forward to vindicate the freedom of coming England. But no sooner was James driven from the throne than he fell back into the servile king-worship of the England that was passing away. Within the closed gates of Lambeth he debated endlessly with himself, with his fellow-bishops, the questions of "de jure" and "de facto" right to the crown. Every day he sheered further and further from the actual world around him. Newton was with him at Lambeth when it was announced that the Convention had declared the throne vacant. Sancroft's thoughts were not with England or English freedom—they were concentrated on the question whether James's child were a supposititious

one or no. "He wished," he said, "they had gone on a more regular method and examined into the birth of the young child. There was reason," he added, "to believe he was not the same as the first, which might easily be known, for he had a mole on his neck." The new Government bore long with the old man, and Sancroft for a time seems really to have wavered. He suffered his chaplains to take the oaths, and then scolded them bitterly for praying for William and Mary. He refused to take his seat at the Council board, and yet issued his commission for the consecration of Burnet. At last his mind was made up, and the Government had no alternative but to declare the see vacant. For six months he was still suffered to remain in his house. At last Tillotson was nominated as his successor. With a perfect courtesy, worthy of the saintly primate of the English Church, Tillotson waited long at the Archbishop's door desiring a conference. But Sancroft refused to see him. Evelyn found the old man in a dismantled house, bitter at his fall. "Say 'nolo,' and say it from the heart," he had replied passionately to Beveridge when he sought his counsel on the offer of a bishopric. Others asked whether, after refusing the oaths, they might attend worship where the new sovereigns were prayed for. "If they do," answered Sancroft, "they will need the Absolution at the end as well as at the beginning of the service." In the answer lay the schism of the Non-jurors, and to this schism Sancroft soon gave definite form. On Whitsunday the new Church was started in the archiepiscopal Chapel. The throng of visitors was kept standing at the palace gate. No one was admitted to the Chapel but some fifty who had refused the oaths. The Archbishop himself consecrated: one Nonjuror reading the prayers, another preaching. A formal action of ejection was the answer to this open defiance, and on the evening of its decision in favour of the Crown Sancroft withdrew quietly by boat over Thames to the Temple. He was soon followed by many who, amidst the

pettiness of his public views, could still realize the grandeur of his self-devotion. To one, the Earl of Aylesbury, the Archbishop opened the door himself. His visitor, struck with the change of all he saw from the pomp of Lambeth, burst into tears, and owned how deeply the sight affected him. "O my good lord," replied Sancroft, "rather rejoice with me, for now I live again."

With Sancroft's departure opens the new age of Lambeth's ecclesiastical history. The Revolution which flung him aside had completed the work of the great Rebellion, in sweeping away for ever the old pretensions of the primates to an autocracy within the Church of England. But it seemed to have opened a nobler prospect in placing them at the head of the whole of the Protestant Churches of the world. In their common peril before the great Catholic aggression, which found equal support at Paris and Vienna, the Reformed communities of the Continent looked for aid and sympathy to the one Reformed Church whose position was now unassailable. The congregations of the Palatinate appealed to Lambeth when they were trodden under foot beneath the horse-hoofs of Turenne. The same appeal came from the Vaudois refugees in Germany, the Silesian Protestants, the Huguenot churches that still fought for existence in France, the Calvinists of Geneva, the French refugees who had forsaken their sunny homes in the south for the Gospel and God. In the dry letter-books on the Lambeth shelves, in the records of bounty dispensed through the Archbishop to the persecuted and the stranger, in the warm and cordial correspondence with Lutheran and Calvinist, survives the memory of the golden visions which filled Protestant hearts after the accession of the great Deliverer. "The eyes of the world are upon us," was Tenison's plea for union with Protestants at home. "All the Reformed Churches are in expectation of something to be done which may make for union and peace." When a temper so cold as Tenison's could kindle in this fashion,

it is no wonder that more enthusiastic minds launched into loftier expectations—that Leibnitz hoped to see the union of Calvinist and Lutheran accomplished by a common adoption of the English Liturgy; that a High Churchman like Nicholls revived the plan, which Cranmer had proposed and Calvin had supported, of a general council of Protestants to be held in England. One by one such visions faded before the virulence of party spirit, the narrowness and timidity of Churchmen, the base and selfish politics of the time. Few men had higher or more spiritual conceptions of Christian unity than Tenison; yet the German translation of our Liturgy, stamped with the royal monogram of King Frederick, which still exists in the library, reminds us how, in mere jealousy of a Tory triumph, Tenison flung away the offer of a union with the Church of Prussia. The creeping ambition of Dubois foiled whatever dreams Archbishop Wake may have entertained of a union with the Church of France.

Dreams, failures, as such projects were, our own day has seen their fulfilment in a way that neither Wake nor Tenison could have dreamt of. A hundred Bishops gathered for conference round the Primate at Lambeth, drawn to its Chapel from isles of the far Pacific, from great colonies that hold the future of the coming world, from the prairies of an empire of the West, the records of whose infant Church lie yet among her archives hardly a century old: such a sight surely realized in no little measure the dreams of Calvin and of Cranmer. So to have gathered them together by the strong attraction of Christian brotherhood; so to have sent them home again, without one doctrinal decision, without a single new dogma, without the addition of one iota to Creed or Articles, with the formal condemnation of not a single heretic, but simply with an increase of charity and a widening of spiritual communion: this is the proof of the quiet power that Lambeth still possesses. It is not a power that has

grown out of the noisy activity of theological "movement." Its strength has been to sit still and let such "movements" pass by. It is by a spirit the very opposite of theirs—a spirit of conciliation, of largeness of heart, that it has won its power over the Church. None of the great theological impulses of this age or the last, it is sometimes urged, came out of Lambeth. None of the theological bitterness, of the controversial narrowness of this age or the last, it may fairly be answered, has ever entered its gates. Of Lambeth we may say what Matthew Arnold says of Oxford, "Many as are its faults, it has "never surrendered itself to ecclesiastical Philistines." In the calm, genial silence of its courts, its library, its galleries, in the presence of its venerable past, the virulence, the petty strife, the tumult of religious fanaticism finds itself hushed. Amongst the storm of the Wesleyan revival, of the Evangelical

revival, of the Puseyite revival, the voice of Lambeth has ever pleaded for a truth simpler, larger, more human than theirs. "Tillotson's sermons," bawled Whitfield, "have sent thousands of "souls to hell." But the teaching of Whitfield has lost power as intelligence widens, while the progress of a more spiritual Christianity has brought men again to the "mere morality" of Tillotson. Amid the deafening clamour of Tractarian and anti-Tractarian disputants, both sides united in condemning the silence of Lambeth. Yet the word that came from Lambeth, the word that an old man's diary has just revived for us, will still speak to men's hearts when all their noisy disputations are forgotten. "How," asked a prelate, whose nearest relative had joined the Church of Rome, of Archbishop Howley, "how shall I treat my brother?" "As a brother," was the Archbishop's reply.

J. R. G.

*To be continued.*



## A BRAVE LADY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

## CHAPTER XII.

EVEN had Mrs. Scanlan wished again to reason with her husband, he gave her no opportunity of so doing. He scarcely spoke to her, or took any notice of her, but addressed himself entirely to the children: and, early next day, he started for one of his three days' visits to a great house on the borders of his parish, where the agreeable Irish curate was always welcome, particularly in the shooting season; when all sorts of dukes and lords "of high emprise" assembled to make war upon pheasants and partridges. Mr. Scanlan seldom handled a gun himself—it was unclerical—but he was great at a hedge-side lunch, and greater at a smoking-room conclave. Nor did he spare any trouble to be amusing; for, like a celebrated countryman of his own, he "dearly loved a lord."

When he had departed, saying loudly to Adrienne, in her mother's hearing, "that he was sure he should enjoy himself extremely"—when the house would be empty of him for three whole days (and, oh, misery! it did not feel empty, only free and clear), then Mrs. Scanlan set herself to meet the future; to ascertain, not what she ought to do—that was already decided—but in what manner she could best do it.

Deliberately, judicially, advisedly—out of no outburst of passion, no vengeance for personal wrong, but with a firm conviction that she was doing the right thing and the only thing, this woman contemplated quitting her husband—separating herself entirely from him *à mensâ et thoro*, as the lawyers say, from bed and board—for life: since after such a step there is no return. Nor was she a woman ever likely to return. She had much endurance—long

patience; she was slow in making up her mind, but once made up she almost never changed it—suffered from neither hesitations, recalcitrations, nor regrets, but went resolutely on to the end.

She knew her desertion of her husband would bring no opprobrium upon him: quite the contrary—the blame would probably be laid to her own door. He had broken none of the external duties of married life—was neither a profligate nor a drunkard; had kept carefully within the bounds of worldly morality, and probably the world would sympathise with him much; that is, if he made public his wife's secession, which there was no absolute necessity for him to do. "Going abroad a while for the children's education," that was the nearest and most convenient fiction to account for her absence, and this she should leave him at full liberty to use. For she had no wish either to harm him, or complain of him, or seek any remedy against him. She wanted simply to escape from him—to escape with life, and only that, for she determined to take nothing with her either of hers or the children's, except clothes. Nor would she ever ask a penny of him for maintenance; the whole income of the curacy should remain his to spend as he chose. Thus, to the best of her power, she meted out strict equity between him and herself, as well as between him and his children. They had never owed much to their father, except the mere gift of existence; henceforward she determined they should owe nothing. It would be her daily counsel to them to struggle, work, starve even, rather than ask him for anything. In the new and terrible code which she had laid down for herself, to which she had been driven by most cruel circumstance, no love, no generosity was possible—

only stern, even-handed justice, the same on both sides. She tried to see it, and do it.

Feeling of every kind the miserable wife put aside from her entirely. Had she for one instant let the flood-gates of emotion loose, her reason, strength, and power of action would have been swamped entirely.

She knew she was acting contrary to most laws, social and scriptural, which the world believes in; but this moved her not. It was Mrs. Scanlan's peculiarity that, her conscience clear, nothing external affected her in the least; also, that if dissatisfied with herself, no praises of others satisfied her for a moment. Therefore in this her flight, from moral as from physical contagion, she consulted no one, trusted no one, but was resolved simply to take her children, and depart.

This departure must be sudden; and, of necessity, in Mr. Scanlan's absence, but she would arrange it so as to make it of as little public a nature as possible, so that he might give it whatever colour he pleased. Whether for or against herself she little cared; her only anxiety was to do the right thing; nor, with that extraordinary singleness of purpose she had, did it much trouble her whether other people thought well or ill of her for doing it.

The only person to whom she meant to confide the secret of her flight, and where she would be found, was Priscilla Nunn; upon whom she depended for future subsistence. Priscilla had often lamented that Mrs. Scanlan was not in Paris, where she had lately established an agency, in which house Josephine's skilful handiwork could have earned twice the income it did here. To Paris, therefore, the mother determined to go; *la belle France*, which she had taught her children to dream of as a sort of earthly paradise, where the sun always shone, and life was all pleasantness and brightness. That every one of her young folk would be eager to go—asking no questions; for she had determined to answer none, except in the very briefest way—she had not a

shadow of doubt. Her influence with her children was still paramount and entire.

Once in France, and all her own, to be brought up in the traditions of her race; in the pure Huguenot faith, such as she saw it through the golden haze of memory; in the creed of chivalry and honour which, though poor as peasants since the time of the first Revolution, the De Bougainvilles had ever held unstained—oh, how happy both she and her little flock would be!

Most of all, César, who was just reaching the age when the most affectionate of fathers and sons seldom quite agree, and Nature herself gives the signal of temporary separation; after which they meet again on equal terms as man and man, neither encroaching on the rights of the other. In spite of their late alliance—more dangerous than any quarrel—César and his father had been far from harmonious for the last year or two; and the boy had confessed that he should be only too thankful when he was out in the world, "on his own hook."

Now, César was his mother's darling. Not openly—she was too just to let partiality appear—but in her heart she built more hopes on him than on any of her children. None the less so because she saw in him the old generation revived. Josephine had had a passionate admiration for her father; so strong that it made her struggle to the last to keep sacred in her children's eyes that pitiful imitation of true fatherhood which it had been their lot to have, while she herself had been blessed with the reality. Her half-broken, empty heart clung to the image of her dead father which she saw revived in her living son—the hope that, passing over a generation, the old type might be revived, and César might grow up—not a Scanlan at all—wholly a De Bougainville.

It seemed so at present. Besides being externally so like the old Vicomte that he startled her continually by tones, gestures, modes of speech, as if it were the dead come alive again—he seemed in character to be strong, reliable, truth-

ful, honest; everything that his grandfather had been, and his father was not. And yet to confide in him, to enlist him against his father, was a thing at which Josephine's sense of right recoiled at once. The only thing she could do—which she was in a measure forced to do—was to learn from her son the exact footing upon which matters stood.

She did it very simply, cutting the Gordian knot by what is at once the sharpest and safest knife that anybody can ever use—truth.

“César, I have some very important plans in my mind, which concern you as well as myself; they will be settled in a day or two, and then I will tell you them: in the meantime tell me everything that has passed between you and your father. I have a right to know, and Papa knows I meant to ask you.”

“Oh, I'm so glad!” cried the boy, greatly relieved, and immediately began and told everything.

It was worse than she had anticipated, and caused her to regret, not her haste but her dilatoriness, in compelling this confidence. With the rash incontinence of speech which formed such a curious contrast to his fits of cunning reticence, Mr. Scanlan had not hesitated to explain all his affairs to his son—that is, in the light in which he viewed them. And he had for months past been in the habit, whenever he wanted money, of sending the lad about “begging,” as César irritatedly called it: borrowing from house to house small sums, on one excuse or other, till there was hardly a well-to-do family in the parish who had not lent him something, and never been repaid.

“And the strange thing is,” said the boy, who, his tongue and his conscience being both unsealed, opened his whole heart to his mother, “that Papa does not intend to pay, yet seems to think this not wrong at all. He says that it is the business of the parish to maintain him comfortably, and that borrowing money is only doing as the Israelites did—‘spoiling the Egyptians.’ Mamma, what does he mean?”

The mother answered nothing. She

did not even dare to meet her boy's eyes—she only cast them upwards in a kind of despair, as if taking Heaven to witness that the step she contemplated was not only right, but inevitable.

It struck her, however, that before she took it she ought to discover, not the equity—of that she had no doubt—but the law of what she was about to do: how far her rights extended, and what legal mode of defence she had, supposing her lot drifted her into that cruel position—a wife who has to protect herself against her natural protector, her husband.

That night, the children being all in bed, and even Bridget's watchful eyes at last sealed safe in slumber, Mrs. Scanlan took down a big book which she had some time ago borrowed from Mr. Langhorne, and began carefully to study the laws relating to married women and their property, in order to ascertain what her rights were: only her rights—no more.

She found what many an unfortunate wife and mother has found: that, according as the law of England then stood, and, with little modification, now stands, a married woman has no rights at all.

First—for Josephine had strength and courage to write all things down, so as to have the case as clearly before her mind as possible—unless there exists an antenuptial settlement, every farthing a wife may have, or acquire, or earn, is not hers, but her husband's, to seize and use at his pleasure. Second—that he may personally “chastise” her—“confine” her—restrict her to the merest necessities, or treat her with every unkindness short of endangering her life—without being punishable. Third—that if she escapes from him, he can pursue her, and bring her back, forcing her to live with him, and share, however unwillingly, the burthen and disgrace of his wrong-doings; or, if he dislikes this, he may refuse to maintain her: while, at the same time, if she is able to maintain herself, he can swoop down upon her from time to time, and appropriate all her earnings, she having no defence whatever against him. Is he not her



husband, and all hers his, no matter how acquired?

Then, as regards her children. After they are seven years old he can take them from her, denying her even access to them, and bringing them up exactly as he chooses, within certain limits, which the law, jealous of interference with paternal authority, usually makes broad enough. In fact, until they become of age, they are as much in his power as his wife is—mere goods and chattels, for whom he is responsible to no one, so long as he offends society by no open cruelty or crime.

Rich women, who can make to themselves a barricade of trustees, settlements, &c.—those ingenious devices by which the better classes protect themselves against the law—are able to neutralize its effects a little; but for poor women, working women, dowerless women, this is how it stands—and thus, after a long hour of half-incredulous studying, Mrs. Scanlan found it.

She sat, perfectly aghast. In her ignorance, she had never contemplated such a state of things. She knew marriage was, in a sense, a bondage, as all duties and ties must be more or less; but she believed it a sacred bondage, the same on both sides, or rather a partnership, in which each had equal rights, equal responsibilities, and, did either fail in the fulfilment of them, equal powers of self-defence against the wrong. For, alas! such is the imperfection of things human, that in all bonds we accept—including marriage—it behoves us not to forget the melancholy maxim, "Treat every enemy as a possible friend, and every friend as a possible enemy." And it harms no men or women who have found in a married partner their best and closest friend, to know that other miserable men and women, who have proved theirs to be their direst enemy, have a refuge and protection provided for them by the law, which is a terror to evil-doers only, not to those who do well.

Josephine Scanlan, now that she knew her lot, writhed under it as if she had felt coiling round her the rings of a serpent. It bound her, it strangled her,

it hissed its hot breath in her face, till she seemed nearly growing mad.

She had married—which alone implied that she had been content to merge her existence in that of her husband; that she desired no prominent self-assertion, no contradictory rights. Had her marriage turned out what marriage should be, neither would ever have thought of their rights at all, only of their duties, and scarcely even of these; for love would have transformed them into pure delights. But every union is not a happy one; every bridegroom is not what his bride believes him; nor—for let us be just—every bride what her husband hopes to find her. In such cases, what redress? For the husband, some, seeing he has the power in his own hands; for the wife, none at all. The man may be knave or fool, may beggar her by his folly, disgrace and corrupt her children by his knavery, yet she can neither cut him adrift, as he can her under similar circumstances, nor escape from him, as Josephine Scanlan desired to do.

All in vain. She found that, struggle as she might, she could not get free. Though she wanted nothing from her husband, was prepared to maintain herself and her children, not interfering with him in any way, still he had just the same rights over her, could pursue her to the world's end, take her children from her, possess himself of everything she had—and the law would uphold him in this, so long as he kept within its bounds, and committed no actual crime. There it was, clear as daylight; that however bad a man may be, however fatal his influence and dangerous his association to those belonging to him—for nothing short of adultery or cruelty can a wife get protection against him, or succeed in separating herself from him and his fortunes.

There are people who believe this to be right, and according to Scripture. I wonder whether they would still believe it if they found themselves in the position of Josephine Scanlan?

As she sat reading, in the dead of night, with the house so still that the

scream of a little mouse behind the wainscot startled her, and made her shiver with nervous dread, there came over her, first a sense of utter despair, and then the frenzied strength which is born of despair. Rights or no rights, law or no law, she would be free. Nothing on earth should bind her, an honest woman, to a dishonest man; nothing should force her to keep up the sham of love where love was gone; nothing should terrify her into leaving her poor children to the contamination of their father's example. No, she would be free. By fair means or foul, she would set herself free, and them likewise.

A timid woman, or one who was keenly alive to the world's opinion, might have hesitated; but Josephine was come to that pass when she recognised no law but her conscience, no religion except a blind faith that God, being a just God, would make all things right in the end. Beyond this, she felt nothing; except a resolute, desperate, and utterly fearless will, that was capable of any effort, and stopped by no hindrance. While she sat calculating all the pros and cons, the risks and difficulties of the course she was still as ever determined upon—only it now required cunning as well as resolution, deception instead of truth—she recalled the story of a certain Huguenot ancestress—also a Josephine de Bougainville—who, when the Catholics attacked her house, stood at its doorway, pistol in hand, with her two children behind her, and fought for them—killing more than one man the while—until she was killed herself. Josephine Scanlan would have done the same—and she knew it.

No future contingencies on the side of expediency perplexed her mind. Mr. Oldham's death might not happen for years, and when it did happen it might not affect her: the fortune might be left elsewhere. Nay, if not, what matter? As the law stood, it would not be hers, but her husband's; and he would be as unscrupulous over thousands as he had been over hundreds. Once she had thought differently, had fondly hoped

that the possession of wealth would make him all right; now she knew the taint in him was ineradicable. His dishonesty, his utter incapacity to recognise what honesty was, seemed an actual moral disease. And diseases are hereditary. At least, nothing but the utmost care can prevent them from becoming hereditary. Even as a noble ancestor often stamps his likeness, mental and physical, upon unborn generations, so does any base blood, morally speaking—for moral baseness is the only real degradation—crop out in a family, now and then, in the most mysterious way, for generations; requiring every effort of education to conquer it—if it can ever be conquered at all.

Mrs. Scanlan's ambition for her children was altered now. Once she had wished to make them rich—now her only longing was that they should be honest. The wealth of the Indies would be worth nothing to her, if they learnt to use it as their father—faithless in much as he had been in little—would assuredly teach them. Better that César and Louis, and even delicate Adrienne, should earn their bread by the sweat of their brow, and earn it honestly, than that they should share any bread, even a father's, that was unrighteously gained; or grow up reckless, selfish spendthrifts, to whom wealth was no blessing, only an added curse. If it came, let him take it! she cared not. Her sole hope was to snatch up her children and fly.

That very night Josephine laid her plans, modified according to the new light which she had gained as to her legal position—laid them with a caution and foresight, worthy of one of those righteous conspirators against unrighteous authority, who, according as they succeed or fail, are termed in history patriots or traitors. Some end on a throne, others on a scaffold; but I think, if they have an equally clear conscience, heaven gives to both good rest. And good rest, strangely calm, came to Josephine's tired eyelids somewhere about dawn.

She woke with the feeling of some-

thing having happened, or being about to happen—the sort of feeling that most of us have on a marriage or funeral morning; they are strangely alike,—that this day will make, for good or ill, a great gulf between the old life and the new. Nevertheless, she rose and prepared for it, as somehow or other we all do prepare, with a fictitious calmness, that grows easier each minute as we approach the inevitable.

On descending to her children, the first thing she saw was a letter from Mr. Scanlan, not to herself but to Adrienne, saying he was enjoying himself so much that he meant to stay away the whole week. Therefore she had before her that week. Within it, something might occur. No, nothing would occur—nothing that could save her from the act which she felt was a necessity. Only a miracle could so change things as to cause her to change; and miracles do not happen in these days.

Simple as her preparations were, she found them a little difficult to manage, without exciting the suspicion of her household. At first, she had intended to take Bridget with her; now, she decided not. No one should be compromised by her departure: no one, until she was clearly away, should know anything about it. Besides, in leaving Bridget behind at Wren's Nest, she left a certain guarantee that things would go on rightly there, and Mr. Scanlan's physical comforts be looked after, at least for the present.

For, strangely enough, up from the fathomless tragedy of her heart came floating small, ridiculous, surface things—such as who would arrange her husband's breakfasts and dinners, see that he had everything comfortable, and do for him the thousand and one trifles which—he being either more helpless or more lazy than most men—these seventeen years she had been in the habit of doing for him? Mechanically she did them to the last; even sewing buttons on his clean shirts, and looking over his clothes for several weeks to come, till the farce and the tragedy of her departure mixed themselves together in

such a horrible way, and the familiar facts of every-day life assumed such a ghastly pathos, that she felt she must shut her eyes and steel her heart, if her purpose was to be carried out at all.

Day after day slipped past; as they slip past a doomed man who has lost all hope of reprieve, yet has become not yet quite indifferent to dying—a death in the midst of life; which, so far as this world ends, is ended for ever. It may be the entrance to a new life, but this life is the familiar one—this is the one he understands. Somewhat thus did Josephine feel, when night after night she lay down in her empty silent chamber, foretasting the loneliness that would henceforward be hers till death. Yet she never wavered. She believed she was doing right; and with her, that question being decided, no after-thought ever came.

Still, she deferred till the very last making her only necessary confidence, which was to Priscilla Numm. Even to her it would be brief enough, merely enough to secure the faithful woman's help in Paris, and to conceal her address there from everybody, including Mr. Scanlan. Further, neither to Priscilla nor to any one did she intend to explain. When we have to hew off a rotten branch to save the rest of the tree, we hew it off; but we do not sit slashing and hacking at it, and prating to all comers what harm it has done us, and the reason why we cut it down. At least, Josephine was not the woman to do this: she acted, but she never talked.

Having settled almost word for word—the fewest possible—what she had to explain to Priscilla, she started on her walk to receive from the little shop the money that was due to her—a tolerable sum, enough to take her and the children to Paris, and keep them there, at least beyond want, for a short time, till she obtained the work which, with Priscilla's assistance, she had no fear of getting. Everything she did was done in the most methodical manner, even to the new name she meant to take—her mother's maiden name—which she did



not think Mr. Scanlan had ever asked or heard.

She had hoped to go through Ditchley without meeting any one she knew, but just before she reached Priscilla's shop she was stopped by Mr. Langhorne, whom she had not seen for some time, since the sudden friendliness which had sprung up between them after Mr. Oldham's illness had as suddenly died down—she well guessed why. From her husband's irritability whenever the lawyer was named, she knew he had tried to borrow from him, and failed: after which little episode Mr. Scanlan could never see merit in anybody: so Josephine let this friend also drop from her; as she did all her friends. It was safest and best for them and for her.

Still, she and Mr. Langhorne spoke kindly when they did meet, and now he crossed the street to join her. He had been calling at the Rectory, he said: had found Mr. Oldham somewhat better, and the nurse, trying to make out the poor invalid's confused speech, had caught the name of Mrs. Scanlan. Would it not be well, Mr. Langhorne suggested, for Mrs. Scanlan to go and see him?

Josephine hesitated. Great griefs had so swallowed up her lesser ones that she had not visited her poor old friend for weeks past. Now that she was quitting him too—for what must surely be an eternal farewell—she thought she ought to go and see him once more. It would be painful, for she had always kept a tender corner in her heart for Mr. Oldham; but happily he would never know the pain.

“Do you really think he wants me, or that he has begun again to notice anybody? In that case I would gladly go much oftener than I do.”

What was she promising, when she could fulfil nothing? when in a few days—nay, a few hours—her fate would have come, and she would have left Ditchley for ever? Struck with a sudden consciousness of this, she stopped abruptly—so abruptly that Mr. Langhorne turned his keen eyes

upon her; which confused her still more.

Then he said, in a somewhat formal manner, “I do not urge you to go; I never have urged you, knowing it could make no difference in anything now. Still, if our poor friend has any consciousness—and we never know how much he has—I think it would be a kind thing for you to see him often.”

“I will go at once,” she said, and parting from Mr. Langhorne, took the turning towards the Rectory, passing Priscilla Nunn's door. As she passed it, she was conscious of a certain relief: in being able to keep, if for only an hour longer, the bitter secret which she had hitherto so rigidly hidden from all her neighbours, which, so long as it is unconfessed, seems still capable of remedy—the misery of an unhappy marriage.

The Rectory garden looked sweet as ever, carefully tended by the honest old gardener whom Bridget would not marry. Mrs. Scanlan stopped to speak to him, and ask after his new wife, a young and comely woman, to whom, in spite of Bridget, he made an exceedingly good husband.

Yes, he was very comfortable, he said—hadn't a care in the world except for the dear master and the grief it was to keep the garden so nice, with nobody to look at it. He only wished Mrs. Scanlan would come sometimes and make herself at home there, and say what she'd like to have done in it, since perhaps when it pleased God to take the dear master out of his troubles, she might come there for good and all.

Josephine shrank back, knowing well what the honest fellow alluded to—the common talk of the parish, that Mr. Scanlan was to succeed Mr. Oldham as Rector of Ditchley. It seemed as if every word that everybody said to her that day was fated to stab her like a knife.

But when she went up stairs to Mr. Oldham's room, her agitation subsided, and a strange peacefulness came over her. It often did, in presence of that living corpse; which had all the quiet-

ness of death itself, and some of the beauty; for the face was not drawn or altered; and any one whom he liked to see Mr. Oldham was still able to welcome with his old smile. As he welcomed his visitor now; signalling for her to come and sit beside him, and take possession of his powerless hand.

Though there was as yet in his countenance no sign of that merciful order of release which his nearest and dearest could not but have hailed as the best blessing possible to the poor old man, still this smile of his seemed more serene than ordinary, and his eyes rested upon his visitor with a wistful affectionateness, as if he too were taking a farewell—his farewell of her, not hers of him. In the stillness of the sick room, Mrs. Scanlan forgot for a time everything but her poor old friend, who had been so true to her, and so faithfully kind to her. Her personal griefs melted away, her bitter and troubled spirit grew calm. The silent land, the land where all things are forgotten, which was, alas! the only light in which she looked at the invisible world—for her husband's heaven was almost as obnoxious to her as his hell—because a less awful, nay, a desirable country. In it she might perchance find again—only perchance! for everything connected with religious faith had grown doubtful to her—those who had loved her, and whom it had been noble, not ignoble, to love: her mother, dead when she was still a child; her father, the vivid remembrance of whom alone made her still believe in the fatherhood of God; possibly, even her little infants who had but breathed and died, and were now laid safely asleep in Ditchley churchyard. As she sat by Mr. Oldham's bed, she could see their white headstone gleam in the sunset. And she thanked God that they at least were safe, these three out of her nine.

And into this unknown land, to join this dear known company, Mr. Oldham would soon be travelling too. The puerile and altogether material fantasy, which is yet not unnatural—that she should like to send a message by him to her dead,

affected her strangely. It would have been such a comfort; just one word to tell her father that she was struggling on her best through this rough world, but would be so glad to be with him, and at peace. She sat until the tears came dropping quietly; sat, holding Mr. Oldham's hand, and speaking a little now and then, in that sad monologue which was all that was possible with him now. But still she felt less unhappy, less frozen-up. The sense of filthy lucre—of money, money, money, being the engrossing subject of life, its one hope, fear, and incessant anxiety—faded away in the distance. Here, beside that motionless figure, never to be moved again till lifted from the bed into the coffin, the great truth that we brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out, forced itself upon her, with a soothing strength, as it had never done before.

She might have remained longer on this, which she meant to be her last visit—only in the external calm and cheerfulness that must be kept up with Mr. Oldham it would not do to think of such things—but Dr. Waters came in, and when she rose to go home he asked her if she would accept an old man's escort over the common; it was growing too dark for a lady to cross it alone.

"Thank you," said she, touched by the kindness, and stayed. For one day more she might still safely put off her arrangements with Priscilla, and so extreme was her shrinking, even within herself, from all final measures, that this was rather a relief. A relief too it was that, in bidding goodnight to Mr. Oldham, she added—and sincerely meant it—"I shall come again and see you to-morrow," and so avoided the last pang of farewell.

When they went away together she asked her good friend the doctor what he thought of his patient's state, and how long it might continue. Not that this would affect her purposes in any way; for she had determined it should not; still she wanted to know.

But no medical wisdom could pronounce an opinion. Dr. Waters thought

that life, mere animal life, might linger in that helpless frame for months or years, or another stroke might come, and the flickering taper be extinguished immediately. But in either case, the old man was not likely to suffer any more.

"Thank God for that!" sighed Mrs. Scanlan, with a curious sort of envy of Mr. Oldham.

She had had it before—that desperate craving for rest, only rest! as if the joys of Paradise itself would be mere weariness; and all she wanted was to lie down in the dark and sleep. There was upon her that heavy hush before a storm; before the God of mercy as well as judgment arises in lightning and thunders to rouse us out of that lethargy which, to living souls, is not repose but death. Almost before she had time to breathe the storm broke.

"Mrs. Scanlan," said Dr. Waters suddenly, pressing her hand with a kindly gesture, for he knew her well, had been beside her in many a crisis of birth and death, and was well aware, too, though he never referred to it, how faithfully she had kept his own miserable domestic secret in years past. "Mrs. Scanlan, where is your husband to-day?"

She told him.

"I am glad. A week's amusement will be good for him. He is quite well, I hope?"

"Perfectly well."

One of those shivers which superstition calls "walking over one's own grave" ran through Josephine. Did Dr. Waters suspect anything? Or was it only her own vague terror, which had made her feel for weeks past as if she were treading on a mine; that she discovered in his words something deeper than ordinary civility. Had he discovered anything of her husband's misdoings? She feared, but her fear was altogether different from the reality. It came soon.

"I walked home with you to-night, partly that I might say a word to you about your husband. You are too sensible a woman to imagine I mean more than I say, or to give yourself groundless alarm."

"Alarm!" she repeated, her mind still running in the one groove where all her misery lay. "Tell me quickly; do tell me."

"Nay, there is really nothing to tell: it is merely a harmless bit of precaution. You are aware that your husband consulted me the other day about effecting an assurance on his life?"

She was not aware, but that mattered little. "Go on, please."

"He said you were very anxious he should do it, and he had refused, but, like the disobedient son in the parable, afterwards he repented and went. You wished it, he added, as a provision for yourself and the children."

"I! Provision for me and the children!" Even yet she had not grown accustomed to her husband's startling modifications of facts.

The quick-witted physician saw her angry confusion, and tried to help her through it. "Well, well, it was something of the kind. I cannot be very accurate, and I never interfere in family affairs. All I want to urge upon you is, unless there is some very urgent necessity, do not let him try to insure his life."

"Why not?" said she, facing the truth in her direct, almost fierce way.

"Because I am afraid no office would take him. He has—this need not frighten you; hundreds have it; I have it myself, and you see what an old man I have grown to—but he has confirmed disease of the heart."

"Oh, doctor!"

This was all she said, though the bolt, God's own bolt of terror, sent to rouse her from her lethargic despair, had fallen in her very sight. In all her thoughts about her husband the thought of his death had never crossed her imagination. He seemed one of the sort of people who live for ever, and enjoy life under all circumstances; being blessed with an easy temper, a good digestion, and no heart to speak of. That he, Edward Scanlan, should bear about with him a confirmed mortal disease, and not feel it, not know it; the thing was impossible; and she said so vehemently.

Dr. Waters shook his head. "It is a very good thing that he does not know



it, and he never may, for this sort of complaint advances so slowly that he may live many years and die of some other disease after all. But there it is, and any doctor could find it out—the doctor of the Assurance company most certainly would. And if Mr. Scanlan, with his nervous temperament, were told of it, the consequences might be serious. Therefore, I tell his wife, who is the bravest woman I know, and who can keep a secret better than any other woman I know.”

“Ah!” feeling that upon her was laid—and laid for life—another burthen. No lying down to rest now; she must arise and bear it. “What must I do? What can I do?” she said at last.

“Nothing. Forewarned is forearmed. Telling you this seems cruel, but it is the best kindness. Cheer up, my dear Mrs. Scanlan. I am sure you have looked so ill of late that your husband may live to bury you yet, if that is what you desire. Only take care of him; keep him from over-excitement, and above all from Assurance offices.”

“I understand. I will remember. Thank you. You are very kind.”

Her words, brief and mechanical, were meant as a good-bye, and Dr. Waters took them as such, and left her at the gate of Wren’s Nest without offering to go in. Nor did she ask him; the strain upon her was such that, if it had lasted another ten minutes, she felt as if she would have gone mad.

She sat down, a few yards only from her own door, behind a furze-bush on the common, which lay all lonely and silent under the stars, and tried to collect her thoughts together, and realize all she had heard.

I have said, that in the noblest sense of love, clear-eyed, up-looking, trustful, that ever loves the highest, Mrs. Scanlan had ceased to love her husband. Natural affection may revive by fits and starts, and a certain pitiful tenderness is long of dying; but that a good woman should go on loving a bad man, in the deep and holy sense of woman’s love, is, I believe, simply impossible. If she did, she would be

either a fool—or something worse. But often, when love is dead and buried, duty arises out of its grave, assuming its likeness, even as the angel assumed that of King Robert of Sicily, till one cannot tell which is the king and which the angel; and over this divine travesty we may weep, but we dare not smile.

The Edward Scanlan of to-day was in nowise different from the Edward Scanlan of yesterday. And yet his wife felt that her relation to him was totally changed. So long as he was well and happy, gaily careering through life, indifferent to everybody but himself, selfish, unprincipled, dishonest, and yet of that easy nature that he would always contrive to fall on his feet, and reappear on the best terms with everybody; then she felt no compunction at quitting him: nay, her desertion became a righteous act. But now? Every noble, tender, generous feeling in the woman’s breast revolted at doing the very thing which an hour before she had been resolved upon.

This change seemed hardly her own act—at least she did it more by instinct than reasoning; indeed, she hardly reasoned at all about it, or paused to consider whether, in thus totally ignoring her past resolve, she needed to blame herself for having ever made it. It was now impossible: that was enough. While desperately pursuing one course, fate, or circumstance, or Providence, had seized her with a strong right hand, and flung her upon another.

“I can’t go away,” she said, and rocked herself to and fro, with sobs and tears. “I must ‘take care of him,’ as Dr. Waters told me. What could he do without me? What should I do if he wanted me, and I were not there?”

This was all she thought, all she argued. Her single-minded nature took all things simply, without morbid introspection, or needless self-reproach. Indeed, she hardly thought of herself at all in the matter, until there suddenly flashed across her the remembrance of the children—and for a minute or two her head was in a whirl, and she was unable to see the path of duty clearly. Only duty.

No sentimental revulsion of feeling drew her back to the days when the children were not, and her young lover-husband was to her all in all. Those days were dead for ever; he had himself destroyed them. She never for a moment dis-guised from herself that her children—those “incumbrances,” as Mr. Scanlan often called them—were infinitely dearer to her than he. She *must* save her children, but was she to do it by forsaking their father?

“Those whom God hath joined together, let no man put asunder.” Most true—not man. But there are cases when God himself does it; when with His righteous sword of division He parts the wicked from the innocent, the pure from the impure. The difficulty is for our imperfect mortal vision to see this, to recognise the glitter of that sharp, inevitable sword, and acquiesce in the blow of the invisible Hand.

Josephine attempted it not. Nor do I attempt to judge her either in what she did, or what she did not do; I only state the result—that her communication with Priscilla Numm was never made; and it was not until both were dead that any one ever knew how near she had been to quitting her husband for ever.

For more than an hour Mrs. Scanlan sat crouched under that furze-bush, open only to the gaze of the stars, for ever marching on in their courses, irresistibly, remorselessly, taking no heed of any one of us all. Then, impelled by a vague consciousness that the night was very chilly, that if she took cold she should be ill, and if she were ill, what would become of the household, she rose and went indoors.

Not to the children, though she heard their voices at play in the parlour, but up at once to her own room. There, in passing, she rested her hand upon the pillow where her husband’s head had lain for seventeen years, turned round, stooped, and kissed it.

“I will not go,” she said. “Who will hold fast to him if I do not? No, I’ll not go.”

## CHAPTER XIII.

MRS. SCANLAN had full time for re-considering her determination, had she been so inclined, for her husband did not return on the day he had named. Not even though she sent on to him a note from Mr. Langhorne, urgently requesting the settling of the school-accounts. Evidently he had put off to the last extremity possible, the fatal crisis, and was afraid to meet it even now. She was not, though she knew it must come, and soon; but it only confirmed her resolution not to quit him.

Women are strange creatures—I, a woman, say it. Men think they know us: but they never do. They are at once above us, and below us; but always different from us, both in our good points and our bad.

Josephine had never had any real happiness in her husband; neither comfort, nor trust, nor rest. Fond of her he undoubtedly was, even yet; but it was a man’s sort of fondness, beginning and ending in himself, from the great use and support she was to him. Unto her he had been a perpetual grief, a never-ceasing anxiety; yet the idea of losing this, of letting him go and doing without him, or rather of allowing him to do without her, presented itself to her now as a simple impossibility. The tie which bound her was not love—I should profane the word if I called it so—but a stern, heroic, open-eyed faithfulness; seeing every one of the thorns of her most difficult way, yet deliberately following it out still. Her life henceforward must be one long battle; no quiet, no pause, no lying down to that longed-for rest. “No peace for the wicked,” said she mockingly to herself oftentimes, but took little thought whether it applied to her, whether she was righteous or wicked. One thing she knew she was, and must be—bold. Courage was her only chance now.

After discovering that as a married woman she had no legal rights, and no help or aid was possible from any one,

she had determined to take the law into her own hands, and protect herself as well as she could; both by boldness, and, if necessary, by the quality which in woman is called cunning, in man only diplomacy. This was the easier, because, as she well knew, her husband's prominent characteristic was cowardice. He was always afraid of somebody or something, and not unfrequently afraid of himself. He had no persistent will at all; it was a joke among the children, that if ever Papa talked about a thing, he was quite certain not to do it, and whatever he did was done by accident. Thus his wife knew that when it came to the point she was twice as strong as he.

Her plan of action had been very simple: to leave home, as if for a short journey, to cross over at once to Paris, and there, assuming a French name, to pass off herself and her children as French returned refugees. If she obtained work, and was unpursued, she meant to remain in Paris; otherwise, to fly to the New World, or Australia—anywhere! so that she had her children, and could escape her husband. Great as his power was over her and them legally, morally it was but small: for tyrant and victim change places when the one has the soul of a lion, and the other that of a hare; and a mother, driven to despair, with her children to guard, has always something of the lioness in her, which makes her rather a dangerous animal to deal with.

Tragic as was the pass she had come to, there was a certain comfort in it—a power in her hands of which she knew she could at any time avail herself; her refuge was not her husband's strength, but his cowardice. And now that she had changed her mind, and resolved not to leave him, but to stay and meet the worst, she hoped that the same courage which would have thrown him off, and withstood him at a distance, might keep him in bounds while near. She could trust him no more, believe in him no more; she stood quite alone, and must defend herself and her children alone; still, she thought she could do it. She must look things boldly in the face, and

act accordingly. There must be no weak yielding to what was doubtful or wrong; no pretence of wifely duty, to "love, honour, and obey"—because when the two first do not exist, the third becomes impossible—a ridiculous, unmeaning sham. Neither must there be as regarded the children any setting up of superstitious filial fetishes, only to be kicked down again, as all false gods ultimately are. If her children found out, as they often did, that their father had told them a lie, she must not mask it, or modify it, as often she had done, to avoid exposing him. She must say distinctly, "It is a lie, but he cannot help it; it is his nature not to be able to distinguish between truth or falsehood. Pity him, and tell the truth yourselves." The same, in that terrible laxity of principle he had as to money-matters, and the hundred other crooked ways in which he was always walking; where, rather than see her children walk, she would see them—she often prayed that she might see them!—drop one after the other into their quiet graves.—(Did God, not in anger, but in mercy, answer her prayer? I cannot tell. Her lot was hard, but it might have been harder.)

While resolving that, in any moral crisis of this sort, she would have no hesitation whatever in opening her children's eyes to the errors of their father, she still thought she should be able to keep them to their strict duty, and teach them to honour—not the individual parent: that was impossible—but the abstract bond of parenthood; so beautiful, so divine, that the merest relics of it should be kept in a certain sort of sanctity to the last by every human being.

It was a difficult, almost a superhuman task that Mrs. Scanlan was setting herself; but it was easier than the only two other alternatives—of succumbing entirely to evil, or, by flying from it, forsaking her husband, and leaving him to trouble, shame, sickness, death—all alone.

That the collapse of his affairs must soon come, she was certain. She hardly thought he would be prosecuted, but he



would be driven from Ditchley a dishonest man, his clerical work at an end for ever. Therefore upon her alone would thenceforward rest the maintenance of the family; even as she had intended, but with the additional burthen of her husband. What matter? She had long ceased to look forward, at least in any happy way. Her hopes had all turned to despair, her blessings to misfortunes. Even that possible fortune, the prospect of which had so long upheld her, had it not been less a blessing than a curse? But for it, and its numbing effect upon her, she might have striven more against Mr. Scanlan's recklessness, or have risen up with a strong will, and taken into her own hands the reins which his were too weak to hold. But the gnawing of this secret at her heart had given her a sense of guiltiness against him, which had made her feeble of resistance, indifferent to the present, in the hope of the future. But why regret these things? It was all too late now.

She was sure trouble was at hand, when on Sunday morning Mr. Scanlan had not come home, and she had at the last minute to send César about in all directions to get some friendly clergyman as his substitute. That being done, and her fears roused, lest, urged by the pressure of circumstances, or some sudden fear of discovery, he might actually have left the country, the Curate walked in—crawled in, would be the better word: for he had an aspect not unlike a whipped hound. Afraid lest the children should notice him, their mother hurried them off to church, and took him straight upstairs; where he threw himself down upon the bed in a state of utter despondency.

"It's all over with me; I knew it would be. You refused to help me, and so it has come to this!"

"Come to what?" said Josephine. He had not asked, nor she given, any welcoming caress, but she had followed him upstairs, and done various little duties that he expected of her. Now she stood beside him, pale, quiet, prepared for whatever might happen.

"That fellow Langhorne will wait no longer. He insists upon having the books, to go into them next week. And the money is gone, and I can't replace it. So I am ruined, that's all."

"Yes."

"I have done the best I could," added Mr. Scanlan in an injured tone. "I even took your advice, and went to Dr. Waters about insuring my life, and he promised to inquire. But he too has played me false. I have heard no more from him. All the world has forsaken me—I am a lost man. And there you are, dressed in all your best, looking so nice and comfortable; I dare say you have been very comfortable without me all the week—going to church too, as if nothing was the matter. Well, there, go! Leave me to my misery, and go."

To all this, and more, Josephine made no reply. She was too busy watching him, trying to read in his face something which might either confirm or refute Dr. Waters' opinion concerning him. She did see, or fancied she saw, in spite of his florid complexion, a certain unwholesome greyness, and wondered, with a sharp twinge of self-reproach, that she had never noticed it before. It was no dearer to her, no nobler, this handsome, good-natured, and yet ignoble face; but she regarded it with an anxious pity, mingled with thankfulness that she alone bore, and had strength to bear, the secret which would have overwhelmed him. For though, in truth, it was no worse for him than for all of us—we every one carry within us the seeds of death, and we are liable to it at any minute—still, to such a weak nature as Edward Scanlan's, and one who, despite his religious profession, shrank with dread from every chance of that "glory" which he was always preaching, the knowledge of such a fact as heart-disease concerning himself would almost have killed him with terror on the spot.

So once again his wife took up his burthen, and bore it for him—bore it all alone, to the very end.

"Then you are not going to church, after all?" said he, when, lifting his head, he perceived that her bonnet was

laid aside, and she was sitting quietly by him. "Now, that's kind of you, and I am glad. Only, will not the congregation think your absence rather peculiar?"

"Oh, I do not care for that."

"But you ought to care," said he, with sudden irritability. "I know I should have got on twice as well in the world if I had had a wife who minded outside things a little more."

Josephine flushed up in anger, then restrained herself. "Perhaps so," she answered. "But, Edward, if I have not been a show wife, I have been a very practical and useful one, and I am willing to be of use now if you will let me."

"That's my good Josephine! Then we are friends again? You won't forsake me?—I half thought you would. I have had such horrible fancies every night, of being arrested and sent to gaol, and dying there, and never seeing you any more. You won't let it come to that? You wouldn't like to have your husband shut up in a prison, among all sorts of nasty, unpleasant people—oh, it would be dreadful! dreadful! You'll try to save me from it, Josephine?"

For ever so long he went maundering on thus, in an almost puerile fashion, not venturing to look his wife in the face, but clinging fast to her hand.

A man must be a man, to compel a woman's love. For a moment Josephine turned aside, and her sweet, proud, delicate mouth—the De Bougainville mouth, descending from generation to generation—even César had it—assumed a curl that Mr. Scanlan might not have liked to see; except that he would never have understood it. But immediately that deep pity, which long survives love, arose again in the wife's heart.

"My dear, we will not talk of prisons; perhaps it will not come to that. I might be able to devise some plan, if you would now tell me everything. Mind, Edward—everything!"

"I have told you everything—except, perhaps, of my visit to Dr. Waters, which was quite a sudden idea. But it came to nothing, you see, as is always the case with me. Never was there such an unlucky fellow in this world."

This was his constant cry, but she had ceased arguing against it now. She had ceased even to torture herself by counting up that large measure of happiness that might have been theirs—youth, health, children, settled work, and an income which, if small, was certain, and would have sufficed them to live on in comfort; but for that fatal something—the one rivet loose in the wheel—which her husband called his "ill luck!"

"Well, why are you silent? What are you thinking about? What do you suggest? For I tell you, Josephine, we are come to the last ebb—all is over with me, unless I can arrange about the assurance at once, say to-morrow. Come, you shall have your wish. I'll go to the assurance-office to-morrow."

Josephine's heart stood still. Then, looking another way, she said, "It is not my wish now; I have changed my mind. I do not want you to assure your life."

"Well, that is a good joke! After worrying me to death about it, abusing me like a pickpocket because I wouldn't do the thing, as soon as I decide to do it you turn round and say you don't wish it at all! You are the most fickle, changeable woman—but you women always are: there's no making you out."

Josephine was silent.

"Unless"—with a sudden flash of that petty cunning which small natures mistake for penetration, and often fancy themselves very clever in attributing to others motives they would have had themselves—"unless, indeed, you have some deep-laid scheme of your own for managing me. But I won't give in to it: I won't be managed."

"Oh mon Dieu! mon Dieu!" murmured Josephine, using the exclamation not lightly, as many Frenchwomen do, she had been brought up too strictly Huguenot for that,—still using it without much meaning, only as a blind cry of misery in a tongue that her husband did not understand. "Listen to me, Edward," she said earnestly. "I have no deep-laid scheme, no underhand design; how should I have? My whole thought is for your good. It is true I have

changed my mind, but one may do that sometimes, and find second thoughts best after all. This life assurance would cause you so much difficulty, so much trouble; and you know you don't like trouble."

"I hate it."

"And if I were to take the trouble from you—if I were to find a way of arranging the matter myself——"

"Oh I wish you would, and let me never hear another word about it," said he, with a look of great relief, all his offended dignity having subsided in the great comfort it was to have his burthen taken off his hands. "You are the cleverest woman I ever knew. You may have it all your own way if you like; I won't interfere. Only just tell me, as a mere matter of curiosity, my dear, how you mean to accomplish it."

It was a way which had slowly dawned upon her as the best—absolutely the only way to meet this crisis—by the plain truth. She meant to go over the accounts herself,—when first she married she hardly knew that two and two made four, but she was a very respectable arithmetician and book-keeper now,—discover the exact deficit, and then confess it, simply and sorrowfully, to Mr. Langhorne. He was a very good man: she believed, if dealt with frankly, he would take the same view of things that she did—that her husband's act had been excessive carelessness rather than deliberate dishonesty. If it could be "hushed up"—oh the agony it was to this honest woman that anything concerning any one belonging to her required to be hushed up!—for a time, she might be able to repay the money by settled monthly instalments out of her own earnings. Anything, everything, that she could do herself, she felt safe about; but all else was like shifting sands. Still, she thought Mr. Langhorne would trust her, and, slender as her relations with him had been, she had always found him kind and just: the sort of man upon whose generosity she might throw herself, and not feel it pierce her like a reed.

But when she tried to explain all

this to Mr. Scanlan, he was perfectly horrified! The direct truth was the last thing he ever thought of. Acknowledging a sin, and then resolving to retrieve it—the only way to reconcile justice and mercy, without which forgiveness becomes a sham, and charity mere weakness—was an idea quite beyond his comprehension. He only wished to hide guilt, to plaster it over, to keep it from the eye of the world; and then go on cheerfully as if it were not there. So as he escaped punishment, he was quite satisfied.

"No, Josephine," said he, with the pig-headedness of all feeble souls; "this won't do. The notion is perfectly absurd! What would Langhorne think of me? what would he think of you, owning that your husband had taken the money? No—no! If you are to help me, as you said you would, you must find out some other way to do it."

"There is no other way," she answered, still calmly, though she knotted her fingers together in desperate self-control, and looked down at them, not at the face beside her, lest perchance she should loathe it—or despise it, which is worse even than loathing. "I have thought it all over and over, till my head has gone nearly wild, and it all comes to this: if you refuse to do as I suggest, or rather let me do it, there is nothing but ruin before you—ruin and disgrace."

"The disgrace will not fall upon my head alone," said he, almost triumphantly. "You should think of that before you forsake me. It will come upon you too, and the children."

"Ah! I know that!" groaned the unfortunate wife: and could have cursed the day when she had been so mad as to marry; could have envied with her whole soul the childless women whom she had once used to pity. They at least had one consolation,—with them their miseries would end. They need not fear entailing upon innocent posterity the curse of a moral taint, worse than any physical disease.

Bridget Halloran once made to me a truly Irish remark,—that if she had the planning of a new world, she would



arrange it so that all the men married and all the women remained single. Could faithful Bridget that day have looked through her kitchen ceiling at her dear mistress, I think she would have been strengthened in her opinion. It is not good for man to be alone, or woman either: but in that awful leap in the dark which both make when they marry, the precipice is much deeper on the woman's side. A lonely life may be sad, but to be tied to either a fool or a scoundrel is not merely sad, it is maddening.

Josephine Scanlan looked half mad; there was a glare almost amounting to frenzy in her black eyes, as she sat pulling to and fro, up and down, till she almost pulled it off her finger, the thin gold circlet, origin and sign of so many years of unhappiness past, of untold wretchedness to come. Once more the desperate chance of retrieving all by flight flashed across her mind, and vanished. To leave him there, in his lowest ebb of ill-fortune, forlorn, dishonoured, unconsciously doomed. It would be what to Josephine seemed almost worse than wicked,—cowardly.

"I can't go," she said to herself. "Perhaps, if I have patience, I may see a way out of this. Oh, if I had any one to show it to me, to help me in the smallest degree! But there is no one—no one in this wide world."

And so, by a strange and sudden thought—one of those divine promptings that none believe in but those who have them—the miserable woman was driven to seek for help beyond this world. She covered her face with her hands, and did—what Josephine seldom did for herself, though she taught it to her little children as a sort of necessary duty every night—she "said her prayers;" using her children's formula, "Our Father which art in heaven." In heaven—and oh so far, so terribly, cruelly far, as it seemed to her—from this forlorn earth.

The doctrine of "answers to prayer," literal and material, always appeared to me egregious folly or conceited profanity. Is the great Ruler of the universe to stop its machinery for me? Is the wise

evolution of certain events from certain causes, continuing unerringly its mysterious round, by which all things come alike to all, and for the final good of all—to be upset in its workings for my individual benefit? No; I would not, I dared not believe such a thing. But I do believe in the Eternal Spirit's influence upon our spirits, in momentous crises, and in a very distinct and solemn way, often remembered for years, as Mrs. Scanlan afterwards remembered this.

At the very moment when she sat hiding her face, and trying to feel if there was any reality in the prayers she had silently uttered, she heard through the silence the far-off sound of Ditchley church bell. Not the church-going bell—it had ceased an hour or more ago—but the slow measured toll by which the parish was accustomed to learn that one of their neighbours had just departed—gone into that world of which we talk so much and know so little.

"That's the passing-bell," cried Mr. Scanlan, starting up. "Who can it be for? Just count the tolls."

For in Ditchley, as in some other parishes in England, it was customary to ring out the number of tolls corresponding to the age of the person who had died.

Josephine counted up to eighty; past it. There was scarcely any one in Ditchley of such advanced years, except the Rector. She sat stupified. Her husband also, with a certain kind of awe in his face, again felt for her hand, whispering, "Can it be Mr. Oldham?"

Two minutes after, she heard the children come in, much too early, from church. Adrienne and Gabrielle were both in tears, and César, looking very grave, repeated the tidings which had reached the church during sermon-time, and been communicated from the pulpit, sending a thrill of solemnity, if nothing more, throughout the congregation.

Mrs. Scanlan heard, and sat down where she stood, as white and still as a stone. The end had come at last, of suffering to him, of suspense to her: Mr. Oldham was dead.

He had died quite quietly and unexpectedly, César said; for the boy,

knowing his mother was fond of their old friend, had had the thoughtfulness to run up at once to the Rectory and inquire all particulars. There was no struggle, no apparent pain. The spirit had escaped, like a bird out of its cage—spread its invisible wings, and flown away. Did it look back, smiling, on that poor woman, come now to the very last ebb of her despair?

Actual grief for Mr. Oldham's death was impossible. It was scarcely one of those departures when friends hang over the bed of the beloved lost,

“Not thankful that his troubles are no more.”

Here, even the tenderest friend must rejoice that his troubles were no more; that he was released from the heavy clog of the body, and from a life which could never be any joy or use to himself or others—only a miserable burthen and pain. For, sad as it is to see a still youthful mind writhing in the fetters of a worn-out, aged body, sadder still is the climax which must soon have come to poor Mr. Oldham, when the body outlives the mind, and the thing we at last bury seems only a body, a mere clod of the valley, a helpless corruption, better hidden out of sight. In such circumstances it is difficult to regain the feeling of still-existent spirit, separate from clay. It is only after a while, as the associations of sickness and mortality grow fainter, that the dead seem to come alive again, in all their old identity; and the farther years part us from them, the nearer they appear. Not as dead and buried, but as living dwellers in a far country, to which we too are bound, and for which we wait patiently, even cheerfully, hearing, louder and clearer as we approach thereto, the roll of the dividing seas.

When the first awe was over—the first natural tears shed for the dead who could return no more—an unwonted lightness crept into Josephine's heart. Her present terror was at any rate staved off; Mr. Langhorne would be for some weeks too much engrossed in the arrangement of Mr. Oldham's affairs to go into the school-accounts, and mean-

time what changes might not come? Might it not possibly be true, that golden dream which had grown so dim through long delay? Could she be the Rector's heiress after all?

A week ago she had thought her misery rendered her indifferent to this, and all things else that might befall; but human nature has wonderful powers of reaction, and Josephine's nature especially. In her there was an irrepressible hopefulness which nothing could kill. Still this very hope made her suspense the more intolerable.

Her promise to Mr. Oldham bound her literally only till his death; she was therefore free now to unburden all her hopes and fears to her husband. But she never thought of doing so. Even had there been no other reason, the horrible strain it was upon her own mind during the interval that elapsed between the death and the funeral—for Mr. Langhorne and Dr. Waters, who, as executors, took everything into their hands, insisted upon waiting a week for Lady Emma and Mr. Lascelles, neither of whom came after all—this week of miserable restlessness, during which she could do nothing, think of nothing, but calculate the chances of her fate, convinced Josephine that she must preserve her secret to the last. If it came to nothing, the shock would be more than Mr. Scanlan could bear. If it were true, he would be a little angry with her perhaps; but no—the husband of an heiress, especially when he is a man like Edward Scanlan, was not likely to be very angry with his wife, or for very long.

And during this interminable week, when the Rector lay dead—nay, rather, as Josephine often tenderly said, was truly alive again—the Curate seemed to appear his best self, both at home and abroad. Perhaps he was anxious to cultivate his chances of the living, or perhaps—let us give him credit for the best motive possible—he was really touched by the death which, he could not help seeing, affected his wife so much. He was very little at Wren's Nest, to her great thankfulness; he had of course much additional business to transact, but

whenever he did come home he was good and kind. And he never made the least allusion to the impending storm: which perhaps, being temporarily lifted off, he deluded himself would never come; that, in his usual phrase, something would "turn up" to protect him from the consequences of what he had done amiss. That was all he cared for. His life was an appropriate carrying out in this world of the belief he held regarding the other—the all-importance of what is termed "personal salvation;"—a doctrine held by many true and sincere Christians, which only proves that they themselves are far nobler than their doctrine, and that the spirit of God within us is a diviner thing than any external and nominal creed.

It showed the extreme self-control to which Josephine, so impulsive and passionate in her youth, had attained, even the quick-sighted Bridget noticed nothing remarkable in her mistress during this momentous week, at least nothing more than great quietness of manner, and a wish to escape observation and be as much alone as possible. She remained in the closed house—closed out of respect to the departed; and scarcely quitted it until after dark, when she would rush for a hasty walk across the common, refusing even her son César's company. Perhaps an eye more familiar with the signs of mental suffering than the poor servant's might have noticed how thin she grew in those seven days—what a tension there was in her features—what an unnatural metallic ring in her voice: but at the time no suspicion was roused: she kept her secret faithfully to the last.

The week's end came at length. The final night—the night before the funeral—Mrs. Scanlan slept as soundly as a child, or a criminal before execution: only she had no feeling of guilt, whatever happened. Her act of concealment had been deliberate, conscientious: if it were all to do over again, she felt she could but have done the same thing under the same circumstances. Believing this, she was utterly indifferent to praise or blame, either from her

neighbours, or those of her own household. The only matter of moment which troubled her was the fact itself—so long a certainty though unknown—but which in a few hours must be known to herself and all the world—the little busy world of Ditchley.

She had been invited to the funeral, as companion to Lady Emma, who at first had wished to go, but afterwards declined. Mr. Langhorne had also expressed formally a wish that Mrs. as well as Mr. Scanlan should be present at the reading of the will; but at the last moment her husband declared she should not go.

"Why not?" asked she.

"Oh, Lady Emma's absence shows she thought it not decorous for ladies to attend funerals, and I think so too," said the Curate dogmatically; and after a good deal of beating about the bush, he came out with his second reason—her mourning was not handsome enough. Not daring to run into debt for a new gown, she had made an old one do. As she stood in it, its long folds clinging tightly to her wasted, rather angular figure, her husband looked sharply, critically, at his once beautiful wife. If her beauty had been the sole spell that enchained him, Edward Scanlan was a free man now.

"What a fright you do make of yourself sometimes, Josephine! I wish you wouldn't. I wish you would remember it is my credit that depends on your appearance. When you dress shabbily, it is a reflection upon me. Indeed you cannot go as you are to the funeral. It would be a want of respect to Mr. Oldham."

"He would not feel it so; he knew me better," she answered gently. "And I should like to see him laid to rest; should like to come back with you to the Rectory and hear his will read."

"Nonsense; it cannot concern us. He liked me so little of late, I doubt if he has even left me ten pounds to buy a mourning-ring. I must go, I suppose, as a mere matter of form, but you need not. Women are far better out of all these things."

Josephine grew seriously troubled.



Her presence at the funeral was not necessary, but at the reading of the will undoubtedly it was. Not to shorten her own suspense—that mattered little—but to “take care,” as Dr. Waters had said, of her husband; to whom any shock of sudden tidings, either good or bad, would be injurious.

“Edward,” she said, “I want to go. Don’t hinder me. It cannot signify to you.”

Yes, he protested, it did signify. People might make remarks; might say that Mrs. Scanlan pushed herself where she had no business to be, and that Mr. Scanlan was always tied to his wife’s apron-string. He insisted upon her staying at home. There had come over him one of those dogged fits, peculiar to

“Man, proud man,  
Dressed in a little brief authority,”

that his authority must be exercised. When he got into this mood—common to human beings and asses—Edward Scanlan could neither be led nor driven, but was bent upon taking his own way, just because it was his own way.

Josephine sat down in despair. To thwart her husband’s will openly was impossible, to submit to it most dangerous. As he dressed himself carefully in his new black suit and unexceptionable white cravat—whosoever went shabby at Wren’s Nest, its master never did—talking complacently all the while of his own popularity, of the universal wish there was that he should step into the dead man’s shoes, his wife was almost silent, absorbed in the imminent crisis wherein it behoved her to be so cautious and so calm.

Presently she made a last effort. “Edward,” she said, as imploringly as if she had been the meekest and weakest of women, “do take me with you. I want to go.”

But, upborne on his huge wave of self-content, Mr. Scanlan was immovable.

“I have said it, and I won’t unsay it. Josephine, your going is perfect nonsense, and you shall not go. I cannot allow it.”

“But—”

“Am I master in my own house, or not? If not, henceforth I will be. Stop, not another word!”

“Very well,” said she, and let him depart without another word. Otherwise, she would have lost all control of herself—have flung desperately at him the secret which she had kept so long—perhaps even have betrayed that other, which, though only two weeks old, seemed to have lasted for years. It was the only thing which restrained her now.

What if anything should happen—anything which might harm him—and she had let him go from her in anger, had parted from him in this great crisis without a word or a kiss? Present, her husband sometimes tormented her to an unendurable degree; but, absent, the poor heart went back, often self-reproachfully, to its old fealty, and tried to think the best of him that it could.

Sitting at her bed-room window, Josephine listened to the funeral bell tolling across the dreary common. It had rained all day, but there was now a faint clearing up towards the west, giving a hope that the ceremony—which had been put off as late in the day as possible, to allow the poorer parishioners to follow to his grave one who had been to them invariably charitable and kind—might be less gloomy than a wet October funeral always is. She seemed to see it all—to hear the splash of the assembling feet in the muddy churchyard, and the sound of her husband’s voice reading impressively and sonorously, “I am the Resurrection and the Life,”—words which to her as yet were mere words, no more.

When the bell ceased, Bridget and the younger children, who had stood at the gate listening, came in, and Mrs. Scanlan was summoned to tea. Mechanically she poured it out, hearing absently the talk around her, which was at first rather subdued: the little people had almost forgotten him, still they knew their mother was fond of Mr. Oldham. But soon they grew quite lively again; they were always so lively when Papa was out. And thus time passed. Josephine hardly knew how, till Bridget

entered to ask if she should bring in candles.

Then the intolerable suspense became too much for human strength to fight against. Come what would, she must go to the Rectory. Her two eldest boys had returned, having watched the funeral from a distance, and had settled to their evening's employment. The natural thing would have been to say to them, "Children, your papa has not come back; I am going to meet him;" but then she knew her boy César, who had a great idea of protecting his mother, would insist upon accompanying her. So she stole out of the back door like a thief, avoiding even Bridget, though she fancied Bridget saw her, and flew rather than walked, in the wind and rain and darkness, across the common, and through Ditchley streets. No one was abroad; the day had been one of those funeral holidays which seem like Sunday; the shops were still half-closed, and behind them Mrs. Scanlan saw little groups sitting, discussing their good old Rector, no doubt, and wondering who would be their new one.

Presently she found herself at the Rectory gate—the same gate over which had leaned the shrewd, kind, old face, when Mr. Oldham had said those momentous words about her being "his heiress." Were they true or not? The fact must be known by this time. And surely, in that case, Mr. Scanlan would have come straight home. Why had he not come home? Had anything happened? And a forewarning of that daily fear which she must henceforth live in—could tell to no one, could seek help for from no one—struck through her like a bolt of ice.

There was but one road to the Rectory; she could not have missed him, he must be still there. But now she had come she dared not go in. What reason could she give for her coming? How explain, even to the servant that should open the door, why she stood there, drenched with rain, shivering with cold and fear, looking, she was well aware, more like a madwoman than the respectable Curate's respectable wife? No—she must wait a little longer. Nothing

might have happened—neither good nor bad: Mr. Scanlan might have just stayed to hear the will read, and then gone somewhere or other to spend the evening instead of coming home.

There was a large tree which overhung the gate: there Josephine sheltered and hid herself, till the soaking rain dropped through the thin leaves. Years afterwards, when she had almost forgotten what it felt like to walk in the cold and wet, when she went clad in silk and furs, and trod daintily from carpeted halls to cushioned carriages, hardly knowing what it was to be unattended or alone, Josephine used to recall, as in a sort of nightmare, that poor creature—scarcely herself at all—who crouched shivering under the tree at the Rectory-gate; trembling lest anybody should see her, wondering if even God himself saw her, or whether His eyes had not long been shut upon her and her misery. And the rain beat, and the wind blew—the wild, salt-tasted wind, coming westward from the sea—and, quarter after quarter, the dull clang of Ditchley church-clock rang out from over the Rector's newly-closed grave the hours that to him were nothing now—to her, everything.

It was half-past nine at least, and she was wet through and through, yet still felt that she could not go back, and that to go forward was equally impossible, when she heard wheels through the dark, driving slowly from the house to the gate. When the light came, she saw it was Dr. Waters' brougham. He was in it, and some other gentleman, whom he seemed to be supporting.

Josephine sprang to the carriage-door, and shook its closed windows with such eager appeal that the doctor turned round angrily:—

"Go away, woman! Good God, Mrs. Scanlan! is that you?"

"Yes, it is I. Is not that my husband?"

A feeble voice answered, and a still feebler hand was put out: "Josephine, come in here. I want you."

"Yes, come in at once. Take my place; I will walk home," said Dr. Waters, getting out, and then told her

that Mr. Scanlan had had a slight fainting-fit; something had occurred which startled him very much; but he was much better now, and would be well directly.

Josephine looked from one to the other, half-bewildered.

"My dear lady, I had better explain: it was no ill news, quite the contrary; and your husband will soon get over the shock of it. I wish you had been here," he added, a little coldly; "it was a pity, as Mr. Scanlan says, that your feelings did not allow you to be present at the funeral, and the reading of the will, which Langhorne particularly desired; and he was the only person who knew about this matter. Mrs. Scanlan, I have to congratulate you. You are Mr. Oldham's heiress."

Josephine bent her head assentingly—that was all.

"It is a very large property; worth a hundred thousand pounds, I should say. Except a few legacies, it is all yours."

"Josephine, do you hear? all ours!" gasped Mr. Scanlan, pressing forward. "A hundred thousand pounds! We are rich—rich for life!"

Again she assented; but, in truth, hardly did hear: she only saw that grey, pinched face, drawn with pain, those shaking hands, which seemed already to clutch eagerly at the imaginary gold.

With gentle force, Dr. Waters helped her into the carriage, and was gone. Then she took her husband's head on her shoulder, and his hands in hers; thus they sat, without speaking, as the carriage slowly moved homewards.

It had come at last—this golden dream. As Edward had said, they were rich—rich for life; richer than in her wildest ambition she had ever desired. She could hardly realize it at all. The fortune had come: but what was the worth of it—to her, or hers?

By and by her husband roused

himself a little. "Who would have thought it, Josephine? I was so startled, it quite knocked me over; however, I am better now, very much better. Soon I shall come all right and enjoy everything."

"I hope so."

"But you—you speak so oddly! Are you not delighted with our good luck?—or rather yours, for Mr. Oldham has so tied his money up that I can't touch it, I have almost nothing to do with it. He maintained his dislike to me to the last. And to think of his saying not a word about what he had done. Nobody knew but Langhorne, unless"—with a sudden shrill suspicion in his tone—"unless you did?"

In her state of terrible suspense, Mrs. Scanlan had not paused to consider what course she should pursue when the suspense ended, let it end either way; nor had decided whether or not she should tell her husband the whole circumstances, which were so difficult of explanation. Taken by surprise, she stammered—hesitated.

"You did know—I am sure of it."

"Yes," she answered, slowly and humbly, very humbly. "Mr. Oldham told me himself; though I hardly believed it. Still, he did tell me."

"When?"

"Seven years ago."

"Seven years! You have kept this secret from me—your own husband—for seven years! Josephine, I'll never forgive you—never believe in you any more."

And she—what could she say? To ask his pardon would be a mere pretence, for she felt herself not guilty; to explain her motives was useless, since he could never understand them. So this "lucky" husband and wife, whom all Ditchley was now talking over, wondering at or envying their good fortune, turned away from one another, and drove home to Wren's Nest together without exchanging another word.

*To be continued.*



## POPULAR SONGS OF THE LAST HALF CENTURY.

BY JOHN HULLAH.

THE student, whether of music or manners, may add a good deal to his knowledge of both by an occasional inspection of one of those dilapidated folio volumes, lettered "Vocal Music," or "Songs, &c.," which, though less numerous than they were a few years since, still now and then come under the hand or the eye, more often on the book-stall than the music-desk. They are touching memorials of another age, these decayed and out-at-elbows tomes, of an age not very distant from our own in point of time,—but, in feeling, opinion, taste, and manners of life, how far removed!

Catholicity in excess is not the failing of the average musician; and he will perhaps find little that he can like in these old music-books. Yet it may not be useless, nor ought it to be uninteresting, to trace, by the analysis of typical specimens of each epoch, the progress in England, since the latter part of the last century, of a very important—certainly the most popular—branch of musical composition, the Vocal Solo.

The music-book of seventy or eighty years since—that expressive, and faithful record of the tastes and powers of our grandmothers—will generally be found to contain songs by one or other, generally by several, of the following composers:—Storace, Kelly, Carter, Dibdin, Shield, Arnold, Hook, Davy, Percy, Braham, and Jackson of Exeter. Of Storace, *facile princeps* among these, certainly in science and knowledge of effect, perhaps also in invention, there would be "Where the silvered Waters roam" (from *The Pirates*), "The Sapling Oak" (from *The Siege of Belgrade*), or "With lowly Suit and plaintive Ditty" (from *No Song No Supper*). Of Kelly we should find "No! my Love, No!" (from *Of*

*Age To-Morrow*;) and of Carter, the inevitable "O Nanny, wilt thou gang with me?"—like "Auld Robin Gray," a *pseudo*-Scottish song. The prolific genius of Dibdin—the poet, the composer, and the singer—would be represented by "Tom Bowling," "Then Farewell, my trim-built Wherry," "Saturday Night at Sea," or "Poor Jack;" and that of the more ambitious Shield, by "Ere around the huge Oak," "The Death of Tom Moody," "Whilst with Village Maids I stray," or "The Wolf." Another bass air, "Flow, thou regal purple Stream," would remind us of Arnold, to whose editorial labours Church musicians and the admirers of Handel owe so large a debt of gratitude. Hook will have contributed "The Lass of Richmond Hill," "Tarry awhile with me, my Love," or "'Twas within a Mile o' Edinbro' Town," another forgery on the Scottish muse; Davy, "Just like Love," and "The Bay of Biscay;" Percy, "Wapping Old Stairs;" and Braham, like Dibdin, composer, singer, and even, on occasion, poet, "Slow broke the Light," "No more by Sorrow chased," or "The Bird in yonder Cage confined." Jackson's laurels were for the most part won in other fields, but a volume such as that we are considering would hardly have been held complete without "Encompassed in an Angel's Frame," or "When first this humble Roof I knew." In addition to these songs by contemporary composers, we should find at least one "favourite song by Mr. Handel," probably "Angels ever bright and fair;" and more than one by Dr. Arne, "Water parted from the Sea," or "When Daisies pied," certainly "The Soldier tired." Two or three anonymous productions, "I am a brisk and sprightly Lad," and "Since then I'm doomed," "Pray Goody," "Over the Mountain and over the Moor," and

"The Blue Bells of Scotland,"<sup>1</sup> would complete the volume.

These songs, like those which make up any contemporary young lady's collection, are of very unequal merit. The intervals from Storace to Kelly, from Shield to Hook, and from Jackson to Davy, are severally very wide ones; but the best and the worst of the compositions which make up our imaginary volume have some good qualities in common. They are almost without exception melodious, well fitted to the words, and "becoming to the voice;"<sup>2</sup> and in those of them which rise above the level of mere tune, though there is no serious attempt at developing or pursuing musical ideas to their utmost consequences (the distinguishing power of *great* masters, ancient or modern), the passages are spontaneous and coherent, and grow out of one another naturally, as though, once set growing, they could not have grown otherwise.

Moreover, the composers of these contemporary "favourite" songs were not only men of very unequal powers, but of very various ages. In the last decade of the last century some of them were beginners, others were in the prime, others in the decline of life. Braham had just entered on a career which was only to end in our own time. Shield had reached "the middle of the journey of our life;" Jackson was just attaining its term: while Storace, like Purcell, Linley, Mozart, and Schubert, had already furnished another illustration of the apophthegm, "Those whom the gods love die young."

Some of the most successful productions, therefore, of the contributors to our "music-book," were subsequent to its collocation; among them, for instance, "The Death of Nelson," a song which, whatever its shortcomings, has survived by more than half a century the shock caused by the subject of it. It is still popular.

<sup>1</sup> No longer anonymous. The researches of Mr. Chappell have proved it to be the composition of Mrs. Jordan, the celebrated singer and actress.

<sup>2</sup> We owe this happy phrase to the late Mr. Braham.

These composers, whatever their merits, whatever their places in public favour at the end of the last century, were destined soon to suffer an eclipse, from which they are still by no means free, from the advent and prolonged course of a composer who perhaps in invention, certainly in science, taste, and facility, surpassed them all. The year 1809 is signalized in the history of English music by the production of *The Circassian Bride*—an opera (so called, at least, in those days), the music of which was the composition of Henry (more recently Sir Henry) Bishop. From this epoch to the year of his death (in 1860), a period of fifty years, Bishop kept his hold on the public ear more firmly than any English predecessor or contemporary. Not that he was without rivals—and formidable rivals too; not that he was either the greatest genius or the most learned and skilful musician of his age and country; but that he was for a great length of time the only Englishman who exercised musical genius and learning in that exact proportion, and in those particular directions, without which public favour at once great and permanent is unattainable to a musical composer. For, the most distinguished contemporaries of Bishop, in his early days at least, were none of them his rivals. Of our four best glee composers, Webbe, Stevens, Callcott, and Horsley, none attempted the musical drama; nor can any vocal *solos* by these masters, at all comparable in excellence or in quantity to their *part-music*, be named which could have competed with like works of Bishop, in popular estimation. The same may be said of Wesley, so many of whose noble compositions are, it is believed, still withheld from us; of Crotch, William Russell, J. Stafford Smith, Benjamin Cooke, Spofforth, Danby, and others. Partial exceptions might be made in favour of two or three of these; for Webbe wrote one very successful song, "The Mansion of Peace;" and Callcott's "Angel of Life," "Friend of the Brave," and "Sisters of Acheron;" and Horsley's "When shall we Three

meet again," "My Harp," and "The Tempest," continue to find willing performers, if not always willing listeners. But granting these the utmost allowance of merit and public favour, what are they to the long succession of compositions at once admirable and popular by these same masters, which any experienced *part*-singer could enumerate, with or without a moment's notice?

Who will venture—with any hope of arriving at the end of the list—to enumerate Sir Henry Bishop's *songs*, the product (and hardly the chief product) of an artistic life of fifty years, no day of which could have been passed "without a line?" He was "concerned in" about seventy musical dramas in all: few of them, it is true, operas in the proper sense of the word, but all of them supported, adorned, and enriched by a wealth of musical thought which no frequency or extent of call seemed able to exhaust. With the concerted music of Bishop we are not now concerned: it is only with his songs we have to do. *Their* number, which we have no means—perhaps now there are no means—of ascertaining, is not to be estimated even approximately by that of the dramas to which he contributed music. Many, especially of his later airs, are essentially of the class of chamber music; and if he sometimes borrowed a phrase or a section from a so-called "national" melody, he frequently lent to that often very inane production its single peculiarity or its single grace.

For many years, however, after his first dramatic success, the theatre must have furnished Bishop with occupation sufficient for the most productive and indefatigable of musical composers. We have before us a list (certainly not complete) of his dramatic productions, which, between the year 1806, when he made his first essays, and the year 1824, which closes his first period, number sixty-eight—nearly four per annum for eighteen years! His part in many of these pieces was limited to instrumentation (in which no precedent Englishman had shown anything like the same skill) and arrangement, *i. e.* correcting, cur-

tailing, or expanding other peoples' music; but to others he made large contributions of original matter—overtures, melodramatic music, concerted pieces, and songs. Among other undertakings he was actively concerned in a species of Shakesperian revival, happily not imitated since, which consisted in turning the dramas of our great poet into melodramas with music. To these experiments we owe some of the best of Bishop's songs. "By the Simplicity of Venus' Doves," "Should he upbraid," and "Bid me discourse," are all that are left to us of these profanations of Shakespeare—profanations, however, which it might be said they all but justify.

No English dramatic musician in any way worthy of comparison with Bishop appeared during the first years of his career. In or about 1820 the compositions of John Barnett—who, as a boy, had attained considerable reputation as a dramatic singer—began to excite attention, and to be treated, though sometimes with severity, always with consideration, by the musical critics of those days. The songs of Mr. Barnett, like those of Sir Henry Bishop, are by no means exclusively operatic, but the majority of the most popular owe their existence to the stage. "The light Guitar," "Rise, gentle Moon," and others which keep, and are likely to keep, their hold on public favour, are many of them the sole remaining memorials of dramas of which they were, no doubt, the most interesting features; and "Farewell to the Mountain," and "Deep in a Forest Dell," are integral parts of the *Mountain Sylph*—of all the operas (properly so called) yet produced by an Englishman that which seems to us the most likely to live.

The transition from Mr. Barnett to Mr. Balfe is facilitated by the fact of their temporary rivalry, and by that of Mr. Balfe (like Mr. Barnett, a dramatic singer) having played a principal part in one of the latter's operas, *Farinelli*. The first mention of Mr. Balfe with which we are acquainted is in *The Harmonicon* (vol. v. p. 32), wherein a



composition of his is criticised somewhat severely. It is spoken of as "a song which evidently means to make some pretensions" (*sic*). After a complaint that the poetry and the music "do not go on smoothly together," the writer concludes by observing, not altogether grammatically, that "there is, however, merit in parts of the composition which entitle it to notice, though the triteness of the ending," &c. &c. Mr. Balfe, however cast down by this criticism on his youthful production, survived it, and became, as everybody knows, the composer of several operas, the majority of which met with great success. To the first of them produced in England, *The Siege of Rochelle*, the public is indebted for "When I beheld the Anchor weighed;" to another, *The Maid of Artois*, for the still more popular "Light of other Days;" while the more recent *Bohemian Girl* gave occasion for "I dreamt that I dwelt in Marble Halls," and "When other Lips." The first-named of these songs was "created" by Mr. Henry Phillips, then in his zenith, and the second by the same excellent artist and—a cornet-à-piston. This "cheap and nasty" trumpet, which holds the same relation to that noble instrument, the trumpet proper, that stucco does to stone, was in those "other days" comparatively a novelty, even in its proper place—the street band. In combination with a baritone or any other voice it had assuredly never been heard within the walls of an English theatre. The town fairly "went mad about it." Mr. Balfe's graceful but somewhat commonplace melody was exalted to the skies, and the brows of Mr. Bunn, the author of the words, might have ached under the laurels that were heaped upon them. The poet is no longer with us, the voice of the singer is mute, the lyre of the musician is unstrung; but the cornet-à-piston, alas! still "rules," not merely "the camp," but also "the court and grove;" it still adulterates the orchestra, makes "quiet streets" uninhabitable, and continues the pulmonary discipline of athletic undergraduates

during the brief intervals of boating and cricket.

Two other composers, Edward Loder and Rooke, became candidates for operatic fame a little before and a little after the production of Mr. Barnett's "Mountain Sylph." Mr. Loder made a considerable impression by his "Nour-jahad," a work which, did the success of operas depend *entirely* on music, would have succeeded thoroughly. But the "book" (the old story) was found dull, and though the music was voted beautiful and musician-like, the opera, as a whole, ceased to be performed. Not so individual pieces in it; a trio and at least one song, "There's a Light in her laughing Eye," are still occasionally heard in the concert room, and more often in the private circle. The presentation of Mr. Rooke's first and most successful opera, "Amelie," which had been waited for many years, was nearly adjourned *sine die* at last by a ludicrous incident. The opera, when accepted, partially rehearsed, and even advertised, was found to be *not yet instrumented*. The necessity for this operation had never occurred, till a band rehearsal had been called, to manager, musical director, or composer. After a most inopportune delay of several weeks, "Amelie" made its appearance, and kept possession of the scene for many successive nights. Some of the songs in it, "My Boyhood's Home" and "Under the Tree" (admirably sung by Mr. Manvers), are still in circulation, and maintain considerable favour.

Three dramatic composers, contemporaries, for some years at least, though we know not their comparative ages—Thomas (Tom) Cooke, Alexander Lee, and Herbert Rodwell (a pupil of Bishop)—contributed each their quota to the stock of popular songs. The success of Cooke's "Love's Ritornella" claims especial notice from the fact of its having been made, not by a professed vocalist, but by an actor, Mr. Wallack, who rather *said* than sung it, and created a great sensation at the time by his intelligent, original, and effective delivery. Lee was the composer of many favourite

songs,—of “Away, away to the Mountain’s Brow,” “Come, dwell with me,” and “The Soldier’s Tear;” and Rodwell (who from time to time just indicated the possession of powers which he never thoroughly put forth) exhibited unmistakable inventiveness in melody in “They mourn me dead in my Father’s Halls,” and “The Banks of the blue Moselle.” He also set the songs in an adaptation of Mr. Harrison Ainsworth’s *Jack Sheppard*; among others, “Nix my dolly, Pals,” and “Jolly Nose,” the approbation of which among the class best able to judge of them is said to have been unequivocal.

Charles Edward Horn, a dramatic singer as well as composer, made several successful hits, off as well as on the stage. Among the latter, “Cherry ripe,” which first fell from the lips of Madame Vestris, in days “when all was young,” has become a national melody; among the former, “I’ve been roaming,” “The deep, deep Sea,” and “Through the Wood” (the two last favourite songs of the lamented Malibran) have lost little of their former popularity.

A musician of great accomplishment—a German by birth, but whom (like Handel, and for like reasons) we have got to think of as one of ourselves—Jules Benedict, is the composer of several *English* operas. The name of a song in one of them, “Rage, thou angry Storm,” has come under our eye in concert programmes more than once very recently; while another, “By the sad Sea Waves,” a rare example of refined and individual melody, must form part of every contemporary contralto’s repertory.

Some of the successful productions, dramatic and other, of Vincent Wallace and George Macfarren, though more recent, are still sufficiently remote to claim a place in this article. Those of Mr. Wallace, too, have, alas! come to an end. His talent was, perhaps, more happily exercised in the concerted piece than the solo—especially the solo with its accompaniment reduced to drawing-room dimensions; for his instrumentation was very skilful. Like Mr. Wallace, Mr. Macfarren is a

great master of combined effect, vocal and instrumental. As “the greater includes the less;” he is the composer of many minor works which have found favour as well with the many as with the few.

Theatrical performance is for the musical composer the most efficient of all modes of advertisement; and that which is first heard within theatrical walls starts with advantages unattainable through any other mode of presentation. Nevertheless, some of the most popular as well as some of the best English songs of this century have altogether wanted the support of dramatic situation, and have owed their success to their intrinsic merit or their felicitous rendering in the concert-room. We have collected a large number of examples, to which it would no doubt be possible to add as many more. The difficulty in dealing with them is solely that of choice. Here are a few, in approximate chronological order.

The first that will come under our notice, from their number, popularity, and the length of time over which their publication was spread, are those connected with the name of Thomas Moore. We leave out of consideration all the collections entitled *Irish Melodies*, *National Melodies*, *Evenings in Greece*, &c., to which Mr. Moore contributed words, and Sir John Stevenson very indifferent, and Sir Henry Bishop very ingenious, “symphonies and accompaniments.” Nor shall we stop to estimate the extent to which the majority of these *National Melodies* are in any sense “national,” *i.e.* anonymous, ancient, or traditional in any nation; or how far *Evenings in Greece* were the results of “Evenings at home,”—home being very much to the west of the favoured land “Where grew the arts of war and peace.” But Moore was the avowed composer as well as author of many favourite songs, and the *unavowed* composer (it is believed) of many more. He was an unlearned musician; and an unlearned musician can only exhibit invention, if he be gifted with it, in melody; hardly, even in melody (*melopœia*), but rather in

tune, the rhythmical limits at least of which are of necessity very narrow and unelastic. Learned or unlearned, however, the composer of "Young Love once dwelt in an humble Shed," "My Heart and Lute," "The Woodpecker," "Those Evening Bells," and "Oft in the stilly Night," found a road to the hearts of his hearers which many a pundit has altogether mistaken, or been too clumsy to travel.

Two of Moore's countrymen, Augustine Wade and Samuel Lover (the latter only recently lost to the *three arts* he practised so gracefully), have been very successful song-writers; like Moore, too, setting their own verses. "Meet me by Moonlight," and "Love was once a little Boy," are, after some forty years, still in circulation; and "The Angel's Whisper" (a more recent production, "running hard" some of the best of Moore's) will always find a sympathetic audience when rendered by a sympathetic voice.

A native of Wales, the late John Parry—the father of our musical Gavarni—is the composer of a song, "Jenny Jones," whose popularity was so great, and had been so long enjoyed, that about the year 1835, Mr. Charles Mathews introduced it in a dramatic piece, and sang it "in character," under the impression that it was a "national melody." Mr. Parry of course put forward, and easily established, his claim to the parentage of "Jenny," whose unlooked-for turn in the wheel of Fortune was, it is to be hoped, advantageous to her progenitor. Mr. Parry was the composer too of a very pretty ballad, "Norah, the Pride of Kildare," which his son, before his speciality had been revealed to him, used to sing very sweetly.

Those amateurs whose recollections extend to forty years since will hardly have forgotten a novelty in musical publications of about that date, the employment of lithography (then a new art) in the decoration of music-titles. This fashion enjoyed but a short life, though a busy one. For a time it seemed as impossible for a song to come out, wanting a pictorial frontispiece, as for a

gentleman to go out, wanting his hat and coat. Whatever the subject—meeting or parting, absence or presence, morning or evening, plant or flower, soldier or saint, bird or beast—there met you on the wrapper, he, she, or it: the creature, animate or inanimate, whose joys or sorrows, pleasures or pains, phases or sensations, you proposed to sing or hear sung about. One of the first of these applications of pictorial art was to an *aspiration*. Not that the aspiration was depicted, but the thing whose state of existence was aspired to. "I'd be a Butterfly," with a portrait of the ideal one, made its appearance one morning in Mr. Willis's shop-window (he occupied a portion of the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly), and in a few days half musical England—the better half—was smitten with an overpowering, resistless rage for metempsychosis. The success was astounding, and of course begat countless imitations, the majority of which attained only *superficial* successes. It was easier to imitate the wrapper of "I'd be a Butterfly" than the elegant verses and pretty tune inside it. These were the work of Mr. Haynes Bayly, whose future proved a long career of prosperity as a song-writer. Many of his subsequent productions equalled in popularity that just named, and one of them, "O no, we never mention her," probably exceeded it.

It must have been about this time, too, that another fashion in song-making sprung up, and, like the illustration fashion, flourished for a time vigorously, that of following a successful song by an "answer" to it—a form of piracy against which the law of copyright furnished no protection. Thus "I'd be a Butterfly" was "answered" by "I'd be a Nightingale," or "I'd be an Antelope." Not only so, but the answer occasionally assumed the form of protest or contradiction; and a poet was not long wanting to assert that he'd "*not* be a butterfly, born in a bower," &c. but something else. These trespasses on reclaimed ground were very numerous. Mr. Barnett's popular song, "Rise, gentle Moon," we remember to have been fol-



lowed by "Rise, gentle Star;" and Mr. Bayly's "O no, we never mention her," by "O yes, we often mention her"—or him, as best suited the sex or taste of the singer. We do not recollect whether any answer was evoked by a very popular air, "We met;" if so, it should have been, and no doubt was, "We cut."

Not a few of the popular songs of the first half of this century are the compositions of musicians highly distinguished in other branches of their art, and who, as it were, "awoke and found themselves famous" in this. Thus the admired Church composer, Thomas Attwood, made himself known to a still larger public by his setting of Campbell's "Soldier's Dream," his one successful essay in that direction. A single sacred song, too, from an oratorio by M. P. King, "Eve's Lamentation," became, and we believe still remains, a great favourite with sopranos of limited means.

Other popular songs, not many, have been the productions of musicians ("single-speech Hamiltons" of their art) whose existence one song only, and that a success, has revealed to the uninitiated. We remember nothing by the late Earl of Westmoreland which impinged on the public ear save the elegant but somewhat feeble "Bendemeer's Stream," which Mr. John Parry used to sing very often and very well, an advantage he also extended to "The Maid of Llangollen," an exceedingly pretty song, by a certain James Clark, by whom no other has come under our notice. Nor do we know of anything by Mrs. Philip Millard for an instant to be compared with "Alice Gray," one of those clear, individual melodies which, once heard, are learnt for life.

In or about the year 1831 the circle of resident musical composers was enlarged by the arrival in England of the Chevalier Sigismund Neukomm, an amateur, but an amateur who had been under professional training, and who could even boast of having been the pupil of Joseph Haydn. The Chevalier made his *début* here as a composer in

"Napoleon's Midnight Review," a song which, notwithstanding some shortcomings, made an extraordinary sensation, and set every eye and ear on the watch for the next utterance of the composer. This was not long coming. The Chevalier had the good fortune to find a coadjutor in the best and the most prolific of modern English song-writers—Barry Cornwall. Their first joint effort was "The Sea." This attained a success which it would have been difficult to exceed and unreasonable to expect in another instance. It was sung by Mr. Henry Phillips, to whose feeling and intelligence—exercised on words so clear, yet so deep, so sweet, yet so strong—must the reception of the song be mainly attributed; for, to invert a common phrase, the music of "The Sea" is but a vehicle for the verse, being made up of commonplace passages, rather rollicking than spirited, which however, it must be admitted, are pieced together with considerable skill.

The name of Barry Cornwall has reminded us of a curious circumstance connected with English popular songs,—the very small number even of the lyrics and lyrical passages—*his* not excepted—of the great poets of the first half of this century, which have been set to music with any signal success. How little is there "married to immortal" *music* of Wordsworth, of Coleridge, of Southey, of Keats, of Byron! Shelley is (strange to say) the principal exception: of Scott and Campbell, how few even of the verses written expressly for music have been happily and successfully set! Some attempts, more praiseworthy as attempts than as results, at musical illustration of Scott might be named, by Dr. Clarke Whitfield and Mazzinghi. But even Bishop, signaled by the author of *Quentin Durward* as the musician *par excellence* likely to "find the notes" of "County Guy," by no means came upon the right ones; and when he failed what could be expected of the mob who entered on the search with him? Who has "found the notes" to "Where shall the Lover rest?" When will the

“Hebrew Melodies” cease to be a misnomer? With the exception of the songs by Attwood and of Dr. Callcott, of which we have already spoken, and one, “The Last Man,” by a musician worthily bearing the last honoured name, we can hardly call to mind a musical illustration of any of these poets which, even if successful at first, has held its own in public or private for any length of time.

We have characterised the best songs of the end of the last century as being “melodious, well fitted to the words, and becoming to the voice.” The best songs of the end of the last *half* century (with which this rapid survey must come to an end) are perhaps equally melodious, but not quite so *tuney*; their interest is not so exclusively centred in the voice-part. The majority of the former generally could be, and often were, performed without “the instrument,” the duties of which were literally those of accompaniment. The instrumental part of a modern song is often so thoroughly interwoven with the vocal, that to pull them asunder would be to reduce a fabric to its raw material again. In this kind of song invention is perhaps less severely taxed—certainly the want of it is less easily detected—than in the composition of self-supporting tune. In that fitness to the words which consists in the adaptation of music *generally* conformable to them in spirit, our contemporaries will not suffer by comparison with their predecessors; in attention to the accent and quantity of each individual syllable they are decidedly inferior. Many of our most popular modern songs are sadly faulty in this particular. More than one instance might be given of songs by composers of repute falsely accented

from beginning to end. These for the most part, however, are opera songs, in the composition of which recent musicians have stood at a great disadvantage. The “poets” of Storace and his contemporaries were men like Sheridan, Cumberland, and M. G. Lewis, whose verses, if not always glowing with poetic fire, always had a thought in them grammatically expressed. Mr. Barnett and Mr. Balfe have had to set, and have succeeded in setting, to music emotions and situations; but the “poetry” with which they have had to deal could of itself have been no more suggestive of musical thought than the multiplication-table or Rameau’s *Gazette de Hollande*. We cannot but think that the majority of modern songs are less “vocal” than those of the last age. This might have been expected. The prodigiously-increased importance of instrumental music during the last three-quarters of a century has naturally turned the attention of musical students to instruments “made with hands,” somewhat to the neglect of that oldest and noblest of instruments, which is the work of a Divine Artificer:—

“For God made the ‘chorus’ and man made the ‘band.’”

Whatever relation to one another the voice and “the instrument” (or instruments) may be destined to hold in the “music of the future,” it should never be forgotten that, as a *play* is a thing to be *played*, so a *song* is a thing to be *sung*, and that what is to be sung must be singable, *i.e.* “becoming to the voice” of the singer, who otherwise can neither utter it with pleasure nor with effect.

FREDERICK KÖNIG,  
INVENTOR OF THE STEAM PRINTING MACHINE.

BY SAMUEL SMILES.

TOWARDS the end of the year 1806, a young German printer arrived in England bringing with him a great idea, his only property. He had conceived a method of indefinitely multiplying the productions of the printing-press by a machine to be worked by steam-power, and he was in search of the requisite means for carrying his design into effect.

This young German was Frederick König, the son of a small farmer at Eisleben, in Prussian Saxony, where he was born in 1775. He must have been a born printer, for he used to play at printing when a boy, making use of his mother's hand-mangle to obtain rude impressions of objects. As he would be nothing but a printer, his father sent him to Leipsic at the age of sixteen to learn the trade; and in the well-known office of Breitkopf he speedily became an expert workman.

Being both studious and ingenious, König, from an early period, occupied his leisure hours in devising ways and means of improving the art at which he worked. Throwing off large sheets by hand was then a very slow as well as laborious process, and one of the things that most occupied the young printer's mind was whether some method might not be devised for getting rid of this "horse-work," for such it was, in the business of printing. He proceeded to plan a machine with that object, and he went so far as to begin a model of one; but being only a poor workman, he was very soon stopped by want of the necessary means for completing it. He tried to enlist men of capital in his scheme, but they all turned a deaf ear to him. He went from town to town, offering his project to the leading printers, but could find no encouragement. The plan seemed to them by far

too complicated and costly. Besides, industrial enterprise in Germany was then in a measure paralysed by the impending war with France, and men of capital were naturally averse to risk their money on what seemed to them a merely speculative undertaking.

Finding no sympathisers or helpers at home, König next turned his attention abroad. England was then, as now, the usual refuge of inventors who could not find the means of bringing out their schemes elsewhere; and to England he wistfully turned his eyes. In the meantime, however, his inventive ability having become known, an offer was made to him by the Russian Government to proceed to St. Petersburg and organize a State printing-office there. The invitation was accepted, and thither König proceeded accordingly in the spring of 1806. But the official difficulties thrown in his way were so great, and so disgusted him, that he decided to throw up his appointment and try his fortune in England, where he arrived, poor in means but rich in his great idea, in the autumn of the same year.

He at first maintained himself with difficulty by his trade, for his ignorance of the language stood in his way. But to work at the trade was not König's object in coming to England. His idea of a printing machine was always uppermost in his mind, and he lost no opportunity of bringing the subject under the notice of master printers likely to take it up. After meeting with numerous rebuffs and disappointments, he at last found what he was in search of—a man of capital willing to risk his money in developing the invention, and bringing it into practical operation. This was Thomas Bensley, a leading London printer, with whom König entered into



a contract in March 1807, to accomplish his proposed printing machine; Bensley, on his part, undertaking to find the requisite money for the purpose. Koenig then proceeded to mature his plans, and to construct a model machine, which occupied him the greater part of three years, and a patent was taken out for the invention on the 29th of March, 1810.

Steps were next taken to erect a working model, to put it to the test of actual practice. In the meantime Koenig had been joined by another ingenious German mechanic, Andrew F. Bauer, who proved of much service to him in working out its details. At length, in April 1811, the first printing machine driven by steam-power was constructed and ready for use; and the first work it turned out was sheet 11 of the "Annual Register for 1810," which it printed at the rate of 800 impressions an hour,—being the first sheet of a book ever printed by a machine and by steam-power.

In this first machine of Koenig's, the arrangement was somewhat similar to that known as the "platen machine;" the printing being produced by two flat plates, as in the common hand-press. It also embodied an ingenious arrangement for inking the type. Instead of the old-fashioned inking balls,<sup>1</sup> which were beaten over the type by hand, several cylinders covered with felt and leather were employed, these forming part of the machine itself. Two of the cylinders revolved in opposite directions, so as to spread the ink, which was then transferred to two other inking cylinders alternately applied to the "forme" by the action of spiral springs.

Koenig was not entirely satisfied with

the action of his first machine. It would have been strange indeed if he had. Twenty years' labour did not satisfy Watt as to the action of his steam-engine. And Koenig's engine was, like Watt's, only the first of a series, each exhibiting an improvement on its predecessor, until at length the satisfactory working machine was accomplished. This platen machine of Koenig's, though it has since been taken up anew and perfected, was not considered by him sufficiently simple in its arrangement to be adapted for common use; and he had scarcely completed it when he was already revolving in his mind a plan of a second machine on a new principle, with the object of ensuring greater speed, economy, and simplicity.

By this time two other well-known London printers, Messrs. Taylor and Woodfall, joined Bensley and Koenig in their partnership for the manufacture and sale of printing machines. Koenig, thus encouraged, proceeded with his new scheme, the patent for which was taken out on October 30th, 1811. The principal feature of this invention was the printing cylinder in the centre of the machine, by which the impression was taken from the types, instead of by flat plates as in the first arrangement. The forme was fixed on a cast-iron plate which ran to and fro on a table, being received at either end by strong spiral springs. The other details of the specification included improvements in the inking apparatus and an arrangement for discharging the sheet on the return of the forme. A *double* machine on the same principle was also included in this patent.

The contrivance of these various arrangements cost Koenig many anxious days and nights of study and labour. But he saw before him only the end in view, and thought little of himself and his toils. How diligently he continued to elaborate the details of his invention will further appear from two other patents which he took out in 1813 and 1814,—the first of which included an important improvement in the inking arrangement, and a contrivance for holding and carrying on the sheet and keeping it close to the

<sup>1</sup> The inking balls were superseded by the hand roller clothed with skin, the invention of the late Lord Stanhope. The composite roller now in use was the chance discovery of one Edward Dyas, printer and parish clerk of Madeley in Shropshire. His glue-pot having been upset, and Dyas not having a pelt-ball ready at hand, took up a piece of the glue in a soft state, and inked a forme with it so satisfactorily that he continued its use. He afterwards added treacle to keep the glue soft.

printing cylinder by means of endless tapes; while in the second was introduced the following new expedients: a feeder consisting of an endless web, an improved arrangement of the endless tapes by employing inner as well as outer friskets, an improvement of the "register" (that is, one page falling exactly on the back of another) by which greater accuracy of impression was secured, and finally an arrangement by which the sheet was thrown out of the machine printed on both sides.

Before, however, these last-mentioned improvements had been introduced, Koenig had proceeded with the erection of a single cylinder machine after the patent of 1811. It was finished and ready for use by December 1812; and it was then employed to print the sheets G and H of Clarkson's "Life of Penn," vol. i., which it did in a satisfactory manner at the rate of 800 impressions an hour.

When this machine had been got fairly to work, the proprietors of several of the leading London newspapers were invited to witness its performances—amongst others Mr. Perry of the *Morning Chronicle*, and Mr. Walter of the *Times*. Mr. Perry would have nothing to do with it, and would not even go to see it, regarding it as a gimcrack; but Mr. Walter, who had long been desirous of applying machinery to newspaper printing, at once went to see Koenig's machine on the premises in Whitecross Street where it had been manufactured and was at work. He had before had several interviews with the inventor on the subject of a steam press for the *Times*; but determined to wait the issue of the experimental machine which he knew to be in course of construction. A glance at the machine at work at once satisfied Mr. Walter as to the great value of the invention. Koenig having briefly explained to him the action of a double machine on the same principle, Mr. Walter, after only a few minutes' consideration, and before leaving the premises, ordered two double machines for the printing of the *Times* newspaper.

From the day that John Walter the Second was taken into partnership by his father at the age of twenty-seven, he assumed the sole conduct and management of the *Times*. He had received a liberal education, passing from Merchant Taylors' School to Trinity College, Oxford; and he had also been through nearly every department in the *Times* office, mechanical as well as literary. He had thus obtained a thorough practical knowledge of the working of the concern, in which he was greatly helped by his genius for business, his habit of assiduous application, and his extraordinary energy of character. No sooner did he assume the management, than he proceeded to remodel the establishment and introduce improvements in every department. Before he took the *Times* in hand, the daily journal did not seek to guide public opinion or to exercise political influence. It was a *news* paper, little more; any political articles introduced being usually in the form of "Letters to the Editor." To the dismay of his father, young Walter struck out an entirely new course. He boldly stated his views on public affairs, bringing his strong and independent judgment to bear on political and other public questions. He thus invented the modern Leading Article. As his father had feared, the course which he adopted lost the firm the Customs' printing, which until then was done at the *Times*' office; but the loss was far more than compensated by the increasing power and circulation which the journal achieved, by its independence, the ability of its criticisms, and the vast mass of information which, by means of correspondents abroad and effective reporting at home, the new editor introduced into its columns.

Among the many difficulties which Mr. Walter had to contend with were those arising from the defective mechanical arrangements of the paper. Printers were in those days a very refractory class, and not unfrequently they took advantage of their position to impose hard terms on their employers, espe-

cially of the daily press, where everything must be done to time. Thus, on one occasion, in the year 1810, the pressmen of the *Times* made a sudden demand on Mr. Walter for an advance of wages and the payment of a uniform rate to all hands. He was at first disposed to make concessions, but, having been privately informed that a combination was already entered into by the compositors as well as pressmen to leave his employment in a body, under circumstances that would have stopped the paper and inflicted on him the most serious injury, he determined to run all risks rather than submit to what appeared to him in the light of an extortion.

The strike took place on a Saturday morning, when suddenly and without notice all hands turned out. Mr. Walter had already resolved on his course. He collected some apprentices from half a dozen different quarters, and a few inferior workmen glad to obtain employment on any terms. He himself stripped to his shirt-sleeves and went to work with the rest; and for the next six-and-thirty hours he was incessantly employed at case and at press. On the Monday morning the conspirators, who had assembled to triumph over the publisher's ruin, to their inexpressible amazement saw the *Times* issue from the publishing-office at the usual hour. From that day the paper continued to appear as regularly as before, though the men and boys employed in the office were for a time in daily peril of their lives, until Mr. Walter threw around them the protection of the law.

Another difficulty that Mr. Walter had early to contend with was the extreme slowness of the process of printing newspapers by hand. On the occasion of any event of great public interest being reported in the paper, it was found almost impossible to supply the demand. Only about 300 copies could be printed in the hour, with one man to ink the types and another to work the press. Thus it took a long time to get out the day's impression,

and very often the evening papers were out before the *Times* had half supplied its demand. Various expedients were resorted to in order to overcome the mechanical impediment. The type was set up in duplicate, and even in triplicate; and several Stanhope presses were kept constantly at work; and still the insatiable demands of the newsmen on certain occasions could not be supplied.

Thus the question was forced upon Mr. Walter's consideration, whether machinery could not be devised for the purpose of expediting the production of newspapers. Instead of 300 impressions an hour, he wanted from 1,500 to 2,000. Although printing newspapers at such a speed then seemed as chimerical as driving a ship through the water against wind and tide at fifteen miles an hour, or running a locomotive on a railway at sixty, Mr. Walter was, at an early period, impressed with the conviction that much more rapid printing by machinery was feasible; and he endeavoured to induce several ingenious mechanical contrivers to take up and work out his idea.

The cleverest inventor of that day was believed to be Isambard Brunel, who had so successfully invented the celebrated block machinery for Portsmouth dockyard. Mr. Walter first tried him; but after labouring over a variety of plans for a considerable time, Brunel finally gave up the printing machine, unable to make anything of it. Mr. Walter next tried Thomas Martyn, an ingenious young compositor, who had a scheme for a self-acting machine for working the printing press. He was supplied with the necessary funds to enable him to prosecute his idea, but it never came to anything.

Thus baffled and disappointed, it was with no slight degree of interest that Mr. Walter heard of the young German inventor at Bensley's, who was said to have at length satisfactorily solved the problem of a steam printing press. Hence his early visit to Bensley's, his eager examination of Koenig's invention, and his immediate order of two double



cylinder machines for delivery at the *Times'* office at the earliest possible period.

The construction of the first newspaper machine was still, however, a work of great difficulty and labour. Let it be observed that nothing of the kind had yet been made by any other person. Koenig's single cylinder machine was intended for book-work, and now he had to construct a double cylinder machine for printing newspapers, in which many of the arrangements must necessarily be entirely new. With the assistance of his leading mechanic, Bauer, aided by the valuable suggestions of Mr. Walter himself, who was in almost daily communication with him, Koenig at length completed his plans, and proceeded with the erection of the working machine; the several parts being first prepared at the workshop in Whitecross Street, from whence they were taken over to Printing House Square for erection, in some premises adjoining the *Times'* office which were taken for the purpose. Yet, great as the secrecy was with which the whole operations were conducted, it was not enough to prevent the workmen obtaining an inkling of what was in progress, and they vowed vengeance to the inventor and "all his traps" who threatened their craft with destruction.

The erection of this first newspaper machine was a work of long-protracted labour and anxiety, not only to Koenig and Bauer, but to Mr. Walter himself. "Hitches" were of frequent occurrence. Tools were very rude in those days; machine tools, which now fashion machinery with such precision and certainty, being as yet unknown. All the parts were made by hand-labour, mostly by mechanics badly trained. Hence many of them when made were found not to fit, and consequently had to be made over again. On one occasion, both Koenig and Bauer, fatigued and exhausted, worried by bad workmanship, and baffled for a time by one of the constantly recurring hitches in the erection of the machine, broke fairly away from their task, and left the

place in disgust. Mr. Walter, however, sent a friend after them, who discovered their retreat, and brought them back to the premises to find the difficulty conquered, and the work still in progress. Thus nearly two years passed before the machine was erected.

At length the day arrived when the first newspaper steam press was ready for use. The pressmen were in a state of great excitement, for they knew by rumour that the machine of which they had so long been apprehensive was fast approaching completion. One night they were told to wait in the pressroom, as important news was expected from abroad. At six o'clock on the morning of the 29th November, 1814, Mr. Walter, who had been watching the machine all through the night, appeared among the pressmen and announced that "the *Times* was already printed by steam!" The paper of that morning contained the following memorable announcement:—

"Our journal of this day presents to the public the practical result of the greatest improvement connected with printing since the discovery of the art itself. The reader of this paragraph now holds in his hands one of the many thousand impressions of the *Times* newspaper which were taken off last night by a mechanical apparatus. A system of machinery, almost organic, has been devised and arranged, which, while it relieves the human frame of its most laborious efforts in printing, far exceeds all human powers in rapidity and despatch. That the magnitude of the invention may be justly appreciated by its effects, we may inform the public that, after the letters are placed by the compositors, and enclosed in what is called the 'forme,' little more remains for man to do than to attend upon and watch this unconscious agent in its operations. The machine is then merely supplied with paper. Itself places the forme, inks it, adjusts the paper to the newly-inked type, stamps the sheet, and gives it forth to the hands of the attendant, at the same time withdrawing the forme for a fresh coat of ink, which itself again distributes, to meet the ensuing sheet, now advancing for impression; and the whole of these complicated acts is performed with such a velocity and simultaneousness of movement, that no less than 1,100 sheets are impressed in one hour. That the completion of an invention of this kind, not the effect of chance, but the result of mechanical combinations, methodically arranged in the mind of the artist, should be attended

with many obstructions and much delay, may be readily admitted. Our share in the event has, indeed, only been the application of the discovery, under an agreement with the patentees, to our own particular business; yet few can conceive, even with this limited interest, the various disappointments and deep anxiety to which we have, for a long course of time, been subjected. Of the person who made this discovery, we have but little to add. It must suffice to say, that he is a Saxon by birth; that his name is Koenig; and that the invention has been executed under the direction of his friend and countryman, Bauer."

The number of impressions thrown off in the hour by this first machine was found amply sufficient to supply the demand at that time; but to meet the contingency of an increasing circulation, Koenig shortly after introduced a further modification, in the continual motion of the printing cylinder (the subject of his fourth patent), by which it was enabled to throw off from 1,500 to 2,000 copies in the hour. In the event of a still larger impression being required, Koenig was prepared to supply a four-cylinder or eight-cylinder machine on the same principle, by which, of course, the number of impressions would have been proportionately multiplied, but the necessities of the paper did not at that time call for so large a production, and the machines originally erected by Koenig continued for many years sufficient to meet all the requirements of the proprietor.

Among the other machines which Koenig subsequently designed for the English press, was a single cylinder registering machine supplied to Messrs. Bensley and Son in 1816, and expressly contrived for book-printing. This machine turned out from 900 to 1,000 sheets printed on both sides in the hour, the first entire book thus printed by steam being Elliotson's translation of Blumenbach's "Physiology." The machine was afterwards regularly employed to work off the *Literary Gazette*, which it printed on both sides at the rate of 1,000 impressions an hour. Another machine of the same kind was supplied to Mr. Richard Taylor to print the *Philosophical Journal* and books generally, but it was afterwards changed

into a double machine, and employed in printing the *Weekly Dispatch*.

It might reasonably be supposed, that a man of Koenig's genius derived some substantial benefit from his labours and inventions. But this was not the case. His patents proved of little use to him. They only proclaimed his methods, and enabled other ingenious mechanics to borrow his adaptations. Now that he had succeeded in making machines that would work, the way was clear for everybody else to do so. It had taken him more than six years to invent and construct a successful steam printing press; but any clever mechanic, by merely studying his specifications and carefully examining his machine at work, might arrive at the same result in less than six months.

But was not Koenig protected by his patent? Not at all. New patents, embodying some trifling modification or alteration in detail, were taken out by other inventors, who proceeded to erect printing machines in defiance of his supposed legal rights, and he saw himself at once stripped of the reward that he had during so many long and toilsome years been labouring for. But could he not go to law? Certainly, and thereby increase his vexation and loss. He could get into Chancery easily enough, but when would he get out of it, and in what condition?

It must also be added, that Koenig was unfortunate in his partner. While he himself took steps to push the sale of his book machines among the London printers, he found that Bensley, who was himself a book-printer, was hindering him in all ways in his negotiations with them. Koenig was of opinion that Bensley wished to retain the advantage which the possession of his book machines gave him over the other printers, by enabling him to print more quickly than they could, and thereby give him an advantage over them in his contracts. When Koenig, almost in despair at his position, went to consult counsel as to the infringement of his patent, he was told that he might institute proceedings with the best prospect of success; but

to this end a perfect agreement of the partners was essential. When, however, Kœnig asked Bensley to concur with him in taking proceedings in defence of the patent-right, he positively declined to do so. Indeed, Kœnig was under the impression that his partner had even entered into an arrangement with the infringers of the patent to share with them the proceeds of their piracy.<sup>1</sup>

Under these circumstances, it appeared to Kœnig that only two alternatives remained for him to adopt. One was, to commence an expensive and it might be protracted suit in Chancery, in defence of his patent-rights, with possibly his partner against him; and the other, to abandon his invention in England without further struggle, and settle abroad. He chose the latter alternative, and left England finally about the end of 1816.

Not only did Kœnig lose all the reward to which his admirable invention of the steam printing machine entitled him, but shortly after his disappearance from England, when he was no longer present to defend himself, his very merits as an inventor were called in question. First, it was alleged that not he, but William Nicholson, was the real inventor of the printing machine, and that all his efforts to produce a successful working steam press had been unavailing, until he had turned round upon an old patent of Nicholson's which he had copied; and hence Nicholson was proclaimed to be the real "father of machine printing." Again, it was alleged, that the "operose contrivances" of Kœnig's machine, with its "more than a hundred wheels," had proved "altogether abortive;" that it had been found "impracticable," and was therefore a failure; and that the success of steam printing really dated from the inventions of Cowper and Applegath.

The facts with respect to Nicholson's

patent are shortly these. William Nicholson was a very ingenious and speculative person, a great taker-out of patents, in his own name as well as in the names of others, following as he did the business of a patent-agent. Amongst others, he took out a patent in 1790 for a machine for printing on paper, woollen, cotton, and other fabrics, by means of types or blocks imposed in chases of wood or metal adapted to the surface of a cylinder, the ink or colour being furnished to the printing surface by a colouring cylinder covered with leather or dressed skins. The specification gave no description beyond this of the machinery proposed to be employed for the purpose. It contained Nicholson's idea of a machine—very ingenious, it is true—but nothing more. No working model of the machine was ever made, nor was it ever attempted to be carried into execution. It was Nicholson himself whom Kœnig employed as his agent to take the requisite steps for registering his invention, which was on an entirely different principle; and when Kœnig consulted him on the subject, Nicholson merely observed, that "seventeen years before he had taken out a patent for machine printing, but found that it wouldn't do." Nor did Nicholson make any claim to priority of invention, when the success of Kœnig's second machine was publicly announced in the *Times* some seven years later.

When Kœnig, now settled abroad, heard of the attempts made in England to deny his merits as an inventor, he merely observed to his friend Bauer, "It is really too bad that these people, who have already robbed me of my invention, should now try to rob me also of my reputation." Had he made any reply to the charges against him, it might have been comprised in very few words: "When I arrived in England, no steam printing machine had ever before been seen; when I left it, the only printing machines in actual work were those which I had constructed." But Kœnig never gave himself the trouble to reply to the attacks made upon him in England, or to defend the

<sup>1</sup> This view is countenanced by a statement in Savage's "Dictionary of the Art of Printing," p. 463. We are indebted for the facts stated in the text to a memoir drawn up by Bauer, Kœnig's friend and partner, as communicated to us by Kœnig's sons, who still carry on their father's business in Germany.



originality of his invention, now that he had finally abandoned the field there to others.

There was, however, one man in England who would not keep silence, but generously came forward in defence of the absent Koenig, and that was John Walter of the *Times*. None knew so well as he did what days and nights of anxiety and toil Koenig had spent in perfecting his invention, and in contriving and erecting the machines which for ten years and more continued satisfactorily to turn out the whole daily impressions of the *Times*. Mr. Walter kept himself in regular correspondence with Koenig, whose character he greatly admired, long after he left England, and indeed until his death. When contemplating the erection of improved machinery to meet the increasing circulation of the paper in 1823, he wrote to Koenig on the subject of the proposed eight-cylinder plan, stating that he thought the time had arrived "for thinking of the round-about." At the same time he expressed a wish that Koenig should undertake its erection, "rather than make use of the assistance of a stranger;" but as the distance of Koenig's establishment from London prevented his embracing Mr. Walter's proposal, the construction of the *Times'* new machines was eventually entrusted to Mr. Applegath.

Such being the kindly feeling that continued to exist between Mr. Walter and Koenig, the former was in no small degree vexed and disgusted when he found the invention of the printing machine claimed by others, and the merits of the real inventor almost entirely ignored. Accordingly, on the 3d of December, 1824, there appeared the following generous and complete acknowledgment of the merits of the all-but-forgotten Koenig in the leading columns of the *Times*, from the pen of Mr. Walter himself:—

"Ten years elapsed on the 29th of last month, since this Journal appeared for the first time printed by a mechanical apparatus; and it has continued to be printed by the same method to the present day. It is unnecessary to dwell here on the advantages

resulting from early publication and the better press-work of this paper. These advantages are too obvious to the public, and too sensibly felt by ourselves.

"The invention excited much interest and curiosity at the time of its first introduction, and the originality of it was not disputed, as no proof of an earlier application of the same principles could be adduced. This Journal is undoubtedly the first newspaper ever printed by a mechanical apparatus. We attempted, on its introduction, to do justice to the claims of the inventor, Mr. Koenig, who some years afterwards returned to his native country, Germany, not benefited, we fear, up to the full extent of his merits, by his wonderful invention and his exertions in England.

"We have perceived since, that several persons have not only seized Mr. Koenig's invention, and profited by its adoption, but that attempts have even been made to rob him of the reputation due to him as the inventor. Several patents have been taken out, claiming as new and original what had been in daily use in our house for years. \* \* \* Now, it is a rare occurrence that a foreigner brings an invention to bear in this country. There is here so much native talent in the mechanical arts—England stands so high in this particular—that she can afford to do justice to foreign merit; and as we happen to be acquainted with all the circumstances of the case in question, we shall take that office upon us.

"First as to our own machines. They were certainly executed from beginning to end according to the plans of Mr. Koenig. We were in daily intercourse with him; we saw the work growing under our eyes, and never heard then of any claims of Mr. Bensley, or of the inventive powers of that gentleman. On the contrary, when the negotiations between us and the patentees were going on, and the responsibility for the success of the plan was argued, Mr. Bensley declared 'that he knew nothing at all about it, and that he relied entirely upon Mr. Koenig!' Messrs. Taylor and Woodfall, who were then partners in the enterprise, can attest the truth of our account.

"As to Mr. Nicholson's claims, we shall state only one circumstance. Mr. Nicholson was still alive when this Journal was first printed by the machine. Mr. Koenig had already been publicly named as the inventor, and Mr. Nicholson himself did not bring forward any claim. We happen to know, that Mr. Nicholson, who gave professional advice to patentees, offered his services to Mr. Koenig, who had just then a patent in progress. Those who have wrongfully seized what was not their own, now want to shelter themselves under an old and long-forgotten patent.

"Before Mr. Koenig left this country, he accomplished the last great improvement,—namely, the printing of the sheet on both sides; and the drawing in the *Literary Gazette*

is a representation of what is substantially his invention. The removing of some wheels, or the different arrangement of some parts of the apparatus, cannot entitle others to appropriate to themselves the whole work; and there is on that account the same bad faith, as by their simplifications they pretend to remove many more wheels than were ever in it.

"Simplicity is the last stage of an invention; it results from long observation of a work in actual use, and is hardly ever attainable in the first of the kind. The inferior merit of those who have added something to an existing invention is proverbial: *facilis est inventis addere*. In this case it still remains to be ascertained whether the alleged improvements have advanced the invention, and whether the original inventor himself has not simplified and improved his work since that time to a higher degree of perfection than the piratical improvers have done. We have been informed that he has lately constructed machines abroad, printing 1,200 sheets on both sides, and 2,400 on one side, within the hour.

\* \* \* \* \*

"We cannot close this account without giving our testimony not only to the enlightened mind and ardent spirit of Mr. Koenig, but also to his strict honour and integrity. Our intercourse with him was constant, during the very critical and trying period when he was bringing his invention into practice at our office, so that we had no slight knowledge of his manners and character; and the consequence has been sincere friendship and high regard for him ever since."

It might reasonably be supposed that this article would have been conclusive as to the merits of Koenig, and that from thenceforward his claim to be the inventor of the first printing machine would have been fully recognised. But this has not been the case. Successive writers on mechanical inventions in this country, for the most part copying each other, have given but scant praise to Koenig, noticing his machine with a sneer, dwelling only on its alleged complications, and the wheels, more in number than the machine ever contained, removed from it by subsequent inventors.

There can be no question as to the great improvements introduced in the printing machine by Mr. Cowper and Mr. Applegath, and still later by Messrs. Hoe and Son of New York, which have brought the art of machine printing to an extraordinary degree of perfection and speed. But the original merits of

an invention are not to be determined by a comparison of the first machine of the kind ever made with the last, after fifty years' experience and skill have been applied in bringing it to perfection. Were the first condensing-engine made at Soho—now to be seen at the Museum in South Kensington—in like manner to be compared with the last improved pumping-engine made yesterday, even James Watt might be made out to have been a very poor contriver. It would be much fairer to compare Koenig's printing machines with the machines which they superseded. But though there were steam engines before Watt, and steamboats before Fulton, and steam locomotives before Stephenson, there were no steam printing presses before Koenig with which to compare them.

The original inventor is not the man who merely registers an idea, or who compiles an invention by borrowing the ideas of another, improving upon or adding to his arrangements—but he who constructs a machine such as has never before been made, executing satisfactorily all the functions that it was intended to perform. And this is what Koenig's invention did, according to the unimpeachable testimony of Mr. Walter.

The use of Koenig's printing machine has, however, long since been discontinued in the *Times'* office. It was first superseded by Applegath's; which was, in its turn, superseded by Hoe's; and now Hoe's machine—which is found to be complicated, expensive, and liable to stoppages in the working—is itself being superseded by a much more effective contrivance.

As the construction of the first steam newspaper machine was due to the enterprise of the late Mr. Walter, so the construction of this last and most improved machine is due in like manner to the enterprise of his son. The new "Walter Machine" is not, like Cowper and Applegath's, and Hoe's, the improvement of an existing arrangement, but an almost entirely original invention. Its principal merits are its simplicity, its accurate workmanship, its compactness, its speed, and its economy.

While each of the ten-feeder Hoe machines occupies a large and lofty room, and requires eighteen men to feed and work it, the new Walter machine occupies a space of only about 14 feet by 5, or less than any newspaper machine yet introduced, and requires only three lads to take away, with half the attention of an overseer, who easily superintends two of the machines while at work. The Hoe machine turns out 7,000 impressions printed on both sides in the hour; but the Walter machine turns out 11,000 impressions completed in the same time.

The new invention does not in the least resemble any existing printing machine, unless it be the calendering machine, which has possibly furnished the type of it. At the printing end, it looks like a collection of small cylinders or rollers. The paper, mounted on a huge reel as it comes from the paper mill, goes in at one end in an endless web, 3,300 yards in length, seems to fly through amongst the cylinders, and issues forth at the other in two descending torrents of sheets, accurately cut into lengths, and printed on both sides. The rapidity with which it works may be inferred from the fact that the printing cylinders (round which the stereotyped plates are fixed), while making their impressions on the paper, travel at the surprising speed of 200 revolutions a minute.

As the sheet passes inwards, it is first damped on one side by being carried rapidly over a cylinder which revolves in a trough of cold water; it then passes on to the first pair of printing and impression cylinders, where it is printed on one side; it is next reversed and sent through the second pair, where it is printed on the other side; then it passes on to the cutting cylinders, which divide the web of now printed paper into the proper lengths. The sheets are rapidly conducted by tapes into a swing frame, which, as it vibrates, delivers them alternately on either side, in two apparently continuous streams of sheets, which are rapidly thrown forward from the frame by a rocker, and deposited

on tables at which the lads sit to receive them.

The machine is almost entirely self-acting, from the pumping up of the ink into the ink-box out of the cistern below stairs, to the registering of the numbers as they are printed, in the manager's room above.

Such, in a few words, is the last great invention made in connexion with newspaper printing,—which reflects no little credit on the enterprise of Mr. Walter and the inventive skill of the gentlemen of the *Times*' staff—for it has been entirely designed and manufactured on the premises—to whom he has entrusted its execution.

A few words in conclusion as to the remainder of Koenig's career. He could not fail for a time to be greatly cast down by the failure of his enterprise in England; but this did not last long. Instead of brooding over his troubles, he determined to break away from them and begin the world afresh. He was only forty-two, and he might yet be able to do something towards establishing himself in life. Though England was virtually closed against him—for if he began business there on his own account he would be liable to an action under the deed of partnership—the whole continent of Europe was open to him, presenting a wide field for the sale of his printing machines.

Koenig accordingly cast about for a suitable place in which to begin business, and he eventually pitched upon the little village of Oberzell near Würzburg, in Bavaria. It was conveniently situated for his purpose, being nearly in the centre of Germany. The Bavarian Government, desirous of giving encouragement to so useful a genius, granted him the use of the secularized monastery of the place on easy terms. There Koenig began operations in August 1817. Some seven months later, he was joined by his friend and former fellow-workman Bauer, from England, and the two men then entered into a partnership which lasted for life.

The partners had at first great diffi-



culties to encounter in getting their establishment to work. Oberzell was a rural village, containing only common labourers, from whom they had to select their workmen. Every person taken into the concern had to be trained and educated to mechanical work by the partners themselves. With indescribable patience they taught these labourers the use of the hammer, the file, the turning-lathe, and other tools which the greater number of them had never seen, and of whose uses they were entirely ignorant. The machinery of the workshop was got together with equal difficulty, piece by piece, some of the parts from a great distance, the mechanical arts being then at a very low ebb in Germany, which was still suffering from the effects of the long Continental war. At length the workshop was fitted up, the old barn of the monastery being converted into an iron-foundry.

Orders for printing machines were gradually obtained, and by the end of the fourth year two single-cylinder machines were completed after great exertions, and sent to Berlin for use in the State printing-office. By the end of 1825 seven double-cylinder steam-presses had been manufactured for the largest newspaper-printers in Germany. The recognised excellence of Koenig and Bauer's book-printing machines, their perfect register, and the quality of the work which they turned out, secured for them an increasing demand, and by the year 1829 the firm had sold fifty-one machines to the leading printers throughout Germany. The Oberzell manufactory was now in full work, and gave regular employment to about a hundred and twenty men.

A period of considerable depression followed. As in England, the introduction of the printing machine in Germany excited great hostility amongst the workmen. In some of the principal towns,

they entered into combinations to destroy them, and several were broken by violence and irretrievably injured. These combinations had the effect, for a time, of deterring other printers from giving orders for machines, and Koenig and Bauer were consequently under the necessity of in a great measure suspending the manufacture. To keep their hands employed, the partners proceeded to fit up a paper manufactory, Mr. Cotta of Stuttgard joining them in the adventure, and a mill was fitted up embodying all the latest improvements in paper-making.

Koenig, however, did not live to enjoy the fruit of all his study, toil, and anxiety; but, while this enterprise was still in progress, and before the machine-trade had revived, which it shortly did, he was taken ill and died at Oberzell, at the early age of fifty-eight, respected and beloved by all who knew him.

His partner Bauer survived to continue the business for twenty years longer, and it was during this later period that the concern enjoyed its greatest prosperity. The prejudices of the workmen gradually subsided as they found that machine-printing, instead of abridging employment, as they feared it would do, greatly increased it; and orders flowed into the manufactory at Oberzell from Austria, Prussia, Denmark, Russia, and Sweden. Larger and more powerful machines, embodying the most matured ideas of Koenig and Bauer, were manufactured and sent to all parts of Europe; until, in 1847, shortly before Bauer's death, he turned out the six-hundredth steam printing machine made at Oberzell, capable of printing 6,000 impressions an hour.

Koenig and Bauer, united in life, were not divided by death. Their remains lie side by side in the little cemetery at Oberzell, close to the scene of their labours and the valuable establishment which they founded.

## THE LATE PROFESSOR CONINGTON.

BY T. H. WARD, FELLOW OF BRASENOSE COLLEGE.

AT the beginning of this Term a paper was circulated through the Colleges of Oxford, stating that the Professor of Latin was compelled to postpone the lectures which he had announced. Within a week the news came that he was dying—then, that he was dead. A rapid and painful illness, coming upon a constitution that hard study had possibly enfeebled, carried him off with terrible suddenness. He died on the 23d of October, at his mother's house at Boston in Lincolnshire, in his forty-fifth year. The few weeks that have elapsed since then have hardly dulled the sense of pain and loss with which his friends and his University received the tidings; but it may even now be allowed to one who only admired him from a distance to note some points in his chain of brilliant literary efforts, in his blameless life.

The newspapers have already made us familiar with the outline of his career. The son of a clergyman of the town, he was born at Boston in 1825; and numberless stories are told of the extraordinary promise of his childhood. His wonderful strength and exactness of memory are what they mostly illustrate: telling how he loved to get by heart the "begats," as he called them, of the Bible; how he poured out in the ears of an astonished curate a complete list of the Dukes of Edom; how even at eight years old he revelled in Virgil, whom he could repeat by hundreds of lines. He was at Rugby under Arnold and Tait; he gained, at fifteen years of age, a Rugby exhibition to Oxford, which, however, he passed by twice before accepting it. It would be interesting to be able to trace the impression that was made upon the young Rugbeian, brimful of the traditions of Arnold, and of the earnestness that since his day has been the characteristic

of Rugby men, by the new atmosphere of Magdalen College. In 1843, when Mr. Conington came up with a Lincolnshire demyship, Magdalen was no doubt a different place from that which Gibbon devastated in his famous autobiography. The "decent easy men," as he describes the monks of Magdalen, with their uniform employments of chapel and hall, common-room and long slumber, had passed away, if they ever existed except in his vindictive fancy, long before the eighteenth century ended. In 1843 their conversation no longer "stagnated" in a round of college business, Tory "politics, personal anecdotes, and private scandal;" their knowledge of the world was not confined to the University; their learning was not of a past generation; their temper was not indolent; their first-rate faculties had not been relaxed by the climate; they were not satisfied with the slight and superficial discharge of an important trust. And yet, after three years of Magdalen, Mr. Conington migrated to University College, as did his contemporary and friend, his equal in scholarship, his superior in intellect and *verve*, the brilliant Etonian, Goldwin Smith. At that college the fellowships, though of course not yet thrown completely open, were not confined to candidates for Holy Orders. A fellowship, obtained in due course, and triumphantly retained in spite of the extraordinary appeal of a rival,<sup>1</sup> was the crown of a University career which has had scarcely a parallel. The Hertford and Ireland Scholarships (gained in his freshman's year), the Latin

<sup>1</sup> The whole of this strange story may be read in Phillips' *Reports*, vol. ii. p. 521. A person claimed the fellowship against Mr. Conington, on the ground of merit. The College, as a Royal Foundation, appealed to the Queen, who heard the appeal by the Lord Chancellor. The election was confirmed.

Verse, the Latin Essay, the English Essay, and the Eldon Scholarship, are all to be counted among Mr. Conington's distinctions. In his case, too, they were not the mere distinctions of high education and great cleverness; they marked a definite bent of mind. For a year or two his name was on the lists of Lincoln's Inn; but he very wisely withdrew it, and from that time never swerved in his pursuit of classical literature. An edition of the *Agamemnon*, with a verse translation which, as he afterwards said, was in a great measure the amusement of his school-days; frequent contributions to the classical journals of that time; and a Latin "Epistola Critica" to Dr. Gaisford, were his earliest published offerings to scholarship. They were sufficient to mark him out as the most fit person for the Chair of Latin which the Commission established in 1854. This chair he held till his death, and it fixed the character of all his work. The published examples of that work, his edition of *Virgil*, his translations of the *Æneid* and of *Horace's* writings, his occasional papers and lectures, all the world knows already: what it can never know is the geniality, the kindness, the patient toil, the toleration of ignorance where ignorance meant well, the willing recognition of promise, that marked his intercourse with his pupils. These things were his special gift to them; the gift which makes them feel his premature death as a personal bereavement.

It is the merit and the fault of Universities that their first-rate men spend their energies in addressing a small circle, and do not come immediately before the world; in other words, that they teach and do not write. The loss and gain of such a system are obvious, and need not be dwelt upon. What has to be pointed out is that the rule is pressed and jostled by a crowd of exceptions, however true it may be in the main. Oxford, indeed, does not count Grote's *History*, or Mill's *Logic*, or Herbert Spencer's *First Principles* among her offspring; but her professors have not very seldom made their voices heard

beyond their college walls. Not so conspicuously as in Germany, where philosophy and scholarship have in a wonderful degree taken their start from the universities, but still to some extent, have the culture and learning which have a home in Oxford spoken out directly to the country. This can never be—it ought never to be—the main work of Oxford; her influence is more literally *influence*, a subtle, indefinite force that flows through a thousand channels; that is precious just because it is indefinite and hard to seize; that affects the tone rather than the substance of literature and practical life. But yet Oxford has not altogether gone adrift from the traditions which make a university a centre and a mouthpiece of learning—traditions which some modern reformers are specially anxious to revive. To take the instance before us: the great work of Mr. Conington's life, the work by which posterity will undoubtedly judge him, is his edition of *Virgil*. Incomplete as it is, this book is a splendid monument of the very highest form of modern scholarship; more especially, Oxford goes out into the world with it as a sort of certificate of character. The book, as Mr. Conington would have been the first to own, is distinctly a product of Oxford; and to Oxford it does the double service of showing what her teaching is, and how fruitful of direct results it may sometimes be. "Home of lost causes, and forsaken beliefs, and unpopular names, and impossible loyalties," cries Mr. Arnold in his beautiful apostrophe to the "beautiful city"; but *Virgil* is a popular name, the cause of classical scholarship is a winning cause, and Professor Conington is one of those who have shown that they too have a home in Oxford.

"The highest form of modern scholarship." What form of scholarship is it that is modern, that finds an expression in this *Virgil*? It is a truism to say that if classical scholarship is to be in any way a winning cause, it has no option but to be modern. The great roll of scholar-names, from the fifteenth



century downwards, represents a great work done and a great result accomplished; but those whom we still look on as authorities are considered so because they cleared the ground for our age to work on. Compare, for instance, Bentley with Madame Dacier! The one is highly intelligent, wonderfully industrious, an excellent interpreter for her own time; the other is scientific, minute, and, in so far as he is scientific, is to this day not superseded. The age of Madame Dacier could not stand too much science; its wants were exactly fitted by the series *in usum Serenissimi Delphini*, to which series, Bayle said, that *illustre savante* was the most diligent contributor. But who appeals to the Delphin classics now, or, except from curiosity, to Madame Dacier? The one chance of a classical edition in our time lies in its being scientific. That quality is becoming more and more generally demanded of classical education; it is only by yielding that classics can hope to hold their ground against their clamorous rivals, the physical sciences, the purely historical sciences, and the like. More than all, that quality is demanded of editions of classical writings, the printed results of modern classical scholarship. Scientific certainty as to the text, so far as it is attainable; scientific insight into the position of the author, the meaning of his terms, their history and correlation; these are, speaking broadly, what the world expects of a classical editor of to-day. It is because it fulfils all these conditions so thoroughly, that Professor Conington's *Virgil* ranks so exceedingly high. Perhaps on the first ground he does not deserve very special credit; for, as he admits, the text of Virgil had been practically ascertained before he began to edit. "Not emendation, but illustration," he says, is what Virgil requires; so all that a modern commentator has to do in regard to the text is to accept what general consent has established. Mr. Conington was in this way set free for what after all best suited his genius, the sympathetic interpretation of his author. "The most

learned of poets," who was at the same time among the tenderest and among the greatest masters of expression, found an exponent whose three leading characteristics were learning, tenderness, and style. It is indeed with a half-sigh that he begins his preface to the second volume—the sigh of a man who shrinks back from the greatness of the work that he has undertaken; but every page shows that if the poet had been less learned, the commentator would have liked him less. That "acquaintance with Roman antiquities and Roman history," with "agriculture and rural life," which a critic of Virgil must display; nay, even the minuter knowledge which can separate the poet's knowledge from his ignorance,—these were the arms which Mr. Conington wore; and, like one of Virgil's own heroes, he could not wear his arms without exulting in them. This is the kind of insight which the notes display; and it appears more conspicuously, of course, where there is occasion to exhibit it on a larger scale. For instance, it would be difficult to find in the whole range of classical editions a truer or more subtle piece of criticism than that which compares and contrasts the *Argonautica* with the *Æneid*, or a more satisfactory statement of difficulties than the preface to the famous Sixth Book, where Virgil appears "not only to reproduce Homer, but to absorb him."

Tenderness and style, it was said, were the two other qualities of the poet that had a special attraction for the commentator. Indeed, it was not only in dealing with Virgil that Professor Conington showed his love of *finesse* of expression and his great power over it. "As a student of poetry," he says, in his preface to Virgil's *Æneid*, "I delight in tracing, word by word, his delicate intricacies of expression, which stimulate curiosity while they baffle analysis." But there is another poet of Virgil's age who is equally delicate, almost equally intricate in his forms of expression, and yet as unlike his friend as a man could be; the poet who represented the gaiety of the Empire before

the gaiety had become *bénoitonisme*—the sunny Horace. A scholar who has a fondness for expression for its own sake, and is himself a master of expression, needs nothing more to make him a successful translator. It was said that the commentary on Virgil was the work by which posterity would judge Mr. Conington; but as yet, at least, the translations are more widely known, and it is on them that the most general estimate of him is based. There is at first sight something strange, especially when we consider the side of Mr. Conington's life which will be glanced at later on, in the fact that he should have chosen Horace as well as Virgil for translation. But, besides a certain Horatian element which is traceable in him, there was that predominant feature that we have been dwelling on—a tendency to be fascinated by style. That “peculiar recasting and heightening, under a condition of spiritual excitement, of what a man has to say,” which Mr. Arnold gives us as his description of style, is by no one better illustrated than by Virgil and Horace. Of Virgil the remark reads like a commonplace:—

“Infandum, regina, jubes renovare dolorem;”

—we all have the words by heart, and ever since we first read them have wondered at the strange dignity of their sound. So in Horace's case, what is it but this “recasting,” this curious felicity which study of expression has given him, that makes his odes all but untranslatable, as by common consent they are? In both these cases Mr. Conington must have felt that he was in a manner accepting a challenge that might seem to have been specially addressed to him. In the case of his other important translation, that of the last twelve books of Homer's *Iliad*, the motive was quite another one. No doubt there too was a sort of consciousness of power over language and rhythm and rhyme, a sort of delight in the bringing Homer's rapid movements under the control of such a metre as the Spenserian. But the first motive was a purely chivalrous one—lest the work of

his dead friend, Mr. Worsley, should remain for ever unfinished.

There is no necessity for us now even to raise the question of what form Virgilian translation ought to take. Every translator that has handled a classical poet has given us not only his results, but his reasons; from Dryden and Pope downwards we have had imperial rescripts, State papers, dissertations, apologies, according to the temper and degree of satisfaction of the writer. So in the present case, Mr. Conington introduces every one of his translations with a preface that has at least the merit of clearly stating his position. There is no need to re-write these prefaces; they express the views of the translator in quite faultless language. They are his justification in principle and detail. In the preface to the *Æneid*, for instance, he points out how a new translation is not a superfluity, but really a concrete form in which an age shows its increased appreciation of this or that classical writer; a piece, in fact, of embodied criticism. Then passing on to defend his metre, he confesses how he shrank alike from a rivalry with Dryden, and from the attempt to force Virgil's complicated paragraphs into the trammels of a regular stanza. So we have the Virgil in the metre of “Marmion,” only with an attempt, in the many cases where a Virgilian commentator finds it necessary, at a “dignified sententiousness” unknown to Scott. It would of course be ridiculous to say that the translation is uniformly successful; very naturally there is here and there a weakness, here and there a pedestrian look, from which Virgil is free. But no lover of the *Æneid* can fail to be greatly touched by such passages as these which we venture to quote. The former of them has been already recalled by at least one admiring reviewer of Mr. Conington's life, but it is perhaps the gem of the book and will bear a second exhibition. It is Dido's death-scene; she is addressing the “Dardan sword” and robes:—

“Sweet relics of a time of love,  
When fate and heaven were kind ;”

Receive my life-blood, and remove  
 These torments of the mind.  
 My life is lived, and I have played  
 The part that Fortune gave,  
 And now I pass, a queenly shade,  
 Majestic to the grave.  
 A glorious city I have built,  
 Have seen my walls ascend,  
 Chastised for blood of husband spilt  
 A brother, yet no friend.

Blest lot! yet lacked one blessing more,  
 That Troy had never touched my shore.  
 Then, as she kissed the darling bed,  
 'To die! and unrevenge!' she said;  
 'Yet let me die: thus, thus, I go  
 Rejoicing to the shades below.  
 Let the false Dardan feel the blaze  
 That burns me pouring on his gaze,  
 And bear along, to cheer his way,  
 The funeral presage of to-day.'

\* \* \* \* \*  
 Then Juno, pitying her long pain,  
 And all that agony of death,  
 Sent Iris down to part in twain  
 The clinging limbs and struggling breath.  
 For since she perished not by fate,  
 Nor fell by alien stroke deserved,  
 But rushed on death before her date,  
 By sudden spasm of frenzy nerved,  
 Not yet Proserpina had shed  
 The yellow ringlet from her head,  
 Nor stamped upon that pallid brow  
 The token of the powers below.  
 So down from heaven fair Iris flies,  
 On saffron wings imperaled with dew,  
 That flash against the sunlit skies  
 Full many a varied hue;  
 Then stands at Dido's head and cries:  
 'This lock to Dis I bear away,  
 And free you from your load of clay.'  
 So shears the lock: the vital heats  
 Disperse, and breath in air retreats."

The other is a death-scene too, and is the only passage that for pathos can compare with the last; the close of the episode of Nisus and Euryalus:—

"Fierce Volscens storms, yet finds no foe,  
 Nor sees the hand that dealt the blow,  
 Nor knows on whom to fly.  
 'Your heart's warm blood for both shall pay,'  
 He cries, and on his beauteous prey  
 With naked sword he sprang.  
 Scared, maddened, Nisus shrieks aloud:  
 No more he hides in night's dark shroud,  
 Nor bears the o'erwhelming pang:  
 'Me, guilty me, make me your aim,  
 O Rutules! mine is all the blame.  
 He did no wrong, nor e'er could do;  
 That sky, those stars, attest 'tis true;  
 Love for his friend too freely shown,  
 This was his crime, and this alone.'  
 In vain he spoke—the sword, fierce driven,  
 That alabaster breast had riven.  
 Down falls Euryalus, and lies  
 In death's entralling agonies:

Blood trickles o'er his limbs of snow:  
 His head sinks gradually low:  
 Thus, severed by the ruthless plough,  
 Dim fades a purple flower;  
 Their weary neck so poppies bow,  
 O'erladen by the shower.  
 But Nisus on the midmost flies,  
 With Volscens, Volscens in his eyes:  
 In clouds the warriors round him rise,  
 Thick hailing blow on blow:  
 Yet on he bears; no stint, no stay;  
 Like thunderbolt his falchion's sway;  
 Till, as for aid the Rutule shrieks,  
 Plunged in his throat the weapon reeks:  
 The dying hand has left away  
 The life-blood of its foe.  
 Then, pierced to death, asleep he fell  
 On the dead breast he loved so well."

It is not fanciful to say that Mr. Conington's character was a sort of compound of those of his two favourites, Virgil and Horace. On his *literary* likeness to them we have already dwelt sufficiently; but that was not all. We all know what Virgil was like; even if his writings were not such a good index to his character, we could trace it in the *silhouette* that Horace has left us of his "pleasant friend." For the seriousness of Virgil, his reverence half akin to superstition, his devotion to antiquity and to Rome; those qualities, in a word, that made him show badly in ordinary society—all these gave way to a happy geniality in the presence of the friends that had caught sight of the *ingenium ingens* that underlay the *incultum corpus*. Not in earnestness and *pietas* alone was Mr. Conington like him, but in those lighter qualities that give a zest to friendship. In other words, though the world was distasteful to him, he could be a friend to the Horaces that love the world, he could even sympathise with them, and laugh with them, and cap their jests and stories. Those who knew him well tell of many a summer party to the riverside inn at Godstow, many a holiday ramble over the Malvern Hills, in which he showed himself anything but "unclubbable." Here, then, we have what was needed to make a Horatian translator of him; not only a gift of expression, but a sympathy with the humours and airy delicacy of the inimitable poet. His version of the Odes has already esta-



blished itself, with no rivals except perhaps one: and Mr. Theodore Martin has succeeded in giving us Horace read by the light of Moore, rather than Horace himself. But Mr. Conington would give us neither less nor more than the original; even in the length and cadence of the lines he would follow Horace as closely as the English language will allow. The best odes are, very naturally, those where Horace shows his Virgilian side. Take, for example, the patriotic group at the beginning of the third book, where the translator is at liberty to use and develop the common stanza which he thinks so "peculiarly suited to express the majestic combination of high eloquence with high poetry" of the original Alcaics. Perhaps the best specimen is the rendering of Horace's account of Regulus:—

"'Twas this that Regulus foresaw,  
 What time he spurned the foul disgrace  
 Of peace, whose precedent would draw  
 Destruction on an unborn race,  
 Should aught but death the prisoner's chain  
 Urivet. 'I have seen,' he said,  
 'Rome's eagle on a Punic fane,  
 And armour, ne'er a blood-drop shed,  
 Stripp'd from the soldier; I have seen  
 Free sons of Rome with arms fast tied;  
 The fields we spoil'd with corn are green,  
 And Carthage opens her portals wide.  
 The warrior, sure, redeem'd by gold,  
 Will fight the bolder! Aye, you heap  
 On baseness loss. The hues of old  
 Revisit not the wool we steep;  
 And genuine worth, expell'd by fear,  
 Returns not to the worthless slave.  
 Break but her meshes, will the deer  
 Assail you? then will he be brave  
 Who once to faithless foes has knelt;  
 Yes, Carthage yet his spear will fly,  
 Who with bound arms the cord has felt,  
 The coward, and has feared to die.  
 He knows not, he, how life is won;  
 Thinks war, like peace, a thing of trade!  
 Great art thou, Carthage! Mate the sun  
 While Italy in dust is laid!  
 His wife's pure kiss he waved aside,  
 And prattling boys, as one disgraced,  
 They tell us, and with manly pride  
 Stern on the ground his visage plac'd.  
 With counsel thus ne'er else aread  
 He nerved the Fathers' weak intent,  
 And, girt by friends that mourn'd him, sped  
 Into illustrious banishment.  
 Well witting what the torturer's art  
 Design'd him, with like unconcern

The press of kin he pushed apart,  
 And crowds encumbering his return,  
 As though, some tedious business o'er  
 Of clients' court, his journey lay  
 Towards Venafrum's grassy floor,  
 Or Sparta-built Tarentum's bay."

Nothing could be more perfect than that; or, if we ask a shorter instance, than this turning of a well-known stanza:—

"Doctrina sed vim promovet insitam,  
 Rectique cultus pectora roborant:  
 Ut unque defecere mores  
 Deducorant bene nata culpæ."

"But care draws forth the power within,  
 And cultured minds are strong for good;  
 Let manners fail, the plague of sin  
 Taints e'en the course of gentle blood."

Or, to find a representation of the more genuinely Horatian side of Horace's poetry, take this from one of the daintiest of the Odes (I. 9):—

"Oh, ask not what the morn will bring,  
 But count as gain each day that chance  
 May give you; sport in life's young spring,  
 Nor scorn sweet love, nor merry dance,  
 While years are green, while sullen old  
 Is distant. Now the walk, the game,  
 The whisper'd talk at sunset held,  
 Each in his hour, prefer their claim.  
 Sweet too the laugh, whose feign'd alarm  
 The hiding-place of beauty tells,  
 The token, ravish'd from the arm,  
 Or finger, that but ill rebels."

The humour of the original, the keen sense of present enjoyment, are caught there, as well as the expression; and it was perhaps a sense that he had succeeded in the lighter Odes that led Mr. Conington to translate the Satires and Epistles. This translation was his last work, and there is a mournful association clinging to it, for he was dead a week before it was published. No doubt, had he lived, he would have wished to count this his slightest work, and we do not mean to judge it differently. The Satires are, of course, infinitely less interesting than the Odes; except from the light they throw on history, they are little more than a series of very pleasant talks on men and things, and we value them mainly for their author's sake. The sense of reality which Juvenal gives us, or Dryden, or Swift, is hardly to be got from Horace.

The style, too, of his satirical writings, colloquial and ostentatiously unpolished as it is, makes the translation of them a very different task from that of translating the Odes. But yet success is by no means a matter of course; and the obvious care with which Mr. Conington has weighed Horace's words shows that he was quite conscious of that. Characteristically, too, there is in the preface a graceful acknowledgment of the only one of his predecessors whose version can at all compare with his, the forgotten Mr. Howes. A copy of Mr. Howes's translation, seen by a fortunate chance, seems to bear out Mr. Conington's opinion: "When it is good, which is not seldom, it is very good, unforced, idiomatic, and felicitous." These are just the epithets that Mr. Conington's own version demands.

It was hinted a few pages back that there was a phase of Mr. Conington's character which was distinctly anti-Horatian, which may even be called ultra-Virgilian. Just now it would be obviously unbecoming for any one, especially for one who knew him only as a pupil knows a professor, to do more than merely touch upon this, the theological phase. But it was a real part of himself; of late years, in particular, he had called attention to it by more than one published statement. An article in the *Contemporary Review*, on the Communion Office, a letter (of which the *Spectator* has revealed the authorship) on a national fast-day—these were instances of the spiritual problems that often busied the mind of the Professor of Latin. The tendency, taking the form it did, was in fact an offshoot of that "Rugby earnestness," that almost disproportionate sense of duty, which if it had not been checked by a touch of Horatian gaiety would have developed into Puritanism. It is this that completes the likeness of the nineteenth-century scholar—a likeness that must

strike every one who looks at the two men—to one of the greatest of his predecessors, the illustrious Isaac Casaubon. The *Ephemerides* of that very remarkable man, and notably M. Sainte-Beuve's graceful study upon them, exhibit a career that in some points is the very prototype of this one. The Huguenot scholar whose reputation is made at twenty-three; who rises at daybreak and prays and reads the Fathers; who is too Protestant to allow Basil the title of Saint; who lectures in a constant daily round; who is so contented with his lot that he can applaud Seneca for saying that "the worst kind of madness is to be ever beginning to live;" whose great works are hindered by the thousand little distractions of his daily life; who sits as Theological Assessor in the case of a heretical *Eucharistic*; who is for ever uncertain between this religious party and that—seeing that "these cling to gross errors, those fly from those errors into inventions of their own;"—if Mr. Conington had been born at Geneva in 1559, and had lived at Paris under Henry IV., would not his life have been the counterpart of this? With all the severity of such lives, there is an irresistible charm in them, a certain reward.

"Nulla dies unquam memori vos eximet ævo;"

—neither the older nor the younger scholar will be forgotten. There is on the title-page of Casaubon's "Letters" a quaint wood-cut, which we may take as a symbol of the life that has just passed away. It represents a husbandman, tired and worn with work, but working still; even as he digs the corn is beginning to spring up around him, and from the parted clouds above his head a hand is holding out a laurel crown. It is our loss that the work should have ended and the laurel have been claimed so soon.

## ESTELLE RUSSELL.

## CHAPTER XLII.

## MADAME WILL BE LADY PARAMOUNT.

BEFORE the enjoyment that Estelle felt in the perusal of her husband's new book had yet lost its freshness, came Raymond himself, unexpectedly, bringing with him divers papers and magazines containing criticisms of the poems, favourable and the reverse, for his wife to criticise in her turn.

Never had Estelle been so glad to see her husband; never till now had she realized the void of separation. She clasped his hands, she clung round his neck, saying again and again:

"I have wanted you so much—so much!"

Her warm welcome brought out Raymond's brightest look to replace the settled air of weariness that hung about him. It was good to know his wife had not learnt how to do without him, he said, caressing her hand—an old habit of his—as they sat side by side.

Mrs. Russell, after submitting meekly to be thrown into the background for one day, told them laughing that she felt herself one too many, for that they behaved more like a bride and bridegroom on their wedding tour than like old married people.

Those few terrible days, full of a consciousness of something indefinably wrong, seemed like the remembrance of a bad dream to Estelle now that Raymond was come back. Now she could enjoy the mountain scenery fully and freely as she rode by his side up the steep paths. If now, she thought, Raymond would but stay with her, as long as she was necessary to Mrs. Russell's comfort!

It was not at first—for the remembrance of that one galling letter stepped in and jarred upon her pride; only

after her husband's reiterated expressions of content and full enjoyment, that she ventured to put her wish into words. She felt as though there were a change of some sort in her husband. Or was it in herself?

Both, perhaps; she could not tell. She only knew that she hesitated before asking the seemingly simple question, that her voice faltered, as it had done when she had ventured a shy request during the first few months of her married life.

Raymond's answer came gaily—

"I am not going back in a hurry, my little wife. Take that for granted, and let us enjoy ourselves. I feel as if I had entered Paradise after being in—the other place."

"His mother has been quarrelling with him, of course," thought Estelle, turning away her head to hide a smile. It had always been so, and would be so long as Madame was—Madame.

Mrs. Russell, too, was glad of her son-in-law's visit, and showed her pleasure in her own way.

"You have roused your wife, my dear Raymond," she said. "Now you are here she is quite a brilliant little personage. You have roused me too, and I am much obliged to you for it. I was getting as stupid as an owl."

"You an owl, Mamma?" cried Estelle.

"Yes, my dear," Mrs. Russell replied—she knew that her son-in-law considered her a very clever woman—"yes, my dear, a perfect owl. There was a pair of us, for you were no better than I. We did nothing but yawn and blink at each other all day. We bored each other, I suppose. That is why we are so glad to see Raymond."

Raymond liked his mother-in-law sincerely; perhaps because he was aware how strongly she advocated the non-intervention of parents with young



married people. He was sorry that he had not seen more of her, and said so, adding :

"It does seem a pity that you should be living a solitary life when there is the château, which would hold three large families without the slightest inconvenience. I am sure my wife would be the happier if you could make up your mind to take up your abode with us."

Estelle looked up quickly, but said nothing. She feared the conjuncture of the two mothers-in-law. And Mrs. Russell laughed inwardly at the recollection of her first and last battle-royal with Madame about the baby's caps.

"You don't know what you are asking," she said; "or, tell me, are your plans changed? Do you think of keeping up your Paris establishment? Because I might see you there sometimes; I might get rooms close to your house."

With regard to Paris, Raymond said, he was undecided. He wished for nothing less than to sink back into a mere country gentleman; at the same time, he was deeply sensible of the evils of absenteeism, more particularly in his own case, as he had introduced numerous improvements into the management of the estate which he could not hope to have properly carried out unless he himself were there to insist on the entire obedience of the several subordinates. By and by, when he had proved his steward's capabilities and fidelity to his employer's interests, he might venture to return to Paris; but scarcely till then. He was translating an English treatise on agriculture, for which he much wanted Estelle's help. He meant to introduce the same system of drainage as therein advocated. He meant to have a model farm such as there did not exist in all France.

"From poetry you turn to farming! How will your wife like that?" asked Mrs. Russell.

"I think he won't be the first poet-farmer," said Estelle, blushing prettily, and thinking what a genial way her husband had with him; how clear and practical he was, and how self-denying

to contemplate giving up Paris and looking after the management of the estate in Languedoc instead. All in the tenants' interest too; for, of course, these new-fangled improvements would necessitate the outlay of a large sum of money.

"Well, Raymond, I am sure I wish you success," said Mrs. Russell. "And I doubt not you will succeed; you are always so energetic about what you undertake. Who knows but the Emperor himself may be asking you to show him over your model farm one of these days?"

"If he did, I'm not such a rabid Republican but that I should show him over it with a great deal of pleasure," was Raymond's answer.

In such harmless talk they were whiling away a hot afternoon, when the post came in, bringing a budget for Mrs. Russell and for Raymond, and nothing for Estelle, who sat by, looking at the two as they read.

One of Mrs. Russell's letters seemed to give her unmixed pleasure. She looked up, and was about to speak, when Raymond suddenly started up, exclaiming, "This is too bad!" All the geniality was gone from his face: instead of it there was a frown of deep annoyance.

"This settles about our going to Paris," he said, giving his wife the letter. "You see I dare not go even if I wished it twice as much. I cannot even venture here but orders are disobeyed in my absence. I must get back again immediately. So ends my brief holiday," he said, with a sigh.

"Always Madame," thought Estelle, echoing the sigh, as she read the letter which had caused her husband's annoyance. It was from the intendant. The poor man wrote in a great dilemma. The Countess Dowager had taken upon herself to order the discontinuance of certain works, and had in person dismissed the workmen. The intendant dared not enforce M. le Comte's orders unless he had M. le Comte's written authority for doing so; for Madame la Comtesse insisted that she had a certain

interest in the estate, and that M. le Comte could not carry out any alteration without first consulting her.

These works which Madame had thus taken upon her to interrupt, Raymond explained to his wife, were simply good stone walls which were in course of erection on a certain portion of the estate traversed by the high road. Ever since this road had been in existence the fields on either side had been rendered almost valueless by the depredations of the flocks of sheep turning aside to graze when on their way to or from the high pasture-lands. These walls were a terrible innovation on the old-fashioned, time-honoured boundaries, the ditches, so easily crossed by the thin, hungry sheep. And worse than their being merely new-fangled—so it was represented to the conservative Comtesse—they would be the means of taking the bread out of the mouths of those half-idiotic peasant boys and girls whose existence, said the villagers, had no aim other than the guardianship of the said ditch boundaries.

“The fact is, the Almighty must have made them just on purpose for that, you know,” said one peasant, whose cretinic offspring lay grovelling by the ditch-side all day long, either slumbering or begging from the few passers-by; while the sheep grazed and the shepherds rested under the low bushes.

It was to put an end to this shiftless state of things that Raymond had resolved on the boundary-wall, already half completed when he left Montaignu for Cauterets. He had not informed his mother of what was being done. He had ceased speaking to her of any of his plans, finding that if her opinion was asked, or a plan simply discussed in her presence, a storm was the inevitable consequence. It had always been the consequence in her husband's time, unless she could have things all her own way. That could not be allowed now. It was necessary, Raymond felt, to make her feel that the estate was his, not hers. What she was mistress of, besides her own estate in the Basque

country, was the *appartement* on the ground-floor at the château, with a certain portion of the garden contiguous thereto; her suite of rooms at the hôtel in Toulouse, and stable-room in both town and country for her carriage-horses.

Mrs. Russell had left the room, true to her principles of non-intervention.

“No Englishman would be such a fool as to stand such interference,” she thought. “My boy Harry wouldn't, for one, although he is as fond of me as any son could be of his mother.” And having thought thus much she dismissed the thing from her mind as being no affair of hers, and consequently not requiring any mental exercise on her part.

“Is it really necessary that you should go?” Estelle asked, when she had read the intendant's letter for the second time. “The man asks you to give him an order to proceed with the building in your own handwriting. Surely if he felt that that would not be sufficient, he would have asked you to come yourself. And he does not ask that. Why not try writing first, Raymond? If you once go, something or other will be sure to happen to detain you.”

Raymond was undecided. He was loth enough to go, he said; loth to meet the storm which he knew awaited him at the château. He half thought he would wait and see what a letter would do, and sat down and began one. Then he read the intendant's letter again, and felt more undecided than at first.

“Would it not,” said he, “be unseemly were I to make my mother of such small esteem as she most certainly will be after my sending this letter?”

“It would be her own fault,” said Estelle.

“I know that. She has no vestige of authority, no interest in the property. It is as absurd for her to contradict my orders to my intendant as it would be were she to contradict the orders you give your maid about your own dresses. She richly deserves humiliation, but I cannot bear to humiliate her. I think I had better go instead of writing. She

will storm at me, of course ; but I shall make her listen to reason afterwards."

"Why not try writing to her as well as to the intendant?" Estelle asked. "I have not had you for so long, Raymond, that your going away for this seems almost cruel. What is it, after all? Two or three fields spoiled by the sheep breaking in. Well, it has been so ever since the road and the fields and the sheep have been in existence. Why not let it go on for another year ; or let the matter go till we return to Montaignu together?"

She laid her hand entreatingly on his shoulder, and her head drooped over it as she spoke. Raymond's hand rose to clasp hers, and gently stroke her cheek. She thought she had persuaded him to stay. Both were silent for a moment. But during that short space his purpose had become firmer.

"Do you not think I would willingly stay?" he asked. "But I have at heart the improvement of my property, and I ought not to shrink back as if I feared any opposition that starts up at the first small change. Were I worthy else to be the possessor of Montaignu? Duties must be met, not shirked, dear wife."

"I know," said Estelle. "But still, after having been separated from you so many months, your going away thus is hard for me to bear. I would go back with you, Raymond, only I don't think Mamma is quite well enough to be left yet. And if she were, it would seem very unkind to leave her on such short notice."

"Persuade her to come with us."

"It would be no good to try. You heard what she said."

"She might change her mind as other ladies do."

"Mamma never does ; and I don't see why she should in this instance. If we were in Paris, we could live very near each other, as she said. And you would like that, Raymond, for you two never clash, although you are mother-and son-in-law. But oh! Raymond, why can't we live alone somewhere, even in Languedoc? Why can't I have you all to myself? Why can't we have

a little house just big enough to hold us two? Raymond, if you only knew how I have envied the people who live in small houses and have no spare rooms!"

"Inhospitable *châtelaine!* But I understand you, little wife. Truly we have been happiest when most alone. But such halcyon days are over, love ; we could not desert the château without giving offence on all sides."

"People chose to be offended when we went to Paris, but they got over it when they found you did not care."

"But then I was only the heir-apparent, and they thought me an *enfant terrible*, after the manner of heirs-apparent ; and all such are forgiven. Now I am the reigning monarch, and my mother is a dowager, a nobody. That is why I wish to practise all possible consideration towards her. Would you have me spoken of as being a bad son to a widowed mother? Such an accusation would stick by me for life. No, it must not be."

Estelle would have replied, but Raymond rose, saying :

"My mind is made up ; I shall go this evening. Travelling by night will be pleasant as well as gain time."

"To lose you in this way just for the sake of a few miserable fields!" cried his wife, with tears in her eyes ; "just because Madame interferes and contradicts at every turn! I see how it will be. As long as she lives you will never dare leave Montaignu for a single day. It is very hard upon me, Raymond. Do you think I have enjoyed myself this winter? Do you think any earthly thing would have kept me away from home except Mamma's health? I have felt miserable without you?"

"Have I been happy, do you think, *mignonne?*" was Raymond's reply to this outburst. "Let us say no more about it. I have taken the pleasant paths in life hitherto. It is gradually dawning upon me that every man *must* walk over a certain amount of rough road. You would not have your husband such a coward as to try to avoid the rough bits in his path, would you?"



What more could she say after that? She was silent, feeling angry with herself for having said so much. She was not given to plead; she would at any time rather give up a point than coax her husband. She despised women who talked of coaxing their husbands to do this or that. But now, for almost the first time in her married life, she had brought herself to plead for a thing, and the pleading had been utterly vain.

She rose, and left the room lest she should betray her vexation. She wished to get rid of the choking in her throat before she spoke to him again. Never more, she vowed to herself, would she ask him to pursue any one course more than another for her sake.

Raymond was too much pre-occupied to observe the vexation his wife tried to hide under an appearance of calmness. He was vexed himself at having to go back, and was pondering very deeply how he should contrive to make his mother understand that her interference must cease, without trampling too much on her pride.

When Estelle had ordered dinner to be an hour earlier than usual, she had done all there was to do, and could sit and brood over her disappointment without interruption.

At dinner Mrs. Russell said :

"My letters this afternoon were pleasanter than yours, Raymond. I hear from Harry that he is appointed to the *Petrel*, with orders to proceed to the coast of Ireland. He wants to run down and see me, but there will be no possibility of his doing that. He says he owes the appointment entirely to Sir Louis Vivian's interest with the First Lord, and has written to thank him. I must do the same. To know that my dear boy is getting on in his profession is quite a renewal of youth to me."

Raymond's eager congratulations covered Estelle's silence.

"And this Sir Vivian," he continued, "is the husband of that eccentric demoiselle Julie, of whom you wrote to me. Is it not so, my wife?"

"Sir Louis Vivian," said Mrs. Russell,

with a smile at Raymond's mistake, and an emphasis on the word Louis.

"Yes, it is the same," Estelle answered: she had seen her mother's smile at Raymond's French mistake, and felt considerably nettled by it. Her annoyance showed itself in her reply. "I am not at all so sure as Mamma seems to be that Harry owes his appointment to Sir Louis Vivian. A man does get promoted sometimes for merit alone, and I should be sorry to think that all the captains in the English navy had got their command through interest with the Lords of the Admiralty."

"Truly, Harry has always had first-class certificates," said Raymond. "You are right, Estelle; it is pleasanter to think of his getting his command through merit alone. However, *ma belle-mère* may be right. I know nothing of the way in which the English navy is managed."

"Oh, as for that," said Mrs. Russell, "Harry has merit enough to carry him to the top of the tree. But really in our navy there are so many deserving officers that all cannot expect promotion. And I shall therefore believe, with Harry, that Sir Louis Vivian's kind word has got him his promotion, unless Sir Louis denies having tried to do anything for him."

"Well, *ma belle-mère*, if this Monsieur has really used his interest for my brother-in-law, I for one shall feel grateful; and if you think it necessary to show any civilities, command me, as far as I am able. I am an Anglomane, you know, and am always glad to be civil to my wife's compatriots."

"I do hope, my dear Raymond," cried his wife, "that you won't think of inviting these people to Montagu!"

Raymond looked up in surprise at her vehemence. "Ah, I forgot," he said, "you do not approve of Miladi."

"No, I do not indeed," was her reply.

"Really, my dear Estelle, you are very severe," said Mrs. Russell. "I don't quite like Lady Vivian myself, but I can tolerate her. Don't set up for a

dragon, my dear, or you never will get on in society."

Estelle was on the point of saying she would rather not get on at such terms; but suddenly stopped herself and sat silent, with a burning blush that Mrs. Russell mistook for anger at her reproof. It was not anger, but shame. Who was she, she thought, that she should be intolerant of Lady Vivian? In the sight of Him who knew the innermost workings of all hearts, which was the worse woman of the two?

It was a relief to her to hear carriage-wheels, and rise up from table to see from the balcony whether it was the travelling-carriage for her husband.

Raymond followed her. It seemed to him as if things were not quite pleasant between his wife and her mother. He had, at least, never before heard Estelle's voice betray so much annoyance in speaking to her mother. He felt all the more sorry to go; but there was little use in being sorry now; there was the carriage, and his valet had already brought down his travelling-bag, and was making his adieux to Lisette.

"You will promise not to mope, dear wife," he said, bending over her as she leaned on the railing. "I fear all the nursing you have had this winter has tried your nerves. You must get some riding. I observed you were always more like your old self after a ride with me."

"I shall not care about riding without you," she replied. "I can imagine nothing more tiresome than riding up and down the mountains with a guide behind one cracking his noisy whip. That indeed would try my nerves!"

"But, *mon Dieu!* surely you will meet some of your winter acquaintances here, with whom you might ride. This Vivian family, for instance. If the husband is *poitrinaire*, they will surely visit Caunterets."

"I do not care to ride with anyone except you," was the answer.

"Well, please yourself, dearest." He would have said something about his

returning to Caunterets if possible, but felt, on second thoughts, that it was best to be silent about possibilities till he had seen his mother. But he did not know himself how sorry he was to leave his wife till his servant came with a message from the postilion that it would be well for them to get down as far as Argelès before nightfall.

The last farewells were therefore spoken hurriedly.

"I shall be back at Montaigu as soon as ever Mamma can spare me," said Estelle as her husband entered the carriage.

"Try to persuade her to come with you."

"It would be perfectly useless, so I need not attempt it," was her answer, as the carriage drove off.

She stopped for a moment, looking after it with a strange sinking of the heart. Then Lisette came down with a shawl, and a message from Mrs. Russell that Madame la Comtesse would take a chill if she exposed herself to the evening air bareheaded. So she had to return to the drawing-room lest her mother should be vexed, and complain of the strange disregard she manifested for her health, urge the duty of carefulness, the danger of chills, and so on. Then there was the old round of reading and working to make the evening pass. It had to be done, therefore she did it, and listened to her mother's happy talk of Harry, her outbursts of delight, and gratitude to Sir Louis, and her wonder whether he would interest himself about Alfred too. Estelle sat listening to it all, and answering when an answer was expected. But it was treadmill work, and when at last she laid her head down on her lonely pillow, it was with the feeling that she would not be able to bear many days like the one which had just passed, and a longing, that was becoming intense even to pain, to be back at Montaigu, where she could sit and look from her window at her boy's grave, shadowed by the waving acacias.

For, besides the fear which possessed her now, that as long as she remained

with her mother she would be liable to come in contact with the Vivians, there was the terrible gnawing pain that a childless mother alone can feel when she hears a mother's rejoicings over her living sons. As her brothers she could listen with pleasure, nay rejoice, as her mother did, in Harry's and Alfred's success. But Mrs. Russell, naturally enough, considering that it was long since her daughter had lived under her roof, had fallen into the habit of speaking of them as "my sons," instead of "your brothers." So that every time the conversation turned upon either—and that was many times a day, for Mrs. Russell's love for her boys was her only passion—Estelle was cruelly reminded of her own childlessness.

It had always been hard to bear, and now every day was making it harder. All her powers of endurance seemed failing, and, now that she wanted it most, her husband's love.

"Alas! If God had but spared me my little one!" was her cry as she wept herself to sleep.

### CHAPTER XLIII.

"FACILIS EST DESCENSUS."

THERE must surely be some fatality pursuing her, Estelle thought, when, on her return from a sketching expedition to the grange of Queen Hortense, she found Sir Louis Vivian sitting with her mother.

"I thought you were quite settled at Biarritz," was her exclamation, as he rose and came forward. This was not a very courteous greeting, she felt, and as soon as it was spoken she knew Mrs. Russell would take her to task by and by for her ungraciousness. But she was resolved that nothing, not even her mother's displeasure, should make her give utterance to one word that could be construed into welcome.

Her manner froze up Sir Louis most effectually. Biarritz was too exciting, he explained, as he walked back stiffly to his seat; and the children were not

quite well: so they thought a change desirable, and knowing Mrs. Russell to be at Caunterets was an inducement to come there instead of trying Luchon or Bagnères.

Mrs. Russell then went on with what she had been saying when her daughter entered, and Estelle made out that the Vivian party had the suite of rooms next theirs, and that Maudie and Bessie were at that moment asleep in her own room.

"I was terribly afraid of damp sheets," Sir Louis explained in an apologetic tone to Estelle. "And they were so tired, poor children, after so many hours in the carriage, that Mrs. Russell insisted upon their taking possession of your bed. She assured me you would not mind it. I hope it will not inconvenience you very much."

His manner was so painfully constrained as he said this that Estelle felt she must soften her own for humanity's sake.

"If you could but have seen how tired poor little Maudie was," he went on, "and so good, so fearful of fatiguing her mother and myself."

"Mind! How could you think I should *mind* their being in my room? You don't know how I worship children!"

She did not dare trust herself on that theme. A moment spent in walking across the room to get a glass of water from the *carafe* to wash her sketching brushes helped to restore her composure, and she was able to ask for Lady Vivian in her usual voice.

"Quite well, thank you. I believe she is dressing for dinner," said Sir Louis, who was watching every turn in her face, and wishing he had not mentioned the children.

"I think I will go to her," Estelle said when the brushes were washed. She wanted an excuse to leave the room, and she knew there was no fear of her being stirred to any of the softer feelings, be they right or wrong, by anything Lady Vivian might say. As she left the room, Mrs. Russell said to Sir Louis—



"That poor child's dying was a terrible blow to her, poor thing; she seems to feel it more instead of less. An only child, too; heir to such a fine property."

Sir Louis could not trust himself to answer for a moment. He took up Estelle's sketch-book, and began turning over the leaves. Presently he said in rather a husky voice: "I would give much not to have awakened those sad recollections. I ought to have considered— Would it be any use to take the children away now? I—I really don't know what to do about it. I would not have *them* give her pain for the world."

"Don't distress yourself," said Mrs. Russell kindly. "She would be distressed at your disturbing the children. Sad to say, the sight even of a mere beggar child will sometimes affect her strangely. It cannot be helped, you know; the only cure for these things is time."

"Ah! Time: time indeed," ejaculated the Baronet doubtfully.

Mrs. Russell went on: "She is very fond of your little girls. She used to sit and watch them at play, and appear quite happy as long as they were to be seen, long before we knew that we were living in the same house with you."

"Ah!" said Sir Louis, "poor thing!"

And then Mrs. Russell, talking of sons, deftly contrived to lead the conversation back to her own sons; a topic which, as we have said, she was never tired of airing, and to which the Baronet proved an admirable listener.

Lady Vivian was making an elaborate *demi-toilette* for the *table d'hôte* dinner. She gave Estelle a light kiss, and remarked that she was dreadfully sunburnt.

"I went out riding every day with my husband while he was here," Estelle explained; "and no veil is a protection in this hot weather."

"Oh, your husband has been here, has he?"

"Yes. He was obliged to leave me on business; and I'm sure I don't know when he will be back," said Estelle, with a sigh.

"Humph!" said her ladyship, "that was a sigh indeed! Now I think you are to be envied." And therewith she plunged into her grievances. "Those men! I've no patience with them. Always meddling with what does not concern them! I wish my lord and master could be called to England on some very particular business, and kept there. 'Twould be a release I should be thankful for."

"I did not feel M. de Montaignu's going a release at all," said Estelle coldly.

"Then you are lucky. Of all husbands in this world, I do believe mine is the most trying! He'll worry me till I'm as thin as a threadpaper before long. Oh! if you did but know how he was going on all the time we were at Biarritz!"

"Perhaps he was more out of health than usual. Biarritz disagrees extremely with some people."

"As if the air of the place had anything to do with it!" cried Lady Vivian. "This is what we came to loggerheads about. I wanted a governess. I have wanted one ever since I lost my English nurse. Well, I found a young person at Biarritz and had actually settled with her, when my husband quietly walks in and puts a stop to the whole affair, because he thought her accent defective. And he told me—yes, actually told me—that it would do me more good to look after the children than to be out on the beach all day talking nonsense! Well, I wasn't going to stand that sort of thing, you know," her ladyship pursued with increasing indignation, "and I told him that it would be time enough for me to devote myself to Maudie and Bessie when they came out, and if he wouldn't let me have a proper person to look after them, he might send them to school, or do governess himself. And he was so put out, that he positively took me at my word, and has been teaching them after a fashion ever since! But that won't last long, I know. Children are a great tie and a great plague."

"How can you say such wicked things!" cried Estelle, with eyes opened wide in such wonder and horror that Lady Vivian, who was looking in the glass and saw the reflection of her friend's face there, turned round and laughed.

"You do take everything one says so literally! But they *are* a plague: and boys, I believe, are worse."

"Really, Lady Vivian, I cannot listen to you if you will talk in this strain," said Estelle, rising.

"You do amuse me, with your 'Lady Vivian,'" said her ladyship, laughing again.

Estelle was glad to escape to her own room, even at the risk of disturbing the tired children. She opened the window to let in the pure mountain breeze; it was doubly refreshing after the sickly odour of *millefleurs* which pervaded Lady Vivian's apartment. And truly the moral atmosphere in that room was none of the pleasantest, either.

How was she to help pitying Sir Louis, tied for life to such a woman? Had he been the merest stranger, had he been a poor peasant, she must have given him her pity in such woful case. How much more when it was the man who had loved her once, that had made such sad shipwreck of his life?

She had chosen to be critical; she had felt it safest for herself to keep before her his deterioration of character: evident enough without her seeking it, at times; and doubly irritating then.

But in the nature of things how should it be otherwise? Tied to a low nature, what should a man do but sink?

But oh, the pity of it, the pity of it! What might he not have become had he married a wife noble-minded enough to appreciate his nobleness, to uphold him in all that was good and great, instead of pulling him enviously down to the abyss of her own littleness!

This woman! Why, she had not even the brute instincts of maternity. She considered her children a plague; she was always sending them away from her on the pretext of worry to her nerves; she never cared to kiss them save when

they had a new frock on. Then she would turn them round, criticise the dressmaker's work, and dismiss them. She a mother, indeed! Truly the world seemed out of joint to Estelle as she turned to the bed where these little ones lay, longing yet fearing to stay the hunger of her true mother-heart with a kiss on their parted lips. No wonder their father loved them so dearly, she thought; since, for all the mother's love they got, poor Maudie and Bessie might have been motherless.

As the days went on, Sir Louis found himself watching Estelle; watching and wondering. For that a great change had come over her there could be no doubt. She carried with her no longer that delicious atmosphere of repose which, to his mind, had given her society its greatest charm. She seemed now almost as restless as Lady Vivian herself. She would organize riding and picnic parties; she would walk, or ride, or climb as indefatigably as a girl just out of school; leaving her party, tired and breathless, far in the rear. Then again, after making it appear that roaming up and down was the very essence of her existence, she would one day suddenly declare she preferred staying at home, and make every one go out without her. Sometimes Sir Louis would find her strangely perturbed by a chance word, either from himself or Mrs. Russell; then, again, from feverish agitation she would pass into a state of apathy from which nothing could rouse her.

Many a man would have ceased to trouble himself about a woman whose manner could be so icy as was Estelle's at such times. But, whatever her manner to him, Sir Louis never felt either hurt or offended by it—only sorrowful; taking it as the outward sign of some secret trouble which he was powerless to avert.

And so, by dint of watching her silently day by day, he got to imagine that he had the power given him of reading her face like a book. And, reading it thus, his sorrow turned into dumb anger; dumb, because it knew

no adequate way of expressing itself; still less of remedy.

He read, as he thought—not that tale of old sorrow he knew of, which another child's kisses might drive away some time—no sorrow this for which mourning-ropes are worn—something worse he read on her thin face.

The story of a woman unloved by her husband—of a wife neglected, cast aside, yet loving still.

For he never thought but that she loved her husband. He supposed that she had got to love him as women do love their children's father. Not the best and highest love, he knew, but better than none; better a thousandfold than indifference.

Well for him if he had always thought thus. He might then have gone on his way comforted, believing that this pearl among women had found at all events that modified happiness which is the lot, mostly, of even the fairest and gentlest in this world.

But, being absorbed in the contemplation of what he believed to be the cause of her unhappiness, he grew, through the very fact of his brooding over it, to hate this Raymond de Montaignu, whom he had never seen; and to think how crossly things had fallen out, and how dearly he, Louis Vivian, would have cherished her. How, even yet, supposing—ay, supposing!—both free, he would make her his own; he would drive away that look of misery from her face; how, by the strength of his love, even the bare remembrance of that misery should vanish away.

In this mood the very sound of Raymond de Montaignu's name chafed him. And, because of that, he seemed to hear it on all sides; and, worse still, with words of praise attached to it by English and French, men and women. Surely, he thought, with increasing irritation, this rhymester, dubbed poet in Parisian drawing-rooms, took up too large a place in the world's estimation. He was all that was most intellectual, most gifted; a man who might do absolutely anything he chose, said Lady Vivian's French acquaintance. A phrase—the

Baronet's mental comment went—oftenest applied to the man who does absolutely nothing.

"A nice fellow, a capital fellow," said the one or two Englishmen who had succeeded in passing the boundary of Raymond's exclusive Paris circle. "Very liberal in his views, and very fond of the English," said these islanders, feeling that no higher praise could be awarded a Frenchman. "Had a nice, quiet, little English wife, which perhaps accounted for it," said one, willing to tell as much as he knew or supposed. "She was at Caunterets, eh? Then really, you know, he must leave a card upon her. Monsieur de Montaignu was most civil when he met him in Paris."

Mrs. Russell, again, irritated Sir Louis beyond endurance. Not that she ever sang Raymond de Montaignu's praises. She had too much tact and good breeding for that, just barely remembering as she did—though she never allowed herself to think about it—that Sir Louis had once, before there was the remotest chance of his ever being Sir Louis, had the audacity to wish to marry her daughter. No, Mrs. Russell never praised the man who had found favour enough in her eyes to be made her son-in-law. But she spoke of him as women do speak of a man who has their approval, and whom they know likes them. 'Tis a certain tone of voice they use.

And Estelle?

Strangest of all, this woman, with her misery written on her face, spoke of her husband as a woman speaks of the man whom she not only loves and honours herself, but to whom love and honour are due from all the world. Love she might, Sir Louis thought; for a wife's love is sometimes like the camomile, that grows the stronger for being trodden on. But honour? Well, perhaps she was but practising a pious fraud; bearing herself bravely in the world's sight lest it should pity her. It was noble conduct in her; but it made him all the more angry with her fickle French husband. Little by little he taught himself to think she would



be less unhappy if she did not love her husband so; from thinking this there was but a step to wishing it. In all this, so far as he knew, he was thinking not of himself, but only of her.

And so day after day passed, and Estelle had it on the tip of her tongue to beg her mother to leave Caeterets, and still she hesitated, and dared not speak for fear she might betray herself. For although her stay was slow torture to her, even that were better, she felt, both for her own and Raymond's sake, than that Mrs. Russell should guess why Caeterets was unendurable. A little more patience, a little more fortitude, and Mrs. Russell would herself get tired of Caeterets and of the Vivians, and in the natural course of things Estelle would be free to return to Château Mont-aigu, and take up the smaller burthen of a mother-in-law's persecution.

If Raymond were to come back? But she had no hope of it, and still clung to her resolution of never asking him to do anything that put himself to inconvenience, solely for her sake, again. She did think sometimes, however, that, although her husband might be now less outwardly devoted to her than during the first years of their married life, there might yet be a kind of relief in his knowing her trouble.

She remembered his saying, when they had been married but a few months, that in trouble or perplexity of any kind whatever, husband and wife should take counsel of each other: that in the marriage state the possibility of perfect union was made null unless the possibility of a go-between were excluded.

If she had but taken courage then, and told him of her first love, it would not have grown into this terrible trouble and perplexity that was corroding her whole life. It was nothing else but trouble to her. Not for one moment did the knowledge that she loved Sir Louis give her a thrill of joy; nothing but pure misery.

She hated herself more and more when she felt herself wince at the sound of his hollow cough, of his toiling,

panting breath, as he daily mounted the hill leading to La Raillère,—hated and loathed herself because she began to know his footstep on the stairs, because her heart, in spite of herself, would leap up at the sound.

And—remembering her husband's perfect trust in her—the measure of her loathing, of her self-abasement, was filled to overflowing; so that she longed to get out of this world where she was so powerless against her own frail heart.

There was one faint ray of comfort. It was that Sir Louis did not know, and never would know, that she loved him.

Yet, fearing lest a chance word or look might discover her secret, and put her to unspeakable shame, and wearying of having to keep such constant watch over herself—how constant, how difficult, let those judge who have seen a woman treat her husband (there are a few such in the world) as Lady Vivian treated Sir Louis—she tried to live more and more alone. Allowed the privilege of intimacy, Estelle was subject also to its disadvantages. In default of another auditor, Lady Vivian would pour forth into her ear her endless grievances, and reiterate her assertion that the Baronet was the most tiresome husband alive. Nay, my Lady would even take the fag-end of her domestic wranglings into Mrs. Russell's drawing-room, to that lady's annoyance, and to the silent distress of Sir Louis and Estelle.

"My dear people," said Mrs. Russell, on one occasion, when Lady Vivian's temper had mastered her politeness, "I am always extremely happy to see you, but if you wish to quarrel, pray defer it, or finish the evening in your own drawing-room; for mine, be it understood, is neutral ground."

"It takes two to make a quarrel," said Sir Louis; and, to do him justice, this was the first word by which he acknowledged that his wife ever did quarrel with him. It would have been more comfortable, perhaps, if these two had quarrelled frankly; because quarrelling has an end sometimes, although,

of course, that does not prevent people from beginning again. But to a woman's nagging there is absolutely no end. Sir Louis knew that he should be nagged at for months for his having ventured to interfere about his children's governess. But where Maudie's and Bessie's welfare was at stake, he was proof against the weapons of his wife's tongue. Only, disguise it and make light of it as he would, he was deeply pained and mortified that Estelle should ever have been a witness of even the milder phases of domestic wrangling into which his wife had so indiscreetly initiated her.

Wishing to escape the chance of such unseemly exhibitions, Estelle would pass hours, with her sketch-book as an apparent motive, upon the crags and green slopes, where, thanks to her fleetness of foot, to Lady Vivian's laziness, and to Sir Louis' inability to mount steep ascents, she could feel secure against intrusion from either. She would have liked to have one of the children sometimes, but Lady Vivian had put a peremptory veto on such climbing excursions as involved the danger of getting sunburnt, and Estelle afterwards felt it was just as well. Had she begun to love the children because they were Sir Louis' there would have been a danger the more; and an insurmountable one, perhaps, which this present one was not.

#### CHAPTER XLIV.

##### ON THE GREEN ALP.

THE weather was becoming sultry even at Cauterets. The weatherwise had predicted thunderstorms for ten days past, but night after night a fog had descended on the valley, and rolled itself slowly back as the morning grew, showing a hot cloudless sky. Thunderstorm or none, Estelle felt that she must have an hour alone on the mountain-side this afternoon, for her fortitude was giving way, and solitude alone she knew would give it her back. Her mother was irritable, and that of itself

was hard to bear. Mrs. Russell considered that her own irritability was quite atoned for when she had discovered that it proceeded from the state of the weather. "You look out of sorts yourself," she said to Estelle, "and I daresay it's the same thing. I do wish we could have a good thunderstorm; that would clear the air and set both of us to rights again."

"I am out of sorts, as you say, Mamma, but I do not think it is the weather," was Estelle's reply.

No, it was not the weather. It was Lady Vivian's behaviour to her husband which made the young Comtesse feel, as her mother put it, "out of sorts." Lady Vivian's behaviour was the talk of—not the servants' hall: a more public place than that—the courtyard. There, her ladyship, her temper, her whims, and her extravagance, were discussed by the couriers, the valets, the ladies'-maids, who congregated there to flirt and hear the news while the *table d'hôte* dinner was going on. Miladi had had a fresh quarrel with Sir Vivian, and Lisette had heard all about it from her ladyship's own maid, and had retailed the news for Mrs. Russell's amusement.

"It appears that she had a scene, but such a scene as was unbelievable, with this poor Monsieur Vivian. He really is to be pitied, the lady's maid says. He remained, as he always is, gentle and quiet like a lamb, and let Miladi say on, without giving her a hard word back. It is not that he does not feel her shocking temper; it must affect his nerves dreadfully, for one of these scenes always makes his cough ever so much worse. Would Madame believe that Miladi's debts are already eating up this poor man's fortune? She runs into debt time after time, and when he pays she never even says 'Thank you.' What a house that must be to live in!"

"That woman ought to be ashamed of herself," Mrs. Russell remarked in English to her daughter. "And Sir Louis is a man of much weaker mind than I took him for, else he would have learnt by this time how to keep her in order."

"Have I not told you, Lisette," said Estelle, turning to her maid, "that I dislike all gossip about people in the house? What is it to me that you learn from Lady Vivian's maid? I beg I may hear no more such tales."

An English servant would have taken the rebuff in silence,

"*Hé, mon Dieu!*" rejoined Lisette, with the inevitable shrug, "I thought it might amuse Madame. It is so dull here, it makes one die. It is a pity they cannot transport these springs to Paris, or even to Toulouse. *Mon Dieu*, I cannot quit Madame, that is certain; but how I shall rejoice when Madame tells me to pack up! How Madame supports this monotony I cannot tell. Madame will not go to the balls because Monsieur is not here; Madame makes pictures and takes walks. And there are but two walks to take; first up the mountain, then down the mountain. One breaks one's back, one tears one's boots. Ah, how dreadful it must be for people who are obliged to live all their lives on the mountains!"

Mrs. Russell laughed heartily at Lisette's frankly-expressed disgust at the Pyrenees; and before she had time to think again of the sultriness of the weather, Sir Louis was announced, bringing the last number of the *Times* and a paper he was preparing for the next meeting of the Archaeological Society.

He was looking ill and terribly harassed. It was too true that he had had a fresh quarrel with his wife; or rather, that she had quarrelled with him because he had told her in a few words—and those few as temperate as his vexation could make them—that there must be an end to her extravagance in dress; that for the future he should make her a certain allowance, and require her to keep within it.

She to be allowed! She to be treated like a child! was Lady Vivian's exclamation. Her ladyship was like the horse-leech, crying, "Give, give." She had felt a little, just a little, ashamed the first and second times her debts had been paid by her husband. Now she was callous. Money there was, and

she would enjoy the benefit of it. Why should her husband have such a tremendous balance at his banker's? Those Cornish mines were bringing in more every year. She knew that,—not thanks to him, oh dear no, he took care never to tell her anything; it was in the papers, that was how she knew it. She supposed it was true; they didn't put all that about the mines in the papers unless it was true, did they? Well, then, if the Cornish property was bringing in such great returns, why should not she enjoy a little of the money? She was not so unreasonable. Some wives would have insisted on a winter in Paris, or Rome, or somewhere; she merely wished to be nicely dressed. And it was most unkind, and unfair, and ungenerous—yes, she would say it—it was mean, *mean* conduct for a man who was so well off to grudge his wife's dressing according to her station.

It was to escape from such a tirade as this that Sir Louis Vivian betook himself to Mrs. Russell's drawing-room as soon as he found that his wife was deaf to his explanations of the exceedingly fluctuating nature of mining property in general, of these Cornish mines of his in particular.

"I shall leave you to your beloved English politics," said Estelle, as she tied on her broad hat and gathered up her sketching materials.

"Don't go far, for I feel sure we shall have a thunderstorm," observed Mrs. Russell.

"You will lose all note of time or distance in the ardour of sketching, and come back to us wet through," said Sir Louis. She answered, without looking at him:

"*Après?* I am not like the princess in the fairy tale, who was made of gingerbread, and lived in a house of sugar-candy." She tried to laugh, but the laugh died away from her lips. She dared not trust herself with him, dared not look at the face which told so plainly of the unrest, the perpetual striving and wrangling of the place miscalled home. She could have sat down and wept aloud, had she dared,



when she thought of his name being bandied about in the mouths of the *canaille* of an hotel courtyard ; bandied about with scorn or careless pity, or sneers—which was worst?—because of the wife who was doing her utmost to ruin him.

“At least take the road to Argéols,” Sir Louis entreated ; “so that, if the rain does come, we may send the carriage to meet you.”

“Thank you ; but I beg to say I don’t believe in the rain or the thunder-storm either. People have been crying ‘wolf’ so long that I am incredulous. However, if I don’t come back in two hours, and if the storm does come, Mamma may send the carriage.”

She went out of the house and down the street a little way ; then stopped, undecided.

“No,” she thought, turning back. “No ; if the carriage is sent, perhaps he may come ; who knows ? I won’t chance it. Better run the risk of a wetting.” And she set her face resolutely to climb the hot, glaring path towards La Raillère.

There was a quiet grassy slope she knew of ; a tiny alp, high above the Mahourat spring, where she had often remained undisturbed, when she had chosen, as now, to spend her afternoon alone. It was a long and tiresome climb, but was worth the fatigue for the sake of the eternal quiet that dwelt there. Resting on the soft grass, with her arm on a round, lichen-stained boulder, she endeavoured to silence her uneasy heart, and to bring her whole being into harmony with the perfect nature-harmony of the lovely mountain-nook.

The crickets on the alp had ceased their cry, aware of a new denizen in their world ; from the fir-forest on the height beyond came the faint echo of the woodman’s axe and the note of a late cuckoo ; the air was sweet with the smell of boxwood and pine ; below the place where she sat was a broad red patch of rhododendron, where the mountain-bees were humming.

“Ah,” she thought, “how easy it would be to do and think right, if

one’s eyes and ears were never open to other influences than these.”

Mechanically she opened her sketch-book, her usual refuge from painful thought. There, presently, her mind found full occupation in that ever-recurring difficulty with the sky. On the flat paper, the broad stretch of cobalt seemed coarse, raw, incongruous ; looking up into the real sky overhead, there came upon her that feeling of despair every painter knows, who has sat and gazed lovingly, till the unfathomable depths of pure blue half blind him with their bright intensity. The sky difficultly acknowledged and regretfully passed over, she proceeded to the easier work of laying on the soft neutral tints of a stony foreground and brown and purple mountain ; and while working at this, came back to her in a strange jumble of association her wish to see the gallery of the Water-colour Society in London. It had been an old wish ; not a very intense one, but still one which her husband would have gratified on the first distinct expression of it, during the time they lived in Paris. The truth was, there were things she cared much more for than. Now, she found herself wishing this old wish again, and finding it of much larger proportion than it had ever held in her mind before ; perhaps because of the strong necessity there was now of some other interest to balance that terrible one which was gradually absorbing her. Yet, in the face of that necessity, came the resolution of never asking her husband another favour. She set her lips firmly together as she thought how he had silenced her last request.

By and by, still working busily at her drawing, she fell back into the old girlish habit of dreaming and wondering, which had been broken during the happiest part of her married life. Only that now the dream and the wonder were not of the Future, which seemed so far certain as to exclude the possibility of being dreamt of in girlish fashion, but of the Past—irrevocable, it is true, but of which still remained the “might have been.”

Would Louis Vivian ever have left

off loving her? was the theme of her misty retrospect. There was so little likelihood of his loving her now, that she did not feel, as she might, the utter want of wisdom in even vague speculation on such a possibility. Among the women she knew, it was a generally-received maxim that every man's love cooled sooner or later.

Raymond's love had seemed the one notable exception to this rule. She remembered how the intensity of his love had frightened her at first; then how proud and glad she had been of it, instead of wishing it less. And now—as the women said, sooner or later—late it was—but the cooling had come at last, and was as great, nay, a greater trouble to her now, than the trouble of that too fervent love had been then.

Would Louis Vivian have grown careless, too? Would he have left her for the sake of his improvements and alterations, for the sake of a verbal expostulation with an overbearing, interfering mother?

With this current of ideas, another idea mingled and stood out prominent in her mind: namely, that it behoved her to avoid Sir Louis Vivian as much as possible, and more sedulously than she had ever done yet. It would be difficult and disagreeable, almost impossible sometimes; but it must be done. She did not attempt to parley with that *must*.

She heard, when she had sat for more than an hour, an approaching foot-step. The only human being who had ever found her out in this retreat was a poor idiot named Celestin, a creature whom it had been her habit to feed, as she would have fed a hungry dog, when she was at Caunterets with her mother the summer she had met Louis Vivian. The creature had grown up, and was fast becoming decrepid. For these outcasts, Nature's hated step-children, have neither youth nor manhood; their life drops at once from childhood to old age. Estelle carried bread and nuts in her pocket when out on her rambles, on the chance of meeting Celestin, for the creature understood the value of food, and would conceal it if not hungry when it was given

him; but when alms were given, supposing that he put the dole into his pocket, and that the pocket was without a hole, it could be taken from him with impunity by the peasants not too idiotic to understand the value of *sous*.

He suddenly appeared from the opposite direction to that in which she had looked for him. She was slightly startled, for she had not known of any road reaching the alp except the one she had taken. He came and sat within a stone's throw of her, taking off his cap and grinning vacantly. She took out a roll of white bread and held it up to him; he darted forward, and took it gently out of her hand; then, hiding it in his bosom with a monkey-like gesture, went back to his former seat, and remained staring at her so long that she began to feel uneasy.

Another footstep. She looked eagerly in the direction of the sound, not sorry for more human companionship than the idiot's. The creature seemed harmless enough, but there was an eerie feeling in having him so persistently near and staring in such a lonely place as this. She looked at him; he was making ugly grimaces and picking furtively at his bread. The strange step came nearer, and presently, from the same opening in the rocks whence Celestin had appeared, emerged Sir Louis Vivian.

Her heart beat with two widely divided feelings; relief at the human companionship, and terror at seeing Sir Louis in a place which she had taken it for granted as physically impossible for him to reach.

"How did you come here?" was the only obvious question, as he stood beside her.

"I did what many a wiser man has done: I followed a fool," was his reply. "I am rather out of breath. May I sit down?"

"Certainly."

What now had been the good of her strong resolution to avoid Sir Louis Vivian's society? Here he was, from no fault of hers, and how was she to escape? She began to wish that she had taken the road to Argélés, where there was no lack of passers-by from

morning to night. She looked at the idiot Celestin. He had moved away farther, and was gnawing his bread with the same monkey-like gestures over it.

She repeated her former question in a different form. "How did you find me out?"

"By asking. There were plenty of idlers at the hotel entrance who had seen Madame la Comtesse turn down the road to Argélés, and then for some reason or other retrace her steps, and take the path to La Raillère. Once beyond that point it was not difficult to track you. I met the idiot, and spoke to him. I do not know whether he fully understood me, but we each made out that we were both looking for some one. I remembered this was the neighbourhood of your old haunts, and followed him hap-hazard. I tied my horse to a bush just down below where the path seemed to terminate."

"Ah, then that accounts for your coming here at all. There is another path which I did not know of. You could not have climbed the one by which I got up here."

"No; probably not. I find the few steps I have climbed quite enough, I assure you," was Sir Louis' answer, as he drew a long breath.

"So I see, and I am sorry for it." She could say no more. She could not use such commonplace phrases as would have come uppermost had Sir Louis been merely an acquaintance; as, that his health must surely be mending; or that he looked better, everybody said so. Such false commonplaces were impossible in speaking to the man whose health might have been, alas! the one dear care of her life.

"I observe you never miss going to La Raillère; I think you are the only person whom I have never heard grumble at having to go there twice a day," was her next attempt at conversation.

"I came for that purpose. It is only a question of time—only a question of time," he muttered, speaking to himself.

She bent forward to catch his words, supposing them addressed to herself.

"Your recovery, you mean? I am truly glad to hear that."

"Recovery? No. Death, I mean."

He had not expected to see Estelle so startled. She turned pale, her hand dropped the paint brush she had held all this while, and she remained speechless for a moment.

Sir Louis looked at her, and looked again.

There was a change in her face amounting to a transformation. How might he dare interpret it?

"You are not worse? Oh, surely you are not worse?" she said at last, looking at him with sudden earnestness.

"I do not think myself better. I might get better, or at least not get worse, under more favourable circumstances. As it is—but when one cannot change circumstances, one had best not discuss them. Let us talk of something more likely to interest you. Let me look at your sketch." As he spoke, he stooped to pick up her brush. Their hands touched as he gave it her. There was a single instant's pause, during which her heart leaped up with a throb it had not known for years, with a throb that reminded her of the past time, and her past girlhood.

"I hope you do not think it altogether indifferent to me whether you are well or ill, Sir Louis," she said, in her coldest, most measured voice, as she took the paint brush back into her trembling fingers. "After all you have done, and are doing, for my two brothers, and for which I have never yet thanked you adequately—I could scarcely be so ungrateful as not to care."

The tone of voice, the measured phrase, stung him into forgetfulness of his better self at last.

She could scarcely be so ungrateful! She would not be thought so indifferent! Well, if they had met in a Paris drawing-room. But here on the free mountain side! Was it well?

"Keep your gratitude, Madame," he rejoined bitterly. "I am not the man to care for it. It was not to win your gratitude that I served your brothers.



It was in remembrance"—he raised himself, and pointed to a great crag of granite far below the alp, on a platform overhanging the Gave—"in remembrance of some days spent in this place, in remembrance of one hour spent under the shadow of that rock,—one hour, when life was so perfected that heaven itself seemed opened. Don't speak the word 'gratitude' again, Madame, it sounds to me like the faint praise denoting blame. Silence were more gracious."

"But I do not wish to be ungracious; and how can I be silent, when we are under such a real obligation to you? I ought, no doubt, to have expressed myself better, but one cannot always find the right words. You know I was never very clever at expressing my thoughts, never very fluent," she said, and then blushed crimson, because now in her turn she had recalled that past which she had vowed to herself not to recall.

"No, I never thought so," he answered, more gently. "But, since you do not disdain to remember that we knew each other years ago, will you not concede that I am right if I say that the word, the idea of gratitude, as due to me from you is not to be borne? Will you not concede thus much, though you may have forgotten that when we sat under yonder rock we loved each other—or thought we did—though my last appeal to the memory of that hour was not even thought worth answering?—What of that? I say again, Madame, the remembrance of the hour yonder will live with me as long as I live; therefore, I will not have your gratitude."

She suddenly pushed her drawing-board from her lap, and turned to him beseechingly.

"I could not help it; I could not help it!" she said vehemently at last. "If you only knew"—her voice failed from emotion, but she forced the words out—"and if I had but known; but I did not, till it was too late! Sir Louis, I never got your letter till I had been married a fortnight. If I had but known! My maid kept it in her pocket

from forgetfulness; it came the night before my wedding-day. Oh if I had but known!" And with this one last wail her voice died away in a sob. Sir Louis took her clasped hands, kissed them, and folded them between his own.

"Forgive me," Estelle said, speaking between her sobs; "it must have seemed so heartless, so cruel! I did not know how to act. I knew you had a right to be answered, but I did not dare to write myself. I was afraid of my husband then: afraid of what would be the consequences if he found out I loved you when I married him; because he loved me so, that—Oh, cannot you understand? Cannot you see why I dared not write? I ought to have written, but I was so young then, so ignorant, so afraid. Will you not forgive me, now you know?"

"If I had ever had anything to forgive, this moment would atone for it. It is I who should ask your forgiveness."

"You? Ah no, you have done nothing to want forgiveness! You were not faithless, you were not cowardly; it was I."

"Hush," he replied; "that harsh word 'cowardly' grates upon my ear as much as the word 'gratitude.' You must not revile yourself to me; I will not have it so."

"Ah!" she sighed, "you are kind and good, as you always were. Many a man would have scorned the woman who had treated him—even against her will—as I treated you; would have returned scorn for scorn. But I—you believe that I never scorned you, at least? No woman could scorn you, Sir Louis; I am sure you feel that. I, least of all, whatever circumstances may have been, since—since we were here together."

There she stopped. An explanation had been, in some sort, forced from her. Perhaps it was due: at all events it was given now, and could never be demanded again. He had let her hands go, and sat looking intently down on the grass—his face half turned from her.

*To be continued.*

## AN ULSTER MAN ON THE IRISH LAND QUESTION.

BY JOHN HAMILTON, OF ST. ERNAN'S, DONEGAL.

IN entering upon the consideration of any important and complicated question, nothing is more necessary as a preliminary precaution than to clear the view from all obstructing ideas that have gained a position in the public mind, and which if not removed must cause an imperfect or a distorted conclusion.

That the Irish land question is both important and complicated none will deny; nor will any who have seriously, patiently, and laboriously given time and attention to the subject, dispute the fact that many ideas have got more or less rooted in the public mind which tend to becloud the question.

Nevertheless, writers on this matter of so great national moment have not seen the importance of considering these hindrances to a clear view, or have, it is to be feared, in some cases availed themselves of them in order to mystify readers, or to throw a false light upon the side of the question adopted by themselves.

Among the first of these erroneous and distorting ideas is that which represents Ireland as now under English rule and government, instead of the truth that England and Ireland are the United Kingdom, and that Ireland is no more under English rule than the north portion of England is under the rule of the southern part.

Notwithstanding this, it is too often the expression of parties who know better, that Ireland is under British rule. The idea is fostered by the expression, and is mischievous whether used carelessly by those who have no bad intention, or purposely by those who seek to irritate and to stir up the feelings and passions of their hearers against England. To those who have given attention to what has been going on in Ireland, it

cannot fail to be known that demagogues of both parties have too successfully availed themselves of this idea, which tends so seriously to confuse every Irish question.

True it is that Ireland was long under English rule, and bore for long a cruel and unjust yoke. And to forget or to deny this would be as fatal to any attempt to take a just view of any Irish question, as it would be to suppose that yoke still on the neck of Ireland.

But neither must it be forgotten that the sore neck is not healed as soon as the galling yoke is removed; indeed it is not apparently forgotten—rather it is to be feared that excessive application of soothing cures may keep the sore open. England so thoroughly feels and acknowledges the ancient wrongs to the Irish portion of the kingdom, that it becomes those who maturely consider the case and really love Ireland to urge patient caution in administering cures, and to point out that wholesome diet is more needed than actual medicine, whether outward or inward, to promote the healing of the wound and a general healthy tone.

Then there occurs another erroneous idea, which has a good deal of relation to that which has been noted. The Irish character is supposed to be essentially Celtic, and Celtic is supposed to mean improvident, excitable, &c.

Now it is true that Celtic blood does prevail in a great part of Ireland, and in a certain sense and degree the Celt is very excitable; but his improvident habits, and some other qualities which have an unfavourable influence in his character, are much more the effect of generations of oppression and persecution than of race.

But a remarkable fact must strike any real inquirer into Ireland's present con-

dition, which is, that the most active and stirring people of all parties are for the most part, as their names will generally prove, either not Celtic at all, or have a large mixture of blood from England and Scotland. There is, as it were, more "steam up" in them; and, according to the guiding influence, they go either on one side or the other, active in industrious content or in discontented agitation. Whereas the Celt is more ready to be contented with his condition, if it be at all tolerable, or to try to render it bearable if intolerable, and to seek refuge from oppression by yielding the ground where the sterner Saxon holds on. Thus the Celtic population are found driven into the mountain districts, where they often contrive to live in a sort of untidy comfort, which to English eyes looks utterly uncomfortable.

It is no disparagement to the part of the population which is of British or of mixed blood, to say that they are the most discontented, or rather that the most actively discontented are of that sort; for to be contented with a low state of life is a great evil. And it is invariably found that while a kind of apathetic acquiescence in a degraded condition is a characteristic of almost hopeless degradation, a discontent which often in its ignorance takes very wrong methods for its relief and satisfaction, betokens a revival of progress towards a better state.

If in some respects it is unfortunate that violent action has characterised the means by which Ireland's improved position has been won, there is, nevertheless, a redeeming element in the fact that freedom won is much more likely to be worthily used by those who gain it, than freedom bestowed could be by those who submit to tyranny without a struggle. And if in the struggle undue violence has occurred, while it is so far unjustifiable in those who use it, it is, nevertheless, perhaps as much to the blame of those whose conduct provoked it. The history of British liberty contains many a story of unruly outbreaks on

the part of the oppressed. It also teaches those who would govern for a people's welfare, many a lesson, both as to the wrong and futility of resisting the progress of a people in the road of freedom, and as to the wrong and folly of granting undue and unjust favours to mere popular agitation, created not for the people's welfare, but for the agitators' selfish purposes.

Far-sighted was the wisdom and generous the feeling which suggested the plan of making Ireland an integral part of one kingdom with England and Scotland. But wise and generous as this might be, there were adverse winds and counteracting currents to meet and to overcome; and the union, however decreed by acts of legislature, is imperfect as long as a spirit of distrust and hostility prevails between the parties to be united. To stir up and maintain this spirit in Ireland towards England has been, and is, the work of a considerable party, some of whom find, or expect to find, profit or fame by fishing in troubled waters, and whose occupation would be gone were Ireland tolerably satisfied and quiet; while others, less selfish but also less discerning, fancying that Ireland would flourish as an independent country, are wrought upon more by the sad and stirring remembrances of her wrongs and sorrows in times past, than by a sober and well-judging anticipation of her prosperity in days to come.

It is the game of the first of these parties, and the principle of the second, to keep alive the feeling of disaffection and hostility; and most ingenious is the recklessness, and most reckless the ingenuity, with which these agitators have pressed into their service every available object, religious, political, and social.

If the religious grievances complained of were real, the removal of those grievances has been also real; and with few exceptions the educated and respectable, both of the clergy and laity, among those who formerly suffered under the oppressive penal code, now feel that they have really more freedom in the



United Kingdom than they would enjoy in any other European State. Still the sense of past wrongs rankles, and the knowledge of present justice is very perfect in the mind of the multitude, and this is taken advantage of by trading agitators.

However, the religious and political freedom gained by all parties having in a great degree taken the wind out of the sails of the agitators, they have been driven to attempt to get up a gale on the social side; and the Land question offers a tempting occasion and suitable for their purpose: all the more so because the English press has been in the habit of publishing sensational accounts of Irish agrarian atrocity, so as to produce a prevalent idea that the rule in that country is wrong from the powerful landlord, responded to by assassination on the part of the injured tenantry: which is as just as if the character of England were to be judged of by the police reports. However, these sensational stories contain truth enough to encourage the agitators to make the Land question a weapon of offence; and this they do by stirring up the people to expect and demand what their misleaders well know they cannot get, and so their dissatisfaction and disaffection will be kept up or increased. A favouring breeze is still further raised for them by those violent opposers of the late legislation on the Established Church, who suggested, and still suggest, that those to whom they do not shun to impute the lowest religious and political depravity may probably go the whole length of satisfying the cry for spoliation raised by ignorant multitudes, instigated by designing or fanatical agitators and demagogues.

One of the worst consequences which could follow these mischievous efforts would be the hindering of such legislation in the approaching session of Parliament as shall take away all just reproach of unfairness in the law of landlord and tenant.

Three principal heads occur, under which may be ranged most, if not all of the unreasonable and of the reasonable

claims for any new legislation on the subject of the tenure of land.

1. And first, the most unreasonable and most impossible proposal regards the title of the present possessors being founded merely upon the right of conquest or confiscation. What people ever did approve, or could be expected to approve of or assent to, the seizure of their lands by conquerors, whether they considered the conquered as natural enemies or as rebellious subjects? Do those who pretend to, set up the rights of the previous possessors, from whom the land was taken a few centuries ago, pretend also that these rights were approved and assented to by those from whom they had forcibly been taken not so very long before? They for whom the plea of former possession is urged could bring no title but that of conquest or confiscation.

And if they could overthrow the title of present proprietors in favour of the previous owners, where are the representatives of these to be found? There would no doubt be hundreds of claimants ready to tear each other to pieces, but sufficient proof of individual claims would be impossible to legalize a title. And if it were possible, and a new set of owners were put into possession of every estate, would the question of the tenure by the tenants be solved?

No sane man of educated mind has for a moment any serious idea that this visionary scheme can be so much as considered in Parliament: but it has a popular currency, and therefore must not be ignored in studying the Land question in its relation to the quieting of the agitation so baneful to Ireland, and through her to England also. The progress of education, and the experience of impartial legislation strongly and impartially supported, will gradually convince all of the folly and injustice of the idea of undoing the work of former conquests, and of upsetting titles sanctioned by long lawful possession.

2. Next comes the claim, urged with less appeal to romantic feelings, but ad-

dressing itself more closely home to every occupying tenant's interests—the claim, namely, of the occupier to the full and whole improved value of the land; and what is called fixity of tenure.

If, in some respects, property in land is to be looked upon and dealt with by the national Legislature like other property, there is nevertheless one important peculiarity in it which, without diminishing its characteristic nature as essentially real property, yet requires for the public welfare a kind of legislative interference not required, perhaps not admissible, in the case of any other possession.

The peculiarity alluded to is this, that in very many cases the person who deals with the proprietor and becomes the tenant under a written or verbal agreement for a longer or a shorter term, makes a home upon the land rented from the landlord. Thus he not only becomes attached to the house and the occupied land with a natural and strong home feeling, but by settling himself and his family there, it is generally both disadvantageous and painful to be obliged to remove when his own circumstances are unfavourable to removal; and, further, it is a benefit to the community that occupiers of tenements should be able to make themselves so comfortable and contented that they have an interest in supporting the laws and customs which favour the well-being of the people.

The Legislature has, and habitually uses, the power of interfering with the use a proprietor makes of landed property, when the public welfare requires it, even against the will of the owner if it should run counter to the general good. A road, or railway, is made through his land, and compensation is given; his house is demolished for the improvement of a street, and the value is paid to him; but he has no choice left, he must submit. The only question is, whether this extra ordinary interference with the ordinary freedom of each to do what he will with his own is really for the public good, and that in so great a degree as

to justify an interference which demands a very great and obvious cause; for this kind of interference with an owner's choice as to the use of his own, unless it be so plainly essential to the general good as to justify the act, would tend directly to cramp and fetter all that productive energy, and to drive away that capital the free use of which is essential to the welfare of any people. And if any legislation is applied to the Irish Land question which will not fully bear trial by this test, not Ireland only, but the United Kingdom must suffer by it; and it must also fail of its particular purpose.

The strength and prosperity of a country must depend upon the strength and support of its people. This strength may be made to support a country by a system of serfdom and slavery, in which the masses are kept in degraded servitude, and forced to submit to the laws and to do the will of their master or masters; as was, and is, the case in many countries—in some even where a considerable degree of education prevails, and a kind of national liberty which is taken for the liberty of the people, because the nation is not under the sway of any other nation. But a system of open or occult slavery or serfdom will not do in any part of the United Kingdom. England has struggled too far into the realms of freedom for that, and England's past experiences may avail much to teach her how to help her sister, and to lead her to sympathise with her struggles; and the same may avail also to teach Ireland how sure success is where the aim is reasonable and the effort consistent with justice.

To make the mass of the Irish people such that their interest and inclination shall be to support the laws and give their strength to the welfare of the Empire is the desideratum. And to this end they must be rendered as contented as a progressing people can be.

This will never be attained or approached by concessions to unreasonable demands, or without concession of reasonable requirements, whether demanded or not.

Partly from their peculiar habits, partly from their peculiar circumstances, especially where farms are small, and partly perhaps from the peculiarity of race, the Irish peasantry are peculiarly attached to their homes. To devise a plan by which the law may protect this attachment without injustice is the question which must tax both the ingenuity and the wisdom of statesmen; who may be sure that those whose occupation would cease if the Irish were contented and quiet will exert every effort to prevent the success of any plan likely to be so ruinous to their game.

The number of those who try to keep Ireland in disquiet is probably not very large; but they are an active, stirring body, watchful to take every advantage. They keep before the people's minds the deceptive and flattering ideas of restoration of conquered or forfeited lands; or, at least, such fixity of tenure and smallness of rent as would naturally please the occupiers—in fact, a valuable property without purchase.

3. Meanwhile the reasonable, feasible plan, which would really satisfy if unreasonable expectations were not kept alive, is cried down or kept out of sight: such a plan of legislation as would secure to the improving tenant the due advantage of his labour and expenditure, and prevent the poor occupier from being cruelly unhoused and rendered homeless by compulsory eviction or excessive rent.

At first it may seem no very difficult task to draw up a plan for legislation which would secure such simple and desirable results; but—speaking from the experience of one who has considered and consulted upon the subject for years—it is asserted that in proportion as a practical result is approached the difficulties become more and more obvious.

Where there is supposed on the one hand a landlord who is not an unfair or cruel man, and on the other a tenant who is neither a rogue nor a fool, legislation is indeed easy; nay, where the

above holds good on one side there would be little difficulty.

The following conversation took place in the hearing of the writer at the meeting of a board of guardians in the north of Ireland between two farmers:—

*First Farmer.* “I am surprised you did not vote for Mr. — at the election.”

*Second Farmer.* “Why should I?”

*First Farmer.* “Oh, he was a tenant-right man.”

*Second Farmer.* “What do you understand by that?”

*First Farmer.* “Why, one that would stand up for us, and let no landlord take any advantage of us. That's the friend, I say, we want.”

*Second Farmer.* “Now, do you know I have a friend that always stands up for me, and will never let any landlord take advantage of me if he was to try?”

*First Farmer.* “And where do you find such a friend?”

*Second Farmer.* “I'll tell you that—whenever I want him I find him standing on my own shanks.”

*First Farmer.* “How's that?”

*Second Farmer.* “I hold land under two landlords: one gives me a lease, so that what I lay out will repay me long enough before the lease is out, and the other gives me no lease, so I lay out no money on improvements there; and I pay my rent to both, and would defy them if they tried to hurt me; but they don't, they are too wise for that if they even wished it.”

Here, in Ulster, the system of tenant-right gives almost absolute security to the tenant, and though it has no foundation in law, it has so strong a support in public opinion and in equity that it can hardly be broken through.

It is true it does not necessarily imply payment for improvements made at the tenant's cost, because tenant-right exists where no improvements have been made, and is simply a right to take from the in-coming tenant, for the out-going, as much as the former will give to get into the same occupation of the land as the latter enjoyed.



The system works well upon the whole, though it has its disadvantages, for it makes it difficult to consolidate very small holdings, so as to make possible any considerable agricultural improvements by the owner; but, considering the state of the present occupiers, even this is no unmixed evil. Rapid improvements imply, not in Ireland only, extensive clearing of the land where a dense population exists, and generally this implies great misery to many, and the misery of people is worse than the bad cultivation of the soil.

Under the tenant-right system, however, a gradual consolidation of small holdings may and does go on, the adjoining tenant being generally willing, when he is able, to give more than another for the possession.

Even when a tenant is turned out for non-payment of rent, he has a right to sell: the landlord having the acknowledged right to object to the purchase by a tenant whom he has any reason to disapprove of; and also having the option of taking the land himself at the price offered.

The first thing done with the purchase-money is to clear off any rent due. The in-coming tenant takes care of that; so that the result is, taking the case of a small holding at a rent of ten pounds, and supposing the tenant to owe two years' rent, that he probably sells for a hundred pounds; twenty pounds clears the rent due, and he has eighty pounds to enable him to emigrate, or otherwise provide for himself and his family.

It is but just that this should be allowed by the landlord: first, because the tenant who sells out, or his fathers, presumably, were suffered to buy in upon the belief that their tenant-right would be respected; and secondly, because the landlord, in very many instances, got an arrear of rent paid out of the purchase-money which the defaulting out-goer could not have cleared.

It may seem that this system must hinder the new occupier from prospering, as it deprives him of what to him is a large sum, often of all his money, and sometimes he incurs a debt to enable

him to purchase; but experience shows that a man who invests his capital thus is generally determined to make it a success. He has often gathered by industry and self-denial a good deal of money, and he sets himself to succeed with redoubled energy: your Irish peasant is not without a mainspring of both determination and energy; the consequence is he almost always succeeds, and the writer has not seldom known a man who gave more than his all for the tenant-right of a little farm, in a few years to have brought it into good order, to have paid his rent punctually, to have lived in what he considered comfort, and to have enough cash in the bank to buy another tenant-right of double the price when one is offered beside him.

It would not, perhaps, be very difficult to frame an Act making tenant-right legal, at least where it exists as a usage; but it is another question where it has not existence. In Ulster there is the custom, and so people are ready to buy the right to come into the previous occupier's place though he may be rented up to the full value of his holding; and if the occupiers had a legal right to sell, customers are to be had. This would hardly be the case in other parts, especially as the landlord's veto would be a necessary part of the legal transaction, or else a beggar might be forced upon him. Still, in other provinces, if tenant-right were made legal, it might become popular and might give satisfaction.

The recovery of the unexhausted cost of improvement is certainly a justice, but the manner and extent might render it most unjust.

On the one hand, it would be unjust to give the tenant a claim for compensation for improvements which had during his tenure repaid the outlay, interest, and principal, and a good sum beyond this.

On the other hand, it should be considered how far the value of the holding is increased by the improvement, and the natural facilities be taken into the account.

But any plan that would tend to

written agreements on all these things would greatly smooth matters between landlord and tenant; and if it were enacted that failing any such document the landlord should not turn out the tenant nor raise his rent without compensation for his improvements, it would be in the power of each to defend his interests, provided it were made compulsory on the tenant to take a lease if offered to him.

These two—legalizing the tenant-right and securing to the improving tenant the advantage of his outlay—would give a degree of fixity of tenure as great, perhaps, as law can give.

For if the law were to give the tenant a real permanent estate in the land, this would be available security for money borrowed, and would often be so used, which implies a power given by the occupier to the creditor to take possession and turn him out: a power much more likely to be exercised by the money-lender than by any landlord.

Indeed, such is the confidence of the tenants in Ulster in the permanent value of tenant-right as it is—unprotected by law, but protected by such strength of public opinion that it would be very difficult to break through a system the breach of which would be so iniquitous—that it is doubtful if an Act which, by making it legal, brought it within the grasp of ordinary creditors, would be received as a boon.

It is often suggested that it is an evil that the buildings and other permanent improvements are not done in Ireland, as in England, by the landlords.

Where the holdings are small there are several reasons in favour of these being done by the tenant, some of which shall be mentioned.

There would be great difficulty in looking after the works, and still more after the keeping them in proper condition, where the holdings are so numerous; this would greatly increase both the expense of the owner, and, as a consequence, the rent of the occupier.

Again, the very small farmer can put up such buildings as he requires at very small cost, using his own labour and that of his family, and can gradually do a vast deal to improve a small farm; and he would much prefer this to paying an increased rent to reimburse the landlord for his outlay.

There would also be continual dispute or litigation as to the keeping in repair. The tenants of cottages would never give notice of the beginnings of dilapidations, and if not wilfully, yet carelessly, would let things go too far, which would cost the landlord twenty-fold more than the tenant to keep up, and must yet be taken into account at their actual cost, as experience would teach the owner to calculate.

In localities where holdings are small the buildings are best and most satisfactorily done by the tenants, not excluding voluntary aid often given by the landlord. But the enjoyment of these improvements should be secured by lease or by law.

In conclusion, the writer, whose intercourse with the people of Ulster has been constant for the length of a long life, would observe, that the Irish are peculiarly sensitive and susceptible to both kindness and justice, and have so keen a sense of the latter, that even where severity is used, if the sufferer has had justice, and if there be not flagrant want of feeling in the execution of justice, the sense of the multitude will be with the party who have justice on their side, though they may pity the sufferer. And also, that there is not that deficiency which seems to be supposed of tenants, honest manly Irishmen, who have efficient friends to protect them, "standing upon their own shanks," who look a landlord in the face like men, and are ready to give him the right hand like friends. These are the men to encourage; they may make little noise, but their quiet whisper is worthy of more attention than the shout of a thousand professional agitators.

## MORNING CALLS ON THE MUNICH POLICE.

WE had taken up our abode in Munich with a view to study. We were a party of single women; "unprotected," all six of us. But we had not been long in Maximilien-strasse before we found out that "unprotected" is an epithet totally inapplicable to single women living under the paternal Government of Bavaria. From the instant in which we gave up our passport at the Polizei, receiving in exchange the *Aufenthaltskarte* (permission to reside), we were under the protection of Government. From that time till we had passed the frontier, it was the business of the Polizei Herrn to take care of us. The Polizei Herrn knew their business, and I am bound to say they did take care of us, just as if we had been born daughters of Bavaria.

The paternal Government interferes a good deal with its children, of course,— "it is its nature to." It cannot imagine that the children may be grown up and able to dispense with leading-strings. If there is a tendency on the children's part to break certain articles of the code—and even loyal Bavarians transgress sometimes—instead of relaxing, it keeps a sharper look-out, and adds a few more articles to the sum of those which the children ought to keep inviolate, and do not. Nevertheless, with all its fussiness and interference, it does afford most substantial protection. My first morning call on the Polizei Herrn was made under the following circumstances:—We had agreed with our Hausfrau to furnish us lodging, cooking, and attendance for a certain sum, to be paid monthly. For a few days all went on smoothly. It is true that, in spite of orders to the contrary, our beet-root salad did daily appear heavily besprinkled with caraway seed,—true also that the bread was always full of aniseed; but the comic side of these small miseries

was generally uppermost. It was impossible to help laughing when we were told every day that anise and caraway were wholesome (*gesund*), that that was the reason why Germans ate them, and that unless we did as Germans did, we should very soon become *ungesund*. We were sincerely pitied,—it was considered more our misfortune than our fault that we could not thrive on food flavoured with these aromatic seeds.

There was another grievance, of which the comic side was not always uppermost. Every morning, whether we liked it or not, our Hausfrau had the floors of our rooms flooded with water like a ship's deck. We were strange folk, unused to German Hausfrau ways, but that was not any matter of concern to our landlady; she had simply to carry out her system. But when, one bitterly cold morning, we rose *en masse*, and sent the maid off with her pail and mop, our Hausfrau thought herself the aggrieved party. It was clear we could not be ladies. We must be Jews. No ladies would object to having their rooms washed out daily. Being Jews it was not necessary to keep faith with us. The day after we were startled by an announcement that we must pay extra for attendance, we were too many, we gave too much trouble. We told the Frau she must abide by the arrangement made when we took the rooms. It did not signify, she answered coolly; we were too many. It was useless to remind her that we were neither more nor less in number than on the day we entered. "Will you have your rooms washed out to-day?" she asked as she was leaving the sitting-room. This was an ultimatum. "No, we won't," was the unanimous reply.

Next morning we found to our dismay that there was not a drop of



water to be had. A lymphatic young woman, Rikey by name, appeared in answer to our repeated ringing. I believe that Rikey must have been second cousin to the Fat Boy. Even when most wide-awake she looked as if she were on the verge of slumber. "Why," we inquired, in very poetic German, for we were well acquainted with Schiller and Goethe, "why were we deprived of our beloved tubs on this frosty morning? And what did the Frau mean by leaving the jugs and water-bottles dry?"

"Ja," Rikey answered, with her slow grin; "the Frau says that if you pay not extra for attendance, you shall have neither water, nor milk, nor coffee. She has locked up the kitchen, she has forbidden me to attend on you. She says you are not ladies, but Jews. I know better, though, for I have seen you eat sausage."

Should we submit to the extortion? The question was discussed in solemn conclave by six shivering, untubbed, hungry souls, before the unlit drawing-room stove on a frosty November morning. Rikey came and made one of the circle; she had had her breakfast, and felt compassionately towards us, unwilling abstainers from coffee and hot rolls. Why did we not go to the Polizei? she suggested. We had done nothing wrong; we had our *Aufenthaltskarte*; we were already paying twice as much money for the rooms as any other foreigners, let alone Germans, would have paid. The Polizei gentlemen were very nice, they would be sure not to be rough (*grob*) with us, it was so evident that we were strangers. We could speak German, certainly, after a fashion, but we knew no word of Bairisch. In that respect we were lamentably backward, else we should never have taken it so quietly when the Frau, in her anger because we refused to have our rooms washed out daily, called us a *Judenschule*. Had she dared say such a thing to Germans, they would have complained instantly to the police. Why did we not go and complain too? "I will go with you," said Rikey;

"doubtless you will not be able to explain everything as you wish, but if I am by I can speak for you; I am not afraid of the Polizei Herrn, I have always had good characters written in my service-book."

Had there been a chance of English publicity, we should have paid anything our Hausfrau pleased to ask rather than enter a police-station. But we knew well enough that the Munich *Tagesanzeiger*, a newspaper consisting of about eight sheets of good-sized note paper, had no room in it for police reports, unless of the kind belonging to the *causes célèbres*. So we set off, I, the eldest, and S. the tallest of the party, with Rikey to back us. We entered the Polizei, a large, ugly, barrack-like building, with a wide door, a wide staircase, and many long branching corridors, up and down which crowds were hurrying: soldiers, clerks, students, work-people, maid-servants; most of them, especially the last, with little books in their hands. On the various doors along the corridors were inscribed the names of the different officers: Mr. Passport-receiver, Mr. Under-commissary of something or other, Mr. Over-commissary of the same, and so forth. From one room to another we went, each more stuffy than the last; and when for the sixth time we were turned away, after telling our story to the sixth unkempt Herr Commisär in shabby blue uniform, we began to despair. It was not his department, was the invariable answer. We suggested to Rikey, that perhaps there was no department for a grievance such as ours. "We will just go from door to door," said Rikey. "There are some dozens of them, but with patience we must hit upon the right door and the right Herr Commisär at last." At the very next attempt we lighted upon an old Herr Commisär, who not only understood French, but spoke it in the courtly accents of the old régime. His manner was as courtly as his speech. Our case was not in his department, but he would accompany us to the room of the Herr Commisär whose duty it was to look into cases of

dispute between landlord and tenant. We went back to the room from which we had just before been turned away. My tongue was unloosed, and I stated my case fully, the French-speaking Polizei Herr translating to the three or four Polizei gentlemen who came round. Then a loud Bairisch palaver ensued. Rikey was called aside and questioned privately. The Herr Commisär whose business it was to affix the Polizei stamp to servants' character-books on their entering and quitting a service was called, and deposed to Rikey's respectability. The French-speaking Herr Commisär went away, but presently returned with a Herr Ober-commisär, whose hair and uniform bore some signs of brushing. Herr Ober-commisär glanced at us, heard what Rikey had to say, then desired me to speak, and when I had finished, told me to take a seat on the sofa at the upper end of the room, and wait. Rikey whispered that a police-agent had been sent for the Hausfrau. In about twenty minutes she came—Justice must have had wings that morning—the police-agent walked her up in a panting state to the table behind which the Herr Ober-commisär had ensconced himself. Questions followed, sharp and quick, to which she gave almost inaudible answers. Then did the Herr Ober-commisär, leaning with both hands on the table, stigmatize her conduct as *abscheulich*, *schändlich*, with a dozen other qualificatives ending in *ich*. For the space of five minutes did he thunder at her in vigorous Bairisch. We, sitting on our sofa in the place of honour, heard it all, though understanding little. It sounded very *bearish*, this Bairisch dialect, in the mouth of Justice. When the Hausfrau had been sufficiently admonished, she was let go, and the Herr Ober-commisär came out from behind his table and addressed himself to us. It was explained (with the assistance of the French-speaking Herr Commisär) that we were at liberty to consider our agreement cancelled, and to seek another lodging as soon as we pleased. "You are strangers; you do not know the

customs of the country. When the woman asked you for earnest-money on the day you took the rooms, you gave her a napoleon instead of a six-kreutzer-piece. Thus her cupidity was excited. You were paying so much already, that she thought she might easily make you pay more."

Our next Hausfrau was a snuffy, smoky old soul, Mrs. Doorkeeper-of-the-Reading-room's widow Hinkofer, as she signed herself in receipts for rent. Twice I made a morning call with her at the Polizei, once in the character of defendant. Our student party contained two young ladies, who practised all day long by turns. From eight to nine in the evening was our recreation time. Kalkbrenner and Cramer and Czerny were thrown aside, grammars and dictionaries were shut up, and we sang glees and ballads, and told stories, till bedtime. But two old gentlemen lived in the house, a Herr Rath above, and a Herr Geheimrath below, and they resolved to stop us. So they used to knock—the Rath who lived above knocked down, and the Geheimrath who lived below knocked up—every evening. We took no notice. We thought ourselves quiet and orderly. We never came home at one in the morning, and threw top-boots about, like the Herr Student who lived on the third flat. We worked hard all day, never going out except for church, the opera, and the daily "constitutional." Herr Geheimrath, finding his rappings disregarded, sent us a peremptory message to stop our music. He was annoyed by the constant daily practising, and if it continued he should complain at the Polizei.

We sent for Frau Hinkofer, and represented that if the practising and singing were stopped we must find apartments elsewhere. "The Herr Geheimrath's arrogance is not to be borne," said she. "Let us go to the Polizei and complain of him." And off we went. There was the usual stuffy room with a great stove in one corner, and a shabby Herr Commisär seated at a desk near the window. Frau Hinkofer was spoken

woman. We were quite well-behaved ladies, pious souls (*fromme Seele*), who knew not a creature (*kein Mensch*), but were entirely devoted to study. "They live in the midst of their plaster casts and their books," said she. "One spends hours at her easel; the other lives and dies for her piano. They live like a nest of doves. You never hear quarrelling, you never see them idle. What will become of me, Herr Commisär, if nice quiet ladies are forced to leave me because the Herr Geheimrath on the first floor does not like to hear scales practised? The bread will be taken out of my mouth, for the season is far advanced, and all the Kammer-Herrn have taken rooms for the term."

Herr Commisär ruled that we were not to begin scale-practising before six in the morning, nor to continue after nine at night. The opera was always over by nine, and no musical performance need be later than the opera. "See you keep to that," said he, "and if the Herr Geheimrath knocks up again send him to me."

The next call I made at the Polizei was in answer to a summons. I had forgotten to renew the *Aufenthaltskarte* at the expiration of our year of residence. Frau Hinkofer had a summons too, and we went to the Polizei together, she shaking in her shoes, fearing imprisonment. The Herrn were very strict, especially since the Poles had been making such a fuss. The Government was not going to allow any Poles to get to the frontier, for fear of offending the other Powers. In consequence, the Polizei gentlemen were smelling Poles everywhere, and would assuredly send her to prison for neglecting to tell of my neglect. The old Frau, however, did not lose her wits. She had plenty to say to the Herr Commisär. The ladies, dear, good, pious souls, had not been aware of the regulation, they had not transgressed purposely, they were orderly people, living in Munich for the sake of its educational advantages; they lived and died for their piano; and so forth. The *Aufenthaltskarte* neverthe-

less bore printed very plainly on its back the necessity of renewal at the expiration of the term for which it was taken, objected the Herr Commisär severely. "You have been in Munich a year, and you ought to have learnt German by this time?" I said quite meekly that I had put the *Aufenthaltskarte* away in my desk, and forgotten all about it. If there was a fine, I was quite ready to pay it. There was a fine. Herr Commisär had no doubt that my transgression was inadvertent, but he had no option: the law respecting *Aufenthaltskarten* was very strict. The fine was twenty-four kreutzers. For the second offence it would be doubled or trebled at discretion. I paid my eightpence with a grave face, and promised to mind next time.

"I am glad to be out," said Frau Hinkofer as we walked up the street. "I made sure they would give me two days' prison. And it is only your being English ladies that has saved me. If you had been Poles, I should now be on my way to the lock-up. But what can the Polizei gentlemen do? They have to obey the law as well as you and I."

"Why," I asked myself, "should my old Hausfrau be seized with such a sudden terror of these benignant Polizei Herrn who had so regretfully fined me eightpence? What had she been doing? She must have been breaking one of the hundred thousand articles of the Bavarian code." I soon found out which.

There was a long passage to the left of our set of rooms, at the end of which was a room, sometimes vacant, sometimes let to a Kammer-Herr. But Frau Hinkofer was very particular as to her lodger. He must be *fromm* (quiet, orderly); not of the sort that throw top-boots about in the small hours of the night. The room consequently was almost always vacant. Once or twice during Carnival time we had heard sounds as of some one singing with the pillow in his mouth; but the occupant of the room, when he did occupy it, was usually past singing. After Carnival time, a deep silence settled over that end of the house. Probably the soli-



tary Kammer-Herr found himself unable to pay his rent, and had betaken himself to a friend's room for lodging and cheerfulness. After an interval of silence, sounds again began to proceed from the farther end of the long passage. Sometimes it was a dance tune, but generally there was nothing more distinct than the mournful, long-drawn squeak of a violin. We began to speculate on the unknown violin-player. Was he in love? Was he homesick? It was beyond all precedent for a Herr Student to remain, day after day, all day long in his room, playing sadly on his violin.

Then, after many days, came a day of dead silence. Supposing the violinist to have taken his departure like the few Kammer-Herrn who had preceded him, we questioned our Hausfrau when she came in with the glass mugs of foaming beer for our supper-table, as to what manner of man this was, whom for the last fortnight and more we had heard playing snatches of tunes in his room at hours when all other Herrn Studenten were either trooping to the University for lecture, or to Wirthshaus and Gasthaus for meals.

"Gracious ladies!" said the old woman, "I don't know whether I dare tell you." And then she told us all. The violinist was neither lovesick nor homesick, but starving. More than a fortnight before he had engaged the room for two nights; he was a Pole, he had come from Naples and was hastening back to his country. Then had come an order from Government to prevent Poles crossing the frontier. Those who had reached it were turned back, those who were at Munich were prevented from moving on. Many of these wretched creatures had passports which, it was clear, did not belong to them. In nearly every case, they possessed enough money to take them to the Polish frontier, and no more. Once across that frontier they were at home; each man's purse and house were at the service of him who lacked money and shelter.

But since the promulgation of this order, Munich had become literally swamped with Poles. Their compatriots

settled in the town had done and were doing what they could, but they were mostly poor men, striving hard to keep body and soul together by the exercise of some trade. "A difficult matter this," observed Frau Hinkofer, "for we Bavarians do not like to see strangers working among us; there are quite enough native workmen for the size of the land yet, thank God!"

Poor as these Poles were, however, it was to be said to their praise that the little they had was divided freely with their countrymen. One Pole, a watchmaker, rather better off than most of them—for he had two rooms besides his shop—had taken thirty of the most destitute to lodge with him. They slept on the floor of one room on straw, and he with the help of some others poorer than himself had managed for the last fortnight to provide them with one meal daily. They were a well-behaved, respectable set of men, and merry withal, said the old Frau. They must have indeed stout hearts, warm with the love of Fatherland, to be merry on one meal a day. Why, Bavarians had a meal or a snack every four hours! And the spring of 1863 was a severe one; the mercury froze still, if we put the thermometer outside the window after nightfall, just as if it were January instead of the beginning of March. Why did not this Kammer-Herr get his daily meal like the rest? we asked.

The gracious ladies must understand that this man was not one of the common herd, but quite a lordly gentleman. You might see that by the shape of his nose and by the way he entered a room, also by the courteous way in which he addressed a *Frauenzimmer* (woman), even a poor widow woman like herself. It went doubtless to his heart to eat his poor countrymen's bread. And there were so many to be fed besides himself,—so many, who had not even the daily meal! He had paid for the two first nights' lodging, and she had expected to see no more of him. As it was but for two nights, she had not asked for his passport. Over forty-eight hours a Miinchener dares not keep friend or

lodger in his house without notification at the Polizei and presentation of the passport. Frau Hinkofer had broken the law, and was breaking it daily. The Pole had come back, entreating her to take him in. He had been sent back when already half-way to the frontier. She knew the Polizei had begun to look on the Poles and those who harboured them with an evil eye, but she had not the heart to refuse him the shelter of the empty room. The Paris committee had been communicated with; he and the rest must wait and hope that something would turn up. They had waited, and nothing seemed to turn up. He had had scarcely any luggage with him, and that little had disappeared. He was of course bound to share his last kreutzer with his countrymen. There was only his violin left; she supposed that would go next. Perhaps indeed it had gone. Two nights ago he had come in to warm himself by their fire. She and Karoline were eating their supper. He only looked round once, but it was with such starving eyes that Karoline, instead of finishing up her portion of *nudeln* (a sort of spiced dumpling), put it hastily on a clean plate, and begged him to eat it. "*Ach, mein lieber Gott!*" it went to my inmost heart to see that grand-mannered handsome man—Herr Capitän they call him—devour the *nudel* like a hungry wild beast."

For that night, at least, we went supperless to bed. It was impossible to eat, with the new knowledge that a starving fellow-creature had been so very close to us all these days, while we had eaten and drunk and taken no thought for the morrow, beyond ordering the morrow's dinner.

We fed our Pole by the hands of Frau Hinkofer till the time came for us to leave Munich. With some difficulty I succeeded in interesting a Munich lady so far on his behalf, that she promised me not to let him starve. Munich was the worst place at which the poor Poles could have been brought to a standstill, for very many of them had been with Garibaldi, and, as the Pope's army is largely composed of Bavarians, it is not

wonderful that the popular feeling should be dead against Garibaldi. I was once asked by a lady with bated breath, whether it was really true that Garibaldi did not believe in Christ! "Our" Pole would have had small hold on this lady's sympathies, for he had lost two fingers while serving under Garibaldi. The one who promised me not to let him starve was a strong-minded woman, well enough off not to fear the ill-will of the Polizei, and free-thinker enough to believe that the Holy Father would not wish even Garibaldi's followers to starve. Nevertheless, it must have been a relief to her mind when the Pole, with the rest of his countrymen, was finally disposed of somewhere out of Munich.

There is another curious instance of meddlesomeness in the law which forbids a medical man to practise where he sees fit, unless the Polizei Herr see fit also. The town is divided into districts: each district has its fixed number of medical men, according to the population, of which there are stated returns. But, granted permission to kill and cure in a certain quarter, that is not all. The physician may not take a house too near his fellow-practitioners. He may neither set up next door, nor opposite, nor in the same street; the Polizei Herr step in and measure distances, and point out the streets in which he may choose his dwelling. If he object to the streets pointed out, they are mildly inexorable. Such is the law, they have no option: either those streets, Herr Doctor, or none.

Other stringent regulations there are: some vexatious, like the last-mentioned, others full of sound sense. Of all the sensible ones, perhaps the most sensible is that respecting the clearing away of snow. In Munich, where the snow season may begin any day in December and continue to the end of March or even later, such an event as a block-up is unknown. Every householder is bound to do his part, either personally or by proxy, towards preventing the snow from becoming an impediment. Doorways must be cleared, pavements swept. Woe to the Hausmeister (porter) before whose door last night's snow lies

after eight o'clock. Not only must the fresh snow be swept off, but that which has been trodden down by foot passengers into muddy ice must be chipped from time to time, at least once in the twenty-four hours, to obviate the accidents which might otherwise occur. From town to country there is a clean, hard side path on which even the aged may walk in safety. One day I was taking my walk a mile or so beyond the Ludwig's Thor, on this beaten side path, and wondering, as I looked on at the long never-ending straight line in front of me, how the roadmakers liked their cold morning's task of keeping the ice-path in order, when up came his Majesty King Ludwig. I had watched the old man walking down Ludwigstrasse when I set out; and had purposely taken the path on the right, he having taken the other, because else I must have stepped out of the track into the snow to make my curtsy. But King Ludwig had chosen to return by the opposite side of the road to that on which he had set out, so that my curtsy was not to be avoided. I went on slowly as soon as I perceived him, looking for a spot where the snow should be less piled up. I found a favourable place, stepped aside, and made my curtsy—in white soft snow about two and a half feet deep. The beaten ice lay at least a foot and a half above the gravel of the pathway. Off came the old King's hat. "There is quite enough room for us both, Fräulein," said he with his grand bow, as he passed swiftly on.

One more instance of the paternal interference. Is there a commoner complaint than that of the imposition practised on ladies by porters and cabmen? In England it is bad enough. In most parts of Italy it is too bad. Yet it is certainly not for want of a tariff. A tariff there is,—for every one to infringe, it would seem. In Munich there is a tariff, and if any man dare infringe there are the *Polizei Herrn*, ready with the dark closet and the twenty-four kreutzer fine. But I never met with a case of imposition. You hire a cab; if by the course, you pay twelve kreutzers

(fourpence), if by the hour forty-eight kreutzers. Cabby looks at his watch, and lets you see the hour, if you do not also pull out yours, that there may be no mistake. If it is a very cold day, and his hair and moustache are frozen, you may be sure he will not refuse a few kreutzers over and above his fare; but it is as much as his liberty is worth to ask for any.

*Packträger* (porters) have their *zettel*—slips of paper on which their number and the name of the district and company to which they belong are printed in neat characters. For each quarter of an hour employed in your service they give you one of these slips. No *packträger* would be so insane as to try to make his employer take a *zettel* too much; the first attempt at imposition would bring him under the *surveillance* of the ever-watchful police, the second would entail the loss of his character and place. Neither may the employer pay his *packträger* without receiving the *zettel*, one for every fifteen minutes. Each is bound by law, the one to give, the other to receive, the *zettel*. The first time I employed one of these men was when I had been trying to find the *Mariahilfe Kirche* and had lost my way. First of all he presented me with his number. Our walk finished, he pulled out these slips of printed paper and presented me with five of them. I paid him, and after a glance at the papers, let them without more ado drop on the pavement, and walked on. "Gracious madam!" cried the man, picking them up and hastening after me, "these are the *zettel*! You must keep them at least till you get home, and then you may burn them, but you must not leave them lying about in that way. Suppose they were to be picked by a false *packträger*! Or suppose a police agent saw them on the ground! There would be instant inquiry, and I might get into trouble." I took my five *zettel* and carried them home, feeling very small indeed. I kept them for a few days, for there was no knowing whether a police-agent had not seen me drop them, and whether he might not be coming to know the reason why.



## STUDY AND OPINION IN OXFORD.

No theories of unexplored lands or extinct civilizations are more contradictory than the current conceptions of the University of Oxford. It is sometimes spoken of as the peaceful seat of a learned and industrious society; more often, as the "earthly paradise" of the ignorant and idle. In politics it has been identified with the worst hide-bound Toryism from time immemorial; yet at the last election did not the *Times* make merry over the discomfiture of the "University Liberalism," which vainly contested Woodstock, Abingdon, Clitheroe, and half-a-dozen other places? So, again, in things religious or theological: Oxford is feared by some as the home, the birth-place, of Tractarianism; by others, as a hotbed of Rationalism, a sink to which all that is worst in German speculation has found its way. Some look to it for champions, others only for destroyers, of the Faith. The object of the present essay is to describe, with such light as the writer possesses, the actual state of the society in which so many contradictions exist; to characterise and estimate the force of the conflicting tendencies within it; and to inquire how far the University can rightly be described as a seat of secular and theological learning. We are not concerned with questions of re-organization or reform, nor with University studies in the abstract: rather, with the position of Oxford in relation to its own acknowledged aims, and to currents of thought which are moving, or have lately moved, the world outside.

In each of the most contradictory accounts of the University there is much truth; no society could be formed out of more directly conflicting elements. But

its motley and, at first sight, chaotic aspect appears natural enough if we go back a little way with its history. There are men still living who remember the University a homogeneous body, and who witnessed all the successive changes which, one after another, have added so many new colours that the old is now recognisable only as the dull and thread-bare ground of a lively pattern. At the end of the last century the colleges were close bodies; the boy who won or was nominated to a scholarship at fifteen succeeded a few years later to a fellowship in the same college without competition from outside; the scholarships were, with a few exceptions, attached to particular counties or schools; nothing, or next to nothing, was to be won by merit. There were no honour-lists, not more than two or three University prizes in the year; the examination for the degree was an absolute farce. The morality of the place seems to have been pretty well on a level with its studies; its political opinions could not fail, under the circumstances, to be Tory to the backbone. Here and there indeed were men of learning, as learning then was: they read the classics, they wrote Latin verses; some studied, or at any rate edited, the Fathers. But the University had long ceased to be a centre of intellectual life. It had lost the dialectical training of the Middle Ages, and had turned unsympathetically from the great philosophical movement that followed the Reformation. Nothing remained but the classics, and the classical interest had so shrivelled up that the instruction given pretended to nothing beyond mere schoolboy translation. Not till the year 1801 did reform begin.

An honour-list was then instituted; classical learning reappeared; something called Logic was taught and taken into "the schools"; books began to be written on other subjects than theology. Such names as Arnold, Milman, and Newman give an interest to the class-lists of this period (1800—1825); but the University of their boyhood was not that which claimed or disclaimed them in their later years. The love of knowledge had not yet penetrated Oxford; there was learning, but not the spirit of inquiry. Greek and Roman authors were read rather in a literary than historic or philosophical interest, and though with the increasing study of ancient writings it was impossible that the subjects of which they treated should long be ignored, yet the books written by the learned of that time give interesting evidence of the utter ignorance of both ancient and modern philosophy with which we had to make our fresh start. We owe too much to our predecessors to laugh at these early efforts; but what must have been the state of things in which Whately's Logic was welcomed as an epoch-making work? "So utterly had the "Aristotelian tradition perished in Oxford among the tutors, that it may be "questioned if in 1830 there was one "tutor, if we except Dr. Hampden, "who understood that philosophy as a "whole."<sup>1</sup> It is not necessary to trace the steps by which something bearing a resemblance to a philosophic habit of mind has made its way into the study of the "Literæ Humaniores," or to inquire how far it is due to Dr. Arnold and his Rugby pupils; how far to the general advance of knowledge in England, and the introduction of new books; how far to the genius and energy of a living professor, and the interest in German literature which he has awakened. The study of classical scholarship and logic, known by the name of "Literæ Humaniores," appears to have gradually expanded into speculation and rational

inquiry into the past. The transformation at present contemplated by Cambridge forced it almost imperceptibly upon Oxford, where it was so much more necessary on account of the absence of mathematical studies. Knowing nothing but Latin and Greek, and yet suspecting that nouns and verbs, grammars and lexicons, were not after all the only possible objects of interest to the human mind, we found nothing so open to us as ancient history and philosophy. But before any real insight into these subjects had become common, and before the liberal and scientific movement which founded the University of London had made itself felt in Oxford, Tractarianism burst upon us with the blind force of a movement at once reform and reaction, strong in the very contrast of the spirituality of its leader and the unreasoning excitement of the bulk of his clerical and undergraduate followers. Looking back upon the last twenty years, it is not easy to say whether learning has or has not been advanced by the extravagances of 1843;—whether the indirect good which they occasioned in stirring up men's minds and provoking controversy may not outweigh the manifold evils which the obstructive High Church party has never ceased to inflict upon the University. But as it is with the temporary influence of Tractarianism upon University studies during the years of its predominance that we are concerned, it is enough to say that it gathered up in the theological interest almost the whole intellectual force of Oxford; that everybody became a theologian; and that what was not theology, or could not be pressed into its service, was condemned. The completeness of the absorption is shown in some portentous relics of the literature of the day, especially in the early works of men who have since delivered their souls and won a name in the service of historical or philosophical truth. Tradition makes one of the most distinguished "Essayists and Reviewers" a prominent follower of Newman: the mention of the tradition is justified by the mention of his name

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Pattison in *Oxford Essays*, 1855.

in the "Apologia." So, too, Mr. Freeman's "History of Architecture" (1849), which finds in every buttress, niche, and pediment a witness to the glories of "Anglicanism," gives a curious testimony to the infectiousness of the fever which had subdued even the masculine mind of the future historian of the Norman Conquest.

It was natural that Tractarianism should not set itself to introduce studies which it could not imbue with its own aims. It staked everything on its theology: let this fall, and there remains a void; and the energy and impulse to inquiry which might have fulfilled its mission on the neutral ground of modern history, philology, or natural science, will have to turn inwards, and occupy itself with sceptical theorizing. And thus it was. Dr. Newman severed himself from his party; men of intelligence fell away from it one after another, to be replaced by uneducated curates and undergraduates. Meanwhile foreign thought with its stirring influence was finding its way into Oxford, and we tasted of the fruit of the tree of knowledge and began to know good and evil. Had Oxford at an earlier period admitted wider studies, or had theology encouraged anything to stand beside itself, the stream might have been diverted into other channels; but in the general poverty the new movement was almost forced into an antagonism to all things theological and ecclesiastical. Clough's writings reflect in an extreme form the agitation of the time, the exaggerated importance attached to religious scepticism, the repugnance to old forms: every step in knowledge seemed to be so much taken from devotion; the harmony of truth had passed beyond the reach of man. After a while there came to be two parties established in Oxford, with definite aims and characteristics: on the one side the Church party in alliance with the Tories, including most of the older residents and a great majority of the non-residents; on the other the majority of the junior fellows, steadily

increased by the adherence of all the best men who came up to the University. The younger side was in harmony with public opinion. The Commission of 1853 remodelled Oxford; most of the fellowships were thrown open, professorships established, and a constitution of things set on foot which was to so great a degree an embodiment of the idea that the *raison d'être* of the University was the advancement of learning, that whatever has obviously conflicted with, or had no relation to, that end, has now come to be regarded as an abuse, and doomed to perish. Under the new régime Liberalism in politics and religion has been steadily gaining ground among the comparatively small number of men whom ideas can reach, the Ecclesiastical party meanwhile sinking lower and lower in character and ability, though as preponderant as ever in Convocation, where all Masters of Arts who keep their names on the books are entitled to vote, whether resident or non-resident. Here the educated minority is swamped by a multitude of former pass-men who gained nothing from Oxford but its prejudices, and whose aim, conscious or unconscious, in interfering with the University, is nothing more than to keep it down to their own level. It is not perhaps too much to say, if we confine our view to the resident members, that nine-tenths of the ability and industry in Oxford is to be found on the other side. Breaking from the oppressive bond of theological affinities, a cultivated society has come into existence, in which all the forces of progress—social, political, artistic—find a ready sympathy. The University is no longer alien to the higher life of the nation, and unacquainted with everything outside its own books. Now and then a great poet, or great artist, comes among us. The visit of Mr. Rossetti in 1857, with other men who have since become famous, is likely to be long remembered. Nor is Mr. Browning's face unknown in the college of which he is an honorary fellow.



We have roughly indicated the successive influences under which in the course of the last seventy years a stagnant and aimless University has been shaken out of its torpor and inspired with new hopes and a new life. But with such a society, especially when the moving forces have been intellectual, the case is just the reverse of that of the material body "moving altogether if it move at all." Tractarianism alone stirred up the mass of undergraduates, who remain almost as impenetrable as ever to any rational interest; while, furthest removed from them in years, most like in unprogressiveness and indifference, there linger men of former generations sleepily holding on to the posts which have of late gained a significance of such contrast with their unimportance in past years, a significance so patent to all but those who ought to feel it the most. But we are powerless here, and can look forward only to the gradual extinction of the unhonoured tribe of veterans: it would be as unprofitable as unseemly to dwell upon their incapacity. The other stationary class consists of about two-thirds of the undergraduates, that is to say, of those who are content with a pass-degree, and whose presence in Oxford has really nothing to do with study. Derived, in a very large proportion, from the most backward classes in the country—the sons of squires, clergymen, and capitalists—they pass from three to five years in Oxford over work which might be done in as many months; as far as they can they turn the colleges into so many clubs; they make living more expensive than it need be, partly by their liberality, partly by leaving their debts unpaid, and so compelling tradesmen to recompense themselves by overcharging those who do pay. On every political and religious question they are invariably on the wrong side. Not that this is the whole of the picture. No one can be insensible to the freedom and manliness of the ordinary Oxford life, with its infinite effectiveness in producing the qualities hitherto most

characteristic of, as most valued by, the English gentleman. But if it be true that the tendency of advancing civilization is to rest more and more on intelligence, we cannot but look with apprehension on a training in which the culture of the higher self is practically unregarded. No naturalness, no robust spontaneity, can redeem a life of which self-denial forms no part—a life uninfluenced by the thought of the poor, or the idea of a truth beyond that of our common intercourse.

A classification based simply on the difference between a pass and an honour degree may seem a very inadequate method of dealing with the infinite variety of character and habits which must exist among the undergraduate body. The reason why it is not quite superficial is that the one examination is compulsory, the other voluntary. There are, no doubt, pass-men who believe in intelligence, and there are honour-men who have been forced against their will to get through a certain amount of reading; but, on the whole, the honour-men are those who have, and the pass-men those who have not, sufficient interest in the well-being of their minds to be willing to make some sacrifice of time and pleasure for the mind's sake. If this is so, the proportion of the one class to the other is not without its significance, though it tells us nothing of the highest attainment of the few, which is the more important matter. Speaking roughly, not more than one man in three goes in for honours in any "school" at the degree examination; and it is remarkable that, after considerable fluctuation, the proportion is nearly the same as it was thirty years ago, though in 1853 the new and, as it was thought, attractive subjects of natural science and modern history were added to the curriculum.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> As this point is controverted, it will be well to give the figures from which a conclusion is to be drawn. The number of class-men must be compared with the number of matri-

Writing on "study and opinion," there is nothing to detain us among the multitude of men who do not study and have no opinions. If they had to be described, the description could be drawn only from their bodily motions; and no little charm is there in their boating and athletics, their free and manly life. But as for anything beyond this, it would be like trying to write a long character of a baby. If they have been well brought up, they are pious; if ill, ungodly. Dr. Pusey tells them,<sup>1</sup> *ore rotundo*, that unless they agree with him, it is no good believing anything at all; so, of course, they do. Why should they not? What can they know about it?

The reader will not require a critical examination of the strength and weakness of the four "schools" which comprehend between them the whole recognised labour of the University. What

calculations four years earlier, the examination taking place about four years after entrance:—

The yearly average of matriculations in	Of names in the class-lists in
1832—1836 was 374	1836—1840 was 131
1837—1841 ,, 411	1841—1845 ,, 121
1842—1846 ,, 403	1846—1850 ,, 117
1847—1851 ,, 406	1851—1855 ,, 149
1852—1856 ,, 420	1856—1860 ,, 147
1857—1861 ,, 408	1861—1865 ,, 130
1862—1864 ,, 470	1866—1868 ,, 161

The numbers in the Modern History school are steadily increasing; in the Mathematical school, diminishing; in Natural Science, well-nigh stationary; in "Literæ Humaniores," fluctuating. Of the total average of 161 from 1865 to 1868, 88 belong to Literæ Humaniores, 49 to Modern History, 14 to Mathematics, 10 to Natural Science. In the earlier lists, from 20 to 30 are in Mathematics, the remainder in Literæ Humaniores.

The midway examination called Moderations, in which, on the classical side, nothing beyond the translation of a few Latin and Greek books and some indifferent composition is required, attracts an increasing number of men. In 1855, 101 gained classical honours; in 1861, 129; in 1868, 140. But the standard is that of schoolboys' work. Mathematical honours are also plentifully awarded.

<sup>1</sup> *Undergraduates' Journal*, Oct. 25th. The *Undergraduates' Journal* is great upon the sermons; it puts them before the athletics, and in larger type. Not an insignificant phenomenon this, altogether.

there should be in Oxford to make mathematics so unpopular it is difficult to divine, and at the present time more so than ever, when we have the advantage and prestige of two professors of European reputation. The neglect of natural science is easily explained. It has but of late been introduced into public schools, and it cannot be expected that there will be a large number of men willing, on coming to the University, to devote themselves to a study of which they heard nothing at school. In proportion as the public schools become familiarised with science, it will probably be cultivated at Oxford.

The Law and Modern History school, like that of natural science, dates only from 1853, and is so far from having reached its ultimate form, that a considerable difference may be traced in the character of the papers set in 1867 and those of 1868.

There remains the true Oxford school of the Literæ Humaniores, bearing still the name in which the awakening Middle Age recorded its perception of a truth and grace of unconstrained humanity in the shipwrecked fragments of the Pagan world, such as had never yet dawned upon its own life or its own creations. And even now antiquity seems to preserve something of its vivifying influence. It was the school of Literæ Humaniores to which, while yet over its spelling-book, the regeneration of Oxford was committed. It bore a principle of growth in itself, and for a while its expansion was altogether from within. Then, when the isolation of Oxford was broken down, and under the life-giving breath of Continental thought the thing of dust began to move after the fashion of a man, it was in the Literæ Humaniores that each fresh influence made itself felt. In the bright and teeming life of Greece it seemed as if every aspiration of the new world was reflected. "How could men have looked so long upon antiquity as a dead aggregate of books? How could they have found no meaning in the things that its prophets, its philosophers, poets, and

historians had spoken?" Thus, in the examination, in the place of the bare interpretation of the letter, there has come to be the full discussion of the subjects to which the traditionary books more especially relate. The range is now too wide. In the course of two years, besides mastering eight books,<sup>1</sup> the student has to learn to write about logic and metaphysics, moral and political philosophy, history of philosophy, and a great part of Roman and Grecian history, any one of which subjects, if adequately handled, would probably take up the whole of the time: some of them much more. The consequence is that his knowledge is mostly hearsay: he can but repeat in a better or worse form what he has heard from his lecturer, or at the most apply the spirit and method of it to whatever comes before him. It will be readily understood how, under such a system, a critical rather than an accumulative habit of mind is engendered. It is impossible for the undergraduate to read through, for example, the different moral systems which he will be expected to discuss in the examination. He gets a short account of them from his tutor, and is told the objections under which they labour, or the points in which they have been further developed. So with a fair amount of knowledge he writes as if he were omniscient, as indeed he would need to be, to do justice to the questions put before him. This unreality of the work entails two evil consequences: it breeds conceit—"I, who can write brilliantly on any subject under the sun, am surely not as other men are;" and it tends to form a habit of looking rather to what has been said, or may be said, about things, than to the things themselves. It is just the *geniemässige Freiheit*,<sup>2</sup> which Kant regards as the worst enemy of the *Geist der Gründlichkeit in Deutschland*. Of its two evils the second is the more important, because

the more lasting: conceit has many chances of being rubbed off, whether a man goes out into the world and finds something more substantial needed than epigrams, or, remaining in Oxford, becomes aware of the contrast between his own fluency and the hesitation of the true scholar, or in long-deferred expectation learns to possess his soul in patience. With all its drawbacks, the school of *Literæ Humaniores* is justly regarded as the true strength of Oxford: its faults are those which are rectified by after life; its stimulus perhaps such as nothing else could give. In the extravagance of doubting and criticising all things the young man's mind is fairly shaken out of its dogmatic slumber and set inquiring for a rational point of view, where before he had never felt the need of anything beyond his nursery beliefs. It may be said that he is "digged about and dugged." He loses his balance for the time, and speaks unadvisedly with his lips; but when the foolish love of paradox has passed away, and his self-assertion has sobered down, there is found an element of reason in his mind which was not there before, which makes him look with wiser eyes upon all his life, upon religion and politics, and upon those who differ from him. The truest testimony to the enlightening influence of the school of *Literæ Humaniores* is the antipathy of that section of the clergy in Oxford which can see in the deepening moral sense of man nothing but a fen-fire that is ever beguiling him further and further from his shelter in the past.

In speaking of the examinations, we are passing from the undergraduate to his teachers, for the examination will depend, in the long run, on the nature of the teaching given. Within the last few years a change has begun to take place in the system of instruction, starting with a movement in the direction of free trade, and developing into the more dignified form of co-operation. The notorious shortcomings of the professors of certain subjects, and the feebleness of the lecturers in several colleges, sug-

<sup>1</sup> Plato's Republic, Aristotle's Ethics, Herodotus, Thucydides, Tacitus (Histories or six books of Annals), Livy (ten books), Bacon's Novum Organon, Butler's Sermons. But the last is nearly obsolete.



gested to a few active persons the idea of giving open lectures themselves, to which undergraduates of any college should be admitted on payment of a moderate fee. In one branch the scheme was surprisingly successful. The lecturer, who had a good, but by no means exceptional knowledge of his subject, chiefly by throwing more life into it than any one had done before, attracted crowds of men; and whatever may have been the results to those immediately concerned, it was apparently the cause which produced two subsequent amalgamations of college lectures. Under the old system, each college has its own lecture on almost every subject, the waste of labour being enormous, to say nothing of the folly of making men lecture without regard to their qualification or interest in the subject, when there are others at a short distance doing it much better. It is true that the professors exist mainly for public lecturing; and some do labour, and have laboured, with great energy and success. Others are of little or no service, having been elected by Convocation, not on account of their fitness for the post, but through the action of theological or political party-spirit. The unscrupulous disregard which Convocation has always shown for the educational interests of the University committed to its charge, its alacrity in deciding everything by unworthy party-prejudices, proves, if any proof were needed, what moral obtuseness may co-exist with the keenest repugnance to anything like religious heterodoxy.

It remains only to indicate the general tendencies of thought among those who are essentially the University, the men engaged in study and tuition, who have been formed under the influences of the last twenty years, and represent the present of Oxford. It may be conceived that at the break-up of Tractarianism two main influences began to make themselves felt: the one, English Liberalism, in more or less cordial alliance with Comte's positive philosophy; the other, German critical

theology, and the pregnant speculation of Hegel. There has been no division in political principles; Liberalism has become almost co-extensive with intelligence. But, on the other hand, the antagonism between the spirit of Comte and Hegel must have been early felt, and as for many years the balance has been fluctuating, so at the present time there is an open acknowledgment of the hostility of the two systems of thought, and each side is thinking it time that the other should be converted.

In employing the names Comte and Hegel, we do not mean to say that the system of one or other of those philosophers forms the creed of every one in Oxford; but, inasmuch as in every speculative question it is always possible to range the answers given, however great the variety of their details, in two essentially opposite classes, we employ the names of Comte and Hegel as on the whole the most convenient formula to express this general dissimilarity. There is a mode of regarding human life and history as in the main determined from outside. The spirit of physical science is applied to man; he is the subtlest of organizations, yet not so fearfully and wonderfully made, but that science will trace back his deepest thought, through link after link, in the network of association, to the simple impressions which he is ever receiving from without, to the sights and sounds, the pleasures and pains, which have gone to make up the sum of his experience from his birth onwards. From the days of Bacon to the present time, English philosophy has had but one aim, to analyse the complex into the simple operation. All who in this country came between the founder of English philosophy and the clear-sighted man of the world, who with cold precision summed and tabulated for ever its ultimate negative consequences, worked, as it were, with their eyes shut, unconscious that their efforts were but approximations to a point where it needed only the last touch of logic to demonstrate that there was neither angel nor spirit, certainty

nor morality, but only sensations and the laws of their association. Since the time of Hume, philosophy in England has been confined to a more or less conscious application of Hume's principles to fresh details, its most obvious form being utilitarianism. But in France on the ruins of the old beliefs a new creed has sprung up, which, starting from the residuum of sensation that Hume had left, builds up without the aid of supernatural influences a new life for man. Let man—it says—only look to what he is himself, and to what the world around him is, and there needs no higher motive than the wellbeing of humanity, as there can be no higher knowledge than that of the positive laws which have been found to hold in the different orders of existing things. The earliest thought found an explanation of every problem in the idea of a hidden divinity; later, man outgrows the childlike reflection of himself into nature, and seeks to penetrate her mystery by abstract conceptions and shadowy hypotheses spun out of his own brain. Not till his reason is fully formed can he realize the simple truth that the only possible knowledge is the knowledge of phenomenal laws, and that all that can be added thereto, so far from leading us to a higher truth, is but so much baseless illusion. The struggles of theology and metaphysics belong to a past order of life; let them not be continued into the present. More than any other philosophy does Positivism take up the words, "Let the dead bury their dead, and follow thou me." It bids us have done with the old endless speculations into the nature of the soul, its origin and destiny, and the vain struggle of the mind to evolve out of itself a theory of things unseen. From clouds and cobwebs it calls us to investigate and further the true substantial concrete life of man. In its classification of the sciences it lays down the direction for all future inquiry. The truth will be completed by continued examination and discovery of new facts; yet such know-

ledge is not to be regarded as the end in itself, but as subservient to the general well-being of man.

Is there not something unreal in all this? Is it easy to believe that what has ever been spoken of as the highest exercise of reason, the inquiry into things beyond sense, was after all only a simple trick which reflection plays upon itself? Such is the spirit in which Positivism is met by the adherents of the more theoretical philosophy which connects itself with the names of Kant and Hegel. The position taken up by the latter is this—that any method which treats human knowledge and experience as coming altogether from without is radically unsound; for if there were really nothing but impressions or sensations to start from (into which the English philosophy resolves all experience), we should never have come to have experience at all. Hume's conclusions are really a *reductio ad absurdum*; what he has proved is, that the premisses with which he starts are unsound. The task of German philosophy, since Hume gave it a new direction, has been to ascertain what there is in the nature of the mind itself independent of sensations and impressions, and from this unalterable constitution of the mind to deduce what conclusions it can. It is not hard to see how very different will be the character and the tendencies of this philosophy from those of Positivism. The metaphysical and theological speculation which the latter discarded as so much moonshine now appears as not only real but of the very highest necessary truth. Those who are of this way of thinking, while paying all due honour to the sciences of observation, will maintain that the spirit of man is one thing and the natural world another; and, denying that the methods of physical science can exhaust all that there is to be known about man, will turn with interest to theology as the highest of all studies, and endeavour in the service of truth to reconcile religion and philosophy.

It is very far from being our purpose

to advocate or criticise ; we have merely sketched in outline two contrary systems, to one or other of which all speculative heads must incline. There are, of course, an infinite number of steps between the extreme views of both sides, and but few men will agree to go exactly the same length in a system. Yet, in spite of differences of less or more, there seem to be in Oxford, corresponding to these two opposite tendencies of thought, two classes in the main, with the distinguishing mark that the one cares for metaphysics and theology, and the other does not. The fact that the most significant book that has appeared in Oxford for many years,—Mr. Jowett's "Epistles of St. Paul"—is a theological work, may convey a wrong impression of the comparative strength of the two interests. The truth is rather that the secular habit of mind has for some time had the

predominance, and that theology is very little studied. Even the clerical fellows, whose existence can only be justified on the supposition that they are making themselves learned divines, are, with very few exceptions, not much occupied with such labours. Yet there are indications of change. Together with a very widely enlarged course of logic and the history of philosophy,—a course perhaps too wide for the ordinary honour-man,—the kindred subject of critical theology is beginning to be taught and studied. It is only beginning: but we may hope that in the place of the indifferent latitudinarianism, which is at present the prevailing habit of mind, some more serious and philosophical inquiry into the history and nature of Christianity may be aroused, some effort to exhibit it in its true conception, in harmony with the truth of nature, history, and reason.



# MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

JANUARY, 1870.

## ADMIRALTY REFORM.

FOR years the cry for Admiralty reform has sounded in the ears of Parliament and the country; for years it has been admitted that reform was necessary.

The costliness of the naval service has been a constant theme for declamation in Parliament and the Press ever since the Russian War; and the defence of the Admiralty, which spent—its foes said wastefully—ten millions of public money even in years of profound peace, was a task which succeeding Boards found more and more difficult.

Mr. Childers took office, pledged to reform, and determined not to defend any part of the Admiralty administration that was not defensible on its own merits. His colleagues were reformers by nature and by their antecedents—men who had waited patiently for an opportunity to give practical expression to opinions which had hitherto found vent chiefly in the utterances of Independent members of the House of Commons.

The first step towards reform of the naval service was the reconstruction of the machinery by which that service was administered—the recasting of the Admiralty itself. Until that concrete substance should be brought into a state of fusion, and moulded into a machine ready to assist, there was little chance for reform. The Admiralty in its elaborate organization, and consequent unwieldiness, was a power, the magnitude

of which was known only to those who had had to deal with it. To assist or to obstruct, the heads of departments and their subordinates were omnipotent, except against men who had strength of will and strength of arm greater than had appeared at Whitehall and Somerset House for many a year. Before all things it was necessary that the Admiralty should be subdued and re-organized.

A few matters of general policy upon which public opinion had pronounced were carried out by the new Board, but the task they set themselves as the task of all others, the *magnum opus* upon which it behoved them to try their strength, was the reform of the Admiralty Office.

With few exceptions the members of the staff were conservative with the conservatism of officials, and offered that passive resistance which women use, to the hints which were given them to set their house in order. The task of the reforming Administration was proportionately great. Men, comparatively new to office, some of them never in office before, had to apply themselves first to master the principles upon which business had been conducted hitherto, keeping in mind the broad principles they wished to introduce instead, and then to prevent themselves from being swamped in the mass of details and technicalities which came daily upon them in the discharge of current business.

Hitherto the governing body at the Admiralty had not been the Minister of the day, and his parliamentary or professional colleagues who shifted, as he himself did, with the Ministry, but the permanent staff who served under all Governments. The "Board of Admiralty" had been a variable power, strong or weak according to the Administration that happened to be in office, or according to the ability or supineness of the changing head; but the "Admiralty Office" was known as a permanent institution, strong for good or for evil: able, if willing, to help forward the objects of a Minister; able also, if unwilling, to obstruct and retard them to an extent quite unknown to the outside public. An office which drew from the public purse 171,000*l.* a year in salaries, wages, and allowances, was a power which no Minister, however able, could afford to despise. For many purposes the Admiralty Office was the Admiralty itself. Over the executive departments, "Lords" who changed continually had practically no control. The utmost they could hope to do was to study, perhaps faintly to criticise, the arrangements of the permanent chiefs. What indeed was a gentleman to do who went from the ranks of ordinary political life, unversed in official ways, to say nothing of the ways of business, to the control of a department of which the head had already served—as one "principal officer" did serve—under thirty-three temporary superintendents? What possible solvent could be furnished for the "practical difficulties" which a permanent official would be sure to advance against innovations? What real force would the recommendations of a fleeting superintendent have when confronted with the conservatism of thirty years' experience? The nominal heads of the service, besides being spokesmen in Parliament, were more or less puppets of which the office pulled the wires. It is the natural tendency of officials to magnify their office, and this tendency the Admiralty officials had been very prone to follow. It must be a strong Board, composed of men of great individual strength

and of iron resolution, that could venture to carry out sweeping reforms in the teeth of opposition from the heads of branches and heads of departments.

To the public the Admiralty Office was no less concrete than it was to its own "Lords." Persons having business with it were afraid of it, save those few who made it worth their own while to master its intricacies. "You must turn first to your left hand; *mais prenez garde*, there are two turns, and be so good as to take the second. Then go down a little way and you'll see a church, and when you are past it, give yourself the trouble to turn directly to the right, and that will lead you to the foot of the Pont Neuf, which you must cross, and there any one will do himself the pleasure to show you." Such were the directions given by the *grisette* to Yorick, when that student of humanity asked the way to his hotel. Such, minus the politeness, were the sort of directions an ordinary outsider expected to get, if hardy enough to venture within the compound of the great Government office unprovided with friendly guides to the object of his search.

By the time the present Government took office the country, represented both by the House of Commons, and the great commercial community, was eager for some change. The costly nature of the Admiralty machinery rendered retrenchment imperative, while the yet more costly way in which the Admiralty carried on its business made the demand for reform still more urgent. The present Government came in pledged to reform; and at the very outset of their career an occurrence took place which at once assisted them materially in their work, and laid bare an ugly sore, long suspected, in the reputation of the department. The trial and conviction of two officials for obtaining money under the false pretence that, being connected with the Admiralty, they could control the disposition of contracts, gave the reformers a weapon which they were not slow to use against the department principally concerned. Occasion was taken to break up the

Storekeeper-General's department, and to distribute the several portions of its duties where they could be more directly under the control of highest authority. The office of Storekeeper-General of Naval Stores was abolished, and part of it was reconstructed upon an entirely different basis. Upon a similar basis it was determined, when occasion should serve, to reconstruct also the departments of the other "principal officers."

To justify this determination it is necessary to explain that the Admiralty Office, till the beginning of last year, consisted of a large department with sub-branches at Whitehall, called the Secretary's Office, and departments for specific services under five "principal officers," four of whom were located at Somerset House, and one, the Surveyor of the Navy, at Whitehall. Besides these there were three minor officers, in direct communication with the Board, viz. the Director of Works, the Director of Transports, and the Registrar of Contracts. These also were located at Somerset House. The departments of the five principal officers were created by Sir James Graham in 1832, when the last great catastrophe shook the foundations of the Admiralty. Previously to that, the Navy Board, with its commissioners in London and the ports, and its subordinate Victualling Board and Transport Board, constituted an Admiralty which was cumbrous, inefficient, and in some of its branches thoroughly corrupt. The disclosures which were made on the impeachment of Lord Melville, First Lord of the Admiralty, in 1806, were enough to have discredited the system; but the power of vested interests, the exigencies of the public service at the time, and above all the want of "thorough" in the administration, enabled the Navy Board system to hold its own for twenty-six years longer. The Liberals of the day made repeated attempts to carry the Admiralty position by storm, and were loud in their declamations against official abuses; but till the year 1832 no opportunity occurred of more than patchwork being done. Not till then did a Govern-

ment come into power strong enough to act effectually, and honest enough to act with a single eye to the public good.

Sir James Graham destroyed the old order, and reconstituted the Admiralty upon the principles which obtained till the present Government took office. His constitution was after this sort. There were five "Lords," including the First Lord, a Parliamentary Secretary, answering to an Under-Secretary of State, and a permanent Secretary to the Board. The Board and the Secretary's Office was located at Whitehall. At Somerset House were the five principal officers, viz. the Surveyor, the Accountant-General, the Storekeeper-General, the Comptroller of Victualling, and the Physician (afterwards called the Medical Director-General). These officers were permanent heads of departments, not changing with the Ministry. Each had a residence at Somerset House, and a salary of 1,000*l.* a year. The residences were subsequently given up for office accommodation, each officer receiving an additional 300*l.* a year as an equivalent.

The functions of these officers might be generally comprehended from their titles. Each department prepared its own estimates, and explained from its own accounts any surplus or deficiencies in its vote. Each department was self-contained, as independent of the others as if they had been distinct or even rival establishments. The Board at Whitehall and the instructions ordering one officer to act for another during absence or sickness, were the only common ground among them. The Surveyor was the architect and constructor of the navy, his work being supervised by the First Sea Lord, and carried out, when approved, at the dockyards. His business consisted in designing, building, rigging, and repairing ships, but not in equipping them for sea. To the Storekeeper-General, Comptroller of the Victualling, and Physician belonged the duty of providing naval stores—stores, that is, required for the use of the ship herself—provisions, clothing, medical and victualling stores. It was also the business of these officers to see that sufficient stocks of the articles



supplied by them were kept up at the dock and victualling yards at home and abroad, to replenish these when exhausted, and to see that all supplies, whether to yards or ships, were duly accounted for in some account of final expenditure.

All of these officers were responsible for their conduct to the Board of Admiralty, of which individual members were detailed to superintend special departments. Thus the First Sea Lord generally took the oversight of all matters relating to the superior *personnel* of the navy, ordered the distribution of the ships of the fleet, superintended the construction department, and advised the First Lord upon all matters relating to actual sea-service. The Junior Lord, a civilian, was supposed to superintend the financial business of the Admiralty, —the Accountant-General was his particular charge; and to him were referred all questions relating to expenditure and account of cash. The Junior Naval Lord looked after the victualling, transport, and medical services; and the Parliamentary Secretary was a sort of deputy First Lord, with superior pay but inferior rank to the Lords. These "superintending Lords," as they were called, were the guardians of the guardians of the public service. Collectively they formed the Board of Admiralty.

Attached to the Board for departmental purposes and as head of the central office was the Permanent Secretary, almost always a lawyer imported into the service. He was head over the clerical establishment at Whitehall, secretary to the Board, and their adviser upon matters of practice, tradition, and routine. His office, called the Secretary's Office, was divided into numerous branches, dealing with the various heads into which the business of the Admiralty was divided. Thus there were the military branch, the commission branch, the legal, establishment, pension, naval, warrant, and record branches, the "private office," and the secret office, where the private correspondence of the First Lord and the strictly confidential business of the Admiralty were conducted. Much

of the work of these branches consisted in executive business of what might be called an original kind—that is to say, business arising out of orders emanating from the Board, which were to be communicated direct to the persons who were to carry out those orders. But a great deal of their work consisted in what might be called business at second hand. The outlying departments at Somerset House were treated as though they were a hundred miles off; representations from them had to be made by means of letters addressed to the Secretary of the Board, who, before presenting them for decision, caused reports to be made upon them by the branch at Whitehall told off to deal with the subject. The original matter, with the local report, was then presented to the Board, or dealt with, if a small matter, by the Superintending Lord of the department making the report. Personal directions were next to never given, except upon trifling points and upon certain matters of course. The branches at Whitehall were buffers between the departments and the Board. They received and answered communications by correspondence. They also corresponded on behalf of the department with all other departments of State, it being beneath the dignity of a Secretary of State to receive letters from a subordinate officer of another department. Verbal intercourse was practically prohibited between the Admiralty departments and the central office—still more between the Admiralty departments and other departments of Government.

Two British seamen, having been wrecked near Vera Cruz, are saved in the rags they stand up in, and are taken to Vera Cruz naked and destitute. They apply to the British consul for protection and the means to enable them to get home. The consul, finding a British man-of-war is about to quit the station, applies to the captain to give the "distressed British subjects" a passage. After no small amount of correspondence between the consul and the captain, the captain and the commander-in-chief on the station, and

the commander-in-chief and the consul, the matter is arranged so far that an order is given for the request for passage to be complied with. The men are sent on board the man-of-war going home, and are supplied with provisions and clothing necessary for them during the passage. On arrival in England, the two men, who have probably more than paid by their labour for the supplies furnished to them, are discharged to the shore, having previously informed the officer commanding the man-of-war as to the name of their shipwrecked vessel, and of the merchant who owned her. So far all is well; the circumstances of time, place, and distinct responsibilities having perhaps rendered the amount of correspondence mentioned above unavoidable. Besides, up to this point, the Circumlocution Office has not had anything to do in the matter; but with the arrival of the ship it has its turn.

The paymaster of the man-of-war claims in his accounts the provisions and clothing he supplied to the shipwrecked men, and in support of his claim produces certain letters, which however are not the vouchers required by the regulations. His claim is, therefore, disallowed; but after much correspondence between him and the Accounts Department, he manages to get his claim admitted, and the department casts about for some other department upon which it can fix the liability to pay the trifling cost incurred in bringing these "distressed British seamen" home. Had the vouchers been on the regular printed form, and signed and countersigned in accordance with the instructions, there would have been no difficulty. The Accounts Department would have written a letter to the Secretary of the Admiralty, who would in his turn have written to the Board of Trade, and requested that department to recover the value of the supplies from the merchant in whose employ the sailors had been; and then, unless there was a hitch, and the merchant refused to pay, or did anything else unworthy, the Accounts Depart-

ment would have been informed through the same machinery by which it got at the merchant, that the matter had been arranged, and that the sum of 3*l.* 2*s.* 1*d.* had been paid to the credit of Vote 16*a*, head "Sundries." But the vouchers having, in the absence of printed forms at Vera Cruz, been made out on slips of paper, and further, in the hurry of departure, having been signed by only one of the persons who should have signed them, and not having been countersigned at all, there is a question in the Accounts Department as to whether the men brought home are to be considered in the light of "distressed British subjects" or "distressed British seamen," and the department cannot, for the life of it, make out to what parliamentary vote the amount shall be charged. So copies are made of all the vouchers and letters sent into the office by the paymaster of the man-of-war, and forwarded with an explanatory letter, duly numbered and initialed in several places, from the Accounts Department, which is at Somerset House, to the Secretary of the Admiralty at Whitehall. At Whitehall, the Secretary writes another letter, embodying that which has been addressed to him, and sends it to the Treasury *with copies of the copies of the vouchers* sent in to the Accounts Department; and he requests the Treasury to solve the riddle which has been propounded by the head of the Accounts Department. The Treasury writes to the Foreign Office, to propose that the sum be defrayed out of some fund there; but the Foreign Office doesn't see it, and writes back again to say so. The Treasury acquaints the Whitehall office by letter to this effect, and decides that the Board of Trade shall pay: and the Whitehall office, after corresponding with the Board of Trade, writes to the Accounts Department to inform it that 3*l.* 2*s.* 1*d.* should be charged to, Vote No. 61, in the accounts to be rendered to Parliament.

It is quite clear that duplication of work was fostered by the departmental system in London, and that, by the practice of office, superintending Lords

were prevented from overhauling, or indeed from personally knowing, anything about the departments they were supposed to control. Sir James Graham's system, good as it was compared with the old system, developed in the highest degree the bureaucratic spirit, and by individualizing the services made them more and more unmanageable from the central office. The Board had no grasp over most of the business they were called to discharge. They were obliged to entrust almost all the details relating to expenditure to the spending departments themselves.

Bureaucracy thrived under the system until it attained such proportions as made the House of Commons bolder in attacking it, and made the task of defending it more difficult every year. The cost of the Admiralty Office in London in the year 1868-69 was 182,364*l.*

But it was not only in respect of its inordinate costliness that the House of Commons and the public complained. The enemies of the office accused it of being also so unbusiness-like as to be the cause of swelling the Navy estimates to an intolerable extent.

To make this charge intelligible it should be stated that the departments spent the income of the Admiralty, each department disbursing and accounting for the amount itself had estimated for its expenditure during the year. The estimates were certainly criticised by the Board before being submitted to Parliament, but not in the minute way possible to a man bent on mastering their details, and able by means of the office organization to command the information necessary to master them. The estimates once voted, there was practically no check upon expenditure, no ascertaining whether good or bad purchases were being made, no means taken to secure purchases being made at the most favourable times, no organization provided for securing the most suitable article at the most favourable price, no business spirit, no commercial intelligence. Each department acted according to its lights in procuring

supplies. There was no uniformity of system, though the system in each department was the very opposite of that by which alone a private merchant could thrive. If any head of department chanced to have an aptitude for business—a very unlikely chance, as the heads were generally persons chosen for political reasons—and tried to carry out a business-like plan, he was stifled by “the practice of office,” and bound by what was done in the time of William and Mary. As a rule, the departments replenished their stock of articles whenever that stock happened to be low, without reference to the present or probable state of markets, without inquiry as to the best sources from which to obtain supplies, without adopting any of the precautions which ordinary business-prudence would suggest. Their stock being low was to be replenished; a correspondence was opened between Somerset House and Whitehall, and authority being given to get the supplies, advertisements were generally issued—for some articles, as tea, sugar, wheat, always issued—inviting tenders to be made and samples to be sent in on a particular day. Persons desirous of tendering found that they must not only conform strictly to certain office regulations, such as tendering on a particular form, but must also engage to get two sureties to go bail for them in the due performance of their agreement, and consent, in the case of all victualling stores and many other stores, to the imposition of heavy fines in the event of non-fulfilment of all the conditions of the contract. These unusual requirements satisfied, the would-be vendor found that if his offer was accepted he had yet to subscribe a formal, stamped contract under seal, and to join with his sureties in a penal bond for the due execution of the bargain; and this in cases where the agreement was for a specific quantity of an article at a specific price. The result of this system was a likely one. By making wants known when the prudent course was to buy without its being known that the Government was in the market, oppor-



tunity was given to those who studied the ways of Government business to combine or otherwise to raise prices; and houses of first repute, merchants or manufacturers, with plenty else to do than to adapt themselves to the eccentricities of the office, would not, as a rule, touch the Government contracts— withheld, that is, from placing at the service of the country the resources of the first houses of business in the land. Of course, in some cases the magnitude of the demand incited first-rate people to tender, and made it worth while to take some trouble to ascertain precisely the way in which Government business was done. When first-rate houses took the trouble, they almost invariably secured the contract, and the Government was well served in spite of itself; but, as a rule, the Admiralty contracts were taken by small men who entered upon them as a speculation. If the toss came down heads, the contractors won: if tails, the Government lost. The system was to advertise for whatever was wanted, without respect to markets, prices, or anything else, and to accept the lowest tender, except in extraordinary circumstances. The tenders were opened in the presence of the “principal officer” concerned, of his “superintending Lord,” and of the Registrar of Contracts. Samples were judged by independent persons, who did not know to whom particular samples belonged. Every precaution was taken against fraud and undue influence, and it may be stated as a fact that corruption was almost useless as a means to obtain a contract. Whatever chance bribery had was in the receipt of inferior goods at the yard *after* the contract had been obtained. It was shown clearly enough at the trial already alluded to that gifts to win a contract were practically thrown away, and those who took gifts were punishable, not for the misdemeanour as against the Admiralty, but for getting money under false pretences from the briber. The Admiralty system of business was unbusiness-like if clean, and cost the country (so said business men in the House of Com-

mons and out of it) far beyond what it might cost if business ways were adopted.

There was yet a third cry for reform, one which proceeded from the Admiralty itself, a cry for reform in the pay and position of those who did the real work of the departments. The junior or third class clerks in the departments were paid from 100*l.* to 300*l.* a year; the second class clerks 315*l.* to 500*l.*; and the first class clerks 520*l.* to 650*l.* a year. The chief clerk of a department had 850*l.* In the Secretary's office the scale was higher. Second class supervised third class, first class supervised second class, chief clerk supervised first class, and “principal officer,” acting under advice from chief clerk, or upon his own responsibility, was “superintended” by a “superintending Lord.” The third class pay was admittedly enough for third class work: in many cases it was far in excess of the value received. Copying, ticking, opening envelopes, directing covers, going with messages—this sort of thing was overpaid perhaps at the price, but the second class clerks, upon whom really devolved the executive work of the departments,—the first class clerks, if the chief clerk was worth anything, being more ornamental than useful,—complained that their pay was too small.

Thus the task the present Government had to accomplish was threefold: first to diminish the expense of the Admiralty offices, and to bring them under direct control; second, to put the supply system on a footing analogous to that by which private establishments thrive; third, to improve the pay and position of the clerks in the office.

The first and third portions of this task were taken together. Committees were appointed to examine and report upon the whole system of Admiralty business in London and at the ports. Left perfectly free to act and report according to what might appear upon the evidence before them, these committees had yet before their eyes a sample of what the Board wished, and of what was desirable from the reforming

point of view. The experiment tried by the Board, soon after its accession to power, of abolishing the office of Store-keeper-General, and giving over its business of providing naval stores to a small branch under the Controller of the Navy,<sup>1</sup> the accounts being made over to the Accountant-General, had proved successful, and served as a guide in reforming the other departments. Careful inquiry led to the conclusion that the efficiency of the public service, as well as the economy of administration, required the reduction of the other departments to the condition of executive branches under the personal direct control of a Lord of the Admiralty, and that the maintenance of the expensive series of *imperia in imperio* established by Sir James Graham was no longer necessary or advisable. Accounts in each case were made over to the Accountant-General, as the disinterested and independent accountant officer of the Admiralty; the procurement of supplies of all kinds, from tallow candles to armour plates, was made over to a new department, called the Purchase Department; and the branches were left with purely executive functions, untrammelled either by supply or account business.

By this action, the hitherto outlying departments were theoretically brought into direct communication with the "Lords" controlling them; and to reduce this theory into practice, room was made at Whitehall, or Spring Gardens, by the surrender of some of the official residences, for the departments hitherto relegated to Somerset House. The whole of the Accountant-General's department (except the Navy Pay section), including the accounts turned over from the Victualling, Naval store, Medical and Transport departments, was accommodated at Spring Gardens; and the whole of the Admiralty was brought within speaking distance of the Board. This effected, the old machinery, including the White-

hall "branch" buffers, became useless, at all events in part, and redistribution of the effective strength became necessary. Occasion was taken to retire, upon the most liberal terms allowed by the Superannuation Act, as many of the clerks right through the Admiralty as were either past work or were inclined to act as obstructives, or were disposed from any reason to quit the service. Many availed themselves of the offers made, a general thinning-out took place, and there were left in the service only those who could and would work for the objects the Board had in view. To stimulate the zeal of these gentlemen, and to accede as far as possible to the demand for increased pay in the directing classes, it was determined to abolish the existing system of third, second, first, and chief clerks, and to substitute one in which clerks, senior clerks, and chief clerks were the only classes recognised,—a system in which senior clerks should have responsible work in return for reasonable pay, and in which juniors should have a fairer prospect of promotion to the senior classes than at present. By consent of the Treasury, senior clerks in the departments were allowed 400*l.* to 600*l.* a year, by annual increments of 20*l.*, instead of 315*l.* to 500*l.* a year by annual increments of 15*l.*; and the numbers of the junior class are gradually to be decreased to half the present staff, their places being taken by writers at fixed pay, so that the proportion of juniors to seniors will be almost equal. For the time, they are in the proportion of about four to one. First class clerks are abolished, except in the Secretary's office, which remains, as to classes, *in statu quo*.

The result of the changes hitherto made may be thus stated: the departmental system is abolished, and the branches representing them are so brought under the direct supervision of a Lord of the Admiralty that they can be easily held in hand, and made readily to give information to the master-spirit presiding over all. That master-spirit, by the same token, is enabled to become

<sup>1</sup> The Surveyor of the Navy of Sir J. Graham had been changed into a Controller of the Navy, and this officer was by Mr. Childers given a seat at the Board as Second Naval Lord.

what has long been recognised as the only panacea for Admiralty mismanagement and divided responsibility—Minister of Marine. Such is virtually the post Mr. Childers now occupies. The great increase of efficiency obtained by getting rid of office go-betweens, and dealing direct with the executive branches, is hardly to be gauged by those who do not know the detail of Admiralty business. The financial result is intelligible to every one. A saving of over 20,000*l.* a year, with increased pay and increased efficiency, is the outcome of the reforming work of the present Government, upon the office staff alone.

The outcome of the second portion of the task set by the Board to themselves, viz. the reform of the supply-business of the Admiralty, it is impossible just now to summarize. Another year will show greater results, but the present year will justify the steps taken in this regard. Instead of allowing each department to procure its own supplies, as heretofore, upon diverse systems, all unbusiness-like, the principle has been laid down that one Purchase Department shall be the hand for procuring all supplies whatever. This department, controlled and directed by the financial secretary—the financial minister, in fact, of the Admiralty—is charged with the duty of supplying, upon the demands of the controlling Lord, the stores required by all the executive and spending departments. It is the business of this department to acquaint itself with all the particulars of the articles in which its customers deal, to find out the best time for buying particular stores, and the best mode of getting supplies of every description. The working head of it, under the financial secretary—who must himself be a business man, well versed in commercial affairs—must be a man who knows, not so much of his own judgment the quality and value of things, as the sure sources whence he may obtain sound judgment and reliable information on those subjects; and his

staff must consist of able men with distinct commercial intelligence, superior to the notion that brokers are “cads,” and that it is not “gentlemanly” to make bargains. Such a department it has been the care of the present Administration to build up; and though during the present year circumstances have conspired to make certain markets unfavourable to the new system (they would have been still more unfavourable to the old), the result of the change has been to effect such savings upon the naval votes for supplies as amply to warrant the overthrow of the former system. Without being at liberty to particularize at the present moment the articles concerned, it is permitted to the writer to remark that upon some necessary items of large consumption, savings have been effected of eleven, fifteen, thirty-three (and, in one exceptional case, three hundred) per cent. upon prices paid very recently under the old system. By the simple adoption of business ways, and of the procedure by which alone private establishments succeed, the present administration at the Admiralty are in the way to effect savings of enormous extent in the naval expenditure, without lessening in any degree the guarantees by which quality has hitherto been ensured, and while increasing the safeguards against personal and departmental corruption.

Such has been part of the work of the present Government since its accession to office, work which has not been accomplished without much difficulty, without the necessity of overcoming resistance, passive and active, sometimes with a strong hand. It is not all that has been done. On another occasion it may be allowed the writer to explain the scope and result of work undertaken at the dock and victualling yards, work hardly less important than that achieved in London. Sufficient now to have described, however imperfectly, the operations of the reformers at the Central Office.



## A BRAVE LADY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

## CHAPTER XIV.

DITCHLEY opened its eyes wide with unfeigned astonishment when it learned that its sometime curate was suddenly transformed into the Reverend Edward Scanlan of Oldham Court, master of a fortune which, even allowing for gossiping exaggerations, was still sufficient to make him a county magnate for the rest of his days. True, his position was in one sense merely nominal, Mr. Oldham having taken the precaution to tie the fortune safely up in the hands of two trustees, Dr. Waters and Mr. Langhorne, so that Mr. Scanlan had little more to do than to receive twice a year his annual income, while the principal was secured to his wife and children. But these arrangements were kept private, especially by himself: and he burst out, full-blown, as the ostensible owner of one of the finest estates and most picturesque mansions in the county.

Oldham Court, one of the few Elizabethan houses now remaining in England, had remained, almost unaltered, both within and without, for generations. Its late possessor had never lived in it—but had carefully preserved it, just as it was:—letting the land round it to a gentleman-farmer, and by good management doubling the value of the property. The house itself, with the little church adjoining, wherein slept generations of Oldhams, was far away from town or village: Ditchley, eleven miles off, being its nearest link to civilization. But it sat in the midst of a lovely country, hilly though not bleak, solitary yet not dreary: the sort of region to which any lover of nature is speedily attracted, and loves with a strong adhesiveness that people who live in streets and squares, or in neigh-

bourhoods without any salient characteristics, cannot in the least understand. And though Mr. Oldham had never resided there—at least never since he had inherited it—from the wording of his last will he had evidently loved it much.

In his will he expressly desired that the Scanlans should immediately remove thither: that unless upon great emergency, it should neither be sold nor rebuilt, but that Mrs. Scanlan should inhabit it just as it was, as long as she lived. That, in short, it should be made into the family home of a new family, which should replace the extinct Oldhams.

To account for his having chosen Mrs. Scanlan as his heiress, various old tales were raked up, and added as exercises to the obvious truth;—such as Mr. Oldham's having been once in love with a Frenchwoman, Mrs. Scanlan's mother, or aunt, or cousin—nobody quite knew which. There might or might not have been a grain of fact at the bottom of these various fictions: but they were never verified: and common-sense people soon took the common-sense view of the subject: namely, that when a man has no heirs he is quite right in choosing for himself what Providence has denied him, and endowing with his fortune the most suitable person he can find: who is also the one to whom it will do most good and who will do most good with it. And these qualifications—every one agreed—were combined in Mrs. Scanlan.

It was a curious fact, showing how in course of years all people find their level—even in the eyes of the outside world,—that no surprise was expressed at Ditchley because Mr. Oldham left his fortune to Mrs. Scanlan rather than to her husband; indeed some people sagely remarked "that it was just as well."

This was all: for Mr. Scanlan still retained much of his old popularity: and besides many who would have been ready enough to criticise the poor curate at Wren's Nest, looked with lenient eyes on the master of Oldham Court.

The migration was accomplished speedily; Mr. Scanlan himself taking little part therein. He was in feeble health for some weeks after the shock of his good fortune: so that he had to leave to his wife the management of everything. He left to her, almost without a single inquiry, the management of one thing—which, with terrified haste, she accomplished within the first few days of her new inheritance. She got possession of the school accounts, went over them, found the exact amount of her husband's defalcations, and replaced it out of a sum which she obtained from her trustees for her own immediate use. Then she breathed freely. There had been but a hair's breadth between her and ruin—that utter ruin which lost honour brings: but the crisis was over, and she had escaped.

He had escaped, that is: but she had ceased to divide, even in thought, her own and her husband's fortunes. The strong line which needs to be drawn between deliberate wickedness and mere weakness—even though they often arrive at the same sad end—she now saw clear. She never for a moment disguised from herself what sort of a man Edward Scanlan was—but as long as she could protect him from himself, and protect her children from him, she did not fear.

It was with a full heart—fuller than anybody dreamed of—that she left Wren's Nest and its associations behind for ever. The very words "for ever" seemed to hallow them, and make her shrink with pain when Mr. Scanlan declared that he "shook the dust of it from off his feet, and hoped he might never again re-enter that horrid hole." But she said nothing; and drove by her husband's side, in their own comfortable carriage, across the smiling country, to the old gateway of Oldham Court.

It so chanced she had never seen the place before. Mr. Oldham had some-

times planned to take her there, but the visit had never come about: now, at the very first sight, her heart leaped to it, as to the ideal home for which she had been craving all her days. Grey, quiet, lonely,—with its quaint old-fashioned gables, and long low Tudor windows—no palatial residence or baronial hall, but just a house—a house to live in: and to live in contentedly till one died—Josephine felt with a sudden thrill of ineffable thankfulness that here indeed was her rest; where no storms could come, and out of which no cruel hands would uproot her again. For surely now her husband would be satisfied. She asked him the question.

"Satisfied? Well—yes. A nice house; but rather queer-looking and old-fashioned. What a pity we are obliged to keep it as it is, and cannot pull it down and build it up afresh as a modern residence."

"Do you think so?" was all Mrs. Scanlan replied. She never argued with her husband now.

At the door stood all her children waiting—a goodly group; justifying Mr. Oldham's choice of the family which should succeed his own. Behind them was an array of new servants, men and women, with Bridget at their head—Bridget, now promoted to "Mrs. Hal-loran," and having with true Irish adaptability taken her place at once as confidential servant and follower of the family. A position greatly against her master's liking: indeed he had proposed pensioning her off, and despatching her at once to Ireland, till he considered that a "follower" implied a "family:" and to be able to speak of "our housekeeper, who has been with us twenty years," gave a certain character of antique respectability to his establishment. Therefore, as he passed her in her black silk dress and neat cap—Bridget was, especially in her latter days, that rare but not impossible anomaly, a tidy Irishwoman—he acknowledged her curtsey with a patronising "How d'ye do?"—and said no more concerning her proposed dismissal.

Theoretically and poetically, the sudden translation from poverty to riches is quite easy, natural, and agreeable: practically it is not so. Let a family be ever so refined and aristocratic, still if it has been brought up in indigence, its habits will have caught some tinge of the untoward circumstances through which it has had to struggle. I once knew a lady who confessed that she found it difficult to learn to order her servant to "bring candles," instead of "the candle;" and no doubt the Scanlan family on its first accession to wealth was exposed to similar perplexities.

The younger branches, especially, found their splendid new shoes rather troublesome wear. Accustomed to the glorious freedom of poverty, they writhed a little under their gilded chains. They quarrelled with the new nurses, made fun of the dignified butler and footman, and altogether gave so much trouble that it was a relief when, César having already gone to Oxford, the two other boys were sent off to school, and the three girls alone remained to brighten Oldham Court. But with these, despite all their father's arguments about the propriety of sending them to a fashionable London boarding-school, the mother point-blank refused to part. A governess was procured—the best attainable: and so the domestic chaos was gradually reduced to order.

This done, and when she grew accustomed to see her children in their new position: no longer running wild like village boys and girls, but well-dressed, well-taught, and comporting themselves like a gentleman's sons and daughters, their mother's heart swelled with exultant joy. Her seven years of terrible suspense seemed blotted out: and the future—her children's future, for she had long ceased to have any other—stretched itself out before her clear as a sunshiny landscape. The happiness was worth the pain.

It had only been her own pain after all. Now, she sometimes smiled, half bitterly, to think what useless pangs had wrung her tender conscience about keeping that secret from her husband.

He himself did not seem to feel it in the least. After the first outburst of wounded vanity, he had never once referred to the subject; seemed, indeed, to have quite lost sight of it. To do him justice, he was not one to "bear malice," as the phrase is; he forgot his injuries as quickly as he did his blessings. Besides, so many sensitive troubles are avoided, and so many offences condoned, by people whose law of conduct is—not what is right or wrong, but what is expedient.

Therefore, as soon as he recovered full health, which he did to all appearance ere long, Mr. Scanlan begun to enjoy his changed fortunes amazingly; accepting them not so much as a gift, but a debt long owed to him by a tardy Providence. Within a few months—nay, weeks—he had ignored his Ditchley life as completely as the butterfly does his chrysalis exuvie, and burst out full-winged as the master of Oldham Court. He talked about "my place" as if he had possessed it all his days; only grumbling sometimes at the house itself—its dullness, its distance from any town, and, above all, its old-fashionedness. Edward Scanlan, who had been brought up in that phase of modern luxury in which the cost of a thing constitutes its sole value, did not approve of the Gothic style at all.

But to his wife, from the first minute she crossed its threshold, Oldham Court felt like home—her home till death, and that of her descendants after her. For she had come to that time of life when we begin involuntarily to look forward to our own secession in favour of the young, coming lives, who will carry on into futurity this dream of our life—which already begins to seem to us "like a shadow that departeth;"—and backwards on those past generations to whom we shall ere long descend. Thus, even while thinking of her children and children's children who would inherit this place, Josephine, wandering about it, often saw it peopled with innumerable gentle ghosts, into whose empty seats her bright, living, young flock had climbed. She felt



a great tenderness over these long-dead Oldhams; and took pains to identify and preserve the family portraits which still hung in hall and staircase. In her idle hours, only too numerous now, she liked to go and sit in the little church, which was so close to the house that, much to her husband's horror, one of the dining-room windows looked on to the churchyard. He had it boarded up immediately; but still, from her bedroom casement, Josephine would, of moonlight nights, or in early sunrises, gaze upon that tiny God's acre, and think, almost with a sense of pleasure, that she should one day be buried there.

These vanished Oldhams, they slept in peace—from the cross-legged Crusader with his hound at his feet, to the two mediæval spouses, kneeling, headless, side by side, and behind each a long train of offspring; and then on through many generations to the last one—Mr. Oldham's father, over whom a very ugly angel, leaning on a draped arm, kept watch and ward. Mrs. Scanlan often amused herself with making out the inscriptions, old English or Latin,—she had taught herself Latin, to teach her boys. These epitaphs were touching memorials of a family which, though not exactly noble, had been evidently honourable and honoured to the last. Necessarily so, or it could not have kept itself so long afloat on the deep sea of oblivion; for it is astonishing how quickly a race which has in it the elements of degradation and decay can dwindle down from nobility to obscurity.

As she pondered over these relics of an extinct but not degenerate race, Josephine felt stirring strangely in her the blood of the old De Bougainvilles. The desire to found, or to revive, a family; to live again after death in our unknown descendants; to plan for them, toil for them, and bequeath to them the fruit of our toils—a passion for which many men have sacrificed so much—came into this woman's heart with a force such as few men could understand, because thereto was added

the instinct of motherhood. Her ambition—for, as I have said, she was ambitious,—quenched inevitably as regarded the present, passed on to the days when, she and their father sleeping in peace together, her children should succeed to those possessions which she herself could never fully enjoy. Especially she used to dream of the time when César, reigning in her stead, should be master of Oldham Court.

"Yes," she thought, "my son"—she usually called her eldest boy "my son"—"must marry early: he will be able to afford it. And he must choose some girl after my own heart, to whom I will be such a good mother-in-law. And oh! how proud I shall be of the third generation!"

Thus planned she—thus dreamed she: looking far into the future, with stone-blind eyes, as we all of us look. Still, I think it made her happy—happier than she had been for many years.

One little cloud, however, soon rose on her bright horizon: strangely bright now, for in the sudden novelty of things, in the great relief and ease of his present lot, and in his power of getting every luxury he wished for, even Mr. Scanlan seemed to have taken a new turn, and to give his wife no trouble whatever. He was actually contented! He ceased to find fault with anything, became amenable to reason, and absolutely affectionate. His good angel—who, I suppose, never quite deserts any man—stood behind him, shaking ambrosial odours over him, and consequently over the whole family, for at least three months after their change of fortune.

And then the little cloud arose. The three Misses Scanlan, now requiring to be educated up to the level of the county families, amongst whose young ladies they would have to take their place, were put under a first-rate governess, who had, necessarily, a rather forcing system. It worked well with Gabrielle and Catherine—clever, handsome, healthy creatures, who learnt wholesomely and fast; but with Adrienne, now nearly old enough to enter society, the case was altogether different.

Alas, poor Adrienne! she would never be a show daughter to introduce into the world. She was neither a bright girl nor a pretty girl; nay, her appearance was almost worse than insignificant, for her poor weak spine had grown a little awry, and stooping over her studies made it much worse. Already she required to have her figure padded and disguised in various ingenious ways, which took all her mother's French skill to devise; and already her gentle pale face had that sad look peculiar to deformed people.

Of that she herself was painfully conscious. Beside her mother's stately dignity, and her sister Gabrielle's reed-like grace, she knew well how ill she looked, and this made her shy and shrinking from society. Other things, which she was only too quick to find out, added to this feeling.

"I can't imagine why you are always wanting Adrienne in the drawing-room," her father would say, not always out of the girl's hearing. "She does not care to come, and really she is not very ornamental. Keep her in the shade—by all means keep her in the shade."

And into the shade Adrienne instinctively retired, even from the first day she set foot in Oldham Court, especially when there happened to be visitors—a circumstance that occurred seldom enough,—which much surprised and displeased Mr. Scanlan.

"Of course everybody will call upon us—all the county families, I mean," he kept saying; and impressed upon his wife that at certain hours every day she was to sit prepared for their reception. Indeed, he was always laying down the law of etiquette for her in minute things, and telling her that she did not properly recognise her position. "For, my dear, you have been so long out of the world—if, indeed, you were ever fairly in it—that you cannot be expected to understand the ways of society as I do."

"Possibly not," she would answer, half amused, yet with a lurking sarcasm in her smile. But she obeyed, for it really was not worth her while to disobey.

She never cared to quarrel over small things.

Visitors came: only, alas! they were principally Ditchley people, driving over in hired flys and pony-chaises; not a single carriage and pair had as yet passed under the Gothic gateway. Nevertheless, Mrs. Scanlan welcomed her guests with all sorts of kindly attentions.

"Why should I not?" said she, when her husband remonstrated; "they were friendly to me when I was poor. Besides, they are all worthy people, and I like them."

"Which are not sufficient reasons for cultivating them, and I desire that they may not be cultivated any more than you can help," said Mr. Scanlan, with the slightly dictatorial tone which he sometimes used now.

Josephine flushed up, but made no answer. Indeed, she rarely did make answers now to things of which she disapproved. It was astonishing how little of actual conversation—the rational, pleasant, and improving talk which even husbands and wives can sometimes find time to indulge in, and which makes the quietest life a continual entertainment—passed between this husband and wife, who had been married so many years.

Just when his eager expectation of visitors—suitable visitors—had changed into angry surprise that they never came, Mr. Scanlan entered the house one day in eager excitement. He had met on the road the two young sons of his nearest neighbour, the Earl of Turberville, coming to call, they said, and ask permission to shoot over his preserves.

"I should have invited them to lunch, but I feared you would not have it nice enough; however, they have promised to come to-morrow—both Lord Cosmo and Lord Charles. So be sure, Josephine, that you have everything in apple-pie order, and dress yourself elegantly" (he still, when excited, pronounced it "il-gantly"). "For who knows but the Earl and Countess themselves might come. Lord Cosmo said he knew his father had something very particular to say to me."

And for the next twenty-four hours poor Mr. Scanlan was in a perpetual fidget, worrying his butler and footman; till they civilly hinted that they had always lived in high families, and knew their own business; and especially worrying his wife, who did not participate in this idolatrous worship of rank and title, which had always been a strong characteristic of the Irish curate. Long before luncheon time, he insisted upon her taking her seat in the drawing-room: dressed—with elegance, certainly—though with not half the splendour he desired.

“Ah!” said he, sighing; “you may take a horse to the water, but you can’t make him drink. I fear, Josephine, I shall never succeed in raising you to the level of your present position. I give you up!”

The hour arrived, but not the guests; and, after waiting till three o’clock, Mrs. Scanlan insisted on going into luncheon. She had scarcely taken her place there when the two lads entered—rather roughly clad and roughly behaved lads, anything but young lords, apparently, until they caught sight of the lady at the head of the table. Then, their instinctive good breeding told them that they had been guilty of a discourtesy and a mistake. They were full of apologies, Lord Cosmo especially, for being so unwarrantably late; but they gave no reason for their tardiness, and neither made a single excuse for the non-appearance of the Earl and Countess; indeed, seemed not to have an idea that these latter were expected. Nor did Josephine refer to the fact, being long accustomed to her husband’s great powers of imagination.

She rather liked the youths, who were fresh from Eton—pleasant, gentlemanly fellows; and conversation soon became easy and general. Lord Cosmo tried in various quiet ways to find out who Mrs. Scanlan was, and how she came to inherit Oldham Court. At last he put the question whether she was not distantly related to Mr. Oldham; and when his curiosity gained only a brief No, he covered his confusion by

darting into a long explanation of how the Oldhams and Turbervilles were the two most ancient families in the county, and had gone on quarrelling, intermarrying, and quarrelling again, ever since William the Conqueror.

“They were Saxons and we Normans, so we could not help fighting, you know.”

“Of course not,” said Mrs. Scanlan, and turned the conversation by some unimportant remark; but Mr. Scanlan brought it back eagerly.

“My wife also is of Norman descent. She comes of the Vicomtes de Bougainville—a very old and honourable family.”

“Oh!” replied the young man; and added, with a slight bow, “*Cela va sans dire.*”

“What was that your lordship said?” inquired the host, eagerly; but the hostess, with a hot cheek—alas! her cheeks burnt very often during that afternoon—stopped the answer by inquiring if Lord Cosmo had ever been in France, and so leading the talk widely astray from herself and her ancestors.

Calm as she sat—looking, in her fine Gothic dining-hall, like a mediæval picture—she sat, nevertheless, upon thorns the whole time. For it was the first time for many years that she had seen her husband as he appeared in general society, and the sight was not agreeable. The court suit of prosperity is only becoming to courtly figures. Many a man, decent enough in common broadcloth, when dressed up in velvet and point lace, looks painfully like a footman. Corporeally—or I should say sartorially—fate had denied Mr. Scanlan the pleasure of wearing bright colours; “Once a clergyman, always a clergyman” being, unfortunately, English law. But in his manners he assumed a costume of startling vividness and variety. “All things to all men,” was his maxim, and he carried it out with great unction; appearing by turns as the gentleman of fashion, of wealth, and of family; never knowing exactly which character to assume, for all were equally assumptions, and equally unfamiliar. The simple plan of avoiding all difficulties, by being always one’s



own honest self, did not occur to this ingenious Irishman.

He could not help it—it was his nature. But it was none the less painful to those belonging to him. People tell of the penitential horsehair which lovely women have worn under their velvet and minever, cambrie and lawn. I think I could tell of one woman who knew what it was to wear it too.

When the guests and Mr. Scanlan had quitted the drawing-room, Adrienne crept in there, and her mother, who was standing at the window watching the shadows come and go over the hill-sides, wistfully—as we look at a view that we hope to watch unchanged until we die—felt her daughter take her hand. She turned round immediately.

“My little girl!” stroking her hair—Adrienne had very pretty hair; Bridget often used to speak of it with sad pride—“My little girl, I wonder if you will ever be married! I almost hope not.” Then she added, quickly, “Because I should miss you so; and, besides, women can live quite happily without ever being married.”

“I know they can; above all when they have got such a dear mother to live for as mine,” said Adrienne, tenderly, but turning rosy-red as she spoke; so that Mrs. Scanlan, a little surprised at the child’s sensitiveness, changed the conversation immediately. She even repented having alluded to a subject upon which Adrienne could as yet only have theorised. Though she was nearly seventeen, she was still very childish; and she had scarcely spoken to a young man in her life. Except Mr. Summerhayes, who, compared with her, was not a young man at all.

This Mr. Summerhayes, the great bugbear of Josephine’s married life, had apparently quite disappeared from her horizon. Among the congratulatory letters which had reached them of late, was one from him; but Mr. Scanlan had read it and put it in the fire, and “wondered how the fellow could presume,” so no more was said upon the matter. She learnt accidentally that the artist was living from hand to mouth

at Rome, or some other Italian city, so she had no fear that, in their present circumstances, he would be any longer a snare to her husband. Nay, she felt a little sorry for him, scamp as he was—remembering all his amusing ways at Wren’s Nest, when they were as poor as he was now. In the almost preternatural calm which brooded over her life now—at least, her external life—she could afford to be pitiful, even to a poor scoundrel.

Mr. Scanlan came back in the highest spirits, having seen his guests away on their horses, and exhibited his own, which were far finer animals.

“And they owned it, too—both Lord Cosmo and Lord Charles, and wished they had as good; but the Earl is as poor as a rat, everybody knows. Exceedingly nice young fellows, their lordships are! and I hope we shall see a great deal of them. You must be sure to be at home, Josephine, when the Countess calls. These are the sort of friends that we ought to make. Not your horrid, common-place, Ditchley people; who were well enough once, but don’t suit us now, and will suit us less and less, I prophesy. Ha—ha—my dear, you don’t know what I know. How should you like me to get a handle to my name? What do you say to being called ‘My lady?’”

He took his wife round the waist and kissed her with considerable excitement.

“Edward,” she answered, in her quietest and gentlest tone, “sit down here and tell me what you mean.”

With difficulty, and at first entire incredulity, she got out of him something which, though it seemed to her too ridiculous seriously to believe, was yet a possibility; and a note, or memorandum, which her husband showed her, which at the last minute had been given him by Lord Cosmo, confirmed it as a possibility. Lord Turberville, though very poor, was a keen politician, and deeply in the confidence of the Government, to whom, as well as to himself, it was necessary to secure the influence of the large landowners of the county.

Among these, almost the largest was the owner of the Oldham Court estates. His lordship had, therefore, concocted a scheme for selecting Mr. Scanlan as the most suitable person to go up to London, as head of a deputation to present an address on a certain expected Royal event—I am intentionally obscure as to what that event was—the presenters of which address generally received the honour of knighthood. It was a “job,” of course; but not worse than hundreds of political jobs which are perpetrated every day in our free and independent country; and Mr. Scanlan was delighted with the idea, nor in the least astonished that such a tribute should be paid to his own exceeding merit.

“And what shall I answer the Earl?” said he, when he had expended his raptures on the advantages in store for him.

“Have you answered?” his wife asked, with a keen look.

“Well—to tell the truth—as I never imagined you would be so foolish as to object to the thing, I sent word to Lord Turberville——”

“Yes, yes—I understand. You have answered. Then why go through the form of consulting me on the subject?”

It was one of his small shams, his petty cowardlinesses, which so irritated this woman, who would any day rather have been struck on the cheek openly, than secretly stung to the heart. But it had to be borne, and it was borne. As to the thing itself—the question as to whether or not she should be called “my lady”—she did not, in truth, care two straws about it. I think she would have been proud, exceedingly proud, had her husband earned a title in some noble way; but in this way—for she saw through the mysteries of the matter at once—it affected her in no possible degree.

“Do as you like,” she said. “It is much the same to me whether I am Mrs. or Lady Scanlan.”

“Scanlan! ah, that is the nuisance! Ours is such a horrid common name. If Mr. Oldham had only given us his own—Lord Cosmo expressed surprise

that he did not. Don’t you think, Josephine, we could assume it?”

Josephine regarded her husband with unfeigned astonishment. “No; certainly not. If he had wished it, he would certainly have said so. Besides, to give up your own name—your father’s name——”

“Oh—but the old man is dead; he’ll never know it. And what did well enough for my father is different for me. I have risen in the world; and who cares for my antecedents? Indeed, the less we speak of them the better.”

“Do you think so?” said Josephine once more. And there flashed upon her the remembrance of the kind old woman—certainly not a lady, but a true, kind woman, whose grandmotherly arms had received her own first-born babe; and of the old man, who, common and vulgar as he was, had yet a heart, for it had broken with grief at having reduced to poverty his wife and only son. These two in their lifetime Josephine had not loved much; had only put up with them for the sake of her Edward; but she recalled them affectionately now. And even for herself—the years she had borne the name, through weal and woe; alas! more woe than weal—seemed to consecrate it in her eyes. “No,” she continued after a pause, “do not let us change our name: I could never fancy myself anything but Mrs. Scanlan.”

“Josephine! how can you be so stupid?” said her husband irritably. “I hope I am at least as wise as you, and this seems to me an excellent scheme. In fact,” added he, folding his hands and casting up his eyes—those effective black eyes which did no pulpit-duty now—“I think that to let it go would be to fail in my gratitude to Providence, and lose an opportunity of distinguishing myself in that sphere of life to which, as our noble Catechism says, it has pleased God to call me. For I am comparatively a young man still; much under fifty, you know, and I may live to seventy, as my father did. And your father, was he not seventy-four or seventy-five? By the bye”——and

he started up, struck with an idea so sudden and brilliant that he could not keep it to himself one moment. "Since you so strongly object to our taking this name of Oldham, what say you, my darling wife, to our taking one that actually does belong to us—at least to you? Suppose we were to call ourselves by your maiden name, De Bougainville?"

Josephine turned pale as death. All the blood in her heart seemed to stand still a moment, and then rush on in a frantic tide. She tried to speak, but her throat contracted with a sort of spasm.

"Wait. It is so sudden. Let me think." And she sat down, a little apart, with her hand over her eyes. These never sought her husband's; they never did now, either for help, counsel, or sympathy; she knew it would be only vain, seeking for what one cannot hope to find. All she did was to sit in silence, listening, as to the noise of a stream of water, to the flow of his voluminous talk. It harmed her not; she scarcely heard it.

But Mr. Scanlan's sudden suggestion had as suddenly and powerfully affected her. There was in Josephine a something—hitherto conscientiously and sternly suppressed—which her husband never dreamed of; the strong "aristocratic" feeling. Not in his sense—the cringing worship of a mere title—but the prejudice in favour of whatever is highest and best, in birth, breeding, and manner of life. Though she never spoke of it, her pride in these things, so far as she herself possessed them, was extreme. The last of the De Bougainvilles cherished her name and family with a tenderness all the fonder because it was like love for the dead; the glory of the race had departed. To revive it—to transmit to her children, and through them to distant descendants, not merely the blood, but the name—was a pleasure so keen that it thrilled her almost like pain.

"Well, Josephine? Bless me—how you start! You quite frightened me. Well; and what do you say, my dear?"

"Don't tempt me!" she answered, with a half-hysterical laugh. "As Bridget says, 'Let sleeping dogs lie.' If once I begin thinking of such a thing—of seeing my boy César another César de Bougainville—there were six generations of them, all named César, and all honest, honourable men; my father was the last. Ah, mon Dieu! mon père—mon père!" She burst into tears.

Mr. Scanlan was a little discomposed, almost displeased; but, not being a sensitive man, or quick to divine motives, he set down his wife's extraordinary emotion to the excitement of possibly becoming "my lady," to say nothing of "Lady de Bougainville," which was such a charmingly "genteel" name. He patted her on the back, and bade her "take things easily, she would get used to them in time;" and then, as he especially disliked anything like a scene, he called Adrienne to attend to her mother, and took himself off immediately.

And his wife?

She had no one to speak to, no one to take counsel of. Unless her little daughter—who, sitting at the further end of the room, whither Adrienne usually crept when her father appeared, had heard all—might be called a counsellor. The girl, so simple in some things, was in others much wiser than her years—eldest daughters of sorely-tried women often are. Adrienne, being called, said a few wise words which influenced her mother more than at the time either were aware of. And she told a few things which her brothers had in confidence told to her—how Louis and Martin, in their grand school "for noblemen and gentlemen," were taunted perpetually about the "Scanlan & Co." porter bottles; and even César, fine young fellow as he was, found that, until he had established his character as a reading man, so that nobody asked who his father was, all his wealth failed to be a sufficient passport into the best Oxford society. In short, the family were suffering under the inevitable difficulties of *nouveaux riches*, which of



course they would live down in time—but still it would take time. To shorten this—especially for the boys, who were of an age to feel such difficulties acutely—would be advisable if possible. And it was possible that things might be easier for the three lads, just entering the world, if they entered it as the sons of Sir Edward and Lady de Bougainville.

Weak reasoning, perhaps! It would have been stronger and braver to hold fast to the paternal name, ennobling and beautifying it by such tender fidelity. And so doubtless would have been done, by both wife and children, had the father been a different sort of father. But—as I have oftentimes repeated—life is not unlevel, and in it people usually get what they earn. In this family as in most others, things were—as they were, and nothing could make them otherwise.

When the mother and daughter went downstairs to dinner, the matter was quite decided.

“Papa,” said Adrienne, mustering up a strange courage, for she saw her mother was hardly able to speak, and going straight up to her father as he stood on the hearthrug, with a slightly ill-used and dignified air. “Papa, Mamma has told me everything, and I am so glad. I hope all will come about as you wish. How nice it will be to hear you called ‘Sir Edward!’ And just look at Mamma, in that new dress of hers—she put it on to-night to please you—will she not make a beautiful Lady de Bougainville?”

#### CHAPTER XV.

It was all settled at last, though after much delay, and very considerable expense. One fine morning the *Times* newspaper announced, in advertisement, to all the world, that “the Reverend Edward Scanlan of Oldham Court meant thenceforward, in memory of his wife’s father, the late Vicomte de Bougainville” (he inserted this paragraph himself, and Josephine first saw it in print when remonstrance was idle), “to

assume, instead of his own, the name and arms of De Bougainville.” These last he had already obtained with much trouble and cost, and affixed them upon every available article within and without the house, from letter-paper and carriage panels down to dinner-plates and hall chairs. His wife did not interfere: these were after all only outside things.

But when she saw, for the first time, her new-old name on the address of a letter, and had to sign once again, after this long interval of years—“Josephine de Bougainville”—the same sudden constriction of heart seized her. It seemed as if her youth were returned again, but in a strange ghostly fashion, and with one vital difference between the old days and the new: then her future lay all in herself, all in this visible world;—now—Did she, who had long ceased to think of herself and her own personal happiness, ever look forward to the world invisible?

I have said, Josephine was not exactly a religious woman. The circumstances of her married life had not been likely to make her such. But we cannot, at least some people cannot, live wholly without God in the world. Sometimes, in her long leisure hours among the old tombs, or still oftener in the lovely country around Oldham Court, where she wandered at her will, feeling thankful that her lines had fallen in pleasant places—the longing for God, the seeking after Him, though in a blind heathen sort of way, came into her heart and made it calmer and less desolate. Pure it always was, and the love of her children kept it warm. But still it needed the great ploughshare of affliction—solemn sacred affliction, coming direct from God, not man—to go over it, so as to make the ground fit for late harvest, all the richer and lovelier because it was so late. As yet, under that composed manner of hers, sedulously as she did her duties, complaining of nothing, and enjoying everything as much as she could—for it seemed to her absolutely a duty to enjoy—she was nevertheless conscious of the perpetual feeling of “a stone in her heart.” Not a fire, as once

used to be, an ever-smouldering sense of hot indignation, apprehension, or wrong; but a stone—a cold dead weight that never went away.

Dr. Waters had given her two permanent private advices respecting her husband: to keep him from all agitation, and never to let him be alone for many hours at a time. To carry out this without his discovering it, or the necessity for it, was the principal business of her life, and a difficult task too, requiring all her patience and all her ingenuity. Mr. Scanlan—I beg his pardon, Mr. de Bougainville—was exceedingly well now; and, with care, might remain so for many years. Still the solemn cloud hung over him; which he saw not, and never must be allowed to see, or his weak nature would have succumbed at once. But to his wife it was visible perpetually; levelling alike all her pleasures and all her pains; teaching her unlimited forbearance with him, and yet a power of opposing him, when his own good required it, which was almost remorseless in its strength. As the wifely love departed, the motherly pity, as of a woman over a sick or foolish child, which she has to guard with restrictions that almost look like cruelty and yet are its only safety,—rose up in that poor seared heart, which sometimes she could hardly believe was the heart of the girl Josephine de Bougainville. It would have broken long ago, only it was a strong heart, and it was that of the mother of six children.

She was sitting one day in the oriel window of the drawing-room, writing to her boys at school, when her husband rushed in and kissed her in one of his bursts of demonstrative affection.

“Give you joy, give you joy, my lady. You’ll be my lady this time next week. I have just heard from Lord Turberville. The address is quite settled at last, and the deputation, with myself at its head, starts to-morrow for London.”

“To-morrow! That is soon, but I daresay I can manage to get ready,” said Mrs. de Bougainville with a smile.

“You!” her husband replied, and his countenance fell at once; “my dear

Josephine, there is not the slightest necessity for *your* going.”

“But I should like to go. I want to be with you; it is surely not an unnatural wish;” and then she stopped, with a horrid consciousness of hypocrisy. For she knew in her heart she would much rather have been left at home with her children. But, with Dr. Waters’ warning ringing in her ears, there was no alternative. She must go with her husband; and once more she said this.

Mr. de Bougainville looked extremely disconcerted, but the wholesome awe he had of his wife and his real affection for her, though it was little deeper than that of the tame animal which licks the hand that feeds it and makes it physically comfortable, kept his arrogance within bounds.

“I am sure, my dear Josephine, nothing is more natural than for you to wish to be with me, and I should be very glad of your company. But you dislike London life so much, and I shall have a great deal to do and much high society to mix in, and you do not like high society. Really you had better stay at home.”

“I cannot stay at home,” she said, and putting aside all wounded feeling she looked up in his face, which happened to be particularly sickly that day, and saw only the creature she had charge of, whose whole well-being, moral and physical, depended upon her care. It was a total and melancholy reversal of the natural order of things between husband and wife; but Providence had made it so, and how could she gainsay it? She had only to bear it.

“Edward,” she entreated—it was actual entreaty, so sharp was her necessity—“take me with you. I will be no burthen to you, and I do so want to go.”

He made no resistance, it was too much trouble; but saying with a vexed air, “Well, do as you like, you always do,” quitted the room at once.

Doing as she liked! I wonder how many years it was since Josephine enjoyed that enviable privilege or luxury,

if indeed to any human being it long continues to be either. As her husband slammed the door, she sighed,—one long pent-up, forlorn, passionate sigh: then rose, and set about her preparations for departure.

She left her eldest daughter a delighted queen-regent at Oldham Court, with Bridget as prime minister, promising to be home again as soon as she could. "And remember you'll come back 'my lady,'" whispered Bridget, who of course knew everything. She had a dim impression that this and all other worldly advantages had accrued solely through the merits of her beloved mistress: and was proud of them accordingly.

Her mistress made no answer. Possibly, she thought that to be the wife of some honest, poor man, who earned his bread by the labour of his brains or the sweat of his brow; earned it hardly but cheerfully; denied himself, but took tender protecting care of his wife and children; told the truth, paid his debts, and kept his honour unblemished in the face of God and man,—was at least as happy a lot as that of Lady de Bougainville.

The husband and wife started on their journey: actually their first journey together since their honeymoon! Travelling *en prince*, with valet and maid and a goodly array of luggage, which greatly delighted Mr. de Bougainville. Especially when they had to pass through Ditchley, where he had never been since they left the place, nor had she. She wanted to stop at Priscilla Nunn's, but found the shop closed, the good woman having given up business and gone abroad.

"A good thing too, and then people will forget her; and forget that you ever demeaned yourself by being a common sempstress. I wonder, Josephine, you were ever so silly as to do such a thing."

"Do you?" said she, remembering something else which he little suspected she had been on the very brink of doing, which she was now thankful she had not done; that almost by miracle

Providence had stood in her way and hindered her. Now, sweeping along in her carriage and pair, she recalled that forlorn, desperate woman who had hurried through the dark streets one rainy night, to Priscilla Nunn's shop door, bent on a purpose, which she could not even now conscientiously say was a sinful purpose, though Heaven had saved her from completing it. As she looked down on the face by her side, which no prosperity could ever change into either a healthy or a happy face, Josephine said to herself for the twentieth time, "Yes; I am glad I did not forsake him. I never will forsake him—my poor husband!"

Not my dear, my honoured—only my "poor" husband. But to such a woman this was enough.

Their journey might have been bright as the May morning itself, but there was always some crumpled rose-leaf in the daily couch of Mr. de Bougainville. This time it was the non-appearance of the Earl and Countess of Turberville, with whom he said he had arranged to travel. True, he had never seen either of them, nor had his wife; the inhabitants of Turberville Hall and Oldham Court having merely exchanged calls, both missing one another, and there the acquaintance ended. Apparently, Mr. de Bougainville asserted, his lordship's delicacy prevented his coming too prominently forward in this affair at present, but when once the knighthood was bestowed it would be all right. And he was sure, from something Lord Cosmo said, that the Earl wished to travel with him to London, starting from this station.

So he went about seeking him, or somebody like what he supposed an earl to be, but in vain; and at last had to drop suddenly into a carriage where were only a little old lady and gentleman, to whom, at first sight, he took a strong antipathy, as he often did to plain or shabbily-dressed persons. This couple having none of the shows of wealth about them, must, he thought, be quite common people: and he treated them accordingly.



It is a bad thing to fall in love at first sight with your fellow-passengers—in railway carriages or elsewhere; but to hate them at first sight is sometimes equally dangerous. Josephine tried vainly to soften matters, for she had always a tender side to elderly people, and this couple seemed very inoffensive, nay, rather pleasant people, the old lady having a shrewd kind face, and the old gentleman very courteous manners. But Mr. de Bougainville was barely civil to them: and even made *sotto voce* remarks concerning them for a great part of the journey. Till, reaching the London terminus, he was utterly confounded by seeing the guard of the train—a Ditchley man—rush up to the carriage door with an officious “Let me help you, my lord,” and a few minutes after, picking up a book the old lady had left behind her, he read on it the name of the Countess of Turberville.

Poor Mr. de Bougainville! Like one of those short-sighted mortals who walk with angels unawares, he had been travelling for the last three hours with the very persons whose acquaintance he most wished to cultivate, and had behaved himself in such a manner as, it was plain to be seen, would not induce them to reciprocate this feeling. No wonder the catastrophe quite upset him.

“If I had had the least idea who they were!—and it was very stupid of you, Josephine, not to find out; you were talking to her ladyship for ever so long. If I had only known it was his lordship, I would have introduced myself at once. At any rate I should have treated him quite differently. How very unfortunate!”

“Very,” said Mrs. de Bougainville, drily.

She said no more, for she was much tired, and the noise of the London streets confused her. They had taken a suite of apartments in one of the most public and fashionable “family” hotels—it had a homeless, dreary splendour, and she disliked it much. But her husband considered no other abode suitable for Sir Edward and Lady de

Bougainville;—which personages, in a few days, they became, and received the congratulations, not too disinterested, of all the hotel servants, and even of the master himself, who had learnt the circumstance, together with almost fabulous reports of the wealth of Sir Edward in his own county.

Nevertheless, even the most important provincial magnate is a very small person in London. Beyond the deputation which accompanied him, Sir Edward had no visitors at all. He knew nobody, and nobody knew him: that is, nobody of any consequence. One or two of the Summerhayes set hunted him out, but he turned a cold shoulder to them; they were not reputable acquaintances now. And as for his other circle of ancient allies, though it was the season of the May meetings, and he might easily have found them out, he was so terribly afraid of reviving any memories of the poor Irish curate, and of identifying himself again with the party to which he had formerly belonged, that he got out of their way as much as possible. *Honores mutant mores*, it is said: they certainly change opinions. That very peculiarity of the Low Church—at least of its best and sincerest members—which makes them take up and associate with any one, rich or poor, patrician or plebeian, who shares their opinions—this noble characteristic, which has resulted in so much practical good, and earned for them worthily their name of Evangelicals, was in his changed circumstances the very last thing palatable to the Reverend Sir Edward de Bougainville.

So he ignored them all, and the “Reverend” too, as much as he could; and turned his whole aspirations to politics and the Earl of Turberville—to whom, haunting as he did the lobby of the House of Commons, he was at last introduced, and from whom he obtained various slight condescensions, of which he boasted much.

But the Countess never called; and day by day the hope of the De Bougainvilles being introduced into high society through her means melted into thin air.

Long weary mornings in the hotel drawing-room, thrown entirely upon each other, as they had not been for years; dull afternoon drives side by side round Hyde Park; dinner spun out to the utmost limit of possible time, and then perhaps a theatre or opera—for Sir Edward had no objection to such mundane dissipations now:—these made up the round of the days. But still he refused to leave London, or “bury himself,” as he expressed it, at Oldham Court, and thought it very hard that his wife should expect it. One of the painful things to her in this London visit was the indifference her husband showed to her society, and his eagerness to escape from it; which fact is not difficult to understand. I, who knew her only in her old age, can guess well enough how the small soul must have been encumbered, shamed, and oppressed even to irritation by the greater one. Many a woman has been blamed for being “too good” for a bad husband; too pure, too sternly righteous; but I for one am inclined to think these allegations come from the meaner half of the world. Lady de Bougainville had a very high standard of moral right, an intense pity for those who fell from it, but an utter contempt for those who pretended to it without practising it. And to such she was probably as obnoxious as Abdiel to Lucifer. And so she became shortly to a set of people who, failing better society, gathered round her husband, cultivating him in coffee-rooms and theatres: new friends, new flatterers, and those “old acquaintance” who always revive, like frozen snakes, in the summer of prosperity, and begin winding about the unfortunate man of property with that oily affection which cynics have well termed “the gratitude for favours about to be received.” These Lady de Bougainville saw through at once; they felt that she did, and hated her accordingly. But have we not sacred warrant for the consolation, that it is sometimes rather a good thing to be hated—by some people?

Longing, nay, thirsting for home, Josephine implored her husband to take

her back thither; and he consented, not for this reason, but because their weekly expenses were so large as to frighten him. For it was a curious thing, and yet not contrary to human nature, that as he grew rich he grew miserly. The money which, when he had it not, he would have spent like water, now, when he had it, he often grudged, especially in small expenditures and in outlays for the sake of other people. His “stingy” wife was, strange to say, now becoming much more extravagant than he.

“Yes, we’ll go home, or I shall be ruined. People are all rogues and thieves, and the richer they believe a man to be, the more they plunder him.” And he would have departed the very next day, but for an unexpected hindrance.

Lady Turberville actually called!—that is, they found her card lying on the table, and with it an invitation to a large assembly which she was in the habit of giving once in the season;—thereby paying off her own social and her husband’s political debts. It was a fortnight distant, and Josephine would fain have declined, but her husband looked horrified.

“Refuse! Refuse the Countess! What can you be thinking of? Why, hers is just the set in which we ought to move, where I am sure to be properly appreciated. You too, my dear, when people find out that you come of good family; if you would only get over your country ways, and learn to shine in society.”

Josephine smiled, and there came again to her lips the bitter warning, which she knew was safe not to be comprehended, “Let sleeping dogs lie.” For lately, thrust against her will into this busy, brilliant, strong, intellectual life—such as everybody must see more or less in London—there had arisen in her a dim, dormant sense of what she was—a woman with eyes to see, brains to judge, and a heart to comprehend it. Also, what she might have been, and how much she might have done, both of herself and by means of her large

fortune, if she had been unmarried, or married to a different sort of man. She felt dawning sometimes a wild womanly ambition, or rather the foreshadowing of what under other circumstances that ambition might have been,—as passionate, as tender, as that which she thought she perceived one night in the eyes of a great statesman's wife listening to her husband speaking in the House of Commons. Even as she, Josephine de Bougainville, could have listened, she knew,—had Heaven sent her such a man.

But these were wild wicked thoughts. She pressed them down, and turned her attention to other things, especially to the new fashionable costume in which her husband insisted she was to commence "shining in society."

When, on the momentous night, Sir Edward handed his wife, rather ostentatiously, through the knot of idlers in the hotel lobby, he declared with truth that she looked "beautiful." So she did, with the beauty which is independent of mere youth. She had made the best of her beauty too, as, when nigh upon forty, every woman is bound to take extra pains in doing. In defiance of the court milliner, she had insisted upon veiling her faded neck and arms with rich lace, and giving stateliness to her tall thin figure by sweeping folds of black velvet. Also, instead of foolish artificial flowers in her grey hair, she wore a sort of head-dress, simple yet regal, which made her look, as her maid declared, "like a picture." She did not try to be young: she could not help being beautiful.

Enchanted with her appearance, her husband called her exuberantly "his jewel;" which no doubt she was; only he had no wish, like the tender Scotch lover, to "wear her in his bosom"—he would much have preferred to plant her in his cap-front, in a gorgeous setting, for all the world to gaze at. Her value to him was not in herself, but what she appeared to other people.

Therefore, when he saw her contrasted with the brilliant crowd which straggled up the staircase of Turberville House,

his enthusiastic admiration of her a little cooled down.

"How dark you look in that black gown! There's something not right about you, not like these other ladies. I see what it is; you dress yourself in far too old-fashioned and too plain a way. Very provoking! when I wanted you to appear your best before her ladyship."

"She will never see me in this crowd," was all Josephine answered, or had time to answer, being drifted apart from her husband, who darted after a face he thought he knew.

In the pause, while, half-amused, half-bewildered, she looked on at this her first specimen of what Sir Edward called "society," Lady de Bougainville heard accidentally a few comments on Sir Edward from two young men, who apparently recognised him, but, naturally, not her.

"That man is a fool—a perfect fool. And such a conceited fool too!—you should hear him in the lobby of the House, chattering about his friend the Earl, to whom he thinks himself of such importance. Who is he—do you know?"

"Oh, a country squire, just knighted. Not a bad fellow, Lord Cosmo says, very rich, and with such a charming wife! Might do well enough among his familiar turnips, but here? Why will he make himself such an ass!"

To be half-conscious of a truth oneself, and to hear it broadly stated by other people, are two very different things. Josephine shrank back, feeling for the moment as if whipped with nettles; till she remembered they were only nettles, not swords. No moral delinquency had been cast up against her husband; and for the rest, what did it matter?—she knew it all before: and, in spite of her fine French sense of *comme il faut*, and her pure high breeding, she had learnt to put up with it. She could do so still.

Pushing with difficulty through the throng, she rejoined Sir Edward. "Keep close to me," she said. "Don't leave me again, pray."



"Very well, my dear; but—Ah! there are two friends of mine!" And in his impulsive way he introduced to her at once the very young men who had been speaking of him.

Lady de Bougainville bowed, looking them both right in the face with those stern unflinching eyes of hers; and, young men of fashion as they were, they both blushed scarlet. Then, putting her arm through her husband's, she walked deliberately on, carrying her head very erect, to the select circle where, glittering under a blaze of ancestral diamonds, and scarcely recognisable as the old lady who had travelled in such quiet, almost shabby simplicity, stood the little, brown, withered, but still courtly and dignified Countess of Turberville.

"Stop," whispered Sir Edward, in unwonted timidity. "It is so very—very awkward. I do hope her ladyship has forgotten. Must I apologize? What in the world am I to say to her! Josephine, do stop one minute."—Josephine obeyed.

And here let me too pause, lest I might be misconstrued in the picture which I draw—I own in not too flattering colours—of Sir Edward de Bougainville.

It was not his low origin, not the shadow of the Scanlan porter-bottles, which made him what he was. I have known gentlemen whose fathers were ploughmen—nay, the truest gentleman I ever knew was the son of a working mechanic. And I have seen boors, who had titles, and who, in spite of the noble lineage of centuries, were boors still. What made this man vulgar was the innate coarseness of his nature, lacquered over with superficial refinement. He was, in fact, that which, in all ranks of life, is the very opposite of a gentleman—a sham. I do not love him, but I will not be unfair to him; and if I hold him up to contempt, I wish it clearly to be understood what are the things I despise him for.

Did his wife despise him? How can one tell? We often meet men and their wives, concerning whom we ask of ourselves the same question, and wonder

how they ever came to be united; yet the wives move in society with smiling countenances, and perform unshrinkingly their various duties, as Lady de Bougainville performed hers.

"Shall we go on now?" she said, and led her husband forward to the dreadful ordeal. But it passed over quite harmlessly—rather worse than harmlessly; for the Countess merely bowed, smiling upon them as upon all her other guests, and apparently scarcely recognising them, in that dense, ever-moving throng. They went on with it, and never saw their hostess again all the evening. The sole reward they gained for three hours of pushing and scrambling, heated rooms and an infinitesimal quantity of refreshment, was the pleasure of seeing their names in the paper next day among the Countess of Turberville's four hundred invited guests.

This was Lady de Bougainville's first and last experience of "shining in society"—that is, London society, which alone Sir Edward thought worth everything. He paid for it with several days of illness, brought on by the heat and excitement, and perhaps the disappointment too, though to the latter he never owned. After that he was glad enough to go home.

Oh, how Josephine's heart leaped when she saw, nestling among the green hills, the grey outline of Oldham Court! She had, more than any one I ever knew, the quality of adhesiveness, not only to persons but places. She had loved Wren's Nest, though her husband's incessant schemes for quitting it, and her own constant terror for the future, made her never feel settled there; but Oldham Court, besides being her ideal of a house to live in, was her own house, her home, from which fate now seemed powerless to uproot her. She clung to it, as, had she been one of those happy wives who carry their home about with them, she never might have clung; but things being as they were, it was well she did do so—well that she could accept what she had, and rejoice in it, without craving for the impossible.

After their return, she had a wonder-

fully quiet and happy summer. Her children came about her, from school and college, enjoying their holidays the more for the hard work between. And her husband found something to do, something to amuse himself with; he was appointed a magistrate for the county, and devoted himself, with all his Irish eagerness after novelty, to the administration of justice upon all offenders. Being not only a magistrate but a clergyman, he considered himself bound to lay on the moral whip as heavily as possible, until his wife, who had long lost with him the title of "Themis," sometimes found it necessary to go after him, not as Justice, but as Mercy, binding up the wounds he made.

"You see," he said, "in my position, and with the morality of the whole district in my keeping, I must be severe. I must pass over nothing, or people will think I am lax myself."

And many was the poor fellow he committed to the county gaol for having unfortunately a fish in his hat or a young leveret in his pocket; many was the case of petty larceny that he dealt with according to the utmost rigour of the law. It was his chief amusement, this rigid exercise of authority, and he really enjoyed it exceedingly.

Happily, it served to take off his attention from his three sons, who were coming to that age when to press the yoke of paternal rule too tightly upon young growing shoulders is sometimes rather dangerous. All the boys, César especially, instinctively gave their father as wide a berth as possible. Not that he ignored them as he once used to do; on the contrary, to strangers he was rather fond of talking about "my eldest son at Oxford," and "my two boys who are just going to Rugby." But inside the house he interfered little with them, and had no more of their company than was inevitable.

With their mother it was quite different. Now, as heretofore, she was all in all to them, and they to her. Walking, riding, or driving together, they had her quite to themselves: enjoying

with her the new-found luxuries of their life.

"Mamma, how beautiful you look in that nice gown!—the very picture of a Lady de Bougainville!" they would say, in their fond boyish admiration. And she, when she watched them ride out on their pretty ponies, and was able to give them dogs and guns, and every thing that boys delight in, exulted in the fortunate wealth, and blessed Mr. Oldham in her heart.

In truth, under this strong maternal influence, and almost wholly maternal guidance, her sons were growing up everything that she desired to see them. Making all allowance for the tender exaggerations of memory—I believe, even from Bridget's account, that the young De Bougainvilles must have been very good boys—honest, candid, generous, affectionate; the comfort and pride of their happy mother during this first year of prosperity.

Even after she had despatched them, each by turn, to school and college, she was not sad. She had only sent them away to do their fitting work in the world, and she knew they would do it well. She trusted them, young as they were, and oh! the blessing of trust!—almost greater than that of love. And she had plenty of love, too, daily surrounding her, both from the boys away and the three girls at home. With one or other of her six children her time and thoughts were incessantly occupied. Mothers, real mothers, be they rich or poor, have seldom leisure either to grow morbid or to grieve.

Of all the many portraits extant of her, perhaps the one I like the best is a daguerreotype by Claudet, taken during this bright year. It is not a flattered likeness, of course—the grey hairs and wrinkles are plain to be seen—but it has a sweetness, a composed, placid content, greater than any other of the various portraits of Lady de Bougainville.

It came home from London, she once told me, on a very momentous day, so much so that it was put aside, locked up, and never looked at for months and years.

Some hours before, she had parted from her eldest boy, who was returning to Oxford, sorry to leave his mother and his home, but yet glad to be at work again. She had seen him off, driving his father, who had to take his place for the first time on the bench of magistrates, to the county town, and now sat thinking of her son—how exactly he looked the character of “the young heir,” and how excessively like he was to her own father—outwardly and inwardly every inch a De Bougainville. He seemed to grow up day by day in her sight, as Wordsworth’s Young Romilly in that of his mother, “a delightful tree”—

“And proudly did his branches wave.”

She felt that under their shadow she might yet rejoice, and have in her declining age many blessed days. Days as calm and lovely as this October afternoon; when the hills lay quiet, transfigured in golden light, and the old grey house itself shone with a beauty as sweet and yet solemn as that of an old woman’s face: the face that sometimes, when she looked in the glass, she tried to fancy, wondering how her sons would look at it some of these days. Only her sons. For the world outside, and its comments upon her, Josephine, from first to last, never cared two straws.

Yet she was not unsocial, and sometimes, both for herself and her children’s sake, would have preferred a less lonely life than they had at Oldham Court—would have liked occasionally to mix with persons of her own sphere and on the level of her own cultivation. Now her only friends were the poor people of the neighbourhood, among whom she went about a good deal, and who looked up to her as to the Lady Bountiful of the whole country-side.

But that day she had enjoyed some pleasure in a long talk with the last person she expected to see or to fraternize with—Lady Turberville. They had met at the cottage of an old woman, to whom Josephine had been very kind. The Countess also; only, as she herself owned, her charities were necessarily limited. “You

are a much richer woman than I,” she had said, with a proud frankness, as she stood tucking up her gown-skirt to walk back the three miles to the Hall, and eyed with good-natured, but half-satirical glance, Lady de Bougainville’s splendid carriage, which had just drawn up to the cottage-door.

Josephine explained that she had intended to take the paralytic old woman for a drive.

“But, since it rains so fast, if Lady Turberville would——”

“If she would give you the chance of being kind to one old woman instead of another? Well, as I am rheumatic, and neighbourly kindness is pleasant, will you drive me home?”

“Gladly,” said Lady de Bougainville. And they became quite friendly before they reached the Hall.

Altogether the strong shrewd simplicity of the old Countess—she was about sixty-five, but looked older, from her worn face and plain, almost common style of dress—had refreshed and amused Josephine very much. While heartily despising the doctrine, that it is advisable to pull oneself up in the world by hanging on to the skirts of great people, she yet had acuteness enough to see that, both for oneself and one’s children, it is well to cultivate good, suitable, and pleasant society: not to hide one’s head in a hole, but to see a little of the world, and choose out of it those friends or acquaintance from whom we can get, or to whom we can give, the best sympathy and companionship.

“My girls have no friends at all now,” thought she, “and they will want some. Adrienne must come out this winter; poor little Adrienne!” And she sighed, reflecting that in their present limited circle Miss de Bougainville’s “coming out” would be in a very moderate form indeed. “Still she must in time get to know a few people, and she ought to learn to make friends, as Lady Turberville said. If Lady Susan and Lady Emily are like their mother, they might be good companions for my poor Adrienne!”



And then the mother's mind wandered off in all sorts of directions, as mothers' minds and hearts always do : to César on his journey to Oxford ; to Louis and Martin at school ; and back again to her little girls at home. Catherine was still "the baby," and treated as such ; but Gabrielle at thirteen looked nearly as womanly as Adrienne. And Gabrielle would certainly grow up beautiful—how beautiful, with her coquettish and impulsive

temperament, the mother was almost afraid to think. Still she was secretly very proud of her, as she was of all her children.

She sat a long time thinking of them all, and watching the sun disappear behind the hills, setting in glory upon what seemed to have been the loveliest day of the whole season, and the most enjoyable.

Alas, it was her last day of enjoyment, her last day of peace.

*To be continued.*

#### SOUPIR.

Ne jamais la voir ni l'entendre,  
Ne jamais tout haut la nommer,  
Mais fidèle toujours l'attendre,  
Toujours l'aimer.

Ouvrir les bras, et, las d'attendre,  
Sur le néant les refermer,  
Mais encor, toujours les lui tendre,  
Toujours l'aimer.

Ah ! ne pouvoir que les lui tendre,  
Et dans les pleurs se consumer,  
Mais ces pleurs, toujours les répandre,  
Toujours l'aimer.

Ne jamais la voir ni l'entendre,  
Ne jamais tout haut la nommer,  
Mais d'un amour toujours plus tendre,  
Toujours l'aimer.

SULLY PRUDHOMME.

## LAMBETH AND THE ARCHBISHOPS.

BY THE HON. LAMBETH LIBRARIAN.

## PART III.

FIRST in date among the genuine portraits of the primates which hang round the walls of the Guard-room at Lambeth is the portrait of Archbishop Warham. The plain, homely, old man's face still looks down on us line for line as the "seeing eye" of Holbein gazed on it three centuries ago. "I instance this picture," says Mr. Wornum, in his life of the painter, "as an illustration that Holbein had the power of seeing what he looked on, and of perfectly transferring to his picture what he saw." Memorable in the annals of art as the first of that historic series which brings home to us as no age has ever been brought home to eyes of after-time the age of the English Reformation, it is even more memorable as marking the close of the great intellectual movement which the Reformation swept away. It was with a letter from Erasmus in his hands that Hans Holbein stood before the aged Archbishop, still young as when he sketched himself at Basel with the fair, frank, manly face, the sweet gentle mouth, the heavy red cap flinging its shade over the mobile, melancholy brow. But it was more than the "seventy years" that he has so carefully noted above it that the artist saw in the Primate's face; it was the still, impassive calm of a life's disappointment. Only ten years before, at the very moment when the painter first made his entry into Basel, Erasmus had been forwarding to England the great work in which he had recalled theologians to the path of sound biblical criticism. "Every lover of letters," the great scholar wrote sadly, after the old man had gone to his rest,— "Every lover of letters owes to Warham that he is the possessor of my Jerome;" and with an acknowledgment of the Pri-

mate's bounty such as he alone in Christendom could give, the edition bore in its forefront his memorable dedication to the Archbishop. That Erasmus could find protection for such a work in Warham's name, that he could address him with a conviction of his approval in words so bold and outspoken as those of his preface, tell us how completely the old man sympathised with the highest tendencies of the New Learning. Nowhere has Erasmus spoken out his mind so clearly, so freely. "Synods and decrees, and even councils," he says, "are by no means in my judgment the fittest means of repressing error, unless Truth depend simply on authority. On the contrary, the more dogmas there are, the more fruitful is the ground in producing heresies. Never was the Christian faith purer or more undefiled than when the world was content with a single creed, and that the shortest creed we have."

It is touching to listen to that last appeal of reason and of culture against the tide of dogmatism that was so soon to flood Christendom with Augsburg Confessions, and Creeds of Pope Pius, and Westminster Catechisms and Thirty-nine Articles. One man, at any rate, the appeal found full of hope in the peaceful victory of the truth. Is it by a mere accident or with a deeper significance, that in the accessories of his figure Holbein has expressed that strange double life in which Warham's interest consists? In his right hand the Primate bears the jewelled crozier of the old religion; may we not read the symbol of the New Learning in the open book that lies close beside his left? So to blend the past with the future, so to purify and inform the older pieties of Christendom by the larger "humanities" of science and of art, this was the aim of Warham, as it was the aim of Eras-

mus. It is this spirit which breathes through the simple, earnest letter in which the Primate announces the arrival of the volumes of Jerome, and tells his friend with what pleasure he was reading them. His edition of the New Testament, he adds (surely with a touch of his usual humour), he was lending to Bishop after Bishop. But while Holbein's pencil was travelling over the canvas, the golden dream of a new age, wrought peaceably, purely, by the progress of intelligence, by the growth of letters, was fast vanishing away. More than a year before, the Archbishop had received from his friend at Basel the famous treatise against Luther that marks the ruin of the Renaissance.

Of that "new birth" of the world—for I cling to a word so eminently expressive of a truth that historians of our day seem inclined to forget or to deny—of that regeneration of mankind through the sudden upgrowth of intellectual liberty, Lambeth was in England the shrine. With the Reformation Lambeth had little to do. Bucer, and Peter Martyr, and Alasco gathered indeed for a moment round Cranmer, but it was simply on their way to Cambridge, to Oxford, to Austin Friars. Only one of the symbols of Protestantism has any connexion with it; even the Prayer-book was drawn up in the peaceful seclusion of Otford. The party conferences, the martyrdoms of the warring faiths, took place elsewhere. But Lambeth was the home of the revival of letters. With a singular fitness, the venerable library which still preserves their tradition, ousted from its older dwelling-place by the demolition of the cloister, has in modern days found refuge in the Great Hall, where the men of the New Learning, where Colet and More and Grocyn and Linacre, gathered round the table of Warham. It was on the return of the last two from the Florentine school of Chalcondylas that the new intellectual revival, heralded as it had been in the very tumult of civil war by the learning of Tiptoft, the visit of Poggio, the library of Duke Humphrey of Gloucester, the presence of Italian scholars at the

Court of Henry the Seventh, had fairly reached England. Like every other movement, it had shrunk from the cold suspicion of the King, but it had found shelter in the patronage of his minister. Warham, like Morton, was the royal Chancellor, immersed in the political business of the state; but, unlike him, he was no mere politician. The eulogies which Erasmus lavished on him while he lived, his endless praises of the Primate's learning, his powers of business, his pleasant wit, his quiet modesty, his fidelity to his friends, may pass for what eulogies of living men are commonly worth. But it is impossible to doubt the sincerity of the glowing picture which he drew of him when death had destroyed all interest in mere adulation. The very letters indeed that passed between the great Churchman and the wandering scholar; the quiet, simple-hearted grace which amid constant instances of munificence preserves the perfect equality of literary friendship; the enlightened, unaffected piety which greets as the noblest of gifts the "New Testament" that bigots were denouncing, and to which Erasmus could confidently address the noble far-seeing words of his prefaces to St. Jerome, confirm the judgment of every good man of Warham's time. In the pious simplicity of his actual life the Archbishop offered a striking contrast to the great Continental prelates of his day. He cared nothing for the pomp, the sensual pleasures, the hunting and dicing in which they indulged. An hour's pleasant reading, a quiet chat with some learned new comer, alone broke the endless round of civil and ecclesiastical business. His favourite relaxation was to sup among a group of learned visitors, taking nothing, but contenting himself with his enjoyment of their jokes, and retorting with fun of his own. But the scholar-world found more than supper or fun at the Archbishop's board. His purse was ever open to relieve their poverty: "Had I found such a patron as Warham in my youth," Erasmus wrote long years after, "I too might have been counted among the fortunate



ones!" Enormous as were the resources of his see, his liberality outran them. "How much have I left in my treasury?" the Archbishop asked on his death-bed. They told him there was scarce enough to bury him. "Bene habet!—It is well," replied the old man as he passed away.

Letters owed more to Warham than even his prodigal gifts of money. Frowned on by one king, neglected for war and statecraft by another, jealously watched by prelates, like Stokesly, drifting nearer and nearer to the perils of heterodoxy, the Primate flung around the new movement his own steady protection. It was Warham who so long sheltered Colet from the charge of heresy; it was at the Archbishop's request that the heterodox dean preached the famous sermon of rebuke to the clergy which Mr. Seebohm has lately recalled to us. Grocyn, first to introduce Greek literature into England, became, by the Archbishop's patronage, master of the college at Croydon. It was with Grocyn that Erasmus rowed up the river to the Primate's board. Warham addressed a few kindly words to the poor scholar before and after dinner, and then drawing him aside into a corner of the hall (his usual way when he made a present to any one) slipped into his hand an acknowledgment for the book and dedication he had brought with him. "How much did the Archbishop give you?" asked his companion, as they rowed home again. "An immense amount!" replied Erasmus, but his friend saw the discontent on his face, and drew from him how small the sum really was. Then the disappointed scholar burst into a string of indignant questions: was Warham miserly, or was he poor, or did he really think such a present expressed the value of the book? Grocyn frankly blurted out the true reason for Warham's economy in his shrewd suspicion that this was not the first dedication that had been prefixed to the "*Hecuba*," and it is likely enough that the Primate's suspicion was right. At any rate, Erasmus owns that Grocyn's sardonic comment, "It is the way with you scholars,"

stuck in his mind even when he returned to Paris, and made him forward to the Archbishop a perfectly new translation of the "*Iphigenia*." In spite, however, of this unpromising beginning, the new acquaintance turned out wonderfully well. Warham, Erasmus wrote home, loved him as if he were his father or his brother, and his generosity surpassed that of all his friends. Within a few years the Archbishop had given him four hundred nobles without asking,—a hundred and fifty, indeed, in a single day. He had offered him a sinecure, and when he declined it had bestowed on him a pension of a hundred crowns a year. When he wandered to Paris, it was the invitation of Warham which recalled him to England. When the rest of his patrons left him to starve on the sour beer of Cambridge, it was Warham who sent him thirty angels. "I wish they were thirty legions of them," the old man puns, in his quaint, humorous way; "anyhow you must get 'better. I have always found gold a 'sovereign remedy for every complaint." The puns throughout the little note are terribly poor ones, but it is the sort of pleasant chat that brightens a sick chamber, and Erasmus seems to have found it witty enough. The medicine was one which Warham was called pretty frequently to administer. Even Linaere, "knowing that I was going to London with hardly six angels in my pocket," pressed his poor friend to "spare the Archbishop;" and Erasmus owned he had received so much from Warham that it would be scandalous to take more of him.

Few men seem to have realized more thoroughly than Warham the new conception of an intellectual and moral equality before which the old social distinctions were to vanish away. In his intercourse with this group of friends, he seems utterly unconscious of the exalted station which he occupied in the eyes of men. Take such a story as Erasmus tells, of a visit of Dean Colet to Lambeth. The Dean took Erasmus in the boat with him, and read as they rowed along a section called "*The*

Remedy for Anger," in his friend's popular "Handbook of the Christian Soldier." When they reached the hall, however, Colet plumped gloomily down by Warham's side, neither eating nor drinking nor speaking in spite of the Archbishop's good-humoured attempt to draw him into conversation. It was only by starting the new topic of a comparison of ages that the Archbishop was at last successful; and when dinner was over, Colet's ill-temper had utterly fled. Erasmus saw him draw aside an old man who had shared their board, and engage in the friendliest greeting. "What a fortunate fellow you are!" began the impetuous Dean, as the two friends stepped again into their boat; "what a tide of good-luck you bring with you!" Erasmus, of course, protested (one can almost see the half-earnest, half-humorous smile on his lip) that he was the most unfortunate fellow on earth. He was at any rate a bringer of good fortune to his friends, the Dean retorted; one friend at least he had saved from an unseemly outbreak of passion. At the Archbishop's table, in fact, Colet had found himself placed opposite to an uncle with whom he had long waged a bitter family feud, and it was only the singular chance which had brought him thither fresh from the wholesome lessons of the "Handbook" that had enabled the Dean to refrain at the moment from open quarrel, and at last to get such a full mastery over his temper as to bring about a reconciliation with his kinsman. Colet was certainly very lucky in his friend's lessons, but he was perhaps quite as fortunate in finding a host so patient and good tempered as Archbishop Warham.

Primate and scholar were finally separated at last by the settlement of Erasmus at Basel, but the severance brought no interruption to their friendship. "England is my last anchor," Erasmus wrote bitterly to a rich German prelate; "if that goes, I must beg." The anchor held as long as Warham lived. Years go by, but the Primate is never tired of new gifts and remembrances to the brave, sensitive scholar

at whose heels all the ignorance of Europe was yelping. Sometimes, indeed, he was luckless in his presents; once he sent a horse to his friend, and, in spite of the well-known proverb about looking such a gift in the mouth, got a witty little snub for his pains. "He is no doubt a good steed at bottom," Erasmus gravely confesses, "but it must be owned he is not over-handsome; however, he is at any rate free from all mortal sins, with the trifling exception of gluttony and laziness! If he were only a father confessor now! he has all the qualities to fit him for one—indeed, he is only *too* prudent, modest, humble, chaste, and peaceable!" Still, admirable as these characteristics are, he is not quite the nag one expected. "I fancy that through some knavery or blundering on your servant's part, I must have got a different steed from the one you intended for me. In fact, now I come to remember, I had bidden my servant not to accept a horse except it were a good one; but I am infinitely obliged to you all the same." Even Warham's temper must have been tried as he laughed over such a letter as this; but the precious work of art which Lambeth contains proves that years only intensified their friendship. It was, as we have seen, with a letter of Erasmus in his hands, that on his first visit to England Holbein presented himself before Warham; and Erasmus responded to his friend's present of a copy of the portrait by forwarding a copy of his own.

But if any hopes for the future lingered round the pleasant memories of the past that the artist may have awakened, they were soon to be roughly dispelled by the troubles of the time. The Royal divorce, the protest of Parliament against the Church, the headlong fall of Wolsey, the breach with Rome, fell like successive thunder-claps on the old age of Warham. Then came the crushing scandal of the Nun of Kent. The priest of Aldington rides hotly to Lambeth with news that a country-lass has turned prophetess, and the friend of Colet and Erasmus listens greedily to her predictions, and pronounces them to be of

God. It was time for Warham to die, and with solemn protest from his death-bed against law and statute that might tend to the hurt and prejudice of Church or see, the old man passed away. It was better so. He had not shown himself brave or quick-witted in the great storm that fell on his grey hairs, but he was at any rate not the man to stoop to the work that Henry now called on the Primate of All England to do. He was spared the infamy of sending the wisest and noblest of living Englishmen doomed to death from his gate. Among the group that the New Learning had gathered round Warham, one of the most familiar faces had been the face of More. From all that graceful interchange of letters and wit the heady current of events had long swept him away, when the royal mandate bade him again repair to the house where he had bandied fun with Erasmus and bent over the easel of Holbein. He was summoned before Cranmer and his fellow-commissioners, and the oath of allegiance, which recognised the validity of Katherine's divorce, was tendered to him. The summons was, as More knew and Cranmer knew, simply a summons to death. "I thank the Lord," More had said with a sudden start as the boat dropped silently down the river from his garden-steps at Chelsea in the early morning—"I thank our Lord that the field is won." He refused to take the oath, as the commissioners expected, but he was bidden to walk in the garden, that he might reconsider his reply. The day was hot, and More preferred to seat himself in a window from which he could look down into the crowded court. His strange sympathetic nature could enjoy, even in the presence of death, the humour and life of the throng below. "I saw," he told afterwards, "I saw Master Latimer very merry in the court, for he laughed and took one or twain by the neck so handsomely, that if they had been women I should have weened that he waxed wanton." The crowd was chiefly of priests—rectors and vicars pressing to take the oath that More found harder than death. He bore them

no grudge for it. When he heard the voice of one who was known to have boggled much at the oath in time past, calling loudly and ostentatiously for drink, he only noted him with his peculiar humour. "He drank," he said, "either from dryness or for gladness, or *quod ille notus erat Pontifici.*" Then he was called in simply to repeat his refusal. It was in vain that Cranmer plied him with distinctions which perplexed even the subtle wit of the ex-Chancellor; he remained unshaken, and passed as a prisoner to the Tower. It gives almost a sacredness to Morton's Gate to think of More passing guarded beneath it, and whispering, it may be, to himself the grand words of that morning—his thanksgiving that the field was won.

With More passed away from Lambeth for half-a-century the spirit of the Renaissance. When it revived there, with a timid narrow life enough, the great theological battle had been fought out, and Parker was moulding the new Protestant Church into the form which it retains to-day. It was in his eagerness to give it an historical and national basis rather than from any pure zeal for letters, that the Archbishop undertook those publications of the older chronicles which have made him the founder, in its scientific pursuit, of our national history. His editions of Westminster, of Matthew Paris, of the Life of Alfred by Asser, with his secretary Josceline's edition of Gildas, first led the way in that series of historical collections which have illustrated the names of Camden, Twysden, and Gale, and which are now receiving their fitting completion in the publications of the Master of the Rolls. But of far greater value than his publications was the collection which, following in the steps of Leland and Henry VIII., he rescued from the wreck of the monastic libraries. So assiduous was Parker's industry, so diligent the search of the two great collectors who followed him, that if to the treasures of the Royal and Corpus libraries we add the mass of the Cottonian and Harleian, it may be



doubted if a single work of real value for English history has actually been lost in the dispersion of the Dissolution. In the literary history of Lambeth, the library of Parker, though no longer within its walls, is memorable as the first of the series of such collections made after his time by each successive Archbishop. Many of these indeed have passed away. The manuscripts of Parker form the glory of Corpus College, Cambridge; the Oriental collections of Laud are among the most precious treasures of the Bodleian. In puerile revenge for his fall, Sancroft withdrew his books from Lambeth, and bequeathed them to Emmanuel College. The library which the munificence of Tenison bequeathed to his old parish of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields has been dispersed by a shameless act of Vandalism within our own memories. An old man's caprice deposited the papers of Archbishop Wake at Christ Church. But the treasures thus dispersed were, with the exception of the Parker MSS., far surpassed by the collections that remain. I cannot attempt here to enter with any detail into the nature or the history of the archiepiscopal library. It owes its origin to Archbishop Bancroft, it was largely supplemented by his successor Abbot, and still more largely, after a long interval, by the book-loving Primate Tenison and Secker. Of these collections, the library of 30,000 volumes still mainly consists, though it has been augmented by the smaller bequests of Sheldon and Cornwallis, and, in a far less degree, by those of later Archbishops. One has, at any rate, the repute of having augmented it during his primacy simply by a treatise on gout and a book about butterflies. Of the 1,200 volumes of manuscripts and papers, 500 are due to Bancroft and Abbot, the rest mainly to Tenison, who purchased the Carew Papers, the collections of Wharton, and the Codices that bear his name. If Wake left his papers to Christ Church in dread of the succession of Gibson, the bequest of Gibson's own papers more than made up the loss. The most valuable addition since Gibson's day has been that of the Greek

codices, principally scriptural, collected in the East at the opening of this century by Dr. Carlyle.

From the days of Bancroft to those of Laud, the library remained secure in the rooms over the greater cloister. There, in Parker's days, Foxe busied himself in the later editions of his "Acts and Monuments;" one book at least in the collection bears his autograph and the marginal marks of its use. There the great scholars of the seventeenth century, and especially Selden, explored its stores. The day soon came when Selden was to save it from destruction. At the sale of Lambeth the Parliament ordered the books and manuscripts to be sold with it. Selden dexterously interposed. The will of its founder, Archbishop Bancroft, directed that in case room should not be found for it at Lambeth, his gift should go to Cambridge; and the Parliament, convinced by its greatest scholar, suffered the books to be sent to the University. Juxon reclaimed them at the Restoration, and in Sheldon's time they seem to have returned to the quiet cloister. Their interest was soon to be intensified by a succession of scholars in whom the office of librarian became more than a mere appendage to a chaplaincy. Of these, Henry Wharton stands first in literary eminence as he does in date. He is one of those instances of precocious development, rarer in the sober walks of historical investigation than in art. It is a strange young face that we see in the frontispiece to his sermons, the broad high brow and prominent nose so oddly in contrast with the delicate, feminine curves of the mouth, and yet repeated in the hard, concentrated gaze of the large, full eyes looking out from under the enormous wig. The most accomplished of Cambridge students, he quitted the University at twenty-two to aid Cave in his "*Historia Litteraria*," but the time proved too exciting for a purely literary career. At Tenison's instigation the young scholar plunged into the thick of the controversy which had been provoked by the aggression of King James, and his vigour soon

attracted the notice of Sancroft. He became one of the Archbishop's chaplains, and was presented in a single year to two of the best livings in his gift. With these, however, save in his very natural zeal for pluralities, he seems to have concerned himself little. It was with the library which now passed into his charge that his name was destined to be associated. Under him its treasures were thrown liberally open to the ecclesiastical antiquaries of his day—to Hody, to Stillingfleet, to Collier, to Atterbury, and to Strype, who was just beginning his voluminous collections towards the illustration of the history of the sixteenth century. But no one made so much use of the documents in his charge as Wharton himself. In them, no doubt, lay the secret of his consent to take the oath, to separate from his earlier patron, to accept the patronage of Tenison. But there was no permanent breach with Sancroft; on his deathbed the Archbishop committed to him the charge of editing Laud's papers, a charge redeemed by his publication of the "Troubles and Trials" of the Archbishop in 1694. But this with other labours were mere by-play. The design upon which his energies were mainly concentrated was "to exhibit a complete ecclesiastical history of England to the Reformation," and the two volumes of the "Anglia Sacra," which appeared during his life, were intended as a partial fulfilment of this design. Of these, as they now stand, the second is by far the most valuable. The four archiepiscopal biographies by Osborn, the three by Eadmer, Malmesbury's lives of Aldhelm and Wulstan, the larger collection of works by Giraldus Cambrensis, Chaundler's biographies of Wykeham and Bekington, and the collection of smaller documents which accompanied these, formed a more valuable contribution to our ecclesiastical history than had up to Wharton's time ever been made. Its predecessor contained the chief monastic annals which illustrated the history of the sees whose cathedrals were possessed by monks; those served by canons regular or secular were re-

served for a third volume, while a fourth was to have contained the episcopal annals of the Church from the Reformation to the Revolution. The last, however, was never destined to appear, and its predecessor was interrupted after the completion of the histories of London and St. Asaph by the premature death of the great scholar. In 1694 Battely writes a touching account to Strype of his interview with Wharton at Canterbury:—"One day he "opened his trunk and drawers, and "showed me his great collections concerning the state of our Church, and "with a great sigh told me his labours "were at an end, and that his strength "would not permit him to finish any "more of that subject." Vigorous and healthy as his natural constitution was, he had worn it out with the severity of his toil. He denied himself refreshment in his eagerness for study, and sate over his books in the bitterest days of winter till hands and feet were powerless with the cold. At last nature abruptly gave way, his last hopes of recovery were foiled by an immoderate return to his old pursuits, and at the age of thirty-one Henry Wharton died a quiet scholar's death. Archbishop Tenison stood with Bishop Lloyd by the grave in Westminster, where the body was laid "with "solemn and devout anthems composed "by that most ingenious artist, Mr. "Harry Purcell;" and over it were graven words that tell the broken story of so many a student life:—"Multa ad "augendam et illustrandam rem literariam conscripsit; plura moliebatur."

The library no longer rests in the quiet rooms over the great cloister, in which a succession of librarians, such as Gibson and Wilkins and Ducarel, preserved the tradition of Henry Wharton. The Codex of the first, the Concilia of the second, the elaborate analysis of the registers which we owe to the third, are, like his own works, of primary importance to the student of English ecclesiastical history. It was reserved for our own day to see these memories swept away by a "restoration" that degraded the cloister into a yard and

a scullery. But the same kindly fate which had guided the library to Cambridge in the seventeenth, guided it in the nineteenth century to the one spot in Lambeth whose memories were most akin to its own. When Juxon entered the archiepiscopal house, he had but a few years to live, and but one work to do before he died—the replacing everything in the state in which the storm of the Rebellion had found it. He reclaimed, as we have seen, the books from their Cambridge Adullam. He restored the desecrated chapel to uses more appropriate than that of a dining-room. The demolition of the hall left him a more notable labour. He resolved not only to rebuild it, but to rebuild it precisely as it had stood before it was destroyed. It was in vain that he was besieged by the remonstrances of “classical” architects, that he was sneered at even by Pepys as “old-fashioned;” times had changed and fashions had changed, but Juxon would recognise no change at all. He died ere the building was finished, but even in death his inflexible will provided that his plans should be adhered to. The result has been a singularly happy one. It was not merely that the Archbishop has left us one of the noblest examples of that strange yet successful revival of Gothic feeling of which the staircase of Christ Church Hall, erected at much about the same time, furnishes so exquisite a specimen. It is that in his tenacity to the past he has preserved the historic interest of his hall. Beneath the picturesque woodwork of the roof, in the quiet light that breaks through the quaint mullions of its windows, the student may still recall without a jar the group with which this paper opened. Warham and Erasmus, Groeyn and Colet and More, may still read their lesson in the library of Lambeth to the Church of to-day. What that lesson is we ventured to state two years ago, when its existence was again threatened by the ignorant imbecility of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners:—“Men who have taken little directly religious interest in the Church of England have of late been discovering her value as a centre

of religious culture. However unanswerable the purely Congregational or Independent theories may appear, experience has shown that their ultimate outcome is in a multitude of Little Bethels, and that in Little Bethels dwelleth, so far as culture is concerned, no good thing. Even while acknowledging the great benefits which Dissenting bodies have conferred on England in bygone days, men are revolting more and more against the narrowness, the faith in platitudes, the want of breadth and geniality, the utter deadness to the artistic and intellectual impulses of the day, which seem to have passed into their very life and existence. On the other hand, even if Philistines abound in it, the spirit and love of the Church of England has never been wholly Philistine. It has managed somehow fairly to reflect and represent the varying phases of English life and English thought; it has developed more and more a certain original largeness and good-tempered breadth of view; it has embraced a hundred theories of itself and its own position which, jar as they may, have never in any case descended to the mere mercantile ‘pay over the counter’ theory of Little Bethel. Above all, it has found room for almost every shade of religious opinion; it has answered at once to every revival of taste, of beauty, of art. And the secret of it all has been that it is still a learned Church; not learned in the sense of purely theological or ecclesiastical learning, but able to show among its clergy men of renown in every branch of literature, critical, poetical, historical, or scientific.” While this great library lies open to the public as a part, and a notable part, of the palace of the chief prelate of the English Church, while it is illustrated in our own day by learning such as that of Dr. Maitland and Professor Stubbs, we shall still believe—in spite of the vulgar cant about “working clergy”—that the theory of that Church as to the connexion of religion and learning is still the theory of Warham and Erasmus, and not that of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners.



## KAISERSWERTH AND THE PROTESTANT DEACONESSSES.

BY MISS SEWELL.

KAISERSWERTH ! Where is it ?—for what is it celebrated ? Perhaps there are few amongst the educated classes of England who would not be able to give an answer to the latter question, but I doubt whether there would not be a vast number wholly unable to give any satisfactory reply to the former ; I judge at least from myself. Till within a few months, I had the vaguest possible notion of the locality of Kaiserswerth. I knew that it had been the training-school of Miss Nightingale, and was the model for nursing sisterhoods ; but where it was to be found on the map, I honestly confess I had but a very remote idea. Somewhere in the vicinity of the Rhine it certainly was ; but that is but an *ignis fatuus* to an ignorant searcher after locality. Much less had I any idea how Kaiserswerth was to be reached. I believe, if I had any notion at all connected with it, it was of some large whitewashed building standing in a plain, in the centre of Germany, and only approachable by those interminable poplar-lined roads which are as oppressive to the mind as they are wearisome to the body. At any rate, it had never presented itself to my mind as a fact that Kaiserswerth was easy of access ; and it was only when turning over the pages of “Murray,” while searching for Cologne, that I stumbled upon the information that Kaiserswerth could be reached by railway in little more than two hours, either from Aix-la-Chapelle or Cologne.

This fact it was which first suggested the idea of a visit to the Deaconess Institution. “Murray” only says of Kaiserswerth, “Here is a remarkable charitable institution, founded by the late Protestant Pastor Fliedner, consisting of a Hospital, School, and Penitentiary, all under the charge of Protestant Deaconesses or nurses.” He could not

well say less, for the Deaconess Institution is, as every one probably knows, a great success in an experiment of a most difficult kind ; and the principles illustrated in its working must lie at the root of all undertakings of a similar character. To the Deaconess Home, therefore, we determined to go—choosing the route from Aix-la-Chapelle to Düsseldorf by railway, and from thence taking a carriage to Kaiserswerth.

A turn in the road (there had been very few turns previously) brought us close to the Rhine, flowing through broad meadows ; then came an avenue, and houses which might betoken either a large village or a small town, and above the roofs rose one or two slated belfry towers ; this of course was Kaiserswerth,—not an interesting place at a distance, still less so on a nearer approach. A German country town is not pleasant to English eyes, the plaster has been too busy in it and the scavenger too lazy, and Kaiserswerth was no exception. But we drove through it, and stopped before a large building, wholly unarchitectural, and of course plastered and slated. All that distinguished it from an ordinary building was the symbol, on the front gable, of the dove bearing the olive-branch, and an inscription in golden letters on each wing, one from St. Matthew xxv. 36, the other from St. Mark ix. 37. Our carriage was dismissed for a couple of hours, and we proceeded to apply for admission. There was not the slightest difficulty in obtaining it. We were received by a Sister. Her dress was a dark blue close-fitting cotton gown with tight sleeves, a plain white collar, and a small white cap with a net border round the face, the effect being that of refined neatness and simplicity. She ushered us into a small room, painted

like our own old-fashioned rooms, in blue with white panels, and in no way peculiar, except that in a glass case there were some photographs of the Pastor Fliedner and his first wife (the latter apparently taken in illness), and a small collection of the Pastor's writings. We informed the Sister that we were English, and that our knowledge of German was limited. "Ah," she replied, with a bright smile, "that does not signify,"—and she hurried away; and, after a short delay, came back with another Sister dressed in the same way, and who spoke to us in carefully-chosen English, and with a pretty piquant accent, which certainly gave us no wish to hear our native tongue pronounced more perfectly. I mention this, because I feel bound to confess that the charms of our guide may have had some effect upon our impressions of Kaiserswerth. The simple, graceful manner, the quiet enthusiasm shown by the occasional sparkle of the eye, and the moisture which gathered over it as some remark or question called forth unusual feeling; and, above all, the little outbursts of unmistakable devotion, not to a system or an institution, but to Him for whom the work was undertaken—these it was impossible to observe without being attracted by them. But the charm was not confined exclusively to the Sister who went with us through the building. Perfect simplicity, the refinement of education, and a singularly bright, happy look, were the external characteristics of almost all the Sisters whom we happened to see. There was no air of mystery, no apparent consciousness of being engaged in a peculiar work, or being in any way different from others. Sunshine and freedom seemed to pervade the house, and the ideas thus suggested by what we saw were confirmed by the conversation which we held with the Sister who was our guide.

She took us first to the Dispensary. Here everything necessary for the sick was provided, and the superintendence given to two Sisters. But, before visiting their rooms, we were taken to the large,

airy, clean kitchen, where dinner is provided every day for the various inmates of the Institution, in all three hundred persons. Six girls, we were told, were employed in the department, one or more Sisters being always present. We did not understand then, what we learned afterwards, that a penitentiary formed part of the establishment, and that the work of the house, in washing and cooking, was done by the penitents.

From the kitchen we passed to the probationers' room; the arrangement of which would not perhaps quite meet our English ideas in the present day. We should ask for more privacy—something more of the Dormitory character. We should probably also give the Sister who sleeps in the probationers' room a larger space to herself, and more provision for rest and solitude: but in these respects German and English needs probably differ.

"The probationers," said Sister R., "do not mix at once with the rest of the community: a certain number, about twenty, live together under one Sister. She has the entire charge of them. She is their Mother. They have a separate dining-room." And, opening another door, she showed a pleasant room in which about twenty persons might sit down to table. "It makes them more comfortable," she added; "they are not so shy, and they become accustomed to their work by degrees."

If the probationers do not like their new life (so we found afterwards), they may at once give it up; but if they have been preparing to be teachers, they must repay the small sum—about 17. 10s. a month—which has been expended on their board and education.

The Sisters' rooms were next visited. They were generally arranged so that two might be together. All were beautifully neat and bright, and ornamented with prints and flowers.

"What," we asked, "is the pledge which the Sisters give to the Institution? Are they bound to it for life? May they marry?"

"Certainly, they may marry," was

the reply. "Several have married missionaries. They take no vows; they only promise obedience to the rules for five years."

"And at the end of that time do they often wish to give up their work?"

"Oh, no!" exclaimed Sister R., eagerly. "It is for love they work—love to our Lord. There must be a vocation, a delight in the work from the beginning; they cannot wish then to give it up."

"But suppose—such a case might arise—suppose the conduct of any Sister should really prove unsatisfactory, what would be done?" we asked.

"The Pastor and the Mother—Mrs. Fliedner—would try their utmost to bring her to a better mind; and if that did not succeed, she would be dismissed. It is Mrs. Fliedner to whom we look for advice and help as a mother. She is the widow of Pastor Fliedner, and was his second wife. Pastor Disselhoff is at the head of the Institution. He is her son-in-law. His wife takes great interest in everything, but she does not interfere in the management; that is left to the Pastor and the Mother; they work together as one." And Sister R. said this in a tone of tender respect, which told more plainly than words how deeply she venerated them.

"And the Sisters are, we believe, sent to distant countries?"

"Oh, yes! We have Homes, and Schools, and Hospitals; everywhere; all through Germany, in Switzerland, Sweden, at Constantinople and Alexandria, and at Jerusalem, and even in North America."

We had made the inquiry from a feeling of personal interest. The work of the Sisters at Alexandria had come to our own knowledge. The widow of a clergyman in an Eastern land, returning friendless and unhappy to England, had utterly broken down when reaching Alexandria. The Protestant Deaconesses received her into their Home, and her own account of their care and its results was, "They saved me, body and soul."

The statistics of the Alexandrian Hospital state that, in 1867, 812 patients of various races and religions were attended by the *Hakime Pasha*, as the Arabs call the apothecary-Sister. No wonder that the Viceroy of Egypt appreciates the work, and proves it by a yearly subscription of 1,500 francs (about 60*l.*).

"Our Sisters work hard, but we provide for their comfort," observed Sister R., as she led us to a small suite of rooms which were peculiarly nice in their arrangement and furniture. "Here is the House of Rest," she continued. "The Sisters who are old or unfitted for work occupy these rooms. They still have something to do; they are not quite laid aside; but they undertake only what they feel equal to."

The comfort of the superannuated or invalid Sisters seems, indeed, to be a special object of care amongst the Protestant Deaconesses, for, in addition to these private apartments, there is what is called a church-room, opening into the chapel, which enables them to join without fatigue in the public service.

A small farm, beautifully situated, about seven miles from Kaiserswerth, and now known by the name of Salem, gives still further opportunity for refreshment and repose.

Sister R. continued her guidance of us. She took us into a needlework room, where the Sisters' dresses were made; the ordinary daily dress, like that which she herself wore, and the Sunday dress of dark blue merino,—simple, useful, and free from singularity, like everything else connected with the Institution. Two or three Sisters were at work in this room; for the time being it was their private apartment, and it was entered with a knock and an apology for intrusion, and a pleasant, affectionate greeting, which told of mutual courtesy and consideration. It was the same everywhere; when we passed the Sisters in the corridor, or when they came up to ask a question, or when Sister R. stopped them, as she occasionally did, to beg them to do her some little favour, the manner and tone of all



alike were those of simple, respectful affection.

The whole work of the establishment is carried on within the walls, and this is one of its most singular features; for in the word "work" must be included that of bakers, carpenters, shoemakers, painters, undertaken by men having their separate apartments, and living under rule just as the Sisters do.

"How do you manage to govern all these people?" we inquired. "Do you find no difficulty in it?"

"There are the laws," was the reply; "if anything is amiss, we show them the laws; they are bound to obey them, and if they do not, they are dismissed."

"Are they married?" we asked; "and do they receive regular wages?"

"For the most part," said Sister R., "they are not married. We have one boy working here whose father is also in the Institution; but, as a rule, they are single men who have a real feeling for the place, and ask the lowest price for their work. Men and boys, as well as women, are attended in our Hospital. There is a ward set apart for them."

To the Hospital we were then conducted. I believe there were at that time about ninety patients in it. The rooms were, of course, very much alike, and we were not inclined to disturb the sufferers by intruding upon them. Neither could any true idea of the way in which an institution of this kind is worked be gathered from a cursory visit such as ours.

The real testimony to the labours of the Hospital Sisters is found in the approval of the best physicians and surgeons, and in the fact that Miss Nightingale visited Kaiserswerth before she undertook her mission of introducing a similar system of nursing into England. The wards were small, and beautifully neat; and each contained but a small number of patients, sometimes only two, together. The children's ward we spent more time in. Sister R.'s tender, loving tone and words, as she spoke to the wan and wistful little ones, and tried to soothe, them when they were fretful,

seemed to mark her out as a person especially fitted to be with them, though she told us that her duties lay in another department. A garden adjoins the Children's Hospital—a German, not an English garden, be it remembered; no one must expect to see on the Continent the trim walks, and smooth turf, and neat flower-beds, to which our insular eyes are accustomed—but, nevertheless, a *bonâ fide* place of refreshment, where pure air and sunshine may be enjoyed; and here the sick children are brought when the weather is fine, and laid down to amuse themselves, or, if that cannot be, to rest, some on the ground, some in a huge cradle. Several wretched little objects were there at the time of our visit. One, who had water on the brain, and whose head was swollen to about four times its natural size, I feel as if I could never forget. One or two of the Sisters were sitting by them, watching them. The children belonged evidently to the very lowest class, and are sent to the Hospital—Sister R. told us—by the magistrates.

For the Protestant Deaconesses have now become, as it were, a *Public* Institution. Begun by Pastor Fliedner, when, on the 17th of September, 1833, he first received into a little garden-house the forlorn penitent who came to him for help to raise her from her degradation, it now numbers forty-two Homes and 2,000 Sisters; and for the support of such a vast society no private funds could suffice. We inquired of Sister R. how the necessary yearly sum was obtained: she paused for a moment before she replied, "I cannot tell; it is God's blessing; He sends the money as it is needed. We have collectors authorized to visit certain districts and beg for us. Our King helps us; so does our Queen."

So also, no doubt, the authorities in foreign countries are, like the Viceroy of Egypt, disposed to favour so good a work; but when the extent of the Sisters' labours and the few years which have elapsed since the foundation of the Institution are considered, we can only say, with Sister R., It is God's bless-

ing which has thus supported them, and enlarged their borders.

Connected with the Hospital department was a room which must on no account be omitted. It was exhibited by Sister R. with evident pride, and was in fact not one room but two, suited for a schoolroom and classroom, but which might be thrown together if necessary. "Here," said the Sister, "we met last week,—500 members of the Institution, gathered from all quarters. We had a most happy day. Some people marvelled that we could receive so many and treat them so hospitably; but it is God's blessing: and there," she added, "is our symbol—the Dove of Kaiserswerth—in another form." And she pointed to a fresco representing the Saviour enthroned on clouds, stretching out His arms to receive a weary dove flying towards Him with drooping wings.

The genuine sympathy felt for the hard-worked and, doubtless, often worn-out Sisters, both near and distant, was very touching. We passed from the hall into another large room filled with curiosities, and relics of the labours of the Sisters in various places and under various circumstances. Some of the curiosities were to be sold for the benefit of the Institution. Eastern they were, for the most part; but amongst the relics were bullets and swords, testifying to the task of nursing the sick and wounded in time of war. 28 Sisters were sent to the field of battle in the Schleswig-Holstein war in 1864; 56 were employed in the same way in the Austro-Prussian war of 1866, whilst 30 attended the wounded and sick in their own homes, and 36 were employed as nurses to cholera patients. These facts need no comment. From some cause, some wise principle and wise management, the Protestant Deaconess Institution has unquestionably been singularly successful; for this work of tending the poor and the suffering of all classes goes on constantly. The Sisters are sent two and two into parishes, and work under the guidance of the clergymen; and, when required, are allowed

to enter private families to undertake the care of invalids. It struck me, when examining the curiosities, that the feeling of interest in the community was stronger than any wish to obtain funds. I took a fancy to a little candlestick made at Jerusalem, but I was not allowed to buy it; there was only one, it could not be parted with.

Of the Schools we saw the least; it seemed to be the *coffee-hour*, and at the door of one or two rooms we were stopped and told that we could not intrude upon the recreation-time of the Sisters. There are schools of all kinds; a large infant-school for poor children, a training-school for those who wish to be instructing Deaconesses, either of an upper or lower grade, and a school for girls of an upper class; whilst many of the Homes in other parts of the country make education a chief part of their labours.

Our last visit was to the Penitentiary—the name, I believe, including also what we should call a Reformatory. Here, as elsewhere, there was nothing to give the idea of strictness or gloom. We entered one room where two girls were employed in some kind of work—I forget what; and Sister R. spoke to them brightly and kindly as usual. There was nothing remarkable about them; they were pleasant-looking girls, one of them with perhaps rather an unusual flashing dark eye. They smiled as they answered "*liebe Schwester R.*"—so they called the Sister; and I had not the least idea they were penitents till we had left the room. So, again, an old woman addicted to drinking was accosted in the same way; she had her duties to attend to, and we were told that she did well so long as she was kept out of the way of temptation. Sister R.'s greeting to her was as loving as though they had been on a footing of perfect moral equality. Yet strict watch is kept over the penitents. A separate bedroom is provided for each, opening into a gallery with a Sisters' room at both ends. We inquired how discipline was maintained amongst such undisciplined natures. "They are never

allowed to go anywhere without a Sister in attendance," replied Sister R. "They assist in the work of the house, but some one is always with them. This is the one rule which has been found absolutely necessary."

"And do you never have outbreaks and disturbances?" we asked.

"Oh, yes! These poor things have occasional fits of most violent, ungovernable passion."

"And what do you do with them then?"

"We send for the Mother first; she has great influence. If she should fail, the Pastor goes. It is sometimes half an hour—an hour—two hours before he can see them; but he is patient, he waits still; then he goes in. If he cannot pray with them, he prays for them, and so he leaves them; and, almost always, a short time afterwards he is called in again. It is all right; they are repentant; they have returned to their right mind."

"And do you find that the right mind continues? Are they really permanently reformed?"

Sister R. shook her head. "Some are. We have cause to be thankful. We have Christian friends who give them situations when they are fit to leave us, and so there are many who turn out well; but there are others who fall back to their evil ways."

The Hospital for Insane Ladies we did not see. Sister R. said it was not shown to casual visitors, and the reason was self-evident. The Report of the Institution says there are forty rooms of various sizes for educated, curable, insane women, including bathing-rooms, halls for social meetings and musical entertainments, a covered arcade, where the patients may walk in bad weather, a greenhouse,—in fact, everything which can tend to divert and soothe the mind. There are now about thirty patients in the Institution.

"The crown of all I have to show now," said Sister R., as she led us to a building in the form of a cross—evidently the Chapel. It was large, and for a Lutheran church handsome, and

the walls were ornamented with appropriate illuminated texts. Sister R.'s pride in the building interested me much. "Here," she said, "we have services twice every Sunday, and two evenings in the week."

It seemed to us but a small provision for devotion. We asked if that was all. "No," was the answer. "At other times there are family prayers in each department, and, besides this, it is arranged that every Sister shall have some time in the day in which she may come to the chapel for her private reading and prayer. This is in addition to the recreation-time, about an hour a day, when the Sisters are obliged to amuse and refresh themselves together. All these things are arranged in the rules."

"And are the rules to be seen?" we inquired.

"No; they are kept only for ourselves; but any person who wishes to learn more about them, and to understand our work, may come and stay in the house and work with us; only she must work, we cannot have mere lookers-on."

This was the only symptom of anything in the slightest degree approaching to secrecy or reserve that we could remark in the arrangement of the Institution, and certainly it would be very hard to find fault with it. No persons except those actually employed as members of such a society can possibly be fit judges of the wisdom or unwisdom of every minute rule which is enforced.

It took us about two hours to go over the Institution,—that is to say, to have a sample given us of the work carried on in it. The time seemed to have been very short when Sister R. said, with her pleasant kindly smile, "I think that is all;" and the moment for departing came. But I felt myself as if I had had the windows of my mind opened, and subjects for thought, many and interesting, yet perplexing, suggested to it.

And now it may be said, "Why write all this? There is nothing wonderful in it. Works of charity are carried on all over the world, and each, in its own



way, has its share of usefulness and credit. Roman Catholics have *Seurs de Charité*, the English Church has Sisters of Mercy, Lutheranism has its Protestant Deaconesses. Different Churches have different ways of working; why should one be selected for especial distinction? Let honour be given to all."

Most true: and no one would say more earnestly than myself, "Give honour to all." But there is one characteristic of the Institution of Protestant Deaconesses in Germany which must, one would think, in these practical days awaken attention. It has attained success—unexpected, undoubted, and rapid. The Sisters of Charity have worked for more than two centuries, backed by the all-powerful support of Rome. The Anglican Sisters of Mercy are struggling into life as separate bodies, with no principle of mutual cohesion, except that which may be derived from agreement in doctrine. If, therefore, we wish to discover the principles upon which such great works may most safely be based, we shall surely do wisely to turn to a society which stands firmly upon its own foundation, yet has extended itself on all sides, and has contrived to gain influence with rich and poor, Christian and Mohammedan, in Europe and Asia, in the old world and the new.

And, as the result of such an inquiry, it may be observed, first, that the "Protestant Deaconesses" are in no way conventual.

To some this will be an argument against them. The feeling in favour of the conventual system is in some persons very strong. To it we owe, more or less, the existence of almost all the sisterhoods now working in England. I believe there are but two exceptions—the Sisters of St. John, connected with King's College Hospital, and the Deaconesses, who have their present home in Burton Crescent, London.

But the conventual spirit makes the inward purification and elevation of the individual members of the society the first object—the work which is to be carried on by them jointly, the second. It is quite true, indeed, that the two

objects are in the main inseparable, but the rules and regulations of a society devoted to charitable works must be materially influenced by the view which is taken of the importance of these distinct aims. Discipline, services, ceremonies, which will be considered essential in the one case, will be looked upon as non-essential in the other. Now a society founded on the conventual principle cannot, from its very nature, be cosmopolitan. Its marked element is exclusiveness. It recognises an outer and an inner world which have scarcely any connexion with each other, except as regards the help to be mutually given and received; and when such help is needed, the outer world is required to live under subjection to the inner world, to accommodate itself to its laws and customs; for the latter cannot, upon principle, descend to the so-called secular life which it has renounced. The question whether this exclusive life is or is not a desirable one, whether it does not satisfy certain needs of certain natures, whether it may not be ultimately as effective for good as that which offers a wider sympathy, is quite apart from the present inquiry, which is simply whether the Protestant Deaconesses of Kaiserswerth do not owe a great portion of their world-wide usefulness and their universal acceptance to the very fact that they are not conventual; that their object is not their own spiritual advancement or consolation, nor the spread of the doctrines of their own Church; but the faithful carrying out of the charitable works to which they have devoted themselves. For, as a result of this view of their duty, they are not a proselytizing society. Roman Catholics and Jews are received into the Hospitals and visited by ministers of their respective creeds, and in the East the Mohammedans equally receive the attention of the Sisters. Yet, on the other hand, there is no attempt to separate religion from benevolence, or to hide the fact that the Protestant Deaconesses belong to a distinct religious body, and have a definite creed and a regular ecclesiastical government. They believe in the doc-

trine and obey the laws of their own Church, but they leave others free to follow them or not, as conscience may dictate. Their *schools* indeed are places of definite religious instruction. Those who attend them must be taught what the Sisters themselves believe. But if the children are led to baptism, it is with the consent and at the wish of their parents. Everything, in fact, is open and true, and the result is confidence, respect, and support.

Again, the obedience of the Protestant Deaconesses is based, not upon submission to the individual will of the Superior, but to the fully recognised laws of the Institution,—those laws which have been tried and approved by competent authority, and to which they have voluntarily given their assent. How essential this distinction between obedience to *law* and obedience to *will* is, no one probably can fully recognise who has not been more or less entrusted with the task of governing either adults or children. To Sister R. it was so much a matter of course that law should be obeyed, that she smiled with surprise when we asked how the discipline of the Institution was carried on. “We show them the laws. If they do not keep them, they are dismissed.” And by laws, it must be remembered, she meant not new laws—laws imposed for any purpose, however good, by the absolute will of the Pastor, or Mrs. Fliedner—but laws previously known and understood. This being the principle of government, dismissal upon any serious and continued infractions of the law became a matter of course. That this differs very widely from the conventual principle is evident from the curious revelations of the exercise of individual authority made in the celebrated Saurin case; and it would seem to be recognised as a necessity even by Roman Catholic communities of a non-conventual character.

Travelling shortly after my visit to Kaiserswerth in company with two very interesting Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul, one of them evidently a refined lady, with a little satire in her composition, we made a few inquiries as to

the government of their society; how was it carried on?

“By the laws,” was the reply; “the laws never change.”

“But are you not under the authority of some Bishop?”

“Oh, no! No Monseigneur has anything to do with us. If the laws require to be altered, it can only be done by the consent of the whole body.”

“But you are under one Superior?”

“Yes; but only for a limited time. Every three years a new election is made. The acting Superior may be re-elected once, but not oftener. She must after the second time descend to the position of an ordinary Sister.”

The sense of unity and stability which this obedience to recognised law rather than to individual will must give, can scarcely be questioned. It is the very foundation principle of our English Constitution, and its wisdom has stood the test of centuries. When the governors and the governed alike submit to a superior authority, there can be no jealousy between them, and no opportunity for the undue exercise of that love of power which is such a temptation to many, and especially to women. And yet, with this fixed recognition of the supremacy of law, the Protestant Deaconesses have full scope for the adaptation of their Homes and Schools to the localities in which they may be placed. The position of the Kaiserswerth Institution is more that of an elder sister than of a superior. There are various *Mother-houses*, and each (so far as I can understand) is free to form its own constitution. From time to time deputies from these *Mother-houses* meet to consult for the general welfare, and to give the result of their several experiences. Pastors and Sisters then assemble from all parts, and several days are spent in conferences and discussions. A meeting of this kind had been held just before we visited Kaiserswerth. But it would seem that no binding laws are laid down by the general assembly. The Deaconess Society is so extensive that it would be

next to impossible to rule it according to one set form. So long as the spirit is one, the minor peculiarities of individual development may safely be trusted to circumstances.

Once more. The Kaiserswerth Institution, from the fact of its locality, has held from its commencement a marked place in the country which cannot be overlooked. It is not swamped—absorbed in the whirlpool of a large city.

In the little town on the banks of the Rhine, it was able to concentrate its first energies on a comparatively small community, and having trained and perfected its members there, it could afterwards send them forth to the farthest parts of the globe.

There are Anglican Deaconesses in London, devoted and unwearied. They have a Home in Burton Crescent; they work amongst the abject poor, and nurse in hospitals, and teach in schools; but how few know anything about them, and, of those who have heard of them, how many are inclined to think that because the Institution does not spread rapidly therefore it must be a failure!

Success engenders success; and there can be no marked success, such as every one will acknowledge, in an Institution engulfed in London. It may do its work devotedly, unweariedly; but the immediate claims upon it are too vast,—it cannot spread. So again with the St. John's Sisters; they belong to King's College Hospital, but the work is more than sufficient for their number; they have no power of spreading. It may be answered that they have no wish to do so, but this cannot be said of the Deaconesses. The desire expressed strongly, when they were first set apart for their work, was that they should be recognised as a Church body. It is easy to call them such, but it is to be feared that they will never be really accepted in that light by the Church generally until they have been proved

to be a success; and this, under their present circumstances, would seem to be almost an impossibility.

These suggestions are merely thrown out for the consideration of persons interested in the establishment of such Institutions; not, perhaps, entirely accepting the principles of the English sisterhoods as at present constituted, but compelled to own that we have not yet attained to anything which is likely to be more universally satisfactory.

We do not as a nation like the outward forms of German Protestantism. They are cold and unattractive. Many of us regret deeply what we believe to be fundamental deficiencies in the constitution of the Lutheran Churches. Many more think German homes, and German habits and customs, wanting in what, for lack of a better word, one may perhaps call finish; certainly it is not refinement. To all such Kaiserswerth will not present any external attractions. But the spirit,—the holy, humble, reverent, devoted spirit,—the love which thinks all work easy that is done for Christ, the faith which removes the mountains of sin and misery, the hope which passes beyond this world, and lives in expectation of the Paradise of the Redeemed,—these, if to be met with anywhere on earth, are surely to be found amongst the simple, single-hearted Deaconesses of the German Protestant Church.

Few can turn aside in their summer wanderings and visit Kaiserswerth without bearing away with them an ineffaceable impression of the love which is its distinguishing characteristic; and some there may be in whom may be awakened the desire to live after the pattern of the Sisters' symbol, and—at however remote a distance—to follow the course of the dove which goes forth bearing the olive-branch of charity, and, after its long flight, returns, weary,—but welcomed—oh! how tenderly welcomed—to the Saviour's breast.



## BOARDS OF GREEN CLOTH.

WHOEVER has been at the most notable German watering-places—Baden-Baden, Homburg, Wiesbaden, and Ems—will know that, in addition to their lovely scenery, fine air, health-giving waters, good living, pleasant reunions, and general enjoyableness, they have powerful attractions of a peculiar kind, in the shape of certain tables covered with green cloth, upon which are performed operations of a character highly interesting to the groups around them. Good people who have the privilege of dwelling in our virtuous and highly respectable island are in the habit of speaking of these institutions with the utmost abhorrence, and the most righteous indignation. In principle, no doubt, they are right. I have no desire to set up an apology for gambling in any form : but, as I have remarked that, somehow or other, it always happens that those who are most zealous in their anathemas of these “diabolical orgies” know least about them ; and that as, even among the more moderate of our countrymen and countrywomen who, visiting these places, will look on, or perhaps (under the rose, of course) assist at, the operations in question, not one in a hundred understands what is going on, I have thought it might not be uninteresting to offer a few explanatory remarks on these much-talked-of gaming arrangements.

The principle is very simple, though often misunderstood. However much moralists may lament the fact, there is no doubt that the human mind manifests a strong propensity for speculating on the unknown future. Sometimes the event to come may depend on causes partially known ; and in this case the interest of the speculation lies chiefly in the greater or less degree of knowledge we may

possess of these causes, and in the judgment we may bring to bear on their probable influence. Most business speculations belong to this category, as indeed does much of the betting that is commonly practised, either on the turf or in other ways.

But there are also future events which belong to an entirely different class, namely, those of whose causes we have no knowledge whatever, and which we are consequently accustomed to call the results of pure chance—the tossing of a penny, the drawing of cards from the pack, the throwing of dice, and so on. Now events of this class are also found to excite interest, often very strongly ; this interest being usually manifested by the risking of money on the way such events may turn. It is probable that, in the case of the habitual and confirmed gambler, it is not the hope of gain that interests him so keenly, but the excitement consequent on the varieties of the chances that may occur. At any rate, we may take it for granted that this interest is natural to the mind ; and we know that wherever a natural desire exists, means will spring up for its gratification. Now the German watering-places are frequented, during the summer and autumn season, by a large number of visitors, all open to accept any kind of amusement. The class who go seriously for the sake of health form no exception to the rule, for it is one of the standing principles of the “cure” at these places that to obtain the full benefit of the waters the mind must be kept free from disturbing cares. The town of Wiesbaden, with the view of enforcing this principle, has adopted the curious old punning motto, which is inscribed on their principal hotel—

“Curæ vacuus inunc adeas locum, ut morborum vacuus abire queas, non enim hic curatur qui curat.”

“Com'st thou for cure ?  
 Leave care behind.  
 Com'st thou with care ?  
 No cure thou'lt find.”

Taking advantage then of this universal desire for amusement, a number of speculators, having command of considerable capital, associate themselves together, go to these watering-places, and say to the public there: “Gentlemen and ladies, you are looking out for amusement, we will provide it for you. You will find it very interesting to speculate on unforeseen events, and this we will help you to do. We will establish apparatus by which any number of chance occurrences shall be produced in quick succession; and you may, if you please, bet upon them. We will take your bets, from a single florin to £400 or £500, accepting your money if you lose, and paying you if you win, for which the large sum we will lay on the tables shall be your guarantee. Moreover, the modes of producing the events shall be so simple, and so open to public observation, as to present unimpeachable evidence of their fairness, and freedom from even the suspicion of being tampered with; so that we may each stake our money upon them with absolute security that nothing but mere chance shall determine its disposal.

“But, ladies and gentlemen, we have something to add. We know, both by reason and by experience, that though fortune may favour temporarily either you or ourselves, yet in the long run the events for and against us will balance each other, and at the end of the season we should, as regards our bets with you, find ourselves just about where we began. But we cannot afford to give you all this accommodation gratuitously; we must be paid for it. We might charge you something for entrance to the room, or make you pay us a percentage upon every stake you lay down; but this would be inconvenient, and would perhaps prevent you from

coming to us freely: we will therefore, with your permission, so arrange the apparatus, that the chances of the events shall not be quite even, but shall be slightly in our favour; the nature and extent of this advantage, however, being patent to all beholders. If you agree to this, welcome to our tables!”

Such is the principle of the thing; I now go on to explain the arrangements by which it is carried into practice.

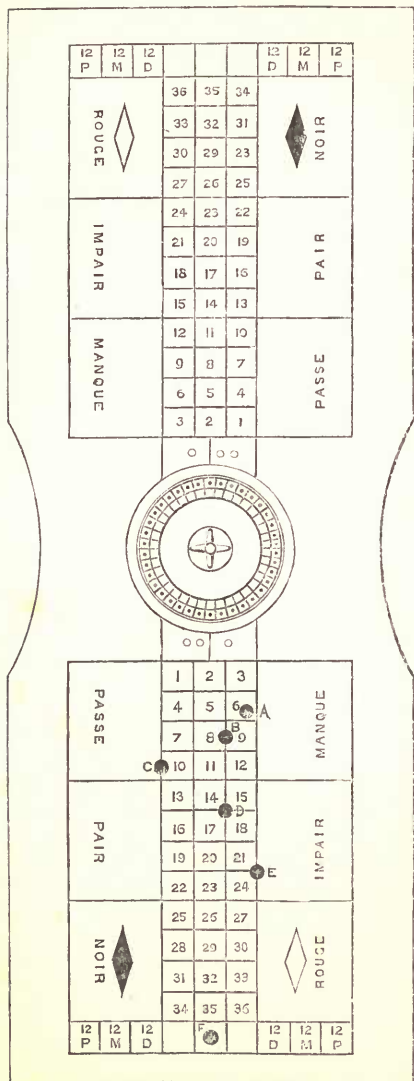
There are many modes by which simple chance occurrences may be produced, but two only are used in these cases; one is a revolving apparatus, called *roulette*, the other a peculiar game with cards, called *trente et quarante*, or (by the English generally) *rouge et noir*.

Each of these is played upon a table about 20 feet long, and 8 feet wide, covered with green cloth. Four croupiers sit at the middle, two on each side, to conduct the play, with large heaps of money in front of them; the players stand or sit round the remaining circumference of the table.

The roulette apparatus consists of a horizontal wheel or disk, about 21 inches in diameter, which revolves freely on a vertical axis. On the outer part of this wheel are a number of small open chambers, coloured red and black alternately, and each marked with a distinct number. The disk is set rapidly revolving by one of the croupiers, who at the same time throws upon a fixed margin outside the wheel a little ball, giving it a motion round the marginal circle in a direction opposite to that of the wheel. The margin has its surface inclined inwards, so that as soon as the ball has somewhat slackened its motion, and thereby lost a portion of its centrifugal force, it drops upon the revolving disk; but in so doing it is caught by several projections, and is tossed about considerably, until at last it settles by dropping into one of the chambers on the wheel. The *number* of the chamber it falls into, and the *colour*, are the chance events determined by this operation; and the way they are made available in play is as follows.

The green cloth covering the table is embroidered as in the following figure—

ROULETTE TABLE.



By the aid of this diagram several varieties of play may be obtained, according to the taste of the player, and these will be best illustrated by examples. Suppose you put a florin on the division of the cloth marked *rouge*; if the ball falls into a red hole, you win a florin,

the croupiers throwing you down one alongside yours: if the ball falls into a black hole, you lose your florin, which is forthwith gathered up out of the way. Similarly, you may stake, say, on *impair*: if the number comes even, you lose; if odd, you win; and *vice versa*. The numbers are a little more complicated. There are thirty-six numbered chambers for the ball to fall into; you may stake a florin on any one of the corresponding numbers, say No. 6, as at A, and if this number wins, you are paid thirty-five florins in addition to your own. But there are several other ways of staking on the numbers, by which your risk is diminished; these are shown by the small circles on the diagram: for example, by putting your florin at B, you stake it on two numbers, 8 and 9; at C, on three numbers, 10, 11, and 12; at D, on four numbers; at E, on six numbers; and at F, on the twelve in that column. You may also stake on the twelve first numbers (12 p.—12 *premiers*—1 to 12), or the twelve middle (12 m.—13 to 24), or the twelve *derniers* (12 d.—25 to 36). In these cases, if the ball falls upon any of the numbers you stake upon, you win an amount proportional to the chances of each case respectively. Further, you may stake on the word *manque*, which comprises all the numbers from 1 to 18, or on the word *passé*, which comprises all from 19 to 36; the chances in this case being even.

At the commencement of each transaction, the croupier cries, "Messieurs, faites vos jeux," when the players lay down their stakes as they please; he then spins the wheel, throws the ball, and when it appears likely to fall, exclaims, "Rien ne va plus," after which nothing can be altered till the ball has entered one of the chambers, when the croupier announces the result, telling each effect, "Seize, rouge, pair, manque;" the payments are made, and "Faites vos jeux" is heard again.

There can be no doubt of the fairness of all this; for from the very erratic course of the ball, occupying perhaps a quarter of a minute, it is impossible the



croupier can exercise the slightest influence on its ultimate destination, which must therefore be determined by pure chance. So fair, indeed, is the transaction, that if there were nothing further than we have described, it is a matter of mathematical certainty that at the end of a long season's play the bank would neither have won nor lost materially, and would have had all their trouble for nothing. But we have now to see how it is that they make their profit. I have said that there are thirty-six numbered chambers into which the ball may fall; but in addition to these there are two others, marked 0 and 00 respectively. If the ball falls into the former, which is *rouge*, and counts also for *impair* and *manque*, the stakes on these do not win, but remain till the next turn; while those on *noir*, *pair*, *passe*, are lost in the usual manner. With double zero the same effect takes place with the contrary signs. Now the result of this is to give the bank, in each case, half the average stakes on both sides: hence, as we know that in the long run the ball will fall into one of the zeros once in every nineteen times, this gives the bank a profit of one thirty-eighth, or about  $2\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. on all money laid on the two side spaces of the table.

In regard to the stakes on the *numbers* in the middle column the zeros act on a different principle—namely, by giving the bank an advantage of two holes in the probabilities: for example, if you stake a florin on No. 6, as there are thirty-seven other holes for the ball to fall into, it is 37 to 1 against your winning; but if you do win, the bank only pay you thirty-five florins. Thus, suppose you staked on No. 6 thirty-seven times, and the ball went the whole round of the circle, taking a different hole every time (this being equivalent to the effect of long-continued play), you would part with thirty-seven florins, and receive only thirty-five, the bank thus mulcting you of two thirty-sevenths, or nearly  $5\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. of your total money staked. The stakes on the numbers are, however,

always much less than those on the plain chances; probably we may take the advantage to the bank at 3 to  $3\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. on the whole of the money laid down.<sup>1</sup>

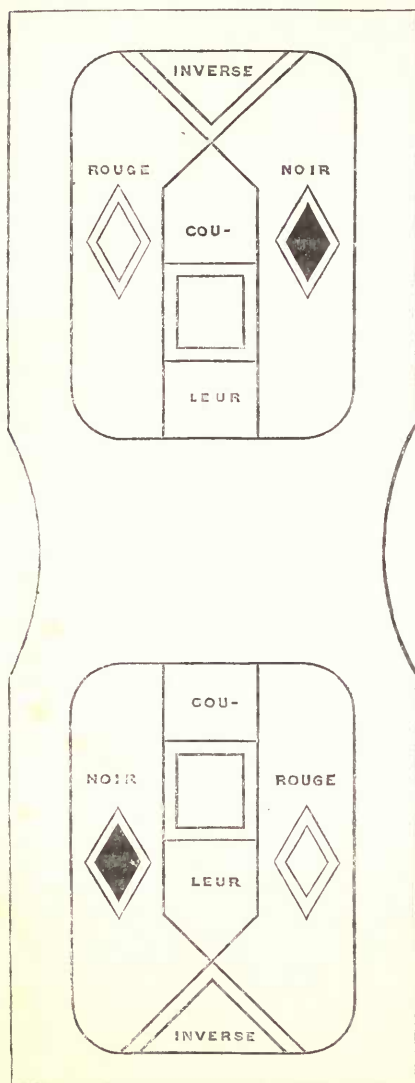
The second mode of obtaining chance events is by a process or simple game with cards called *trente et quarante*. It is simpler than roulette in one respect, as its object is merely to choose by hazard one out of two given things. This might be done in many simple ways,—as, for example, by tossing a penny; by cutting the pack and observing whether the card cut is black or red; by drawing one of two balls of different colours in a bag, and in many other modes: but all these are subject to some sort of suspicion, and custom has fixed on a method which, though more complicated, is supposed to be more open, and less admitting of question. Six packs of cards of fifty-two each being well shuffled together into one heap, the croupier takes a number of them, one by one, from the top, and lays them down face upwards in a row on the table; as the cards appear he adds together the number of pips on them (the court cards counting ten each, as at cribbage), and as soon as the number arrives above thirty, he stops, and names aloud the excess. He then lays down and counts a second row in like manner; and the point for decision is, Which of these rows will have the least excess above thirty? The first row is identified by the appellation *noir* (though there is nothing particularly black about it, and it might as well be called by any other name); the second is called *rouge*. If the second row has the lowest number, *rouge gagne*. If the first row is the lowest, *rouge perd* (they never say *noir gagne*).

The staking is much simpler than at

<sup>1</sup> In some places, where the play is high and prolonged, there is only one zero, reducing the profit of the bank by one-half. This is the case at Wiesbaden and Homburg, where play goes on for nearly the whole year; at Baden-Baden and Eins, where the bank is only open for the summer season, it is as described in the text.

roulette, as there are no numbers ; the board is marked thus :—

TABLE FOR TRENTE ET QUARANTE.



and the players may stake on either *rouge* or *noir*. There is, however, another alternative—namely, to stake on the *colour of the first card* laid down, which is called *couleur*. If this colour wins, *couleur gagne* ; if the other colour wins, *couleur perd*. For this the stakes

are placed on the middle divisions on the diagram—the long one, nearest the centre of the table, being for *couleur*, and the triangular one, at the end, for the opposite chance, which is called *contre-couleur*, or *inverse*.

An example will make this clear. Suppose the cards in the first row come thus,—9 (of clubs), 3, knave, 7, 6, so making 35, the croupier cries out “Cinq” : if the next row is king, queen, ace, 5, 3, 10, amounting to 39, he cries out “Neuf” ; and announces the two results, “Rouge perd, couleur gagne.”

If the two rows are, say, 8 (of hearts), 4, queen, queen (= 32) ; 6, 7, 10, 8 (= 31), the result is “Rouge gagne et couleur.” If the two rows come equal, or “tie,” it goes for nothing (except in one case, hereafter mentioned), and a new deal is made.

When the deal is over, the cards are thrown into a receiver, and more are taken from the stock till exhausted.

The fairness of this is tested by the fullest scrutiny. The cards are well shuffled by the croupiers, or by any bystander who desires it, and are cut always by one of the public, so that any placing or sorting is out of the question. The manipulation also of the croupiers in laying the cards down is so open to observation, that, under the keen eyes of so many experienced and deeply interested observers, it would be next to impossible to practise any foul play.

The advantage of the bank in *trente et quarante* is obtained by the occurrence of 31 in each row, which is called a *refait*—in this case half the stakes down on the table go to the bank ;<sup>1</sup> but it is usual to play for them, by removing them on to the small enclosed spaces in each division of the board, or, as it is called, “putting them in prison.” If, on the next coup, the players lose, the stakes are swept up in the usual way ; but if they win, they get their stakes back without any addition.

The estimation theoretically of this

<sup>1</sup> At Wiesbaden and Homburg, to make a *refait* the last card must be black ; if it is red, it is only an ordinary tie. This reduces the profit of the bank by one-half.

advantage is not so easy as at roulette, for the reason that the occurrence of all the numbers is not equally probable, the lower ones coming more frequently than the higher ones; mathematical calculation is difficult to apply, but I believe experience shows that 31 will come about 16 times in every 100, and 40 only about 5 times, the others varying between these limits. On this datum the *refait* will happen about 256 times in 10,000, which will give the bank in the long run a toll of  $1\frac{1}{4}$  per cent. on all the stakes passing over the table.

The stakes, of course, vary enormously: the least stake usually allowed at roulette is one florin (1s. 8d.), and at *trente et quarante* five francs; the highest stake is limited to about 300*l.* or 400*l.* for any equal chance, and at roulette to about 5*l.* on a single number. To get at the average stakes would require long observation; for the time I was watching the play at Baden-Baden, I should estimate them roughly at 10*l.* for roulette, and 20*l.* for *trente et quarante*; and as each table will make about 500 *coups* a day at the former and 1,000 at the latter, we have a daily profit of about 150*l.* for each roulette, and 250*l.* for each *trente et quarante* table per day.

Irrespectively, however, of these mathematically demonstrable sources of profit, the bank reaps a considerable advantage in another and very curious way, dependent on moral considerations, to which I shall allude by and by. Taking this into account, we may assume that 250*l.* a day per table is not over the mark where the double zero and the perfect *refait* are adopted.

We may arrive at some check upon these estimates by actual facts. At Wiesbaden, where only half these amounts are taken, there are four, or sometimes five tables, in the season, and less in the winter: put the average at 300*l.* per day; as the play goes on for nearly the whole year, the profits should amount to something like 70,000*l.* or 80,000*l.* a year. Now, by a published record, it is shown that in one year the bank paid about the following amounts:—

	£
For the expense of the theatre . . .	4,750
For the maintenance of the public pleasure grounds . . . . .	1,250
For music, concerts, and balls . . .	4,400
For building, lighting, furniture, news and reading-rooms, printing, service, &c. &c. in the public rooms . . . .	7,450
Duties paid to the city and the state	10,500
Salaries . . . . .	15,000
Charities . . . . .	1,650
Dividends to the bank shareholders .	25,000
	£70,000

In addition to this the bank expended, during seven years, between 40,000*l.* and 50,000*l.* on the construction of public works in and near the city. The bank at Baden-Baden contributed largely to the building of the English church there, and offered to subscribe a good sum towards its endowment; but this was refused.

Let us now give a glance at the players, the people from whom these enormous sums are obtained. They appear to be divisible broadly into two great classes; namely, the habitual players, who play in earnest, and the occasional players, who play in jest, or, as the Germans express it, who “play at playing”—the *Spieldspieler*.

The first class are very difficult to understand, and consist of several subdivisions, actuated by different motives. Many of them are, no doubt, induced to play by the hope of winning. It would seem strange, in the face of both logic and experience, that any reasonable person can expect to win in the long run; but so it is. Such is the ignorance prevalent as to the laws of chance, that most players of this class believe that the events occur according to some sort of law, or rule, which, by patient industry and intelligence (for many of them are very intelligent in their way), they may discover, and turn to their own advantage. Most of the regular players will be seen with small tablets in their hands, on which they mark the results of each *coup*; and they think that, by observation and reasoning on the past events, they may predict the future. In accordance with this idea numberless *systems* of play have been



devised, each asserted to be infallible in its beneficial results; and "operations against the bank" are spoken of as seriously as operations on the Stock Exchange. Of course, when tried they all fail, leaving the experimenter to conclude that the right mode has yet to be discovered, and that it may be his good fortune to find it out if he perseveres. After long watching habitual players, I am convinced that there exists among them an almost universal belief that the past influences the future, and that the future may be predicted by the exercise of some sort of skill. This impression is, I believe, encouraged by the bankers (who, however, know its fallacy full well) as a means of retaining their hold on the players, and no doubt it is one reason for preferring the peculiar mode of determining the chances used at *trente et quarante*. In the more simple modes, such as dice, elaborate calculations are hardly possible; but there is a great temptation for unscientific people to believe that the turning up of numbers from 312 known cards must follow some sort of rule, to find out which the contents of the six packs have been studied in every possible way with the most indefatigable industry. Many of the so-called systems are aimed at the repeated occurrence of the same chance (such, for example, as red winning several times successively), which experience shows will frequently occur. There are two general modes of play in which these sequences are taken into account. In one, called the *martingale*, you pocket anything you win, but double your stake on the same colour up to a certain point, whenever you lose: in the other, called the *paroli*, you pay the single stake whenever you lose; but when it wins, you let the double stake lie up to a certain number. The *paroli* is a great favourite with the Russians, and it explains why they are so often thought to win enormously: a man will venture, say at a 5*l.* stake, for a run of eight times on one colour, which will frequently come, and when it *does* come (barring the *refait*), he will go off with 1,000*l.*, which astounds the lookers-on;

but they do not know how much he has lost in waiting for the occurrence. Most of the so-called systems depend on combinations of the *martingale* and *paroli*.

I have now before me a book written with more than usual knowledge of the subject, in which many delusions are exposed; but the author still seems to believe in the existence of *some* scheme by which the bank might infallibly be ruined. This is a delusion like the rest, as the continued and uniform profit of the bank sufficiently proves—if, indeed, any experimental proof is wanting of a principle so fully demonstrable by theory. It is absolutely certain that any player, who goes on for a good length of time, must lose just about the percentage on his stakes which the bank wins; the great gains and losses which sometimes occur are the result of very short operations with very large stakes, in which, of course, the effect of "luck" will be very powerful. The bank, by their large capital, can afford the risk of these, knowing they will balance themselves in the long run, and they guard against very great reverses by their limitation of the stakes; but players of moderate means may, by high stakes, either gain large sums or ruin themselves in a very short time; and it is the hope of the former, unchecked by fear of the latter, which often forms an inducement to high play.

The second class of players are those who play only occasionally. These are chiefly visitors at the watering-places, who think it the right thing to try their luck at the tables: a steady English paterfamilias, for example, who would be horrified at anything like "systematic gambling" at home, will here not hesitate to venture a few napoleons for the fun of the thing; and not improbably his wife or daughter may coax from him a few additional florins to speculate for that pretty bracelet, or that handsome shawl offered so temptingly in the shops close by. Players of this class are really the best customers the banks have, for a curious reason:

they are usually sensible and cautious, and generally put a limit to their losses; and it is this fact which tells so powerfully in the bank's favour. When they begin to play, it is an equal chance whether they win or lose. If they win, they almost always go on playing, and the longer they go on the less likely are they to remain winners, and they will probably leave off as they began; but, if they lose, they get alarmed, and as soon as the limit is arrived at they stop, and put up with a moderate loss rather than risk a more serious one. Hence, owing to this moral hesitation, the play becomes unequal, greatly favouring the bank; for we may take it for granted that half the people, if not more, who play in this spirit must go away losers. This is the real reason why we hear so much more of visitors losing than winning at the tables; and not, as is generally supposed, any unfairness, or even the legitimate preponderance in favour of the bank, which is too small to be felt much by a single moderate player. In every case, whether caused by prudence, exhaustion of funds, or otherwise, where a player leaves off a considerable loser, instead of going on to equalise his fortune (which would be really the more prudent course), he gives the bank an unfair advantage over him, and contributes in an undue degree to its gains.

These institutions will soon be, in Germany as they now are in France, matters of the past, the Government of the Fatherland having resolved to get rid of them in 1872. But as the attractions of the watering-places have been mainly kept up by funds contributed by

the banks, the inhabitants have considerable misgivings as to their future, and we must wait and see what Baden-Baden, Wiesbaden, Homburg, and Ems will be when the Boards of Green Cloth no longer exist there.

I have met with a gambling story which is worth transcribing. The Spaniards are very fond of a game called *Monte*, which is played thus:—Some person, who acts as banker, lays down two cards taken at hazard from the pack, say a knave and an eight, and any number of persons may stake on either of these. The banker then turns up the pack, and takes the cards one by one from the bottom, and the first card that appears similar to either of the two, the knave or the eight, causes the corresponding card laid down to win, and the other to lose. A young fellow in Cadiz was acting as banker, and had laid down a king and a ten; but, before the staking was completed, he was seized with a violent fit of sneezing, during which he dropped his handkerchief, and in stooping to pick it up he allowed the bottom card, a king, to be seen. When he had recovered himself, he found the stakes much larger than before, and all placed on the king. He expressed some surprise, and asked for explanation, but nobody gave it; he proceeded with the game, when the first card shown proved to be a *ten*. He swept up the stakes, made a low bow, and retired; and although, when the players recovered from their shock, deadly vengeance was vowed against him, the story does not say that it was ever carried into execution.

W. P.

## ON CATHEDRAL WORK.

BY BROOKE F. WESTCOTT,

*Canon of Peterborough.*

Ἐν μέτρῳ ἐνὸς ἐκάστου μέρους.—ΕΡΗ. iv. 16.

THE most conspicuous schemes of cathedral reform which have lately gained currency appear to agree in one respect: they are all alike formed without any attempt to understand, still less to realize, the essential ideas which were first contemplated in cathedral foundations.<sup>1</sup> It is indeed possible that later experience may have shown that the objects to which they were directed are unattainable, or even mischievous; but it is equally possible that recurrent phases of life may render objects which have long been treated with indifference once again of paramount moment. Under any circumstances it must be of vital importance in dealing with the organization of a complex society, which has survived and embodies a long history, to appreciate the spirit with which it was originally animated, and the functions which it was designed to discharge. Reform conducted without this knowledge, however honestly conceived and carried out, can only be destructive; and it is not too much to say that most of the inherent and permanent evils of our present cathedral system are due to provisions of the Act of 1840, which, based upon the popular conception of cathedral bodies at the time, first crippled their resources, and then destroyed or obscured their special work. While, then, further changes in their constitution or in their action seem to be alike imminent and desirable, it cannot be amiss to consider, first, What cathedral bodies in the first instance were designed to be

and to do; secondly, Whether there is yet scope for the effectual operation of such a type of society in our Church now; and finally, How far, if this be so, the true lines of reform are already laid down in the ancient statutes which in almost all the foundations retain an unrepealed though modified authority.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> It may be interesting to record the position in which our cathedrals stand with regard to statutes. The following table is drawn up from the evidence in the Appendix to the Report of the Commission of 1852.

## 1. Cathedrals of the Old Foundation:—

- (a) York. Statutes of Henry VIII., William III., George III.  
St. Paul's. "Governed under ancient statutes."  
Chichester. "Governed by ancient statutes, altered by the statutes of 1573."  
Exeter. "Governed under statutes enacted by various Bishops of Exeter as visitors, 1268—1712."  
Hereford. "Governed by custom . . . and by statutes or charters of Queen Elizabeth and Charles I."  
Lichfield. "Governed by statutes given by Bishops of Lichfield as visitors, 1185—1699."  
Lincoln. "Governed by ancient statutes prior to 1440."  
Salisbury. "Governed by episcopal or capitular statutes, 1092—1851."  
Wells. "Remodelled by charter of 34th Queen Elizabeth."  
(b) Bangor. "No statutes extant."  
St. David's. "Governed by a succession of" episcopal and capitular "statutes from 1224 to the present time."  
St. Asaph?  
Llandaff?

## 2. Cathedrals of the New Foundation:—

- |               |                                    |
|---------------|------------------------------------|
| Bristol.      | } Original statutes of Henry VIII. |
| Carlisle.     |                                    |
| Chester.      |                                    |
| Gloucester.   |                                    |
| Peterborough. |                                    |
| Rochester.    |                                    |
| Worcester.    |                                    |
- Durham. Statutes of Henry VIII. confirmed by Philip and Mary.

<sup>1</sup> There is however one signal exception: the Commissioners of 1852 conducted their inquiry according to their instructions, "having regard to the purposes for which cathedrals were originally founded," and the result was an unrivalled collection of documents and statistics, and a report which both in spirit and in detail is of the highest value, though it has remained wholly inoperative.



## I.

Four great principles, as it seems, underlie the constitution which is outlined in all cathedral statutes. Two contain the theory of cathedral life; two contain the theory of cathedral work. The life is framed on the basis of *systematic devotion* and *corporate action*; the work is regulated by the requirements of *theological study* and *religious education*. Considerable differences in detail exist in the old and new foundations as to the mode of realizing these fundamental objects; but the objects themselves are distinctly contemplated in both, and the peculiar form of the provisions made to secure them is due

Canterbury. Statutes of Henry VIII. revised by Charles I.

Norwich. Statutes of James I. revised by Charles I.

Ely. Statutes of Henry VIII. revised by Queen Elizabeth and Charles II.

Oxford?

Winchester?

## 3. Ripon. Statutes of James I.

Manchester. Charter of Charles I.

The information here given is in many respects vague and unsatisfactory. The statutes of the Old Foundation could not be "fundamentally changed" without the authority of Parliament (Third Report, ix.); and the statutes of the New Foundation, drawn up by Henry VIII., not having been "indented and sealed," had no legal authority, nor was legal power reserved to his successors to confirm or modify them. The confirmation of the statutes of Durham was made under a special Act; and Queen Elizabeth also received the power of revision and confirmation. The statutes of Durham therefore, and the Elizabethan statutes of Ely, alone appear to have binding authority. As disputes arose in the other cathedral bodies, an Act was at last passed (6 Anne, 21) which laid down that "*Such statutes as have been usually received and practised . . . since the late happy return of King Charles II. . . . shall be the statutes of the said churches . . . so far as the same . . . are in no manner repugnant to or inconsistent with the constitution of the Church of England as the same is by law established as the law of the land: provided that it shall be lawful for her Majesty during her life . . . to amend . . .*" This Act, as was said in an opinion upon it, was "drawn in a loose and doubtful manner," and nothing can well be more unsatisfactory; but the only remedy lies with Parliament. See Burn's *Eccles. Law*, s. v. Dean and Chapter.

to the characteristic circumstances of the times in which they were first enacted. Thus, a comparison of the constitution of the old foundation with that of the new furnishes important hints for later reconstruction, by bringing out clearly the general direction of salutary changes. Step by step the missionary character which belonged to the earliest cathedrals was laid aside. Education, in its widest sense, assumed at the same time a more important place in their office. At last they were definitely regarded as centres of all the civilizing influences, material, intellectual, and spiritual, by which the great English Reformers sought to mould in a religious type the new world to which they looked.<sup>1</sup> With due regard to this development, the chief illustrations of the theory of cathedral estab-

<sup>1</sup> The comprehensiveness of the objects of Henry the Eighth's Foundations is nobly expressed in a clause from their charters (A.D. 1541), which cannot be too often quoted or too carefully weighed:—

"Nos, . . . divina clementia inspirante, nihil magis ex animo affectantes quam ut vera religio, verusque Dei cultus, . . . non modo inibi [*i. e.* in the site of the late monastery] non aboleatur, sed in integrum potius restituatur et ad primitivam suae genuinae sinceritatis normam reformetur . . . operam dedimus, quatenus humana prospicere potest infirmitas, ut in posterum ibidem sacrorum eloquiorum documenta et nostrae redemptionis sacramenta pure administrarentur, bonorum morum disciplina sincere observetur, juvenus in litteris liberaliter instituantur, senectus viribus defectiva, eorum praesertim qui circa personam nostram, vel alioquin circa regni nostri negotia publice et fideliter nobis servierint, rebus ad victum necessariis condigne foveatur, ut denique elemosinarum in pauperes Christi largitiones, viarum pontiumque reparaciones, et cetera omnis generis pietatis officia illinc exuberanter in omnia vicina loca longe lateque dimanent, ad Dei Omnipotentis gloriam, et ad subditorum nostrorum communem utilitatem felicitatemque: ideoque . . ." (*Charter of Chester*, App. to Report, 1852, p. 73). In the translation of this passage given in the First Report, page x., *liberaliter* is translated "freely," there can be no doubt wrongly. In the preamble of the Act empowering the King to erect Cathedral Churches, mention is made of "readers of Greek, Hebrew, and Latin, to have good stipend," who are to be connected with them. (Burnet, i. App. First Report, xxxix.) Compare also the preamble to the Elizabethan statutes of Ely. (App. to Report, p. 62.)

lishments now to be proposed will be taken from the statutes of the new foundation, because these reflect distinctly the spirit of those ecclesiastical statesmen who had felt the immediate influence of the revival of letters, and had not uncertainly divined the part which free thought would play in the later ages of the Church.

1. In some aspects, the conception of cathedral life as defined above—a life of systematic devotion and corporate fellowship—is more remote from modern forms of thought than the conception of cathedral work; and yet, in other aspects, it is that towards which the popular instinct is most certainly turning. We have become so familiar with the value of analysis, and organization, and forethought, and discipline in the other regions of speculation and action, that the question is again frequently rising, whether devotion, the highest function of man, is alone incapable of practical study? whether it can in no sense be made the business of life? whether there is no room here for a science reared upon experience? And on the other hand, the social evils of the time are such as can be best met, perhaps only met, by corporate union. An individual is powerless to stem the current of luxury, or to give adequate expression to the deep desire for a simpler and truer mode of living which is everywhere waiting to make itself felt. A combination of families might do much in both directions.

Without attempting to draw out at length the provisions in our cathedral statutes which are framed for the realization of these two principles of systematic devotion and corporate life, one or two examples will show that they really occupy that place in the system, as it was originally framed, which has been assigned to them. The members of the chapter are said by the charters of Henry VIII. "to be wholly and for ever devoted to the service of Al-mighty God."<sup>1</sup> "Constant prayers and supplications are to be offered up

<sup>1</sup> "Omnipotenti Deo omnino et in perpetuum servituri."—*App. to Report*, p. 59.

"decently and in order;" and "the praise of God is to be celebrated daily with singing and hearty thanksgiving;"<sup>1</sup> or, as the same idea is expressed in the king's words even more strongly, "we have determined that in this our Church God shall be worshipped with hymns, psalms, and continual prayers."<sup>2</sup> At the same time, thoughtful provisions were made for the realization of a true social fellowship. The mutual relations of the different officers are specified with minute care. The dean is as the eye of the body; the canons are the members; "by the suggestion whereof we will and command," so the statutes run, "that with devout affection they consult for the common good."<sup>3</sup> For the rest, hospitality is enjoined as a necessary duty on the members of the chapter; and the emoluments of each post are made to depend in some degree upon the measures taken to fulfil it.<sup>4</sup> "The dean," it is enacted, "shall always maintain a respectable and sufficient household, study hospitality, distribute bread to the poor, and in all things creditably and frugally conduct himself. Moreover, the bishop shall reprove the dean if unduly sparing, and the dean shall rebuke and correct the canons if they run into the same fault."<sup>5</sup> The "ministers" of the Church, on their part, are provided with a common table; and in due gradations the whole society is sensibly reminded that it shares a common life and is devoted to a common service.

2. These provisions define with sufficient exactness the character which Henry desired to impress upon cathedral life. The outline of cathedral work is drawn with equal distinctness in the foundation charters; and at the risk of some repetition it will be well to quote

<sup>1</sup> *Statutes of Peterborough*, chap. 32.

<sup>2</sup> *Id.* chap. 20. The duty of the daily performance of divine service is assigned to "the minor canons and clerks, with the deacon and subdeacon and master of the choristers" (organist), chap. 32.

<sup>3</sup> *Id.* chap. 4, 16.

<sup>4</sup> *Id.* chap. 14.

<sup>5</sup> *Id.* chap. 4; compare chap. 14.

at length the enumeration of the various objects which the king proposed to himself in substituting cathedrals for the monasteries which he had suppressed. They were established, so the Act runs, that "for the future the lessons (*documenta*) of the sacred Scriptures and "the Sacraments of our saving redemption may be purely administered, the "discipline of good manners observed, "the young liberally instructed, the "aged and infirm, especially such as "have been well and faithfully engaged "in public services, worthily supported; "that alms may be bountifully bestowed "on the poor of Christ; that roads and "bridges may be repaired, and similar "offices of piety may be largely fulfilled "by them, and spread far and wide over "all the neighbourhood, to the glory of "Almighty God and the common advantage and happiness of our subjects." This characteristic combination of sacred and secular learning, of works of charity and of material progress, is particularly worthy of notice; and though some of the duties with which the chapters are here charged have rightly passed into other hands, this original commission may serve to mark the wide range of interests which it is their office to harmonize, and the catholic interpretation which is placed upon the practical destination of religion.

In the preamble to the statutes the objects of the new foundation are summarized more briefly; but in this the same general scope is observed. The chapters are instituted to secure pure worship, diligent and pure preaching of the Gospel, the education of the young, the maintenance of the poor. In the statutes themselves stress is laid upon the same points. Of worship and alms nothing more need now be said; but the injunctions in regard to preaching and education are of the highest interest. "Forasmuch as the Word of God is a "lantern to our feet, we do appoint and "will that the dean and canons be "diligent in disseminating the Word of "God as well elsewhere in the diocese ". . . as especially in our cathedral

"church. . ."<sup>1</sup> And again: "To the "end that piety and sound learning "may in our Church for ever grow and "flourish, and in their season bring "forth fruit to the glory of God and to "the benefit and honour of the commonwealth, we do appoint and ordain that ". . . the dean and chapter elect . . . "always in our Church . . . twenty poor "boys, who shall be sustained out of "the funds of our Church conformably "with the limitation of our statutes. . . . "And we will that the teachers of the "boys diligently and faithfully comply "with the rules and order of teaching "which the dean and chapter shall "think fit to prescribe."<sup>2</sup> These two comprehensive statutes mark out with wise moderation the office which the cathedral bodies had to fulfil as learners and teachers. The ends are set before them, and the general course which they are to follow; but for the rest they are left to judge in what way they can best fulfil their charge. Large discretion is combined with grave responsibility, and they are encouraged to revise and modify from time to time both the subjects and the methods of instruction.

The constitution of the new foundation was not indeed adopted without careful deliberation. The monasteries were suppressed in 1538. In 1539 an Act was passed giving an outline of the purpose of the king in the establishment of additional cathedrals, and towards the close of the year Cromwell had prepared a scheme for the reconstruction of Canterbury, which he submitted to Cranmer. This was drawn up on a most comprehensive model, and included a provost, twelve prebendaries, six preachers, readers in Greek, Hebrew, Latin, Civil Law, and Physic, sixty scholars, and twenty students in Divinity—ten at Oxford and ten at Cambridge—with the staff required for the services of the cathedral. Cranmer, in his reply, speaks of the proposed "foundation as a very substantial and godly" one, and, while he fully accepts the liberal conception

<sup>1</sup> *Statutes of Peterborough*, chap. 13. Compare *Canon* 43 (1603).

<sup>2</sup> *Id.* chap. 26.



of the "establishment," suggests some changes which might give it still wider efficiency. On one point, however, he writes with something of bitterness, and signalizes evils in the old foundations which he was eager and even impatient to guard against. In these, with the exception of three or four chief officers, the prebendaries had been left without characteristic religious duties, and so had commonly become "neither learners nor teachers, but good vianders." "When learned men have been admitted into such room," he continues, "many times they have desisted from their good and godly studies and all other Christian exercises of preaching and teaching. Wherefore . . . I would wish that not only the name of a prebendary were exiled his Grace's foundations, but also the superfluous conditions of such persons."<sup>1</sup> No other direct evidence remains, as far as I am aware, to show what Cranmer's personal views were with regard to the new foundation. According to Burnet he was disappointed by the scheme which was adopted, having himself proposed that "in every cathedral there should be provision made for readers of divinity and of Greek and Hebrew; and a great number of students, to be both exercised in the daily worship of God, and trained up in study and devotion, whom the Bishop might transplant out of this nursery into all parts of his diocese; and thus every Bishop should have a college of clergymen under his eye to be preferred according to their merit."<sup>2</sup> These proposals, Burnet adds, were thwarted by the extreme Catholic party, who were then regaining favour at Court; but it is evident that, whatever influence these men may have exercised, the essentials of Cranmer's plan were retained. No

attempt was made to imitate the specific professoriate of the universities, or to supersede their office in training the clergy. The course followed was indeed the wisest possible. The old constitution of cathedrals was still kept, but new spirit was infused into it. Even the objectionable name of "prebendary" was preserved, while definite work was attached to the office, representing that form of learned labour which was most needed at the time.

It is unnecessary to follow out in detail the changes which were afterwards made in the administration of the new cathedrals. One measure of Queen Elizabeth, however, deserves special regard. The attention of the queen was directed to the cathedrals immediately upon her accession, and a commission was appointed in 1559 (Aug. 28) which exhibited some remarkable injunctions to Oxford, Lincoln, Peterborough, and Lichfield. It is possible that during the troubles of the last two reigns the chapters had neglected their peculiar duties, and fulfilled Cranmer's fear; but at any rate the commissioners insist with marked emphasis on their obligations to learn and to teach. Thus, among other instructions, the following occur:<sup>1</sup>—

"8. You shall make a Library in some convenient place within your church within the space of one year next ensuing this visitation, and shall lay in the same the works of St. Augustine, Basil, Gregory Nazianzene, Jerome, Ambrose, Chrysostom and Cyprian, Clemens Alexandrinus, Justinus M., Theophylactus, Paraphrasis and Annotations Erasmii in Nov. Test., and other good writers."

"22. *Your ministers in every cathedral church shall daily, one or another, immediately after the First Lesson make a briefer sermon or exposition of the same: and that to be done in the quire openly.*"

<sup>1</sup> Letter 269 (Nov. 29, 1539). The letter follows that in which he speaks to Cromwell of the Preface which he had written for the new edition of the Great Bible, which appeared in April 1540.

<sup>2</sup> *Hist. of Reformation*, Book iii. (l. p. 545), A.D. 1540. Burnet's reference is probably to the preamble of the Act of 1539. See above, p. 247, note 1.

<sup>1</sup> The quotations are made from Bishop Kennett's transcript in his interleaved copy of Gunton's "History of Peterborough." The original manuscript I have not yet been able to find.

“ 24. You shall have weekly, thrice every week, a lecture of Divinity in English within your church, to be read at nine of the clock before noon in the chapter-house or some other more convenient place openly, so that all people may resort and come to it; and you shall appoint some learned man to read it, and shall give him 20*l.* in yearly stipend;<sup>1</sup> and all your prebendaries and canons shall be present at every lecture unless there be some lawful excuse.”

Something also was done to extend the opportunities of common worship. An additional early service was enjoined, that “the scholars of the grammar school and all other well-disposed persons and artificers may daily resort thereunto.”<sup>2</sup> Nor were the peculiar marks of cathedral hospitality forgotten: relief is to be given to “the poor wayfaring man, honest and needy persons, and especially such as be poor ministers

“ of the Church.”<sup>1</sup> The last clause points to another charge imposed upon chapters, which is, not only to support, but also to provide “ministers in the Church,” to which end they were to prefer as foundation-scholars in their schools such as “were like hereafter by that vocation to serve God and the commonwealth.”

How far these injunctions were carried out it is impossible to determine. At Peterborough, to take a single instance, they led to a long and angry controversy between the chapter and the bishop (Scambler). No appointment was made to the lectureship till 1588, and that is the only appointment of which any record is preserved, though inquiries on the subject were instituted as late as the archbishop's Articles of 1633. Of the exposition of the First Lesson no trace, as far as I can discover, remains. The common table, if it ever existed to its full extent, was already broken up in 1570, when the bishop authorized the minor canons “to receive full stipend without making their payment to it.”<sup>2</sup> Thus, in every respect, the working of the cathedrals from the first fell far short of the ideal of their constitution.

<sup>1</sup> It is to be observed that the lecturer was an addition to the cathedral staff.

<sup>2</sup> *Inj.* 21. In the statutes of Canterbury (as revised by Archbishop Laud) a short early plain service is thus enjoined: “*Preces matutinae sine cantu summarie tamen, et cum unica tantum lectione, si visum fuerit, recitentur.*”—*App. to Report*, p. xx. n.

<sup>1</sup> *Inj.* 10.

<sup>2</sup> MS. Injunctions.

## ESTELLE RUSSELL.

## CHAPTER XLV.

## BEFORE THE RIVEN ROCK.

THE wind had risen suddenly, driving a cloud of mist before it along the course of the Gave. Suddenly, while the alp was still filled with sunshine, the valley below was hidden as with a white pall.

"The storm!" exclaimed both together.

"What shall we do?" Estelle asked, in some anxiety, yet with a feeling of relief at Nature's supplying a topic so far removed from the range of sentiment, and so closely allied to the prosaic reality of a thorough wetting.

"We must stay here and watch it. We could not see our way down there now. But, with this wind, the path by the Gave will be cleared before very long." He spoke with the tone of decision a woman most naturally obeys.

Estelle sat quiet for a moment. Then, womanlike, reverting to possibilities, "I am sorry now that I came up so far. Mamma and Lady Vivian will be frightened."

"I for one," Sir Louis replied, "am not sorry I came up so far. And I think Lady Vivian will survive the fright."

Estelle made no reply, but gathered up her brushes and replaced them in the paint-box. As she held up her sketch for a moment to see whether it had dried, before shutting her book, a gust of wind caught a loose leaf already sketched on, and whirled it round fantastically before her. She laid down her sketch-book and made a dart at it. Driven by the wind, it eddied farther and farther away, she following, to the very edge of the alp, where the short grass suddenly gave way to a flat wall of naked rock, terminated twenty feet below by a chaos of boulders and water-worn pebbles. At the very edge of the

grass the paper was tossed back as by an invisible hand. She clutched it, and at the same moment flung herself on the grass, catching at the stunted herbage with a cry of terror.

One step more, and she had lost her balance; the white fog-pall had closed over her life. It was climbing, crawling, stealthily and silent, already more than half-way up the flat face of the rock.

Her cry was echoed, then re-echoed among the rifts and crags above. Before the first echo had died away, Sir Louis was by her side with his arm thrown round her. He brought her back to her former seat, and made her lean against the rock. For a moment neither spoke.

"Good God!" he exclaimed at last, grasping her tightly by the arm, "you were nearly gone! How could you be so reckless?"

Her head swam, and she shut her eyes. She scarcely heard him, scarcely felt his hand on her arm. "It was the surprise," she said faintly; "the surprise of seeing the fog rolling up close to that wall of rock. I have often looked over before without being frightened."

"If you had gone," he went on passionately, with lips as white as her own; "if you had gone I would have followed! I never would have returned to Caunterets without you. Estelle, be what Fate has made you in this world: in the next you should have been mine!"

"Hush, hush!" she whispered. "Your wife, your children. Think of them; think of little Maudie and Bessie. Why, you have more to bind you to life than even I have."

"Ah, then you do acknowledge some ties to life," he went on. "Well for you! But for me, let the barrier of conventionalities be once broken, as now; let our two souls once stand face to face, and see; the truth will out.



I love you, Estelle! I loved you the day I first saw you, and I shall love you on to the end."

"Hush, hush! Indeed you must not speak so," she said imploringly by voice and gesture. "Hush! You forget."

"I forget nothing," he replied. "And I will speak. Are you so happy, that you scorn to let me ease my mind by speaking this once? If you choose, I will hold my peace ever after. But this once I will speak; for I have just seen you face to face with death. Estelle, we have both made our choice; or say our choice was made for us, and we were trapped into acceptance:—it matters little. So be it. It cannot be changed. But I speak now of myself, as I have learnt to know myself, there is that in me that cannot be changed, either. Why do you shake your head? Why do you turn away? Is change so fine a thing that you covet it? Is disloyalty to my love a thing you, faithful by nature, should rejoice at? What do I ask of you? To see you, as often as I may. Is that so much? Do I ask even a kind word? Oh, Estelle, be just; I do not say, 'be generous.'"

"What you ask, little as you call it," she said, with trembling lips, "you know is more than I can grant—more than I ought to grant even if I could. And it would do you no good."

"That is scarcely the question," he replied. "Granted that it would do me no good, it could do you no harm. Mind, I do not ask even so much as the kind word you would throw your dog when he wags his tail as you pass. Only let me be. Does the sun, I wonder, grudge his warmth to the grey lizard that basks on the stone? I am the lizard, if you will; you are my sun, Estelle."

It was impossible to stop him, now. Silence she kept too, as best for the wildly-beating heart that was ready to betray her.

"If only," he went on, "I could dare hope that you would trust me as a brother, if ever the time came that you were in want of a friend, in want of kindness; I do not say I wish for such

a time: God forbid! Only, if such a time did come, if ever you wanted help or counsel of any kind——"

She stopped him with a wave of her hand. Her heart might burst, but she would not let it speak. No. There should be lip-loyalty to Raymond, if she died for it.

"You forget strangely, Sir Louis. I cannot be in want of help or counsel while I have my husband."

"Forgive me," he rejoined, "if I read your face so that I believed, or feared, that you might not find help or counsel where a woman naturally seeks it."

"My face told a false tale if it told aught except this: that I have a husband who loves me better than I deserve," she said, resolutely turning her face towards him.

"Well for you, Madame, if it is so. I can but ask pardon once more for a mistake—a mistake," he went on, relapsing into his old bitterness of manner, "into which I was the more easily led, perhaps, from my own domestic relations presenting anything but an Elysian aspect."

What could she do, but forgive him in her heart?

"Do not speak of that," she said kindly. "As you said yourself, there are some things best undiscussed. Will you carry my paint-box?" she said, rising. "I think the fog has rolled deeper down the valley. If only the path as far as La Raillère is clear, we may venture."

Sir Louis took the paint-box and followed her down by the easier path he had taken with the idiot. He looked at the paint-box, and knew it for the same old one she had always had. He put it against his cheek for a moment; then lent his whole attention to their safe descent to the point where he had tied his horse.

The idiot was out of sight; sleeping most likely under a bush, or in a cleft of rock, Estelle said: he would have sense enough to shelter himself from the weather. They got down safely as far as Mahourat, and there the fog stopped them short; a wild gust of wind was blowing it

upwards. Suddenly the air darkened. From above, below, around, clouds were rolling, gathering speed and volume as they travelled. Estelle and Sir Louis looked at the path, barred a few feet in front of them, and then at each other in dismay.

"We are in the very midst of the storm," cried Estelle. "Look, even the horse is afraid!"

Her outspoken fear made him express more assurance than he felt. "The horse knows that rain and thunder are coming," said he. "But neither will do him any harm. Now he does not think about the lightning, which might just possibly hurt him, though there are a hundred chances to one it does not. Let us get away from the trees. Come this side, Madame, where those round boulders will shelter us from the worst of the wind."

She did as she was told, and waited trembling. They were nearly opposite the platform where stood, overhanging the Gave, the granite crag Sir Louis had bid her remember just before. From behind the crag, attracted by the sound of their voices, crept the idiot Celestin. He came towards them, half crawling, half running, and crept close to the horse, with foolish gestures of entreaty.

"Curious! He seems frightened," said Sir Louis, "and yet he was sitting in what to my knowledge is a spot to try any man's head even on a clear calm day. Why should he choose that spot, I wonder?"

He had scarcely spoken, when a blaze of fire filled the space before them. The clouds overhead met and rolled back with an awful reverberation; the granite crag rocked, split asunder, half rolling down into the torrent, the other half remaining, a monument of its own power of resistance; in less than a moment it was hid from their sight by the storm-cloud driving down from the gorge of the Pont d'Espagne.

Estelle gave a faint cry. Blinded by the lightning, deafened by the roar of the wind and the thunder, she threw herself against Sir Louis, quivering from head to foot.

"Louis, Louis, save me!" she cried, in pure physical terror.

The old voice, the old words. Silently he put his arm round her. In spite of the obvious danger, he felt glad, happy beyond what he had dared hope. She had wanted help, and she had called him—in her old frank, outspoken voice. So be it, now and always. He was her slave, her tool, to be used when she had a use for him, thrown aside when the need was over. So he had not lived quite in vain after all.

## CHAPTER XLVI.

### THE ORDEAL.

ALL that night, as she lay shuddering and storm-driven in her dreams—all the next day, with the lightning flashing across her eyes whenever she closed them, with the roar of the thunder and the crash of the falling rock still ringing in her ears—Estelle's one thought was that she must go back to her husband.

Her mother coming in suddenly found her up, and sitting with her writing-book before her. Invoking the name of the chief physician of the place, Mrs. Russell ordered her instantly back to her bed again.

"When I have written to Raymond, Mamma."

"I have written to him already. You quite frightened me last night. I thought you were going to be ill; and of course if anything happened to you while you were with me, Raymond would take me to task for not having taken better care of you."

"Raymond will take nobody but myself to task; Raymond is always just," Estelle said, half to herself. Then anxiously: "But do you think he will come? Are you sure he will come, Mamma?"

"If he does not, I shall be extremely surprised," Mrs. Russell answered loftily.

"Will Madame la Comtesse receive Miladi Vivian?" asked Lisette, coming in.

Estelle's pale face flushed. "Oh,

Mamma, what am I to do? Must I see her?"

Mrs. Russell looked displeased. "She had much better keep to her own rooms and nurse that unfortunate husband of hers. She makes his home odious to him, and then complains because he wanders about and exposes himself to the weather. I am going in to see him myself to-day, poor fellow. If you do let Lady Vivian in, don't let her stay more than five minutes."

"My dear creature, what a fever you are in!" was her ladyship's exclamation, as she touched Estelle's hand. "You won't mind my not kissing you? Because I always feel so nervous at kissing any one who is feverish, on the dear children's account. One never knows what it's going to turn out, in this hot country."

Estelle almost laughed, ill as she felt. It was mostly the fear that Lady Vivian would kiss her which had made her wish to deny her admittance, and which made her hands so hot and her cheek so flushed.

"Well, do tell me exactly what the doctor thinks of you?" pursued her ladyship, as she mentally criticised the cut of Estelle's dressing-gown.

Estelle evaded the question. She did not believe the doctor thought anything in particular. She had got wet through and had had a fright. The case seemed plain enough, did it not?

"I know Mrs. Russell had made up her mind last night that you were going to have an illness of some sort. You needn't tell her I told you that, of course," said Lady Vivian; "I daresay it was nothing but nervousness. I only hope my husband is not going to be dreadfully ill. I said to him yesterday as soon as ever I saw him, 'Now, Louis, you're in for an attack of pleurisy.' And I know his valet was messing about mustard or something this morning; my maid told me so. But my husband is so odd, you know. He doesn't like anybody to know anything about his ailments. Would you believe it? he has had blisters on, and I have never known it till ever so long afterwards! He's very odd. Like his mother, I suppose."

"Indeed! Who was Mrs. Vivian?" Estelle asked, for the sake of saying something.

"Oh, my dear, a person of no family at all! You won't find *her* in 'Debrett' or 'Dodd' either. She's Irish; and when one has said that, one has said everything. I believe her to be a well-meaning sort of woman in her way, but she is a person I have always found it necessary to keep at arm's length, you understand. Whenever we are at the Court I am in a tremor lest either of the dear children should learn to imitate her horrid Dublin accent. Children are such mimics, you know."

Estelle was thankful for her mother's entrance at this juncture. Mrs. Russell dismissed Lady Vivian with but little ceremony, and sent her daughter back to bed.

How terribly long the hours seemed! She found herself calculating over and over again the time that must elapse before Raymond could come to her; found herself repeating "The day after to-morrow, the day after to-morrow;" then forgetting, then calculating again. The third day came, and neither Raymond nor a letter. Mrs. Russell was decomposed and anxious. All day her daughter reiterated the question, "When will Raymond come?"

"I will write again if you like," Mrs. Russell said at last, willing to humour what she believed to be a sick fancy.

"Tell him to make haste," Estelle said. "I cannot wait. If he does not come to-morrow, I shall set off."

Wearied with her daughter's restlessness, Mrs. Russell accepted Lady Vivian's invitation to take an evening drive, and left Estelle under the charge of Lisette, who answered all the divers injunctions laid upon her with an invariable, "You may depend upon me, Madame."

Lisette imagined that her mistress wanted amusement, and did her best to keep up an unceasing flow of small-talk; succeeding at last in driving Estelle to the borders of distraction.

Seeing that her attempts at amusing Madame la Comtesse only resulted in



Madame's resolutely turning to the wall and shutting her eyes, the waiting-maid left the room, and presently returned with a glass of sugared-water, flavoured with the inevitable orange-flower water; and a message from Sir Louis Vivian.

He wished to know how Madame was. Twice a day had Lisette received the same message from the valet, and had returned what answer she chose. Now, she imagined, it might amuse Madame to speak English, and talk over the events of the storm, the fright, and so on, with the companion of her misadventure. "I saw him myself," said Lisette, "this poor gentleman. He looks ill indeed; worse than Madame."

Estelle took a sudden resolution. Five minutes later she was in the drawing-room, face to face with Sir Louis. She forced herself to look at him well. Then, having looked her full, she turned her eyes away, thinking that it was well indeed she had resolved on going back to her husband.

"I can only stay here a few minutes," she said, as soon as she had nerved herself to speak. "But it was as well for me to see you, because I have something to say which I could trust to no messenger. You said, up yonder on the mountain, that all you asked, all you cared for, was to see me. You did not ask for kindness, only to be let see me. Little enough it seemed. So little, that many a woman would have granted it from pure good nature. So little, that many a man, if he had cared to ask at all, would have dared more—asked for more."

Sir Louis bent forward breathlessly. She turned paler and paler as she spoke, and her voice became almost inaudible.

"Hear me out," she went on, raising her hand as he would have spoken. "Let me say what I have to say, first. You were always kind and good. Try to think kindly of me still, when I tell you that for my own sake I cannot see you any more. You said it could do me no harm, and was the only thing you cared for. It would do me harm, Sir Louis, such harm as I dare not risk.

For I do not belong to myself alone, I belong to my husband."

"You wrong yourself, Madame!" Sir Louis exclaimed hastily. "If what you have been saying is the consequence of any chance word or look of mine, it is I who am to blame, not you. O Madame, believe me, no knight in the age of chivalry ever served his lady with less hope of guerdon than I would serve you, if I might. Guerdon! As I said, to see you is guerdon beyond my deserts. And, Madame—forgive me, if I speak of myself and my own miseries—I do not think it will be for very long—I am sure it cannot be for very long. Tell me, Madame, in the vile prisons of the South, do not they let the condemned criminal feast, the day before his execution, as he never feasted in his life? I am condemned. My span of life is growing shorter and shorter. Will you—so kindly, so gracious by nature—refuse a dying wretch his first, his last banquet? Can you refuse?" he cried, eager and panting.

It was piteous to see his sunken cheeks, pale, then suddenly dyed scarlet, then paling again as he ceased speaking; piteous to note the tremulous hands, the failing breath.

Once more Estelle nerved herself to speak. So difficult was it now become to keep her resolve in despite of her old love's appeal, that her judgment told her of the necessity of doing violence to all her instincts of kindness, if that resolve were to be kept in its integrity.

"I repeat," she cried, "I dare not be kind! Think of me as you will, this must be the last time that we speak to each other—shall be the last time. Remember this, that if you have to die, I have to live. And—say that I am foolish, cruel, weak-minded—say what you will, I will have none of your knightly service. Trust me, Sir Louis, the greatest, the only service you can do me now, is never to see me again. Say good-bye. Let there be no further parleying," she said, as he would have spoken.

"You shall be obeyed," he said, after

a pause, during which his eyes had never moved from her drooping figure. "In all that may have led to this, I alone am to blame. Say, before I go, that you forgive me. That is all I ask now. Is that too much?"

"Ah," she cried, bursting into tears at last, "what have you to do with asking forgiveness? It is I who should ask that!"

Sir Louis stood up: he tried to speak, but in vain. At last:—

"Something tells me you are right, Madame," he said in a low voice, "in deciding that we must part. I will distress you no farther. May I shake hands with you? It is for the last time. To-morrow I will leave Caunterets."

"Yes, shake hands," Estelle replied, rising. "You are doing me the only kindness you could do, in going away. By and by I may dare to think it was for *my* sake. Once more, good-bye."

"Yes.—It will not be for long.—Good-bye."

She looked after him as he left the room; then turned, and, hiding her face, wept as if her heart would break. Now the ordeal was over, she knew how terrible it had been. There had been no mitigation; she had had the full taste of the bitterness. No more peace would she have now, till either she or he were dead. If only his wife were a kind, good woman; if only there were a chance of her tenderness being awakened! But Estelle could not even cling to that chance. Death seemed the only solution to his unhappiness. If the grim, kindly phantom would but take her in his arms as well! But the thought of Raymond forbade that wish. She had to do with life as long as Raymond lived.

## CHAPTER XLVII.

### ONE LAST LOOK.

At last!

She had told what she had to tell; and now she had sunk down, and lay on the couch with her face hidden,

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shrinking away from Raymond like a frightened animal from its master's eye.

Since his first question, when on his sudden entrance his wife had refused his kiss and moved herself away from him, till now, he had not uttered a word. The surprise of it all had struck him dumb. He stood and looked at her, first in amazement, then in a quiver of rage and pain.

If he would but speak! she thought, shivering with fear. Wild words, wild acts—anything were better than this horrid silence, so unlike Raymond.

At last, but not till she could bear the silence no longer, he spoke:

"So! You whom I worshipped as the very incarnation of truth, have been all these years an incarnate lie—a fair-seeming sham, like the rest of the world! So little do we husbands know of the women who befool us! Why, I could have sworn you loved me! I could have sworn that I—I alone—had awoke love in your heart—so shy, so frightened, as you were, and then so tender; and I, poor, happy fool, had been forestalled! Oh, Estelle, Estelle, how could you? How could you do it? When you knew how I adored you!"

"It would have been kinder," he went on, after a pause, "to have told me then; kinder than to have cheated me so."

"I know now," she answered, humbly, "that I ought to have told you. But I was afraid——"

"Afraid!" Raymond ejaculated. "Afraid of me, who loved the very ground she trod on!"

"—And I hoped, seeing how good you were to me, that I should come to love you in time; and so I did, Raymond."

"And what that love was worth this hour shows," he rejoined, with a sudden outburst of fierceness. "Nevertheless, it is well that I know, late as it is. It is well to have done with shams, even when one loses one's Eden thereby."

"Yes," Estelle murmured, "let there be truth between us, if there can be nothing more."

"Even so," he answered with a bitter laugh.

"Oh, Raymond!" she said, weeping, for the laugh humiliated her as if it had been a blow; "if you had but stayed here, as I entreated you, it might never have come to this."

"How was I to suppose you wanted a watch-dog?" was his answer. "I thought—I thought it was your love for me that made you urge my staying, and—and—it was my very fondness for you that made me deaf to your wish; it was because I felt there was a sufficient reason for my leaving you, and would not that any should say, 'He neglects all for his wife's smile.' I would not have had that reproach from myself even; and it might have come to that had I stayed here as you wished. I would not have had that said for worlds, I tell you; nor have said it to myself, because it would have implied blame to you. And—I trusted you so, that I never thought you wanted looking after."

He ceased, with a heavy sigh, and began walking up and down the room.

"Who is this man?" he said, stopping suddenly in his walk.

She started up and faced him then. "Oh, do not ask that," she cried, clasping her hands. "He will leave Cauterets to-morrow. I told him he must never attempt to see me again. Oh, Raymond, spare me! Do not kill him!"

"You have not told me his name yet. And as to sparing him, or you either, I ask you whether, from what you know of me, it seems likely I would bring my wife's name before the public? Will you answer my question? Who is this man?"

"I will not tell you," she answered, firmly. "All that it was right to tell you—all that wifely duty required—I have told. More I will not tell; and you have no right to ask."

"No right?" he repeated.

"None!"

He had never seen his wife's face set so stubbornly. Every feature seemed petrified in its resolve for silence. He knew it was no good asking her.

"You have somewhat strange ideas

of conjugal rights," he said bitterly, after scanning her face. "Of course, you know that the information you choose to withhold I am precluded from seeking in any other quarter. You count upon that; though, after all, why should you?"

"I have taken heed for your honour," she replied, suddenly flashing out. "Do you take heed for mine! This matter lies between you and me—wife and husband—alone. There is no third between us two. Make a third, and you make matters worse. Make a third, and you will take away from me even the remembrance of your past love—which was what made me confide in you so far. Trust me, Raymond, if you cannot love me any more. And do not wish to know what I will never tell you or any one. It is enough for me that God knows it all."

"God!" he returned, with a sneer. "Does your mother know it?"

"No!" she replied, vehemently. "Did I not say that it was between you and me alone?"

He stood silent for a moment, then:

"You wish to return to Montaignu?"

"Yes," she answered, firmly.

"Can you be ready to-morrow? Or are you not strong enough? Your mother's letter expressed some fear that you were on the verge of an illness. I should be sorry to make you travel if it would injure your health."

"I am ready to go whenever you choose," was her answer. "And if—if I am to be ill—take me home. Oh, Raymond, take me home! Don't let me be ill here," she cried. "Not here, where everything reminds me——"

"I will take you home," he answered, more gently than he had spoken yet.

The dawn had not reached the valley, and the grey fog still hung over the river, when Sir Louis took his way on horseback up the solitary path to La Raillère.

Faithful to his promise, he had made arrangements the night before for leaving Cauterets that day. Lady Vivian had exclaimed and objected, as was her



wont, and had been peremptorily silenced by the word "business!" Demanding their destination, Sir Louis had named Paris, being the first word that came into his head. Having said it, he abode by it—why not Paris as well as any other place?—and had left his wife in sullen wonderment at the business that could take her husband to Paris just when all civilized people were leaving it.

As he passed his children's room a sudden impulse came over him, and he entered softly. They lay in all the careless grace of childhood, the two faces leaning cheek on cheek, flushed with heat and sleep, arms tossed, hair entangled, and lips parting in the sweet unconscious smile that invites a kiss.

Sir Louis stooped over the bed, kissed each softly—once—twice—kissed them for himself and for their mother, remembering with a pang the only time when he had seen Estelle kiss Maudie; and the thrill that had run through him as he recognised the passionate maternal instinct in the childless woman, and the child's sudden flush of wonder as she climbed up on his knee, whispering, open-eyed, "And yet I haven't my prettiest dress on!"

Once again he laid his lips on Maudie's with a motherly touch of tenderness, then left the silent house. His object in riding out so early was to see for the last time the spot where that one small moment of happiness had been passed. He knew it well, yet would know it better. So we look and look, and turn to look once more, on a dead face over which the coffin-lid is about to close.

Strange omen! That in the selfsame hour when, in the whirl of unforeseen circumstances, he had been impelled to recall to Estelle that one perfect hour in their lives, the lichen-stained monument, that bade fair to stand centuries after the span of their existence was finished, had disappeared before their eyes. There stood the remnant, fire-struck, ragged, the very face of it changed past recognition. Yet not less dear would the memory of its new face be in the future, for the sake of

that terrified appeal which had once more laid bare Estelle's heart before him.

He rode on, possessed with strange minglings of passion and regret. Regret that he had given rein to his tongue; longings that the dear voice might speak once more in its old accents; acquiescence in the instinct of right which forbade it: feelings such as these chased past each other as he rode, whirling inextricably, like leaves before the autumn wind.

He dismounted, and stood before the old rock. He thought he would try to draw it; just a bare outline on a leaf of his pocket-book. That, and a little pink heath which sprouted on the turf close by, would be his only memorial of Estelle de Montaigu.

He picked the flower, and drew the outline; then walked a little way, looking back at every step.

He felt as if he could never tear himself from the spot. Yet back he must go, and that soon. Never before had he felt to its full the exquisite beauty of the scene; never before had it been so dear, so sacred. Up higher was another favourite haunt of Estelle's; a place they had often visited together in the dear bygone time;—last, he remembered, the day before their long parting. She had stood herself, then made him stand, where the tossing spray made a rainbow halo round his head, on a rock above the cascade; a moss-grown, ferny rock, with juts and hollows, where one could rest safely and listen to the roar of the whirlpool as it boiled below.

"The last time, indeed," he muttered, as he scrambled breathlessly to the place, having tied his horse to a fir branch by the path side. For one moment he was forced to stop short; his breath failed him altogether.

"My breathing is getting worse and worse," he thought, the fact being forced upon his attention; "or is it this cold, damp morning air, to which I am unaccustomed?"

He bent his head on his hands, suddenly overcome by the feeling of

failing strength and utter loneliness. For one bitter moment this feeling carried him away like a flood; and was as a foretaste of death to him. At last, raising his head, he exclaimed aloud, "I will go to my mother; the kindest, most faithful heart that ever beat! Nay, I will send for her to meet me half-way. She will not grudge the trouble; she made me promise to send for her if ever I wanted her. Dear old mother! I think it would comfort me, may be, to talk to her a little. Dear, kind old mother! the thought of her shall make me bear my weariness with a stouter heart."

Thus musing, he wrote these words in a blank leaf of his pocket-book, opposite to the drawing of the rock.

"My dear old mother: I know you are always ready to come to me when I want you; and I want your companionship now, most sorely,"—

The sun had risen, and was shining through the misty gorge. Sir Louis rose, and picked his way, half-dazzled by the sudden access of light, to the highest point of the rock, beneath which the torrent had mined and fretted itself a passage, some thirty feet below, in pitchy darkness. One ray from the cleft of the gorge above lit upon his head as he stood. "This is the place," he murmured, looking round. "Here we stood—she and I; and I shall never hear her laugh again as she laughed then; never hear her speak—kindly or coldly, dear any way—never again! Oh, my darling, you cannot help yourself; and you are right, I know. And I know that I could not love you better, were you aught but what you are. And yet—Oh, Estelle, to think that I who love you so, have never taken one kiss from those dear lips of yours that were mine by right!—Not one poor kiss! Only a bit of moss, only a tiny flower, to remember her by——"

At his foot he spied a drooping fern he knew she loved, and stooped to pick it.

His foot slipped——

\* \* \* \* \*

The sun rose higher, dispelling the

chilly mist; higher and fuller rose the morning hymn of the birds in the fir forest. Loud and pitiless the water dashed against the slippery black rock. Loud and pitiless it hurried down the valley, bearing one faithful heart to its last rest amid the deep hollows where the sunlight stays not; where eternal silence has found a home.

## CHAPTER XLVIII.

### THE INLAID CABINET.

It was mid-winter. The Countess Dowager had left the château, and was enjoying the Carnival time in Toulouse in company with her *protégée* Hortense. Countess Estelle, sole mistress of herself and of the château, sat alone in a room belonging to a suite long since deserted, situated above the chapel. This room was the dampest, most draughtily, most cheerless of the whole set. Yet there she had been sitting the whole afternoon, and was sitting still, looking vacantly at the tops of the leafless poplars as they swayed violently in the north wind.

There was a dreary listlessness in her face, a settled weariness in her attitude, quite unlike the calm repose of her former demeanour. That told of content with her lot in life, of hope in the unknown future. This told of apathy, of hope destroyed, of a heart so numbed that time could neither bring nor take away aught of interest or affection.

There was a letter on the table near her. She took it up, read it through, paused, then read it again, and finally put it in her pocket, and returned to her old employment of gazing listlessly at the tops of the trees.

The wind shook the casement, moaning like a living creature praying to be let in from the storm. Still she sat, with her hands folded on her knee, taking no heed of the cold within nor the din without, till the short afternoon closed in, and the moon began to show between the driving clouds.

Then, looking at her watch by the

dim light, she rose and walked quickly through a maze of intricate passages to her own rooms on the first floor. As she passed the door which gave access to this part of the chateau, her step grew stealthy, as if she were an intruder rather than the mistress of the place.

She stopped before Raymond's study door, lifted the curtain after a moment's hesitation, and entered. The fire was low; she brought billets of wood from the ante-chamber, and set to work to replenish the hearth, pausing every moment to listen for some distant sound. But silence reigned within—without, the wind still roared in the trees and shook the casements. She let down the window curtains, placed a chair invitingly by the fireside, and left the room, saying, "He will find all snug when he comes in."

She went back, not to her own luxurious boudoir adjoining, but to the dismal room where she had passed the afternoon. There she stood listening close to the window, till the clatter of a horse's hoofs could be heard coming up the avenue. Then she hurried back through the dark passages to her own room, where Lisette was waiting and her dinner-dress laid ready on the bed.

"Madame will have plenty of time," Lisette observed as Estelle uttered an expression of impatience during the maid's performance of her office. "Monsieur is only just come in. Madame is shivering!"

"It is nothing," Estelle replied. "Only make haste, Lisette; Monsieur will be so hungry after his ride," she added, as if in apology for her impatience.

"Do him good to wait!" thought Lisette. Then aloud: "You may depend on me, Madame. There! now will Madame look in the glass?"

"It does not matter," Estelle replied. Then, careful not to hurt the maid's feelings, she looked at herself, but shook her head, saying, "Yes, Lisette, you have done your best, as you always do. But oh, you will never make me look nice as you used to do; never, never again, Lisette!"

"*Pardie!*" Lisette exclaimed; "if Madame would but do something!—If Madame would have a new toilette, for instance; say, a mauve silk and head-dress to match, and leave off her mourning. Without a vestige of colour one understands well that Madame looks often like a ghost. Or if"—and here Lisette's voice sank to a confidential whisper—"if Madame would but try the merest touch of rouge? Just a touch, such as Monsieur would never find out?"

Estelle negatived both propositions. "My heart is in mourning," she said, "therefore black is most fitting for my dress. And as for rouge, I don't care whether Monsieur finds it out or not: rouge would be an acted falsehood, and I'll have none of it. Let my white cheeks remain. Who cares?"

She stood by the fireplace waiting and listening. Then, looking at her watch, she suddenly left the room. The maid looked after her, sighed, shook her head, and began to put the room in order.

"I know one thing," she soliloquised as she replaced the articles in her mistress's dressing-case, "and that is, that I'd rather look at her face, pale and thin and worn as it is, than at the faces of half the fine ladies I see;" and with a vicious snap, as if to give expression to some feeling that else she must not utter, Lisette shut the dressing-case and left the room.

Estelle entered the drawing-room by one door as her husband entered by another. As she walked to the upper end of the room, the butler, throwing open the door of communication with the dining-room, announced dinner.

Raymond gave her his arm in silence. In silence the two first courses passed. Then, with a visible, almost unconquerable reluctance, Estelle spoke:

"I wish to consult you about a letter I received this afternoon."

"Indeed!" was Raymond's brief reply.

"It is from Lady Vivian."

"Oh!" said Raymond, and waited for further information.



But Estelle had not courage to proceed in face of so much laconism. She spoke no more till dinner was over, and they returned to the drawing-room.

Then, feeling that what she had to say must be said, and that if Raymond retired to his study she would never have courage to follow him, she forced herself to speak to him once more :

"Lady Vivian writes, saying she finds England very cold and dull now she cannot go into society ; and she wants to come abroad again and remain for about a year. She wants us to inquire if there is a suitable house in the neighbourhood."

"May I see the letter?"

She handed it to him, and sat looking at the fire while he read it. Once they would have read a letter together arm in arm, cheek on cheek. Now he sat in his place—she in hers, far apart ; while he spelt out the meaning of the angular English handwriting as best he could : he neither asking, nor she offering, the needed help.

"Thank you," he said, as he folded up the letter and returned it. "Do all English widows show their grief for their dead husbands thus?" he asked, pointing to the half-inch border of black that encircled the envelope.

"I do not know," Estelle answered faintly.

"Or—is the depth of mourning supposed to appease in some sort the manes of the dead, unloved when living? This miladi did not love her husband too much, I believe."

"I do not know. I should think she was sorry for him—surely she must feel such a loss. Her nerves were frightfully upset, Mamma said once or twice in her letters." Estelle turned paler and paler as she spoke. A stranger, looking carelessly at her for the first time, would have said she was going to faint. Raymond never looked once at her. He was staring fixedly at the burning logs.

"Nerves upset? I daresay! It would take something more or less than flesh and blood to pass through the shock of such a catastrophe with no harm to the

nervous system. Why, every one in the hotel felt it in some degree. I know my nerves were upset for weeks after ; even your mother, of all women, lost her presence of mind for a moment. Oh, ay, I do not doubt Lady Vivian's nerves being upset. Why, even you, who I believe did not care two straws for miladi——"

"I—I have left my handkerchief in the dining-room," Estelle muttered, rising hurriedly. She passed through, shutting the door behind her, and fell into the nearest chair, trembling violently.

"How can I bear it?" she muttered, pressing her hand to her heart. "How can I bear it? It will kill me." She rose in a moment and staggered to the sideboard, filled herself a glass of the strongest wine there, and drank it down eagerly. "Surely," she thought, "he cannot suspect! Surely he would not be capable of such a refinement of cruelty! Surely not that, for the sake of his old love for me! And yet how is it that he alludes to that time, to those people, at all? Is it only chance, or what? Whatever it is, I feel I cannot bear it much longer. I feel now as if I must tell him, and beg him in pity never to speak of that again.

"Yet no," she went on, as the wine, reviving her for a moment, brought back a faint colour to her lips and warmth to her heart,—“No! I said I would be silent; and so I will. What if it kills me? Who cares?"

She returned to the drawing-room. Raymond still sat looking at the fire. He looked up, but made no remark on her absence. When she had seated herself, he said, turning round to her with a formal politeness which marked how strange each had become to the other :

"What are your wishes with regard to that letter?"

"I scarcely know. I believe I have no wish either way. What is your wish? Of course I should not act at all without consulting you first."

Raymond bowed his head. "I do not feel interest enough in Lady Vivian to have any wish in the matter. If she

is not disagreeable to you, and if you would like to be civil to her, I shall be happy to look out for a house. Of course I could not allow you to take such a trouble upon yourself."

"We were never very congenial companions," Estelle said; "but I have neither the right nor the wish to be uncivil to her."

"I think I remember," said Raymond after a pause, "that her late husband—poor fellow!—was of considerable use to one or both of your brothers?"

"To Harry, yes," Estelle forced herself to answer.

"Then that, I think," Raymond pursued, "ought to decide the question. Do you not think so?"

"Yes," Estelle answered again. If Raymond had but looked, he would have seen her face set in an agony of pain. But it was a habit he had got into, that of turning his eyes from her while his face was turned towards her when he spoke. Now and then, when there seemed no chance of her seeing him, he would allow his eyes to rest upon her, but seldom, and then only for a glance; and he would turn resolutely away as if it were a weakness he did not choose to allow himself to fall into.

"Then one of us,—you perhaps,—will write to-morrow and say the best shall be done, *à-propos* of this house?"

"Yes. I will write if you wish. I suppose there is no very great hurry," said Estelle, forcing herself to speak. But in spite of her self-command she felt she dared not stay longer in the room. She rose, and saying "Good-night" as she passed, groped her way to her bedchamber.

"If I can but bear it to the end without betraying myself," she thought as she fell on the floor. She did not attempt to call Lisette; but waited till sense and feeling had returned, and she could rise, and walk steadily. She crept back to the dining-room and filled herself another glass of wine. "I owe it to poor Raymond," she thought, as she drank it down, "that no one shall suspect what I do not choose to let him

know. Let me try to remember that always."

By and by, judging that her face would bear Lisette's scrutiny, she returned to her room, summoned her, and suffered herself to be undressed in silence.

"Give me that miniature," she said, pointing to one on the table.

"There are two, Madame," said Lisette, bringing them to the bedside. They were two portraits of her lost boy.

"This one. No;—ah, give me both; both," she said, taking them and pressing them to her lips in turn. "They are all I have left!" she exclaimed, laying her hand over them as she composed herself to sleep.

\* \* \* \* \*

In spite of the proverbial cold and dulness of England, Lady Vivian would have been quite able to bear both, had she so chosen, to a much greater degree than they reached in the calm shelter of Vivian Court, known as one of the warmest, pleasantest spots in all the sweet county of Devon. Given, a house, say on the brink of Dartmoor, filled with idle young men, and Lady Vivian as *châtelaine*, entertainer-in-chief, acknowledged belle and toast of the whole party, and my lady would have voted the season neither cold nor dull.

But times had changed most wofully at the Court, and her sojourn there became daily more hateful to her. Mrs. Vivian, finding herself named one of the guardians to her son's children, chose, in virtue of her office, to assume an authority at the Court which she had never dreamt of during his lifetime. Her position was strengthened by the fact of her retaining her rooms there at Sir Louis' special request, notified in his will. Here then she set up her stronghold, and kept a sharp look-out for her grandchildren's interests, choosing to consider herself as particularly appointed thereto, and to keeping her daughter-in-law in order, by her departed son. The other guardian was the deceased Baronet's old friend, Dr. Vandeleur, of whose appointment Lady Vivian could not even think without impatience, so

intolerable was it that the person whom she had always chosen to keep at a distance during her husband's life should, by the event of his death, be invested with not a little of that husband's authority.

At her old home there was fresh annoyance in store for her. Captain Waldron had at last succeeded in so far ingratiating himself with Admiral Maurice as to gain his consent to marry his daughter Lizzy as soon as he should attain the rank of major. Lizzy, in the first flush of satisfaction at her engagement with her slippery cousin Herbert, paraded her feelings too openly at the Court,—or Lady Vivian thought so, which came to the same thing,—and high words followed on both sides.

“Don't make too sure of the fascinating Herbert,” sneered her ladyship. “You have to wait awhile yet, and we all know how many slips there are between cup and lip. Why, I'll bet you—let me see, anything—that, if I chose, I could bring back Herbert. I know he will never be so fond of you as he was of me.”

“He was fond of you ages ago, and you behaved most shamefully to him,” retorted Lizzy; “yes, most shamefully, Ju! Being engaged, you should have kept to your engagement. Oh, you may sneer, but I tell you your conduct was abominable, and a very bad example to me! If it hadn't been for Henrietta, I should have gone on as heartless as you had helped to make me.”

“Upon my word!” Lady Vivian gasped, in utter astonishment.

“And really,” pursued the merciless younger sister, “at your age, and with your figure, you must be vain indeed to think of captivating Herbert. Why,”—and Lizzy glanced at her own lithe figure as reflected in the nearest mirror—“Herbert thinks my figure perfect, and *I know* it's a better one than yours ever was. As for you, you'd better bant, Ju, or you will have no waist left in a year or two!”

“Don't be too proud of your slim waist,” retorted Lady Vivian, who had by this time recovered her astonishment

and found her voice. “*My* figure is much nearer perfection now than it was when I laced tight. When did you ever see an antique statue with a small waist?”

“Sour grapes!” laughed Lizzy, straightening herself at the glass, with her pretty head on one side. “You're welcome to your waist after the antique. Herbert likes my waist, and he likes me, and I don't believe there's the slightest danger of his being taken in by you again, after the treatment he experienced before at your hands.”

“If I only chose to try!” said Lady Vivian. “And I will try, if it be only to punish you as you deserve for the daring manner in which you have spoken to me.”

After that there was an open quarrel. Lizzy ceased her visits at the Court, which Lady Vivian did not care for; but it also prevented Herbert Waldron's visiting there when he was in the neighbourhood, which Lady Vivian did care for, as it proved her younger sister to have fascinated the handsome soldier to some purpose at last.

But this was by the bye. One home annoyance, worse than any, was, that there was no longer a purse at hand for my lady to dive into when her own was empty. She had her jointure, and dared not go beyond it. A certain sum was to be applied to the education of the children, subject to the guardians' discretion and supervision, the rest to be applied to the improvement of the estate, or to accumulate till the children were of age. Beyond her own jointure Lady Vivian could touch nothing.

It was a drizzling afternoon, and the two widows sat together in a little room which had been the late Baronet's study.

There had just been a battle between the two, and both were rather tired of hostilities for the moment, and inclined to make peace from sheer exhaustion.

“I shan't go out at all this afternoon,” said her ladyship; “and as for visitors, I am sure you may keep people away from me if you like, for there is no one in the neighbourhood that I care



to see. So you had better give standing orders that nobody is to be admitted, Mrs. Vivian, and then nobody will be shocked about my not wearing a widow's cap."

Mrs. Vivian shuddered in the most impressive manner. "I have said all I intended to say on that subject," she replied, "and I shall say no more."

"So much the better," my lady muttered in French, shrugging her shoulders.

Mrs. Vivian imagined from the tone that the words were neither courteous nor complimentary; but, not understanding French, she wisely attempted no answer, but applied herself to counting the stitches on her knitting-needles.

At last, after yawning till her lower jaw was in imminent risk of dislocation, my lady cast her idle eyes on an old inlaid Italian cabinet that stood in a corner. It suddenly occurred to her that she had never seen the inside of it, and that she would do so now. She went to her room and brought back a basketful of old bunches of keys, and began trying them one after the other without success.

At last, after quietly watching each unavailing attempt, Mrs. Vivian opened her lips to say: "It is not likely you will find the key you want on any of those bunches, Lady Vivian. My dear departed son always kept the key of that cabinet himself; and it is probable that it was a key of ancient workmanship, as the cabinet evidently is."

"What could he have kept inside, I wonder? It could scarcely have been papers, or else the lawyers would have wanted it open before now."

"I cannot tell. Samples of Cornish ore, perhaps. But he never told me, and I never presumed to inquire," said Mrs. Vivian, severely.

"I have seen the key," quoth Maudie, who was leaning on her grandmother's knee.

"What was it like, my pet?"

"The top was like a little goat butting with his horns. I only saw it once. I was in Papa's room when he

was dressing, and he let me play with it for a minute. He always wore it round his neck."

"That child"—Lady Vivian cried, throwing down the keys and drawing forth her handkerchief,—"that child will be the death of me! I cannot have my nerves so upset; I will not. Mrs. Vivian, after all I have gone through, it is most unkind of you to encourage Maudie in this manner. Maudie, go to your nursery, and don't come downstairs till I send for you."

Maudie began to pout and cry. Mrs. Vivian rose, and took her up to the nursery, where she remained till the child's tears had dried, when she returned to the study, after promising both children a nice game of play, in "Grandma's own room," in the evening.

My lady had laid aside all insignia of distress, and was standing by while a carpenter, who happened to be working in the house that afternoon, was picking the lock after a clumsy, country sort of fashion.

The lock once picked, Lady Vivian hardly waited till the carpenter had withdrawn to fling open the doors of the cabinet. Her doing so, and the start and exclamation that followed instantaneously, made Mrs. Vivian get up and peep inside too.

Instead of the usual conglomeration of drawers and pigeon-holes, the cabinet was nothing more than a hollow box; and its contents astonished Mrs. Vivian nearly as much as Lady Vivian. They consisted of a female bust in white marble, from which Lady Vivian had just snatched the gauze covering, and of an old portfolio.

"No, I never will believe it!" she exclaimed. Hurriedly she took forth the bust and placed it on the table, and then brought out the old portfolio to the light. A gleam that would have augured ill for Sir Louis, had he been there to see it, shot from her ladyship's eyes as she turned the portfolio on its right side towards her, and read in their gilt lettering the words, "*Estelle Russell.*"

"I never would have believed it!"

ejaculated her ladyship, after five minutes' silence.

"Believed what, Lady Vivian?"

Lady Vivian deigned no reply. After another five minutes' silence, during which she appeared to meditate deeply, she lifted the portfolio from her knee to the table, laying it down in such an ungentle manner that the marble bust tottered and fell to the ground. Mrs. Vivian looked up with a cry of alarm at the sudden crash.

"Oh, Lady Vivian! How could you manage to throw it down? One of my poor son's treasures, and such a pretty thing, too!" And she went down on her knees to pick up the marble.

"Dear, dear," she cried, with tears in her eyes, "see, the neck is broken in two places; and even if mended, the join will always show. And it must have been a valuable work of art, or else my poor dear Louis would not have kept it so carefully."

"I daresay he did not value it half so much as he did the original," said my lady, with glittering eyes. She had not absolutely intended to throw it down, but she had a curious, indefinable pleasure in seeing it lie, broken at her feet, this poor bust of Maroni's, "La Tristezza," just as indefinable and just as real as was Mrs. Vivian's distress at seeing it.

"If it is but a copy, it belonged to him, remember," said Mrs. Vivian. She replaced the broken pieces on the table, and walked out of the room.

Left to herself, my lady sat down and cried heartily. This revelation of her dead husband's secret heart stung her to the quick through the dense

garment of indifference and selfishness with which she had clothed herself for so many years. She had not cared for his love, such as it was. She had scorned it, and left it to die its natural death. But to know that he had loved some one, long and faithfully, at once gave a value to that second, quiet kind of love which might have been hers had she chosen: gave it a value, because it might have been—had she but known—a stepping-stone to the place this other woman held in his heart.

"A man who could love one woman all that time was a man whose love was well worth trying for. I remember now, why he was so odd when he saw that ugly old portfolio. Of course that was why I never got it back again. How could I have suspected? He never once alluded to having been in France, or to knowing those Russells. If I had only known,"—and here her ladyship's sobs ceased for a moment, and her red eyes looked decidedly vixenish,—“I would never have let him and Estelle be together as they were at Pau. I've no doubt they were both glad to get rid of me. And how dreadfully sly she must be, for all her proper behaviour! dreadfully sly and cunning, that I should never have had the slightest inkling of her liking for him!

"It was too bad; too bad," she cried, relapsing into tears again at the remembrance of her own beauty in contrast to Estelle's pale, thin face. "Horrid little thing! I hate her! And I'll pay her out for this," was her ladyship's last utterance, as she seated herself before her writing-table.

*To be continued.*

## A CAMBRIDGE PROFESSOR OF THE LAST GENERATION.

BY C. KNIGHT WATSON, F.S.A.

THE life of one who fills a professorial chair is not as exciting as that of one who leads an army to a victory, or a House of Commons to a division. At the same time, I do not in the least apologize for inviting attention to a career so usefully and so honourably filled. Those who have ever known Dr. Clark, so far from grudging him the "little dust of praise" which I am about to scatter over his memory, will only regret that it is not poured in fuller measure and by an abler hand. Those to whom he was a perfect stranger will be the wiser, and may be the better, for learning from these pages what manner of man he was.

William Clark was born at Newcastle, on the 5th of April, 1788. He was the second son of Dr. John Clark by Susanna, daughter of Francis Heath. His father was a physician in very extensive practice at Newcastle, and was known in his day for a work on Fevers, and on the "History of the Diseases of Hot Climates." The reputation he thus acquired is believed to have been one of the motives which induced his son William to take up kindred pursuits. Little is known of Dr. Clark's early years. I think I have heard him say that he was finally prepared for the University by Mr. Popple, sometime Fellow of Trinity. Whatever may have been his early training, it bore good fruit. He graduated as seventh wrangler in the year 1808, when Blomfield and Sedgwick were third and fifth. Glorious old Sedgwick! the last survivor, if we are not mistaken, of all the wranglers of the year. In 1809 (the first year in which at that time he was able to compete) Clark was elected Fellow of his college. There were only two vacancies. The second was filled by Blomfield, afterwards Bishop of

London. It would appear that on this occasion Clark's translation into English verse of a passage in Pindar (Isthmian viii. 105) attracted the notice of the examiners so forcibly that one of their number, Mr. Browne, Senior Fellow of the college, in a note which I have had in my hands, requested him to favour both him and Dr. Raine with a copy of the verses in question, at the same time suggesting a revision of the two last lines, which, "though very beautiful," did not appear to Mr. Browne to express exactly the original.

Soon after he got his Fellowship, Clark applied himself to the study of medicine, walked the London hospitals, attended Abernethy's and other lectures, and thus laid the foundations of that eminence which he afterwards reached. In 1813 we find him in correspondence with Lord Byron. The acquaintance was probably due to the offices of a common friend, Serape Davies. It would appear that arrangements had been made between them to travel together to the East. I have before me four of Byron's letters on this subject; and as every word he wrote is just now of more or less importance, I think it well to give them in the order of date—

*July 11th, 1813.*

DEAR SIR,—Our sailing day is on the 30th, and it will be proper we should be quite ready to leave London on the 25th. Pray let me see you as soon as convenient. I will call if it suits you better.

Ever yours,

B—.

*July 31st, 1813.*

DEAR SIR,—I am going out of town for a week (near Cambridge). We shall wait for Sligo, and if he returns within the period of my absence, and you are still in town, will you be good enough to tell him, in answer to his proposal, that we will join him, and take part



of his store-ship? Perhaps you may be down at Cambridge; if so, I will come over from Six Mile Bottom, where I shall be for some days. Hudson called on you. I don't know what he wants, but I hope he don't plague you. You cannot regret any delay in our departure more than I do; but a few days or weeks for a comfortable passage will not, I trust, be thrown away.

Believe me truly yours,

BYRON.

The journey projected in July did not come off. The subject, however, of a journey abroad is resumed four months later.

Nov. 27th, 1813.

MY DEAR SIR,—I hope you will have no objection to keep our engagement, and do me the favour of accompanying me to Holland next week. Fevers, plagues, and everything are against the Mediterranean, which we will exchange for the Zuyder Zee; and, if affairs go on well, Germany, and even Italy, are within our range. Pray let me hear from you.

Ever, dear Sir,

Yours truly,

BYRON.

Nov. 29th, 1813.

DEAR SIR,—I have just seen Mr. Ward, who tells me that it will be as well we should be *prepared*; but that at present till Gen. Graham is gone, and the communication more regulated, we must not set off upon speculation. All this we shall know in a week; and if you will have the goodness to be ready I will send you notice in time for everything, as there is nothing I should regret more than the dissolution of our partnership. Excuse the hasty letter I sent under the notion I should embark this week. I trust everything will be practicable the next; at all events I am decided to go somewhere, and I believe you are citizen enough of the world to feel as few partialities for particular parts of it as myself. If you come to town I shall, of course, be very glad to see you; but I lose no time in saying that my exceeding hurry was a little premature; an anxiety I trust you will excuse when you know the motive. I shall write again in a day or two. Do not quit C<sup>e</sup> at any inconvenience to yourself; but still do not be surprised if I send another important epistle, as everything depends upon the news of the next week.

Ever, my dear Sir,

Your very faithful S<sup>t</sup>,

BYRON.

The last letter ought to be read alongside of Byron's excited entries in his journal at that period. Whether from fevers abroad or Miss Milbanke

at home, the journey projected in company with Dr. Clark never took place.

In the following year the Professorship of Anatomy became vacant, and Clark came forward as a candidate. He was not elected. His competitors were Woodhouse and Haviland. Haviland was elected—the numbers being: Haviland 150; Clark 135; Woodhouse 60. The election is memorable from a circumstance in Byron's life, which is related at once imperfectly and incorrectly by Moore ("Life, Letters, and Journals of Lord Byron," p. 267). The version I am now about to give was told us by Dr. Clark himself, and is confirmed in every particular by another eye-witness now living. Byron came down to Cambridge on purpose to vote for Clark. He entered the Senate House for that purpose, leaning on the arm of Dr. Edward Daniel Clarke.<sup>1</sup> As soon as the undergraduates in the gallery became conscious of his presence, they greeted him with a volley of enthusiastic cheers, —a reception for which Byron's avowed antipathy to Cambridge had scarcely prepared him. He left the building, and shortly afterwards Sir John Cam Hobhouse entered it, exclaiming, "Well! I have seen a sight which I could not have believed possible." He went on to relate that on going out of the Senate House, in quest of Byron, he found him in the precincts of the Schools sobbing like a child, so completely had the poet been overcome by the rapturous reception he had met with. The blunders and omissions in Moore's account of this incident are not unimportant. He says that when the cheers proceeded from the undergraduates "the gallery was immediately cleared by the Vice-Chancellor,"—a statement which we know, on the highest authority, to be absolutely and entirely false. Moore's

<sup>1</sup> There were three Clarks in Cambridge at that time—Dr. William Clark, the subject of this memoir: Dr. Edward Daniel Clarke, the Professor of Mineralogy: and John Clarke, the organist of Trinity, who afterwards changed his name to Whitfeld, and became Professor of Music. They were known by the *sobriquets* of Bone Clark, Stone Clarke. and Stick Clarke.

omission is even worse, for he leaves out what is really the kernel of the story—viz. Byron's emotion: a circumstance which our informant had from Sir J. C. Hobhouse's own lips.

In 1817 Dr. Haviland was appointed Regius Professor of Physic, and the Professorship of Anatomy again became vacant. Clark and Woodhouse were again in the field, but before the day of the poll Woodhouse retired, and Clark was elected without opposition. In the same year he made application for one of the lay Fellowships of the college. He did not get one, for no vacancy occurred, but the cordial alacrity with which the Master of the college, with whom the appointment rested, received his application, and endeavoured to meet the contingency of his own death in the interval, as evinced in a letter now before me, is a proof of the good opinion entertained of him. Before I proceed to give some account of the Anatomical Chair and of the manner in which Clark discharged his duties as Professor, I ought to mention that in 1818 and 1819 he went abroad with Sir Mark Sykes. I have seen a diary which he kept during the greater part of this tour or tours, and it is matter for sincere regret that he was not induced at the time to work it up into a more complete shape, and give it to the world. The tour, so far as it is reported in this diary, extended over portions of Switzerland, Italy, and Sicily. The phenomena of nature and the productions of art in these countries found in Clark a traveller of shrewd observation, cultivated taste, and singular power of description. I cannot conceive a more delightful volume than could have been made of this diary. It would have stood in favourable contrast to the feeble mixture of slang and drivel in which vain and vulgar tourists of more recent times think it necessary to record the impressions made upon what they are pleased to call their minds, and would have taken its place alongside of Eustace's "Classical Tour," and other works of an equally high character. Clark's atten-

tion seems to have been specially directed towards collections of pictures, public and private—and, indeed, I may observe, in parenthesis, that it was always a great charm to hear his criticisms on paintings: he hit off their merits and defects with singular point and power. In connexion with the Manfrini collection, &c. at Venice he tells us an amusing anecdote, which I here transcribe:—

"Manfrini rose from nothing by a fortunate monopoly of tobacco. The following anecdote is told as an instance of his magnificence in common affairs. Washing is bad in Venice, for there is no fresh water except what is brought from the mainland. Manfrini had 4,000 shirts, and used to send 2,000 of them at a time to be washed in Holland."

Another entry which has just met my eye forcibly reminds me of the Doctor's quaint and quiet humour.

"May 28.—Off Marsala at 9 P.M. A small town about eighteen miles from Trepani. *Here an Englishman complains the wine called Marsala*, having bought the greater part of the old vineyards."

I shall now endeavour to put together some particulars about the Cambridge Anatomical Chair, and about the way in which Dr. Clark filled and adorned it.

It would appear that there was no formal creation of a Chair of Anatomy. The science was taught, if taught at all, by the different colleges; for, as a matter of fact, there is a skeleton—not in every cupboard—but in every college. In the year 1707, one George Rolfe received by grace of the Senate the "title" of Professor of Anatomy. It ought not to be forgotten that, at the time when the first Professor of Anatomy was thus appointed in Cambridge, there was no such institution either in London or in Edinburgh. I here subjoin a list of the successive Professors up to Clark's election. 1728, John Morgan; 1734, George Cuthbert; 1735, Robert Bankes; 1747, W. Gibson; 1754, C. Collignon; 1785, Sir Busick Harwood; 1814, J. Haviland. I have by

me a "Synopsis of a Course of Lectures on Comparative Anatomy and Physiology," 8vo. Cambridge, 1807, from which I believe I am justified in inferring that Sir Busick Harwood's lectures had been vastly superior to the dry courses on human anatomy which had been delivered previous to his day. The preparations which he left behind him, which were purchased by the University in 1815, after his death, at a cost of 367*l.* 10*s.*, are still, as I am informed, extremely valuable. The minute injections with mercury, showing the absorbents, are especially beautiful.

Dr. Clark acted in the spirit of Sir Busick Harwood. He always blended physiology with human anatomy, and both with comparative anatomy: that is, he considered the duties of the Professor to be, to demonstrate the animal kingdom, its osteology, myology, physiology, as a whole; and he had a thorough and legitimate contempt for those persons who got up perfunctorily only just so much anatomy as would enable them to pass the sieve of the M.B. examination. He spared no pains over his lectures. Scores of times have I seen him at work either at his own house or at the museum. He always demonstrated from the subjects; he made the dissections himself. I remember his saying that the premature stoop he had contracted was caused in the first instance by bending over the dissecting-table. He did his utmost to attract deserving students to himself, and I have heard many speak with great affection of the way in which he helped and instructed them.

In 1832 the Anatomical Museum was moved from the building opposite Queen's College—how it ever got there I do not know—to Downing Street, where a corner of the Botanic Garden was found available. This piece of ground had been purchased by the celebrated Dr. Walker, Vice-Master of Trinity, who for his support of Dr. Bentley got a place in the "Dunciad"—

"Walker, my hat!" No more he deigned  
to say,  
But, stern as Ajax' spectre, strode away."

Walker bequeathed it to the University. The Botanic Garden was afterwards removed to its present site, and the new museum built in the middle of the old garden. A hideous building it was, that same museum. Dr. Clark had proposed a parallelogram lighted from above, like the museum of the College of Surgeons in Lincoln's Inn Fields. His wishes were not regarded. Scarcely had it been erected before a great riot took place, which did a vast amount of damage both to the building and to the collection. Some low and turbulent blackguards had been excited to storm the museum with a view to regain possession of a body which, in strict accordance with the provisions of the Anatomy Act, had been removed for dissection from the workhouse. The passions of this lawless crew, hounded on by men who ought to have known better, were still further excited by catching a glimpse of one or more wax models which the Doctor had procured from Florence, and which were such excellent facsimiles that they were taken for real bodies by the infuriated multitude. Of course the usual inefficiency of the police was supplemented by the pluck of the gownsmen, and the cads were thoroughly licked. Dr. Clark, as I see from letters to which I have only recently had access, won the highest approval, and secured the consistent support of the Home Secretary of the day, Lord Melbourne.

As soon as the excitement consequent on this riot was allayed, and the damage more or less repaired, Dr. Clark set about forming a thoroughly good museum of comparative anatomy. I think it is generally acknowledged by the most competent judges that this was one of the most remarkable achievements of his whole career. At the time he began, a man might as well have thought of forming a collection of Nineveh bulls, or of implements from the "drift," as of comparative anatomy. But he felt convinced that such a collection would one day be required, and in the face of every obstacle he determined to persevere. The result is a very remarkable



collection, more than sufficient to illustrate the ordinary text-books, and much better than the collection at Oxford.

But while the osteological portion was fairly complete, the physiological portion was lamentably deficient. Now, to form a physiological collection requires a great deal of time, and a special gift in the art of making preparations. While they are being made, moreover, the students are starved. There is nothing for them to study; and the Professor, to gain time for his preparations, neglects his lectures. Dr. Clark, therefore, greatly promoted the interests of the museum, by persuading the University to purchase the collection formed by Dr. Macartney, Professor of Anatomy in Trinity College, Dublin. It contained 1,700 specimens, of which 500 illustrated comparative anatomy. This acquisition having been secured, Dr. Clark continually made all possible additions out of his own pocket, and never afterwards came upon the University for money, except in the case of a fine whale, which was purchased by subscriptions of members of the Senate in 1848; and also for the purchase of a Cape buffalo, perhaps the most valuable skeleton in the collection. His own additions were chiefly very beautiful and very minute injections of invertebrata and of portions of the mammalia.

I shall not trouble the reader with the details of the various negotiations, Reports of Syndicates, and Votes of Senate, which ended in the erection of the new buildings where the new museum is now located. Suffice it to say that Dr. Clark most liberally came forward to remove the last remaining obstacle from a scheme he had so much at heart, by advancing the sum of 2,364*l.* at the nominal rate of 1½ per cent. The museum was accordingly constructed, and he continued to take a very great interest in it down to a week or two before his death.

In 1866 Dr. Clark resigned his professorship. The reason of his resignation was that the Senate had at last funds to carry out his long-cherished plan for the foundation of a Chair of

Comparative Anatomy and Zoology; a plan he had pressed upon the attention of the University Commission as far back as 1852. He thought it best that the second chair—that of human anatomy—should receive a fresh occupant simultaneously.

Dr. Clark published little. A man, however, who filled a University Chair as he filled his for nearly half a century, cannot be called a sluggard. People are too apt to forget this, and to reckon as nothing the oral teaching which, term after term, is disseminated in lecture-rooms, and thus makes knowledge grow throughout the land. Nor had he only his chair to attend to. In 1825 he took the living of Guiseley in Yorkshire. During his tenure of it (1825—1859) he resided, on an average, three months in the year. He took infinite pains in the selection of a good curate, whom he paid well: he built schools, restored the rectory and made it habitable, subscribed largely to parish objects, and in all ways showed his zeal for the place.

The memoir for which he is most and most favourably known is entitled, "A Case of Human Monstrosity, with a Commentary," and was read before the Cambridge Philosophical Society, on the 16th May, 1831, and was published in their "Transactions." All known aberrations from the usual standard of the forms of animals being referable to one of three orders, according as they are characterised by defect or by excess in the development, or by the inversion of parts, the object of this memoir is to show that in one instance, at least, of the second order, the apparently excessive development may be brought within the action of the general laws by which the rudimentary organs of embryos advance to their perfect form. The memoir embodies a full account of the progress of the embryo from the earliest moment. I am told on credible authority that the merits of this paper, written nearly forty years ago, are nothing short of the highest.

The same process of foetal development formed the subject of a second paper, and which was suggested to

Dr. Clark by the perusal of the "Vestiges of Creation." He there endeavours to show, first, that the higher animals, in their foetal state, do not pass through phases of development which are permanent in the lower; and secondly, that no common law of development for all classes is observed.

In 1834 Dr. Clark contributed to the Reports of the British Association, at the request of the President for that year, a "Report of Animal Physiology, comprising a review of the progress and present state of theory, and of our information respecting the blood, and the powers which circulate it." And the *British and Foreign Medical Review* for 1840 contains an article from his pen on the "Early Development of the Ovum, in connexion with the works of Van Baer and others." In 1853 he was to have delivered the Harveian Oration; and his desire was to establish more fully the principle he had laid down in his paper on the human monstrosity already mentioned, but his health obliged him to abandon the attempt.

When I said that Dr. Clark published little, I referred of course to original matter. His zeal, however, for his favourite pursuits was perhaps still more forcibly illustrated by a task which he undertook at the advanced age of 68, and which involved but a comparatively small amount of original matter; I refer of course to his translation of Vander Hoeven's "Handbook of Zoology." The two volumes together make up not less than 1621 pages; and when we consider that the translator had to undertake the preliminary labour of acquiring a new language—and that language the Dutch—I think I may fairly claim for my friend energy and determination of no common order.

If any one be disposed to infer from what has been said in these pages, that I have shown a bias in favour of Dr. Clark, I most cordially welcome the charge, if charge it is intended to be. I knew Dr. Clark from my earliest childhood, and, knowing, loved him as he deserved. But I fail to see on what

principle this long and close intimacy with the man should be urged against me as a disqualification for estimating his worth, unless it be for reasons analogous to those which made Sydney Smith exclaim: "Never read a book you review, for fear you get a bias in favour of the author." If affection and reverence have to be cast aside in order to clear the way for impartial criticism—which is often only an excuse for saying something ill-natured—I must confess myself on the present occasion unequal to the task, and not more unequal than averse. For indeed he was a man you could not choose but love, and those who knew him longest loved him most. When once you had crossed the barrier with which his reserve—the fruit of a modesty singularly great—hedged him in, you found yourself in the presence of a nature thoroughly genial, and a heart inexpressibly tender. His smile was sunshine. The very motions of his outstretched hand and arm, as he rose with forward frame to greet you, spoke a welcome beyond the power of words. The warm soft glances which gleamed from his eyes, the humour which lurked in the corners of his mouth, live in the memory. He had a gracious courtesy of manner which seemed to tell of other days, and which served to realize a type of the highbred English gentleman now so rarely met with that one is inclined to think the mould must be broken. It was not always easy to draw him out in conversation, and to get him to show you his mental store—for it is the full drawer that is most commonly locked—but when talk he did, his words had a clear, sharp ring about them which made you feel he was hitting the nail on the head, and saying, on the topic in hand, the one thing which ought to be said, but which it had been given to none other to say.

I could go on for ever, dwelling on this feature or on that of a character which I have seen under many aspects, and which I have had reason to love in all. But I think I have said enough to show why Dr. Clark should not be allowed to sink into his grave unnoticed; God knows he did not die unmourned.

## THE ANARCHY OF LONDON.

BY THOMAS HUGHES, ESQ. M.P.

THE power of Englishmen to bear the ills they have is one of our most valuable national characteristics; but it is a virtue which may be carried to excess. To be tolerant of things which ought not to be tolerated is a habit for which there is little to be said, except, perhaps, that it is a thought better than the worship of new things because they are new—the frame of mind which the propagandist in the famous chorus in the “Anti-Jacobin” wishes to induce in his hearers, by his—

“Know this, thou thinkest amiss;  
And to think true,  
Must deem all institutions old  
But those bran new.”

There is little fear of our ever giving way to the latter temptation, but every prospect that poor old long-suffering England will soon be left behind by every European nation, not indeed in essential matters,—such as freedom of worship, freedom of speech, and the like,—but in all kinds of municipal and social arrangements, upon which so much of the comfort and enjoyment of life depends. If any one doubts this, he has only to look at the state of things in our metropolis. He will discover, not without something like a gasp of surprise, and one would hope of indignation, that this, the largest and richest collection of human beings that has ever come together on the face of this globe, has really no government at all, but is handed over as a battle-ground for two mediæval Corporations, a modern Board of Works, the Commissioners of Police, the Commissioners of Woods and Forests, the Poor Law Board, the Registrar-General, thirty-nine vestries, and at least a score of private trading companies. The results are imbecile confusion, and taxation as capricious as it is extravagant; a revenue equal to

that of many kingdoms, collected by a dozen different authorities, under no man knows what, or how many, Acts of Parliament, and expended without any efficient control of those who contribute to it. “I have not the faintest idea,” says Mr. Buxton,<sup>1</sup> “when I pay my rates (which I seem to be always doing), who those are by whom I am governed; how or why they are chosen to govern me; on what grounds they have imposed on me this expenditure, or whether it is or is not a reasonable and wise one. The system has no real publicity. It is worked almost in the dark.”

Before considering what is to be done, and with a view to getting a clear answer to that question, it will not be time wasted to inquire, first, how such a state of things has come about. In 1835, as we all know, most of the old cities of England had outgrown their boundaries, and were full of new life which could not be developed, and of new wants which could not be met, or dealt with, under their old charters. On the other hand, many new towns had risen into importance which were entirely without municipal institutions. “So in that year the Legislature passed the Act for the regulation of Municipal Corporations in England and Wales,” for the purpose of placing the cities, towns, and boroughs of England and Wales under a uniform system, adapted to modern civilization, and “to the intent that the same might for ever be and remain well and quietly governed.” Under that Act, and subsequent amendments, the boundaries and divisions of all our cities and

<sup>1</sup> “Self-Government for London: the Leading Ideas on which a Constitution for London should be based.” A Letter to the Right Hon. H. A. Bruce, M.P., Secretary of State for Home Affairs, from Charles Buxton, M.A., M.P. (P. 19.) Published by the Metropolitan Municipal Association, 1869.



towns have been resettled, and the corporations have been established as the governing bodies within such boundaries, with ample and well-defined jurisdiction, and powers over all local matters affecting the corporate life of their citizens.

The cities of London and Westminster were excepted from the Municipal Corporations Act, not because they did not need municipal reform as much as any city in the kingdom, but because they were so strong that their opposition might have defeated the measure. It was understood, however, that the Corporation of London would take the matter in hand, and do for the metropolis what the general Act had done for other English towns. The crisis passed, and yet the City of London did nothing whatever, while the great suburban cities continued to grow up round her with astonishing rapidity. So matters went on till 1854, when the Commission, of which Sir George Cornewall Lewis was the most active member, reported on the Municipal Government of London. That report set out the case very clearly:—that since 1835 the local government of every city but London had been vested in a corporation whose jurisdiction extended over its entire circuit; that the Municipal Government of London extended over only a small portion of the entire town; that if municipal institutions were not suited to a metropolis, no reason but its antiquity and its existence could be found for maintaining the Corporation of London. The Commissioners, however, were of opinion that a metropolis required municipal institutions as much as other towns, in fact that their want is more felt in a crowded and rich metropolis than in a country town, and they then advised (persuaded apparently by the then Lord Mayor, and directly in the teeth of their own conclusions) that the area of the City should *not* be extended, but that the benefit of municipal institutions should be extended to the rest of the metropolis by its division into municipal districts, coterminous with the parliamentary boroughs.

Thus, again, for the moment the

Corporation tided over the crisis, and remained untouched, but things had reached a pass at which it was absolutely necessary that something should be done. So, as no movement whatever came from the Corporation, Parliament stepped in in 1855, and passed "The Act for the better Local Management of the Metropolis," under which the Metropolitan Board of Works was established. The preamble to that Act must, one would have thought, have brought the Corporation to their senses. It runs: "Whereas it is expedient that provision should be made for the better local management of the metropolis in respect of the sewerage and drainage, and the paving, cleansing, lighting, and improvement thereof." Sewerage, drainage, paving, cleansing, lighting, and improvement being taken from their functions, what would remain to the Corporation to rouse the energy or ambition of the ablest and best citizens? How they could have been so blind as to miss their opportunity in 1855, and allow a rival power to be created within their own jurisdiction, whose existence must obviously prove incompatible with their own, may be clear to Common Councilmen.

The next chapter in the history is equally characteristic. From the time when he got partly behind the City screen, as Commissioner, in 1854, Sir George Lewis seems to have been inspired with a desire to reform the Corporation. Accordingly in 1860, when Home Secretary to Lord Palmerston's Government, he introduced a Bill "for the better regulation of the Corporation of the City of London." The Bill was a mild one enough in all conscience, making no alterations in the City boundaries, and modifying the old wards in the gentlest possible manner. But, whether owing to the clauses respecting the auditing of the corporate funds, and the return of accounts to the Home Office in such form as the Home Secretary should direct, or to those abolishing exclusive rights of trading, or for some other occult reason, Sir George never got his Bill through Committee, and

all things remained as they were in the unlucky metropolis.

The withdrawal of this Bill roused some public feeling on this great subject, of which Mr. Beal—who had for years been working at it—took advantage; and he and his friends obtained the appointment in 1861 of the Parliamentary Committee, of which Mr. Ayrton was chairman, to inquire into the local taxation and government of the metropolis. That inquiry produced two good results: (1) it made vestry government for the metropolis impossible; and (2) it precipitated the struggle between the Corporation and the Metropolitan Board of Works. But though the waste and anarchy of the present system were so effectually and completely exposed eight years ago, that, from that time to this, not a single public man or writer has advocated letting things alone; yet the 100 Acts of Parliament, and 39 vestries, and 7,000 honorary officials, are still there, and the dwellers in this long-suffering City continue to be fleeced and misgoverned and neglected.

This effort of 1860 appears to have exhausted the resources of Lord Palmerston's Government to deal with the question, and it was allowed to rest until after the dissolution of 1865. Meantime, Mr. Beal and his fellow-workers had not been idle: an association was formed by their efforts, called "The Metropolitan Municipal Association," having for its object the promotion of the better government of the metropolis, and it is to the doings and proposals of this association that we must now call attention. The promoters had at the outset to consider whether any adequate plan had been proposed which they could adopt, and it may therefore be well to glance at such of these as have obtained any public attention before noticing the Bills which the Association have prepared and supported for the last three years. We must do this without reference to dates, as several of them have made their appearance since the Bills of the Association were first laid on the table of the House of Commons.

The present Lord Fortescue, then Lord Ebrington, when member for Marylebone, had called attention to the need of legislation, and himself proposed a scheme, to which however we need only allude, as it has been virtually abandoned by its original supporters in favour of one or other of the later plans. The necessity of dealing with the whole metropolitan area as a unit was admitted by Lord Ebrington, as it has been by every one who has had to consider the subject seriously. But he seemed to hesitate at entrusting the whole of the municipal functions to one body, deterred either by the vastness of the work which would be centred in their hands, or by the hopelessness of getting the necessary agreement from existing authorities. His suggestions, therefore, took the form of a series of boards, with co-ordinate powers, but each devoted to one class of work, such as lighting, water-supply, drainage improvements. Such a plan would have resulted in several metropolitan Boards of Works, while it would have incurred the certain antagonism of the present Board and of the City, both of which bodies would have been stripped by it of an important part of their functions. Nor was it likely to conciliate the inhabitants of London generally, who already look with distrust on the existing Board, which has absorbed much municipal power, but has brought them little increase of comfort, and heavier taxation.

The Metropolitan Board of Works has of course its own views, of which Mr. Ayrton has been the exponent and advocate in Parliament. That gentleman has always been a severe critic of the Corporation of London, and appears inclined altogether to ignore their existence in future arrangements for the government of the metropolis. This he would be prepared to vest exclusively in a Municipal Council, which would practically answer to the present Metropolitan Board of Works, but with enlarged powers, so as to embrace all active municipal life. But, as it was felt probably that it would be hopeless at once to supersede the Corporation, and to attack the vestries, these

latter are not touched by the proposed scheme of the Metropolitan Board, so that, were it adopted, we should still be saddled with the old host of petty local authorities; while no step whatever would be taken towards rousing a feeling of citizenship, or any interest in the management of their own affairs amongst the foremost and ablest residents in the great metropolitan boroughs outside the city. The Metropolitan Board may be quite right from their own point of view in pushing their own claims, without reference to the City or any other body or interest. No doubt they have strengthened their position by the extent of their borrowings, as every holder of their bonds will probably be inclined to support them. Moreover, they cannot remain as they are, and must either absorb and increase within the next few years, or be themselves absorbed into a wider organization. The reputation for jobbery which has tainted some of the most prominent members of the Board seems to have outweighed in public estimation the services of the chairman; and such petty feats as the meddling with the numbers of the houses in some streets, selected apparently at haphazard and as experiments, while others have been left with their old numbers, have done more to damage their reputation than the Thames Embankment and the great Sewage Works have done to establish it. On the whole, one is forced to the conclusion that the proposed reform through and by the Metropolitan Board is bad in principle, and that, in the present state of public opinion, the Board is very unlikely to carry it, even if sufficiently amended.

Mr. Locke, the member for Southwark, has proposed a plan which certainly avoids many difficulties, and may be taken as a fair set-off against that just mentioned. It has the great merit of simplicity, as Mr. Buxton has pointed out; being nothing more or less than adding to the City proper new wards embracing the whole metropolitan area—"as bees might add new cells to a honeycomb." Mr. Buxton's objection to this plan is

unanswerable, that if the new wards were of the same size as the old, the number of aldermen and common councillors would be unmanageable: while if such areas as the metropolitan boroughs were taken, the discrepancy in size between them and the old wards, and the injustice of putting the two on an equality, would be enough to defeat any such proposal.

Since the publication of Mr. Buxton's pamphlet a scheme has been broached in the *Spectator* which amounts really to a Parliamentary Government for London, and which most undoubtedly, as the able writer urges, would offer scope enough to satisfy the ambition and employ the best energies of men of first-rate ability and position. The plan provides a House of Aldermen elected for five years, and subject to dissolution like the House of Commons; whose debates would be public, and who would nominate an executive from their own body, and have powers of taxation over the metropolitan area, limited only by the veto of the Home Secretary. If we in England could make and unmake our institutions at will, a great deal might be said for this plan; but, as things go, it is too revolutionary. Those who have any experience of public affairs have learnt, that if you want to do any public work, especially of a constructive kind, you must recognise existing facts, and make the most of whatever is already occupying the ground on which you propose to build.

Bearing this fact in mind, it is impossible to deny that Mr. Buxton makes out a very strong case in favour of the plan which he has inherited from Mr. Mill, and which is, in fact, that of the Metropolitan Municipal Association. It was first introduced by Mr. Mill in 1867, though the principles of reform which it seeks to embody are much older. The proposal to raise the metropolitan boroughs into separate municipalities was made as early as 1837; as soon indeed as it was found that the metropolis had evaded the reform which had reached all other cities. It was approved (as we have seen) by Sir G. C. Lewis's committee in 1860, and is one of the



two ideas at the root of Mr. Buxton's measures. These are comprised in two Bills, the first of which, the "Metropolitan Municipalities Bill," extends the municipal system of 1835 to the nine metropolitan boroughs, while the second, "The Metropolis Municipal Government Bill," consolidates the several municipalities for what we may call imperial purposes. There is no space here to enter into details, otherwise it would be easy to show that Mr. Buxton's plan has been worked out with the most praiseworthy care and with eminent ability. The Bills are open to none of the objections which we have indicated, and which apply to every other plan proposed. They carry out their object of extending the local municipal life which is characteristic of other towns throughout the whole of modern London, at the same time retaining the City Corporation as the centre of a group of municipalities, and absorbing the Metropolitan Board so gently, and with such compensating tenderness, that even Sir John Thwaites may accept it as an euthanasia. The aim, in short, of the Association has been to make use of all existing municipal agencies, developing instead of destroying them.

The more this unwieldy and difficult problem is discussed and studied, the clearer will it become that the Metropolitan Municipal Association have hit upon the true method of dealing with it. It is not to be expected that the majority of the seven thousand honorary officials will be brought to this view of the question—the great army who at present wield the occult powers which cause us all so much discomfort and annoyance, and rouse the ire of the metropolitan householder whenever one of the minute green or yellow papers, which testify to their remorseless activity, appears on his table on his return from the day's work. They will have to make way for men of a different stamp altogether unless they will take larger views and help on the change, and therefore we must expect such opposition as the most narrow-minded of them can offer. We shall have many appeals to

the instinct of Englishmen for local self-government, and much tall talk about the vestry as the sacred unit in the British Constitution. But the influence of vestries has perceptibly dwindled in the last few years. The jealousy of centralization is passing rapidly away, and the better opinion is gaining ground, that local self-government will be quite as real, and much more efficient and respectable, when it embraces much larger areas than the present parishes. The public has passed the point in municipal faith which assumed that no man can deal satisfactorily with the affairs of a metropolitan parish who does not reside in it. There is no reason whatever for further delay, and a thousand against it.

The Bills could not be in better hands than Mr. Buxton's. The Government are well-disposed. The Lord Chancellor (son of an alderman and warmly attached to the City and its traditions) and the Lord Chief Baron (formerly standing counsel to the City) went out of their way last month, the first to impress on the new Lord Mayor that the Corporation will be wise to set about the work of Reform promptly, the latter to recommend specially Mr. Buxton's proposals. The whole metropolitan press is chafing, and getting fiercer and more impatient, whenever the question turns up. Are the Corporation going to have the good sense to move? If so, there is no time to be lost. There is a very large minority of their fellow-townsmen, to put it no higher, who think that few corporate bodies ever have had such opportunities, and that none ever made so little use of them, as they have done now for nearly two centuries. At the same time the Corporation are the lineal representatives of the men who ruled the City when it was the rallying-ground and the mainstay of those who fought freedom's battles through the darkest times of our history. It will take a great deal to make Englishmen disregard this prestige of a thousand years. But times do come, and the present looks like one of them, when the most venerable trappings will no longer protect those who ignore the needs, and resist the

spirit, of their own time. Let us hope that the Corporation will at last follow the advice of many of their ablest members and officers, and, by joining cordially with Mr. Buxton in the endeavour to work out a satisfactory system of government for the whole metropolitan area, put it out of the power of Mr. Bruce,

or the first reforming Home Secretary who has time to take the matter in hand, and carry to its logical result the conclusion, somewhat sarcastically hinted in the report of Sir G. Lewis's Committee, that, as things go, no reason but its antiquity and existence can be found for maintaining the Corporation of London.

### THE SHEPHERD.

Upon the lofty ledges of an alp  
 Green as an emerald, whence into the vale  
 Leaps the loud cataract, the shepherd lay;  
 And, for the Spring was come and all things sweet,  
 His soul was moved to music, and he played  
 Upon his pastoral pipe a prelude rare,  
 Accordant with the bleatings of the hill,  
 And lowings of the valley, and far away  
 Murmurings of the many-voicèd main.  
 Clear-voiced he sang, for he was skilled to wed  
 Words winged with passion unto passionate airs;  
 Happy the singer, but the song was sad,  
 To pique the more him happy, and thus he sang:

“O meadow flowers, primrose and violet,  
 Ye touch her slender ankles as she moves,  
 But I, that worship, may not kiss her feet.

“O mountain airs, where unconfined float  
 Her locks ambrosial, would that I were you,  
 To wanton with the tangles of her hair!

“O leaping waves, that press and lip and lave  
 Her thousand beauties, when shall it be mine  
 To touch and kiss and clasp her even as you?

“But she more loves the blossom and the breeze  
 Than lip or hand of mine, and thy cold clasp,  
 O barren sea, than these impassioned arms.”

So ran the song; and even the while he sang  
 Her head lay on his shoulder, and her hands  
 Wove him the prize, a crown of meadow flowers,  
 Primrose and violet, and with amorous touch  
 He wooed her neck and wantoned with her hair,  
 And marked the tell-tale colour flush and fail  
 Thrilled with a touch, and felt the counter-thrill  
 Through all the passionate pulses of the blood,  
 Nor envied in his heart the barren sea.

## AN ENGLISH LANDLORD ON THE IRISH LAND QUESTION.

BY SIR EDWARD STRACHEY, BART.

I WENT to Ireland in the autumn, and there I heard one Irish friend talking about the Englishmen who thought they could understand the Irish Land Question by driving about in an outside car; another told me of two old Irish women, one of whom, on seeing a stranger coming, said to the other, "That Englishman will be asking questions: shall we tell him the truth?" and she replied, "No, he isn't accustomed to it;" while a third friend, the lady of a great domain, warned me that when she asked one of the people in her village whether he had answered all the inquiries made by the English gentleman who had been staying in the house just before me, the Irishman replied, with eyes full of glee, "Sure I told him lies enough to rise his head off." So I decided to take another course, and to study the Irish Land Question in the way in which it must after all be studied by the greater part of the English and Scotch members of Parliament, who must form and give their judgment, not upon their own original investigation of the whole mass of facts, but on the faith of those who do know the facts, and produce them in the form of evidence. "Opinion in good men," says Milton, "is but knowledge in the making;" and when I found in Ireland all those signs of promise which Milton hailed—"much arguing, much writing, many opinions,"—"pens and heads there, sitting by their studious lamps, musing, searching, revolving new notions and ideas wherewith to present, as with their homage and their fealty, the approaching reformation," I could not but believe that I might get some certain knowledge by the study of these gradually crys-

tallising opinions of the thinkers, writers, speakers, and statesmen, among whom I found myself. That Ireland is, at this moment, in such a deeply-stirred state is obvious to every one who goes there, and who reads the Irish daily papers, and joins in the daily talk. I can only compare the popular excitement, as shown in the daily meetings all over the country, to that which preceded our general election the autumn before last in England: but there is this difference, that while we were fighting for certain objects within the bounds of a constitution which we all accepted, and which we knew to be itself safe, the Irish are fighting a battle of life and death, in which the Fenian aims at breaking altogether from British rule, while the statesman sees that now, or perhaps never, must that rule be brought into harmony with the wants and the wishes of people who are hesitating in their allegiance, and asking themselves doubtfully whether British rule does mean to them the beneficence of law and justice, or only the strong hand of the conquering race upon the conquered. There are, indeed, no small number of wise and good men in Ireland who have an honest faith in the constitution which makes Ireland a part of the British kingdom, who are upholding it by all the means in their power, and who look hopefully, and even enthusiastically, to the present Government to prove that it can meet the wants of Ireland no less than those of England and Scotland. I do not speak of the supporters of Protestant ascendancy, for I look on them as in effect, if not in intention, hardly less hostile to the peace of Ireland than the Fenians; but I speak of Irishmen who think and



feel for Ireland as Englishmen and Scotchmen think and feel for England and Scotland—with a special local affection, not opposed to, but comprehended in, their common loyalty. The Fenian agitation which has been going on through the autumn has been essentially disloyal, though it has, no doubt, attracted within its circle much of mere sentiment, and sympathy with prisoners as such; but the general character of the very numerous meetings on the Land Question has been no less essentially loyal, that is to say, has been carried on within those limits of constitutional discussion which we respect in England, but within which the utmost freedom of language is permitted. No one who has watched the course of these meetings can doubt that there is yet time to win the people's hearts to active loyalty to British rule. But if this opportunity is lost, who can say that there is any other to come? The moment is critical, for the landlords no less than for the tenants, and for England and Scotland no less than for Ireland. There is good reason to believe that on the one hand the tenants are willing to accept a compromise short of what they consider their full rights, in order to effect a settlement of the question, while, on the other, they are preparing, if there be no such settlement made in the coming session of Parliament, to combine to refuse to pay rents—a refusal which would be in some respects more serious as regards the landlords' interests than the present agrarian outrages, though these do, in the words of the *Times'* Commissioner, "control the management of landed property" in the east, west, and south. But there is yet time. The hostility, breaking at times into actual violence, with which the Fenians oppose all attempts to further the settlement of the Land Question, shows their belief that if it can be settled their treasonable designs will be frustrated; while every refusal by the advocates of its settlement to unite with the Fenians, as at the late Tipperary election, shows that they are still loyal in heart, and desirous still to live under the British Constitution, if

only it will afford them their fair share of beneficent law and government.

But why should this question of the relations of landlords and tenants in Ireland be of such enormous importance, and its settlement indispensable to the very existence of civil society?

1. In England and Wales two-thirds of the population find the means of living in trades, commerce, mines, and other non-agricultural occupations; but so limited are the like occupations in Ireland, that two-thirds of the people of the latter country must live by agriculture, or starve. They have not even the resource of relief from the poor-rates to any such extent as the starving have in England: for the Irish Poor Law is so much more stringent than that of England, that while the total number of paupers relieved in England and Wales on the 1st of January, 1867, was 958,824, the corresponding number in Ireland was 68,650, instead of 237,666, which would have been the proper number for the actual population of Ireland if the rate of relief had been the same as for England and Wales. And although, under the Act of 1849, the Guardians of the Irish Unions might have raised 9,000,000*l.* for emigration purposes, during the last twenty years, yet it appears, from the Report of the Poor Law Commissioners for 1869, that only 119,280*l.* had been so raised. It is estimated that there are 440,000 tenant-farmers in Ireland, of whom 309,000 occupy holdings ranging from 5 to 30 acres, but averaging less than 16 acres; while there are only 86,699 holdings of more than 50 acres; and the yearly value of above 361,000 out of all these holdings ranges from 4*l.* to 20*l.* each. The Government valuation is sometimes below the actual rent, but the main fact remains, that Ireland is, for the most part, subdivided into minute farms, such as, with few exceptions, we know nothing of in England, occupied by tenants-at-will, who pay rack-rents, and are real tenant-farmers, living by the land they occupy, and not agricultural labourers like those of England, who pay the rent

of their cottages and gardens out of wages earned elsewhere.

2. But not only do the greater part of the Irish farmers differ from those in England in the smallness of their farms, and in their dependence on the possession of these for the subsistence of themselves and their wives and children ; there is another not less important difference between the two. The English or Scotch tenant takes a farm ready provided by the landlord with dwelling-house, farm-buildings, fences, gates, drains, and pays rent for the use of these as well as of the land itself. But in Ireland, with a few exceptions, the whole of these things, which make the difference between a farm and a piece of waste or wild land, are the work of the tenant. Thus the Land Occupation (commonly called the Devon) Commission say : "In most cases, whatever is done in the way of building or fencing, is done by the tenant; and in the ordinary language of the country, dwelling-houses, farm-buildings, and even the making of fences, are described by the general word 'improvements,' which is thus employed to denote the necessary adjuncts to a farm, without which, in England or Scotland, no tenant would be found to rent it." It has, indeed, been lately asserted that things have changed since the report of this Commission in 1845, and that the Irish landlords do now make "improvements" as the English do. But the assertion comes from the agents of the great absentee landlords and the advocates of their views and methods of managing estates. They clear off the small tenants, consolidate their holdings into comparatively large farms, and put up the new buildings and other works required for these at the landlord's cost, introducing the English or Scotch system in this as well as in other respects, as far as they can. Thus Mr. Trench, in his evidence before the Lords' Tenure (Ireland) Bill Committee, 1867, giving a statement of the expenditure in seventeen years of 142,719*l.* in "improvements" by the English noblemen whose Irish estates he manages, includes in it the payment

of 10,366*l.* to tenants for surrenders, and of 25,647*l.* for emigration money to 7,379 pauper tenants. And Mr. Hamilton, who also insists before the same Committee that improvements are usually made by landlords, speaks of farms of forty or fifty acres in terms which imply that he considers them as the smallest upon which an industrious farmer can live. And those who rely on such authorities as these treat with scorn the notion that mud cabins or clumsy fences made by the tenants themselves are "improvements," and not mere nuisances. True, they are nuisances to the landlord who consolidates the holdings when the old occupiers have left them ; but it must not be forgotten that it was their erection by those occupiers or their predecessors which made it possible for them to cultivate (often to reclaim) the land, and to pay for it the rent of cultivated land. Since the famine, two million acres of bog and mountain have been reclaimed, and raised from a nominal value to about 20*s.* an acre. This has been done mainly by the spade labour of small occupiers, for the plough cannot work on bog or stony moor. Is it fair to say that the houses, however humble, in which these occupiers have lived with their families while thus creating wealth for their landlord, are not "improvements" because they are not English or Scotch homesteads? To argue thus is to use words in a double sense. And even if it were true that English noblemen, living on their English revenues, built homesteads for every holding of five acres out of their surplus Irish rentals, yet they would be plainly exceptions. The ordinary Irish landlord cannot, and every one knows that he does not, make the "improvements"—the houses, farm-buildings, fences, gates, and drains—on each of the multitude of little farms on his estate. If authority is wanted, I may quote the evidence of Mr. Maguire, Mr. Mackay, and Mr. Malcomson, or the statements of Mr. Caird, of Mr. Samuelson, or of Lord Portsmouth, who, in a recent speech, said that "with regard to the Irish land

“ question, he denied the statements of  
 “ a certain class of speakers and writers,  
 “ who spoke of Irish tenants providing  
 “ their own buildings as the exception  
 “ and not the rule. As an Irish pro-  
 “ prietor he could say that there were  
 “ few instances in which the buildings  
 “ were provided by the landlord; indeed,  
 “ a friend of his who had resided in  
 “ Ireland for a number of years had said  
 “ that he could count those cases on his  
 “ fingers. One objection to assimilating  
 “ Irish tenure to English tenure was  
 “ that tenants often laid out such a  
 “ large sum of money on their estates  
 “ that it would cost a sum nearly equal  
 “ to the fee simple to buy them out if  
 “ the landlord wished his land to change  
 “ hands.”

3. The Irish landlord, however, does not always think it necessary to *buy* out his tenant and his improvements. That superstition of English law, that whatever the tenant attaches to the soil belongs to the landlord, but which causes comparatively little inconvenience in England, is the law in Ireland under that very different condition of things which I have described. The waste land is no sooner reclaimed and fenced and drained, and provided with a home-stead by the tenant, than all these belong to the owner of the waste land; and in too many cases he claims his legal right, and either follows up, at far too early a date, nay, sometimes almost year by year, each improvement of the tenant by an increase in the rent, or else takes the whole for himself, without either allowing the tenant to retain it at even an extravagant rent, or paying him for the capital and labour which he has expended in making the land worth rent at all. Eviction is, indeed, less largely and unscrupulously resorted to than in the years that followed the famine: but the dread of it enforces the subtle and silent process of raising the rent, of which the world hears little, but which too often blights the spirit of improvement and keeps alive the sense of insecurity and resentment in the heart of the Irish farmer. But if evictions are now less numerous than

they were some years ago, they have not altogether ceased; and still less has the spirit which prompted them ceased to actuate a certain class of Irish landlords. Mr. Samuelson saw near Tuam “ the only remaining tenant of a group “ of twenty-seven, whose little dwell- “ ings, erected by themselves, were de- “ stroyed in 1867;” and he heard from one of twelve tenants evicted near Oughterade in October 1864, how “ their “ houses were destroyed, and they re- “ mained on the roadside with their “ families for two months, without “ shelter beyond that which a few “ props and pieces of canvas afforded “ the sick and pregnant women.” He asked the man why they did not go to the workhouse; he replied indignantly, “ Because we were not paupers, “ and would not be degraded to their “ level.” One of the agrarian murders of the last few months was caused by the landlord evicting a herd who had spent 30*l.* on his house, and who offered to go quietly if he were only repaid this his actual outlay. The landlord refused to give him anything, and was shot. And I have inquired into the circumstances of several of these murders, and found that they have generally been preceded by some such abuse of legal power. It is sometimes said, that we ought not to tell these things publicly; but I am seriously convinced that it is most important that the English public should understand the real meaning of these murders. They are murders, and in their results they must, since they are never detected, become as demoralising as any other murders to the people who get accustomed to see them with indifference, if not approval. Civil society is near its dissolution if the law against murder cannot be enforced because the community do not think it murder, but rather an administration of wild justice where the law and lawgivers have abandoned their office and duty. But these outrages must not frighten us from a cool investigation of their causes and conditions. Morality and statesmanship alike require that the law shall



be just, and not merely strong; and since there is a large portion of the Irish people—and they belonging to that agricultural class who in other countries, and in the contented parts of Ireland itself, are instinctively conservative and orderly—who declare, by their refusal to assist in asserting the law in this matter, that they believe that England is not their friend, nor England's law, it is surely time for the English people and Parliament to look into these things, and set them right, by extending to Ireland the spirit, and not merely the letter, and often only the harshest part of the letter, of English law. Then we shall at last see realised the words of the wise and generous Sir John Davies, who, more than two centuries and a half ago, and as if in anticipation of the iniquitous misrule which was to prevail in Ireland during that time, wrote that "If from the beginning . . . there had been no difference made between the natives in point of justice and protection, but all had been governed by one equal, just, and honourable law, . . . assuredly the Irish countries had long since been reformed and reduced to peace, plenty, and civility, which are the effects of laws and good government: . . . there had been a perfect union betwixt the nations, and consequently a perfect conquest of Ireland." And again, that when made loyal subjects by *such* a conquest (which indeed he too fondly hoped had been at last effected in his time) they would "gladly continue, without defection, or adhering to any other lord or king, as long as they may be protected and justly governed, without oppression on the one side, or impunity on the other. For there is no nation of people under the sun that doth love equal and indifferent justice better than the Irish; or will rest better satisfied with the execution thereof, although it be against themselves, so as they may have the protection and benefit of the law when they do most desire it."

When I speak of the "felonious" landlords, as they have been happily

named, and of their doings as the explanation—not justification—of the acts of the "felonious" tenants, I do not say, or think, that this is the fit description of the majority of Irish landlords. I believe that they are a comparatively small minority, and that the greater number, if not all from sense of justice, yet then from prudence, allow their tenants their due share of the profits of their labour and expenditure. Still they are numerous enough to cause by their conduct a general sense of insecurity to the tenants all over Ireland. The traditional "ascendency" of race and creed explains the frequent absence of either conscience or public opinion as checks on the exercise of extreme legal rights. There is an increasing disposition in our day to look upon land as a mere commercial investment, and an increasing pressure on its owner to get from it the utmost amount of money; and the heir or the purchaser of one estate repudiates (as the law allows) the engagements of his predecessor, on the faith of which the tenants had covered that estate with the fruits of their capital and labour, and confiscates them all; while the landlord of another estate on the back of every receipt for his rent writes a notice to quit, to be used as an instrument for obtaining more rent, as fast as the tenant adds to the value of his farm. I heard lately of an instance in which the rent had thus been raised three times in the last ten years. Other landlords, again, have a mania for consolidating, and evict tenants, not because they cannot pay their existing rents, or refuse to pay higher rents, but because the landlord wishes to introduce a system of large farms. And we must remember that seven-eighths of these Irish farmers are tenants-at-will, and liable to this treatment. They are not, like English or Scotch farmers, able both to take away with them all the capital they have been employing on the land, and also to find either another farm or some new means of livelihood; they are for the most part small tenants who have sunk their little all in making

their few acres yield subsistence for their families, and who, if evicted, must leave that little all behind, and go to the workhouse, or fall into the precarious, and to them degrading, condition of labourers, since there are neither vacant farms in a country where consolidation is going on as it is in Ireland, nor great centres of manufacture, trade, or commerce, to which they can turn. These two things, Security of Tenure, and Compensation for Improvements, are prime necessities of existence to the Irish tenant-farmer; and though it is probable that the greater number are in actual enjoyment of them, there is a general alarm, because no one is safe; and if the blow has of late years not fallen as often, or swept such large districts, as in the terrible days which came after the famine, yet it does fall often enough, and under circumstances varied enough, to make every man feel that his turn may be next. The agrarian murders have been very few in comparison with the number of landlords, yet they keep all landlords in anxiety; and so it is with the evictions, which, though few in one sense, are many enough to make legislation an absolute necessity, if Ireland is to become peaceful, contented, and loyal.

I do not argue with those who deny this necessity for legislation, and demand to be let alone to settle the matter with their tenants. Some of these are bold, bad men, who, like mediæval barons, are ready to venture their lives if they may but plunder,—though the barons did not plunder their own people; some are non-resident landlords, whose tenants do not intimidate them by shooting their agents; some are agents, who are willing to risk the shooting if they may wield lordly power over a subject tenantry; and some are good landlords, who fear interference with their paternal government. But these last will no doubt follow the example of those of their number who have already declared themselves willing to surrender powers which they are yet conscious that they do not abuse.

I pass to the consideration of the various proposals which are now being made for legislating to meet the demand of the Irish tenant-farmer for security from capricious eviction, and for recognition of his right to compensation for his "improvements" if he quits the land. These proposals may be reduced to three: that of making the present tenants and their heirs the proprietors of their holdings, subject to the payment of certain rent-charges to the present landlords and their heirs; that of giving the tenants long leases; and that of legalising the Ulster tenant-right, and extending it over the whole country. There are several variations in the forms in which each of these proposals has been made, but in principle there are only these three.

Of the first of these proposals, I know that not even the eloquent and prophet-like warnings with which Mr. Mill has urged its acceptance will induce the British Parliament to adopt it. Nor, while that eloquence fills my imagination, does it satisfy my judgment. Whatever may be the case in India, France, Belgium, or Italy, the reasons are very strong for believing that the Irish cottiers would both subdivide and sub-let their holdings till they sank into the lowest state of existence, unless they were restrained from so doing; nor could the State exercise such restraint through any other agency than that of the landlord. The Irish tenants being what they are, and must be for some generations, the landlords have duties to them and to the State, which they can perform, and which are worth performing, but which must be performed by landlords or not at all. The *Times'* Commissioner tells us how good landlords do perform these duties; there are many such; and their numbers will be increased when a more equitable adjustment of the legal relations of landlords and tenants has removed the chief causes of distrust and discontent between them.

The second proposal, advocated in one form by Mr. Caird, and in another by Mr. Buxton, that security of tenure and

compensation for improvements should be given by means of long leases, is open to several serious objections. No one has shown that the plan of leases really meets the case, except with large holdings, and where the "improvements" are made by the landlord. The tenants themselves by no means think that leases would meet their demands for security and compensation. The lease is to them "a long notice to quit," and an unintelligible rigmarole which delivers them bound, they know not how far, to the landlord's attorney. What can the 172,000 tenants of five to fifteen acres be expected to think of leases, or what fitness can there be in giving them leases in satisfaction of their demands? And lastly, this scheme of leases is not a settlement, but a postponement, of the Land Question, an evasion of our own duty in the matter which will make the difficulty of its settlement in the next generation greater than ever.

There remains the proposal of legalising the custom of tenant-right in Ulster, and extending it over the rest of Ireland. As this custom has not been made law by the Irish courts, as it would assuredly have been by those of Westminster had it been an English custom, it has no legal definition, and may therefore be best explained by a description of its working on the estates on which it is most fully recognised. The tenant on such estates has an admitted right, on giving up his occupation for whatever cause, to sell his interest, or, in the event of his death, to leave it by will. In the latter case, he directs which of his sons, or representatives, shall take the farm, and apports among the other members of the family the payments which this his successor is to make to each. If he sells, instead of bequeathing, he selects the purchaser and himself receives the payment. But in either case the landlord has a veto on this selection of the successor, whether on the ground that he is not a fit man, or that the landlord wishes to add the farm to that next to it, or to take it into his own occupation. In the last case, the landlord himself

pays the recognised value of the right. The money is usually paid into the agent's hands, who first takes any arrears of rent due to the landlord; the outgoing tenant then appropriates a sufficient sum to enable him and his family to remove, and enter on some new employment: and after that come any claims of creditors. The landlord, besides these rights of controlling the sale and the application of the proceeds of the sale of the tenant's interest, may, in full accordance with the custom, raise his rent from time to time to such an extent as to profit not only by the rise of prices, but also by the gradual improvement in the cultivation of the land, in so far as the tenant may be held to have already sufficiently compensated himself for such improvements. But the landlord must not, in his valuation for such increased rent, include buildings or any other distinct or substantive improvements which have been made by the tenants. As they say, he may demand a fair rent, but must not confiscate the improvements. This may seem rather a vague definition of the landlord's right of raising his rent, but there is always the practical test of whether it has been raised so as to affect the value of the tenant-right, and it is found that the matter settles itself well enough, just as it does in the like questions, on the more limited scale in which they occur, in Somersetshire, and I suppose in other parts of England too.

This tenant-right has been more or less "eaten into," or even, I believe, confiscated, by hostile landlords here and there; but its value is still estimated at 5*l.* to 15*l.* an acre, or 20,000,000*l.* for the whole of Ulster, even though it is wholly unprotected by law, and though some landlords are disposed to avail themselves of their legal power to refuse to recognise it. But we must not suppose that the Ulster tenant-right is a mere right to compensation for improvements. It is of the essence of the right that it is a right to compensation for disturbance as well as for improvements, the two being blended in one claim. In



this consists the merit of the custom with its advocates, and the objection to it in the eyes of its opponents. The latter, indeed, admit the difficulty of ignoring, or even the duty of equitably recognising, an interest which, as I have just said, is valued at 20,000,000*l.*; but as I am considering the proposal of not only legalising the custom in Ulster, but of extending it to the rest of Ireland as the true solution of the Land Question, I must state the arguments on both sides more fully.

It is admitted by the opponents of the Ulster custom, that some compensation for unexhausted improvements is due to the tenant; but they say that the payment for "goodwill" is a sort of "black-mail," or security against disturbance of the incoming by the outgoing tenant, and as such is an unproductive outlay of the tenant's capital, which ought to be all employed in cultivating his land; while there is the further inconvenience that the other portion of the payment—that for improvements—not being separable from the first, is necessarily paid in cash too, when it had better have been anticipated by a long lease, instead of thus exhausting the new tenant's capital. Some say that the landlord's fair rent is reduced by the amount of the interest on the incoming tenant's payment; while others say that it reduces the tenant's margin of profit, but not the landlord's rent; but they agree that, one way or the other, the custom is bad. It may seem so to the theorist, but the facts are the other way. The Ulster tenants are peaceable, contented, and prosperous, except in as far as they are disturbed, or fear to be disturbed, in their "right." Land in Ulster is far less fertile by nature than it is in the south, yet its rents are higher; it is more populous, and more subdivided, in proportion to its area, than Munster, yet its poor-rates are lower; and it is entirely free from Fenian treason, agrarian crime, and agrarian wretchedness, of which Tipperary in Munster may be called the centre. I set these facts against the theory that the landlords and tenants of Ulster are

injured by Ulster tenant-right. But I will give the reasons on the other side, as well as the facts. If the so-called "goodwill" is a security to the incoming against disturbance by the outgoing tenant, it is also a security against disturbance by the landlord. Though the landlord retains his legal power of evicting, he has no need to exercise it for non-payment of rent, because the tenant, who cannot pay, sells his interest, and the price at once covers the arrears of rent, and enables him to go and seek a living elsewhere. And if the landlord goes beyond this, and evicts in order to "confiscate the improvements," he commits a breach of the custom. Consequently, there are no evictions. The tenant feels secure in his holding, and lives and works under that magic influence of security, the effects of which all landlords and tenants know, and creates a new and additional value from the land, which is never created by the half-hearted energies of the man who knows not whether he shall reap what he has sown. And so this payment for "goodwill," estimated at 20,000,000*l.*, is not taken either from the landlord or the tenant, but is an addition to the resources of both, by which both benefit. It enables the occupier to live in peace, and so to rise into a state of civilization in which cruel evictions and savage outrages are no longer elements and conditions of daily existence; and there is no more propriety in nicknaming this payment "black-mail," and denouncing it as contrary to sound political economy, than there is in so treating our payments for poor-relief, or police, or law, or any other unproductive expenditure by which we maintain civilized society. Dr. Hancock, the distinguished political economist and statistician, has pointed out to me two most important respects in which this payment for "goodwill" specially belongs to the class of beneficial, though unproductive, modes of employing capital. Parliament has decided that the land shall be rated to the relief of the destitute poor, and tenant-right provides for every tenant and his family, who would otherwise be thrown on the poor-rate if

he left his farm. Parliament has declared that the land ought to be charged with an emigration rate for the like purpose of relieving the same classes, and here again the tenant-right payment is a substitute for the emigration rate.

On these grounds, and not merely on that of vested interest, I maintain that the Ulster tenant-right—the payment for disturbance and not merely for improvements—should be upheld by law; and that a system of Tenant-Right framed upon the principles of the Ulster custom, though not slavishly copied from it, should be extended to the rest of Ireland. Such tenant-right already exists here and there all over Ireland in a more or less rudimentary form. Its principles regulate the relations of landlord and tenant on the estate of every good landlord. What men call “rights” in the north, they more humbly call “privileges” in the south, but the thing is the same. The system of tenant-right is the proper Irish relation of landlord and tenant: it has not been imported from India, from France, or from Scotland, but has grown up on its native soil, by natural selection, and through a long and hard struggle for existence. The cry that is going up from the numerous tenant-right meetings all over Ireland is often wild and inarticulate, but, in proportion as it becomes clear, we find that it means this: “We only ask to be treated as the good landlords treat their tenants; we only ask for the security of tenure which they have in Ulster.” These have more than once been the actual words at those meetings, and still oftener their truest meaning. Sir John Gray among public speakers, and the *Freeman's Journal* among newspapers, are the recognised leaders of the demand for Fixity of Tenure. Yet Sir John Gray, in his speech at Manchester, which he afterwards republished in Ireland as the exposition of his policy, took Ulster as his type of what Ireland should be, and declared that he did not want the plan of Mr. Mill, and that his own plan “was in effect and substance the Ulster tenant-right.” And the *Freeman's Journal*, discussing in one of

its latest numbers what the principle of a satisfactory land law should be, says, “This principle is to be found in the northern tenant-right.” This is what the Irish want: and I repeat that this compensation for disturbance, which is practically security of tenure, is the just right of the tenant, because the “improvements” which are his, and not the landlord's, give him a special interest in the land, and a claim not to be disturbed; it is politically expedient, because the condition of Ulster shows that it may be expected to give content and prosperity to the rest of Ireland; and it is in accordance with economical science, which pronounces that the efficiency of industry is great in proportion as its fruits are ensured to the person exerting it. And if such a method of settling the Irish land question would be truly Irish, it would not be less truly English. I do not say so because customary tenant-right exists in England, as every English landlord knows, but because there is no principle more habitually recognised by the English people and Parliament than this, that legislation must as far as possible be based on precedent or experience; that the experience, the recorded results of the wisdom of former generations, shall be called in to aid the reason of the existing generation, and the new shall thus be made to grow out of, and form a living part of, the old.

Let me state how tenant-right, if it had the force of law, would give security of tenure, and the way in which the law would work. There must be some local tribunal, easy of access, independent and otherwise trustworthy, and empowered to exercise a large equitable discretion in its decisions; and I believe that the Assistant-Barrister's Court might easily be made into such a tribunal. If the landlord proposed to evict a tenant, and did not make such terms with him as would satisfy him, and induce him to surrender voluntarily, the Court would, before permitting the eviction, require the landlord to pay the tenant both for his improvements and for the disturbance of his occupation. The amount of

payment would usually be ascertained by a valuation of the tenant's interest in his occupation, to be made on the basis of what a solvent tenant would give for the occupation, if let to him at the existing rent, and with the tenant's "goodwill" and property in the "improvements" transferred to him. If the eviction were "capricious"—if it were neither for non-payment of rent, nor for some reason why the tenant should be bought out at whatever cost,—it is evident that no additional rent which the landlord could get from a new tenant would compensate him for this payment down, and also leave him a margin of advantage; and he would therefore have no motive for such eviction, and in practice would not evict. So if he proposed to raise the rent on the existing tenant, if the rise were a reasonable one the tenant would accept it rather than throw up his farm; but if it were unreasonable, he would insist on his landlord purchasing his interest, and here again it could not be worth the landlord's while to do so, if he were asking an unfair increase of rent. The naked right would be left, but the motive to use it unfairly taken away. And this would give, not fixity yet security of tenure. There might still be an occasional abuse of the power, but some abuses there would be under any form of settlement, and *de minimis non curat lex*: the just rights and interests of the tenants would be in the main upheld; this method of giving security of tenure, and this only, would have all that elasticity which is needed to allow of good landlords doing their duty—their indispensable duty—to their tenants and to the State, and so carrying on the civilization of the country; and it would far better meet the wishes and wants of the great body of cottier tenants than any system of leases, in giving them a tenure of indefinite duration, held by implied though unwritten contract, instead of "a long notice to quit." At the same time the establishment of such tenant-right

would in no way interfere with the granting leases where both parties desired it. As little would it interfere with carrying out Mr. Bright's scheme, which I just mention that I may not seem either to ignore or disapprove it. Other supplementary measures I could touch upon if I had space: but I will content myself with reminding those who declare that it is impossible to legalise the Ulster tenant-right, and extend its principles to the rest of Ireland, that we were told last year that the proposal to disestablish the Irish Church would fail, because it was impossible to deal effectually with so complicated a matter. The men who prepared that masterpiece of legislation, the Irish Church Bill, are still our leaders, and are at work on an Irish Land Bill. Mr. Gladstone's power beyond that of other statesmen of anticipating, calling forth, and carrying into action the convictions of the people of England who trust him so entirely, his clear apprehension of the principles of a policy, and his wonderful skill in expounding that policy to Parliament, are all arrayed again for their task. So, too, Mr. Fortescue's thorough knowledge of the Irish, and deep interest in their welfare, his strong sense of justice in resolving what ought to be, and his political sagacity in deciding what can be done, are engaged now, as then, upon the work. And if Mr. Sullivan's great acuteness and debating power are to be lost to the Government henceforth in the House of Commons, his mastery of the legal details and difficulties of the case are still available, as they were in preparing the Church Bill. Nor can I forget, though I may not name, other "wise and faithful labourers," who are preparing for their chiefs the indispensable materials for the work, and who, unknown to the world, serve the cause for its own sake. Whatever measure for the settlement of the Irish Land Question comes out from these hands, will not be other than completely efficient and successful.



# MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

FEBRUARY, 1870.

## A BRAVE LADY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALLIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

### CHAPTER XVI.

SIR EDWARD did not come home till very late that evening, at which his wife was not surprised; he had said that his duties would keep him late, and that he should very likely dine with his brother magistrates afterwards. She concluded he had done so; but when she asked him, he said abruptly, No.

"Food, give me some food. And wine too, for I am quite exhausted. You seem as if you took a pleasure in starving me."

Josephine looked up astonished, so irritable was his tone, so wild and worried his look.

"Something has happened. What is it? Is César——"

"You always think of César first, never of me. Yes, he is all right; he stayed with me and saw me off, before his own train started."

"And you—Edward, is there anything wrong with you?" asked she, taking his hand in a sort of remorse. But he flung hers off.

"Did I say there was anything wrong? Why do you look at me so? There is nothing the matter with me."

But there was: and by and by she discovered it. A thing which at first he made light of, as of no importance whatever to a gentleman in his position, but which, when little by little she

learned its whole bearing, and saw with frightfully clear eyes its possible results, was to Josephine one of those sudden blows which seem often to come upon us poor mortals like thunderbolts, when the air is most still, and there had seemed an hour ago not a cloud in the sky.

Be sure, soon or late, a man's sin will find him out. He, and others for him, may sedulously hide it a while; it may appear safely buried, so that no evil consequences can possibly ensue. But, by and by, a bird of the air carries the matter, and in one form or another retribution comes.

By some means—how was never discovered, for Josephine thought she had taken all precautions against such a fatality—that "little bird" began to whisper abroad, not as a public accusation but as a tale of private scandal, how the Reverend Edward Scanlan had wilfully falsified the accounts of the new school at Ditchley, and used for his own benefit the money which had been entrusted to him. And though the charity had suffered no loss, the defalcations being by some ingenious method or other discovered and replaced in time, still the fact remained; and those people who are always ready to envy a man his sudden prosperity, bruited it abroad from mouth to mouth, till it became the talk of the county.

Curiously enough, the scandal had

been a good while in reaching its victims. Sir Edward was not a sensitive man, quick to discover any slight indications of coolness towards himself, and besides, the report had lain smouldering in Ditchley town, where he never went, for weeks before it reached the ears of the country gentlemen, who were mostly staunch old Tories, too proud to listen to the gossip of the lower classes. But having once heard it, and, so far as they could, verified it, they resented in a body this intrusion upon their order, and especially upon the magisterial bench, of a man whom only a lucky chance had saved from the disgrace of a public prosecution. He was in no danger of this now, but as far as honourable repute went, his character was gone.

"Only think, Josephine," said he, piteously, when he had confessed all to his wife, "all my neighbours gave me the cold shoulder; and one or two of them actually hinted the reason why. Such a fuss about nothing! You paid the money back—did you not?"

"Yes."

"Then what did it matter? These English people make money their god. Even Lord Turberville, who I thought would protect me—he had only just come home, and heard nothing of this unfortunate report till to-day—his lordship took no notice of me on the bench, and said to Langhorne, that he thought the wisest thing I could do would be to send in my resignation immediately."

"I think so too," said, with white lips, Josephine de Bougainville.

It was no use weeping or complaining. The miserable man before her needed all her support—all her pity. Under the blow which had fallen upon him he sank, as usual, utterly crushed and weak—weaker than any woman. Such men always are.

"They will hunt me down like a hare, these accursed country squires," moaned he. "I shall never be able to hold up my head in the county again. And just when I was getting on so well, and the Turbervilles were come home; and they might have taken us by the

hand and helped us into society. It's very hard!"

"It is hard," said Josephine, beneath her breath; and as she looked round the cheerful drawing-room, so handsome yet so homelike, her whole external possessions, her money, her title, her name, seemed to become valueless. She would have given them all to secure to her children that blessing which, though, thank God, many families have struggled on without it, is yet the safest stronghold and dearest pride of any family—a father's unstained, honourable name.

"But what are we to do, Josephine? Tell me, what are we to do?"

She turned and saw him crouched—all but kneeling at her feet—the man who was tied to her for life; who, with all his faults, was not a deliberate villain, and who now, as was his wont, in his distress took refuge with her, and her alone. For a moment she shrank from him—an expression of pain, unutterable pain—perhaps something worse than pain,—passed over her face, and then she feebly smiled.

"I cannot answer you at once. Give me time to think."

"Very well. Only, Josephine, do remember what your poor husband has suffered this day. For God's sake, do not you be unkind to me!"

"No, I will not. It is for God's sake," she repeated to herself, with a deep meaning; almost as deep and earnest as a prayer.

During her many hours of solitary musings—more numerous now than ever in her life—Josephine had learnt much. That burning sense of wrong—wrong done to herself and her children by their father—had in some measure died out; she looked upon him sorrowfully, as being chiefly his own enemy: she could protect both them and herself from him now. And in another way her mind had changed; she begun dimly to guess at the solemn truth, without which all life becomes a confused haze;—that what we do for people is not for themselves, or for ourselves, but for something higher. Thus, it was for God's

sake, not for his own, she resolved to hold fast to her husband.

"Edward," she said, "indeed I never mean to be unkind to you; but this is a terrible grief to me. To be sure, the thing is not much worse known than unknown, except so far as it affects the children. Had César any idea of it, do you think?"

"Yes—no. Well, yes; I told him something of it," stammered Sir Edward. "I had nobody else to speak to, and he saw how broken-down and upset I was. Poor fellow! he insisted on seeing me safe off home before he started himself for Oxford. I must say César behaved very well to me to-day."

"My good boy!" muttered the mother; and then with a thrill of maternal suffering at how he might suffer—"O my poor César!"

"César—always César! Can't you for one moment think of me?"

Ay, that was the key to this man's life. He had never thought but of himself, and himself alone. Such an one—and oh, what hundreds there are like him!—ought never to be either husband or father.

Josephine turned grave, reproachful eyes upon him—the deadweight who had dragged her down all her days. It always had been so—apparently it was to be so to the end.

"Edward, consider a little, and you will find I do think of you; but there is plenty of time. We have no need to do anything in haste—if indeed," with a sigh, "anything remains to be done."

And there came helplessly the thought upon her of how little could be done. A lie she could have fought against; but there was no fighting against the truth. In a gentle way she said as much.

"True or not, Josephine, I'll not bear it. Am I, with all my Irish talent, to be a byword among these eldhooping English squires? They hate me because I am Irish. I always knew that. But I'll soon teach them differently. I, with my wealth, could take a position wherever I pleased. We'll leave this place immediately."

"Leave this place?"

"And I shall be only too glad of the opportunity to quit this horrid old house; you know I always disliked it. We can't sell it, more's the pity! but we could easily let it, and we will."

"We will not," said Josephine, roused to desperation.

"But I say we will, and I am master here!" cried Sir Edward violently. "I have been planning it the whole way home," added he more pacifically, as he saw that his wrath had not the slightest effect upon his wife. It only tightened the shut lips, and gave an added paleness to the steady, firm features. "We can give out that your health requires us to winter abroad, and go quietly away in a week or two. Once gone, we need never come back any more."

"Never come back any more? When I loved the place so; when I had settled down here for life, and was so happy!—so happy! Husband, you are very cruel to me! And heaven is cruel too. My troubles are more than I can bear."

She sat down, wringing her hands. A kind of despair came over her—the sudden reaction which we often feel when trouble follows a lull of peace—as sharp as the first chill of returning winter. But we get accustomed to it presently. So did she.

Against this scheme of her husband's—very natural to him, for his first thought in any difficulty was to run away—Lady de Bougainville at first rebelled with all her might. She refused point-blank to quit her home—though she were ignored by the whole county, and though the arrows of evil tongues were to fly around her head as thick as hail.

"I am not afraid; I have done nothing," she said haughtily. "No possible blame can attach to the children or me. And, even with regard to what has been, since nobody was really injured and it will never happen again, would it not be possible to remain and live it down?"

So reasoned she with Mr. Langhorne, who was the only person whom in her extremity she took counsel of: confessed



the whole thing, and asked him what he thought would be the wisest course.

"For my children's sake—my children, you see," pleaded the poor mother. Of herself she cared nothing; would gladly have hidden her head anywhere in merciful obscurity. "Had I not better stay here and brave it out? Nobody could bring up the tale so as to harm the children?"

Mr. Langhorne hesitated. He knew the world better than she did. Still, she was so bent upon remaining, that she resisted him as much as she did her husband; who, cowed by her determined will, assumed the air of a much-injured and most patient man, told her to "have it all her own way; he should never say another word on the subject."

But he did, though: reverting to it day after day with the worrying persistency of a weak soul that tries by every underhand means to shake a stronger one. Alas! only too often succeeding.

For a few weeks Lady de Bougainville bore all her misery at home, all her slights abroad—some imaginary, perhaps; but others real enough. For the taint of "something dishonourable" attached to a family—especially in a thinly-populated country district, ignorant of the tricks of trade, great or small, which are practised in larger communities—is a thing not easily removed. Long after its exact circumstances are forgotten, the vague stigma remains. In proportion to his former popularity, his old parishioners, and indeed the whole county, now viewed with extreme severity the Reverend Sir Edward de Bougainville.

Several times Josephine drove purposely to Ditchley, showing her face to the world at large, and calling upon the people she knew; but they were all rather cold to her, and some barely civil. Lady Turberville, whom she one day accidentally met, though not un-courteous—for the old lady stopped to speak to her and had a tone of sympathy in her voice—still made not the slightest inquiry after Sir Edward, and gave no hint of the proposed visit of

the Ladies Susan and Emily to Oldham Court. In short, that slight untangible coolness, that "sending to Coventry,"—which in a provincial neighbourhood is, socially, the ruin of any family.—had obviously befallen the De Bougainvilles. Once begun, these things always increase rather than diminish; and however she might shut her eyes to it, Josephine could not help seeing before her and hers a future of splendid loneliness, duller and drearier even than poverty.

Then too an uncomfortable change, physical and mental, came over her husband. The shock of his sudden fortunes had thrown him into a rather excited condition. He had been top-heavy with prosperity, so to speak, and against this sudden bleak wind of adversity he could not fight at all. He fell into a low way, refused to do anything or go anywhere, and sat all day long slivering over the fire, bemoaning his hard lot, and complaining that the world was all against him, as it had been from his youth up. He could not bear his wife out of his sight, yet when she was in it he was always scolding her, saying she was killing him by inches in keeping him at Oldham Court.

"Can it be really so? What is the matter with him?" she asked of Dr. Waters, whom she had at last secretly summoned—for Sir Edward refused all medical advice, saying that the sight of a doctor was as good, or as bad, as a death-warrant.

Dr. Waters made no immediate reply. Perhaps he really had none to give. That mysterious disease called softening of the brain, which seems to attack the weakest and the strongest brains—letting the lucky mediocre ones go free—was then unnamed in medical science; yet I think, by all accounts, its earliest symptoms must even then have been developing in Josephine's husband. She knew it not—nobody knew it; but its results were painful enough, throwing a cloud of gloom over the whole family. And upon this state of things the younger boys—planning their first Christmas at Oldham Court, yule-logs and guisards,

according to the merry Christmas-keeping of all the wealthy families in the county—came ignorantly home. César too—but César was not ignorant, though in all his letters he had never yet said a word of what he knew. He only held his mother's hand sometimes, and followed her tenderly about the house, and made things as easy for her as he could; but he seemed to think—it was his nature and had been his grandfather's, too, she remembered—that the easiest thing was silence.

"Perhaps, after all," said Dr. Waters on his second visit, "it would be better to go."

"To leave home, you mean, as my husband wishes—for a time?"

"Yes, for a time," repeated the doctor, with his eyes cast down. "Long or short, as may be advisable. Change of scene, without delay, is, I think, very necessary for Sir Edward. And for the boys—they have but a dull life here. You will return in triumph," added he, cheerfully, "in time to have an ox roasted whole, and all sorts of rejoicings, when César comes of age."

Lady de Bougainville turned sharply away. How all her delights had crumbled down to dust and ashes! Alas, to what sort of an inheritance would he come, her handsome young heir? And who would stand up and wish him the heir's best benediction, that he might tread in his father's footsteps all his days?

Nevertheless, she could but follow where fate led, and do the best that seemed possible for the time being. So standing at her favourite oriel window, looking down the straight evergreen alleys of her beloved garden, where the holly-berries shone scarlet in the winter sun, and the arbutus trees were glittering under the first white dust of snow, she made up her mind to leave Oldham Court; to slip the dear, safe anchor of home, and go drifting about upon the wide world.

Some may count this a very small thing—a very infinitesimal sacrifice; but I know better. However, it was made; and having once put her hand to the plough she never looked back, but

drove it straight through her pleasant flowers with a firm remorseless hand.

Of course, her husband was delighted. She had come to her senses at last, and he congratulated her accordingly. He laid plan after plan of what he should like best to do, what would amuse him most; and at last thought, considering it was winter time, and rather too early for the London season, it would be well to adopt a suggestion which somebody or other threw out, and take a tour through the cathedral towns of England.

"You see, this will be particularly suitable for me in my character of a clergyman." For since politics and the Earl of Turberville had lost their charm he went back upon that, and became once more stricter than ever in his religious observances.

Josephine cared little where she went. So, mostly by chance, the thing was decided. They were to begin with Canterbury.

"But you don't want to take the children with us, my dear?" said Sir Edward, querulously. "I shall have no pleasure at all if I am bothered with a lot of children at my heels." So Josephine gave this up too.

Her last few days at Oldham Court appeared, she herself once told me, to have fled exactly like a dream. The whole thing was done suddenly:—leaving the children behind in charge of the good governess and Bridget. She intended to come back and shut up the house, for she obstinately refused to let it; but still, when the carriage slowly ascended the hilly road, and she looked down on the grey gables nestling in sunshine in the valley below, she had a fatal foreboding that she should never see Oldham Court again. She never did.

I do not mean to make any pathetic scene out of all this. Many persons might say that all Lady de Bougainville's regrets on the subject were mere morbid imagination, when she had so many tangible blessings left her to enjoy. It might be, and yet I pity her, and can understand how she fell into a kind of dull despondency, very unusual for her, which lasted for several days.

Out of it she was roused by a chance incident; one of those small things which are often the pivot upon which much greater things turn. Wandering round Canterbury Cathedral aimlessly enough—for Sir Edward took little interest in ecclesiastical architecture, and was much more interested in finding out where the Deanery was, and whether he ought not to call upon the Dean, whom he had once met, and who would probably ask them to dinner—Lady de Bougainville came upon the queer old door leading to that portion of the crypt which, ever since the revocation of the Edict of Nantes—indeed, I believe, earlier still—has been assigned by law and custom to the use of the French Protestants whose forefathers had taken refuge in England. While asking a question or two of the verger, she dimly recollected having heard of the place before. Her father had once “assisted” at a Sunday service there, and described it to her. Keenly interested, she tried to peer through the cracks in the door and the spidery windows: little was to be seen, but she managed to catch a few glimpses of the interior, the low arched ceiling, white-washed like the walls; the plain, common wooden pews and pulpit, whereon lay a book, torn and worm-eaten—a centuries-old French Huguenot Bible—for she could read the words “*Sainte Ecriture*” on the open title-page.

A strange contrast it was, this poor, plain—pathetically plain—little conventicle, to the magnificent cathedral overhead where she had just been hearing service; but it suited her present state of mind exactly. Sickened of wealth, feeling the hollowness of the sham pomps about her, her heart seemed to spring back like an overbent bow to the noble poverty of her childish days, to the rigid uncompromising faith of her French forefathers.

“Every Sunday they have service here, you say?” she asked of the verger. “Edward, shall we go to-morrow? I should like it very much.”

“I dare say: you always do like common and ungentle places. No,

I would not be seen there upon any account.”

“No matter,” she thought, “I will go alone.” And next day, while her husband was taking a long sleep, she sallied forth through the rainy streets; wrapping herself up in her cloak, and trudging on, almost as Mrs. Scanlan used to trudge, in days gone by. No fear, she thought, of her being recognised as Lady de Bougainville.

And yet, when she passed under the low door of the crypt, entering side by side with that small and rather queer-looking congregation, chiefly French artificers of various sorts, with their wives and families, descendants of the early *émigrés* or later comers into the town, who, but for this ancient institution of service under the cathedral, would probably long ago have forgotten their religion and race, and become altogether amalgamated with the inhabitants of Canterbury; when she looked at them, and heard in faint whispers that tongue of another land, as they noticed the rare presence of a stranger among them—Josephine began to feel strange stirrings in her heart.

It is curious, as we advance in middle life, especially when there is a great gulf between that life and our childish one, how sharp and distinct the latter grows! For years, except in her children’s caressing chatter, Josephine had scarcely heard the sound of her native tongue—that is, her ancestors’ tongue, for, as I said, she herself had been born after her parents quitted France; nor since childhood had she been in any place of worship like that which her father used to take her to—a bare meeting-house, rough as this, of which it strongly reminded her. When she sat down, it almost seemed as if the old Vicomte sat beside her with his gentle “*Sois sage, ma petite fille.*” And when the minister, in his high French intonation, a little “singsong” and long drawn out, began to read “*L’Evangile selon Saint-Jean, chapitre premier. La Parole était au commencement: la Parole était avec Dieu, et la Parole était Dieu*”—old times came



back upon her so forcibly that it was with difficulty she could restrain her tears.

What the congregation thought of her she knew not, cared not. Possibly, for many Sundays after, those simple people talked of and looked for the strange lady who that Sunday had worshipped with them—whether French-woman or Englishwoman they could not tell, only that she had left in the almshouse several bright English sovereigns, which helped on the poor of the flock through a very hard winter. She came and she went, speaking to nobody, and nobody venturing to speak to her, but the influence of those two hours effected in her mind a complete revolution.

“I will go home,” she said to herself, as she walked back through Canterbury streets, still in the pelting rain; “home to my father’s faith and my father’s people, if any of them yet remain. I will bring up my children not English, but French; after the noble old Huguenot pattern, such as my father used to tell me of, and such as he was himself. *Mon père, mon père!*”

It was a dream, of course, springing out of her entire ignorance; as Utopian as many another fancy which she had cherished, only to see it melt away like a breaking wave; still at present it was forced so strongly upon her mind that it gave her a gleam of new hope. Almost as soon as she returned to the hotel, she proposed to her husband, with feigned carelessness—for he now generally objected to anything which he saw she had set her heart upon—that instead of continuing their tour in this gloomy weather, they should at once send for the children, cross the Channel, and spend the New Year in Paris, *le jour de l’an* being such a very amusing time.

“Is it?” said Sir Edward, catching at the notion. “And I want amusing so much! Yes, I think I should like to go. How soon could we start?”

“I think, within a week.”

She despised herself for humouring him; for leading him by means of his whims instead of his reason to needful ends, but she was often obliged to do

both now. A curious kind of artfulness, and childish irritability mingled with senile obstinacy, often seized him; when he was very difficult to manage;—he who as a young man had been so pleasant and good-tempered, in truth a better temper than she. But things were different now.

Ere her husband could change his mind, which he was apt to do, and ere the novelty of the fresh idea wore off, Lady de Bougainville hastily made all her arrangements, left Oldham Court in the hands of Mr. Langhorne; sent for her children and some of her servants, and almost before she recognised the fact herself, was in the land of her forefathers, the very city where more than one of the last generation of them had expiated on the guillotine the crime of having been noble, in the best sense of the word, for centuries. As Josephine drove through the streets in the chilly winter dusk, she thought with a curious fancy of how her father must have looked, wakened early one morning, a poor crying child, to see the death-cart, with his father in it, go by;—and again, with a shudder, how her beautiful great-aunt must have felt when the cold steel first touched her neck. Ah! but those were terrible times, to be so near behind us as seventy years!

Paris, such as Lady de Bougainville then saw it, and as long afterwards she used to describe it to me, lingering with the loving garrulousness of age upon things and places and people, all swept away into the gulf of the past—ancient Paris exists no more. Imperial “improvements,” so called, have swept away nearly all its historical landmarks, and made it, what probably its present ruler most desired it should be made, a city without a history. When I visited it myself, wishful as I was to retrace the steps of our dear old friend, and tell her on our return about these places she knew, we could find almost none of them,—except the quaint old Rue St. Honoré, where in an hotel, half French, half English, which Sir Edward took a fancy to, she lived during her whole residence there.

I knew not if it were the stirring of the mercurial ancestral blood, or merely the bright, clear, sunshiny atmosphere, but Lady de Bougainville felt her heart lighter as soon as she entered Paris. She was not one to mourn over the inevitable;—Oldham Court was left behind, but she had many pleasant things surrounding her still. She went sight-seeing almost every morning with her happy children, and of afternoons she took her daily drive with Sir Edward, showing him everything she could think of to amuse him—and he really was amused, for the time. His health and spirits revived; he confessed Paris was a pleasant place to winter in, or would be, as soon as they came to know people, and to be known. With this end in view he haunted Galignani's, and was on the *qui vive* for all the English visitors to the hotel, in case some of their names might be familiar to him.

But in Paris, as in London, came the same difficulty inevitable under the circumstances. Socially, the De Bougainvilles had not yet risen to the level of their money, and, beyond a certain point, it helped them little. They were almost as lonely, and as entirely without acquaintances, in the Rue St. Honoré as they had been in St. James's Street. Vainly did Sir Edward harry his wife's memory for the name of every noble family with whom her father had had to do, hoping to hunt them out, and thrust himself upon them. Vainly, too, did he urge her to leave a card at the British Embassy, or even at the Tuileries, for one De Bougainville had been about fifty years ago a very faithful friend to one of the Orleans family. But something—was it pride or was it shame—or perhaps merely natural reticence?—made Josephine steadily and firmly decline these back-stairs methods of getting into society.

César, too, who was nearly grown up now, had a great dislike to the thing. "Mamma," he would say, "if people do not seek us of their own accord, and for ourselves, I had rather have no friends or acquaintance at all. We can do very well without them."

"I think so too," said Lady de Bougainville. But she did not perplex herself much about the matter. She knew the lack was only temporary. Every time she looked at her son, who to his natural grace was daily adding that air of manliness and gentlemanliness which the associations of University life give to almost every young fellow, more or less, she smiled to herself with perfect content. There was no fear of her César's not making friends everywhere by and by.

He was her consolation for a good many things which she found difficult to bear. Not great things; she had no heavy troubles now; but little vexations. It was sometimes very trying to watch the slight shrugs or covert smiles with which the civil Frenchmen he met at *tables d'hôte*, theatres, &c., commented silently on the brusquerie or "bumptiousness" of the rich *milord Anglais*, who was always asserting his right to the best of everything. For in a foreign country, more patent than ever becomes the fact that, however his rank or wealth, no thoroughly selfish man ever is, or even appears, a gentleman.

Rich as Sir Edward was, he found that when one's only key to society is a golden one, it takes a good while to fit it in. He was growing weary of the delay, and speculating whether it would not be well to leave Paris, when the magic "open sesame" to his heart's desire arrived in a very unexpected way.

With a vague yearning after her father's faith, dimly as she understood it, a restless seeking after something upon which to stay her soul, sickened with the religious hollowness amidst which she had lived so long, Josephine went, Sunday after Sunday, to the French Protestant Chapel. Not that the preacher could teach much—few preachers can, to hearers like herself, whose sharp experience of life mocks all dogmatizing as mere idle words; it is God only who can bring faith to a soul which has lost all faith in man. But she liked to listen to the mellifluous French of the good old minister—liked too the simplicity of the service, and

the evident earnestness of the congregation; an earnestness quite different from that of the worshippers she saw in Catholic churches, though this was touching too. She often envied those poor kneeling women praying even to a Saint or a Holy Virgin in whom they could believe.

But these French Protestants seemed to worship God as she thought He would best desire to be worshipped—open-eyed, fearless-hearted, even as their forefathers and hers had done, in valleys and caves, persecuted and hunted to death, yet never renouncing Him. The difference, so difficult to understand, between faith and superstition, was there still. She often fancied that in these nineteenth-century faces she could still detect gleams of the old Huguenot spirit, with its strength, its courage, its unparalleled self-devotion,—a spirit as different from that of Catholic France as that of the Puritans and Covenanters was from that corrupt Court of the Stuarts.

She was in a dream of this kind, such as she fell into almost every Sunday; when looking up she saw among these stranger faces a face she knew; and as soon as service was over, she hurried after the person, who was Priscilla Nunn.

“How came you here? Who would have expected it! My good Priscilla, I am so glad to see you—so very glad!”

The woman curtsied, looking pleased, said she had watched “my Lady” for several Sundays, but thought perhaps my Lady did not care to notice her. That she had given up business and gone back to her old profession, and was now living as nurse and humble companion with Lady Emma Lascelles.

“She is very ill, my Lady: will never be better. She often speaks of you. Shall I tell her I saw you?”

“No—yes,” hesitated Josephine, for she had been a little wounded by Lady Emma’s long silence, which, however, this illness explained. She stood perplexed, but still cordially holding Priscilla by the hand, when she saw her husband waiting for her in the carriage, and watching her with astonished suspicious eyes. Hastily she gave her

address, and joined him; for she knew well what vials of wrath would be poured out upon her devoted head. As was really the case, until Sir Edward discovered with whom the obnoxious Priscilla was living.

“Lady Emma! Then you must at once call upon her. She may be of the greatest service to you. She used to be so very fond of you. Where is she residing?”

Josephine had never asked, but her pride or reticence was rendered needless by Mr. Lascelles’ appearing the very next day to entreat her to visit his wife, who was longing to see her.

So, without more ado, Lady de Bougainville put on her bonnet as rapidly as Mrs. Scanlan used to do, and went alone, a street’s length, to the quiet faubourg, where, surrounded by all Parisian elegance and luxury, the young creature who had once come to Ditchley as a bride lay fading away. She had lost child after child—hopes rising only to be blighted; and now, far gone in consumption, was slipping peacefully out of a world which upon her had opened so brightly and closed so soon. Yet she still took her usual warm human interest in it, and was exceedingly glad to see again Lady de Bougainville.

“An old friend in a new face,” she said, smiling; “but nothing would ever much alter you. I am glad my cousin left you all his money; nobody else wanted it, and you can make good use of it, and enjoy it too. You have your children.” And poor Lady Emma burst into tears.

After this the two women renewed all their former intimacy; and as Mr. Lascelles knew everybody, and surrounded his wife with as many pleasant people as he could think of to amuse her, it so happened that this mere chance, occurring through such a humble medium as Priscilla Nunn, furnished the means by which the De Bougainvilles entered into Parisian society. Really good society, such as even Sir Edward approved, for it included people of higher rank than in his wildest ambition he had ever expected to mix with.



The Court, then resident at Paris, must have been, so long as it lasted, one of the best and purest Courts which France has ever known. Whatever its political mistakes or misfortunes, domestically it was without alloy. No one could enter the household circle of the citizen-king without admiring and loving it. High-toned, yet simple; fond of art and literature, yet rating moral worth above both these; combining the old aristocratic grace with the liberalism of the time, and assigning to rank, wealth, talent, each its fitting place and due honour,—though many years have elapsed since its dispersion and downfall, all those now living who knew it speak tenderly of the Court of Louis Philippe.

Lady de Bougainville did, to her very last hour. Whether she “shone” therein, I cannot tell—she never said so; but she keenly enjoyed it. More, certainly, than her husband, who after his first flush of delight found himself a little out of his element there. He could not understand the perfect simplicity of those great people, who could associate with poor authors and artists upon equal terms; who were friendly and kind to their servants; and who, instead of going about all day with allegorical crowns on their heads, were in reality very quiet persons, who would condescend to the commonest things and pursuits—such as shocked much a grand personage like Sir Edward de Bougainville. He was altogether puzzled, and sometimes a little uncomfortable; finally he held aloof, and let his wife go into society alone, or with the companionship of her daughter.

Adrienne “came out.” Sitting beside her beautiful mother, as shy and silent as any French demoiselle, but much amused by what she saw around her; she looked on, taking little share in the gay world, until she saw herself put forward as a desirable “*partie*” by an energetic French mother, when she turned in frightened appeal to her own, and the “*pretendu*” was speedily extinguished. Nevertheless, in spite of her plain looks, and defect in figure, the reported large “*dot*” of Mademoiselle de Bougainville

attracted several chances of marriage; to which Adrienne was as indifferent—and even amused—as her mother could desire.

But, henceforth, Josephine often thought with some anxiety of this dear child, so unlike herself, so unfit to battle with the world. Shrinking, timid, easily led and influenced, Adrienne inherited much from her father, and almost nothing from her mother, except her uprightness and sincerity.

“If you do marry,” Lady de Bougainville sometimes said to her, “it must be some one who will be very good to you, some one whom I can entirely trust, or I shall break my heart. Sometimes I hope, my darling, that you will not marry at all.”

“Very likely not, Mamma,” Adrienne would answer, blushing brightly. “I certainly would rather not marry a Frenchman.”

So the mother rested, content that none of these gay young fellows, who, she felt sure, only sought her for her money, had touched the heart of her young daughter, whom she still called fondly her “little” girl.

#### CHAPTER XVII.

WHEN they had been a year at Paris, or near it—for in the fashionable season for “*la campagne*” they drifted with the usual Parisian crowd to some place sufficiently in reach of the city not to be dull—Sir Edward began to suggest moving on. There was a curious restlessness about him which made him never settle anywhere. Back to Oldham Court he positively refused to go; and when the subject was fairly entered upon, Josephine found that her son César had the same repugnance. He and she had never spoken together of that fatal rumour which had been the secret cause of their sudden departure, but that the proud, honest, reticent boy knew it, and felt it acutely, she was well aware.

“No, mother,” he said, when she consulted with him, for she had already learnt to rest upon his premature wisdom and good sense; “don’t let us go back

to Oldham Court,—at least not for some years. The house will take no harm, and the land is well let; Mr. Langhorne, last time he was at Oxford, told me that you will be richer by letting it than living at it; and I don't want to live there—never again! Besides," hastening to heal up a wound he thought he had made, "you see, I must be a busy man, must enter a profession, work my way up in the world, and earn my own fortune. Then, mother darling, you shall have Oldham Court for your dower-house, when you are an old lady."

She smiled and ceased urging her point, though she was pining for a settled resting-place. At last César saw this, and went hunting about England on pedestrian tours till he succeeded in finding a place that he felt sure she would like, and his father too—a large, old-fashioned mansion; not Gothic, but belonging to the time of Queen Anne; fallen into much disrepair, but still capable of being revived into its original splendour.

"And you will have quite money enough to do this, Mr. Langhorne says," added the prudent boy. "And the doing of it would amuse Papa so much. Besides, it is such a beautiful old place; and oh, what a park! what trees! Then the rooms are so lofty, and large, and square. You might give such dinners and balls—I like a ball, you know. Dearest mother, please think twice before you throw overboard our chance of Brierley Hall."

She promised, though with little interest in the matter—as little interest as we sometimes take in places or people which are to be our destiny. And Oldham Court—which she loved so, which she had set her heart upon—she foresaw only too clearly, would never be her home any more.

Still, she would have done almost anything to please César, who was growing up her heart's delight. He only came to Paris on passing visits, being quite taken up with his Oxford life, in which his earnest perseverance atoned for any lack of brilliant talents; and he worked for his degree like any poor lad, forgetting he was heir to a wealthy gentle-

man, and scarcely even remembering his twenty-first birthday, which passed by without any oxen roasted whole or other external rejoicings—except the joy of his mother that he was now a man, with his career safe in his own hands.

César was after all more of an Englishman than a Frenchman, even in spite of his resemblance to his grandfather, so strong that more than one old courtier had come up to him and welcomed the descendant of M. le Vicomte de Bougainville. But the young fellow added to his English gravity that charming French grace which we Britons often lack, and his tall figure and handsome looks made him noticeable in every *salon* where he appeared.

His proud mother had especially remarked this on one evening which had a painful close.

It was a *reception*, whither she and her son went alone together—Sir Edward having desired that Adrienne would remain at home and play dominoes with him: since he had been in France he had taken greatly to that harmless game, which seemed to suit him exactly. And Adrienne had obeyed, a little reluctantly, as the reception was at a house where, timid as she was, she liked to go. For the hostess was a lady who, though too poor to "entertain" as we English understand the word—indeed, Sir Edward complained bitterly that he never got anything at her reunions but biscuits and weak raspberry vinegar—yet, by her exquisite tact and cultivated grace, which is often better than talent in a woman, succeeded in gathering around her once a week all the notable people in Paris. As Lady de Bougainville stood in the midst of the assemblage, with César at her side, I could imagine that mother and son were a good sight to behold, both by one another, and by the brilliant throng around them.

"Still, we ought to go home," she whispered to him, more than once, even while giving herself up, half French-woman as she was, to the enjoyment of the minute, allowing herself to rest, gay and at ease, on the summit of one of those sunshiny waves which are for ever rising and falling in most human

lives. "I should like to return even sooner than we promised, in case Papa might be a little dull. He told me that he was to be quite alone at home to-night."

"Indeed!" said César, dryly. "I thought I overheard him giving orders about a little supper that was to be prepared for some visitor he expected. But," added the lad, with meaning, "Papa often—forgets."

"César!" said Lady de Bougainville, sharply; and then—almost with a kind of entreaty, "Do not be hard upon your father."

The mother and son came home at once, though it was half an hour before they were expected and, apparently, wanted. For there, sitting opposite to Sir Edward, playing dominoes with him, and amusing him till he burst into shouts of laughter, which were faintly echoed by Adrienne—who hung about the two, looking as happy and delighted as she had used to do of evenings at Wren's Nest—was the object of Josephine's long dislike and dread—Mr. Summerhayes.

There are women, justifiably the aversion of their husbands' male friends, rigidly righteous; and putting virtue forward in such an obnoxious manner that vice seems less unpleasant by comparison. These I do not uphold. But I do uphold a woman who dares to call wickedness by its right name, and shut her door upon it, however charming it may be; who, like David, "hates all evil-doers," and will not let them "continue in her sight." Poor King David—a sinner too! But if he sinned, he also repented. And, had *he* repented, I doubt not Lady de Bougainville would have been the first to hold out a kindly hand even to Mr. Summerhayes.

As it was, she made no pretence of the sort. She stood—her hand unextended, her eyes fixed on her husband's guest with a grave astonishment. So unmistakable was her manner, so strong her determination, that Summerhayes made no attempt to counteract either, but saying "I perceive I am intruding here," bowed and departed.

His friend never attempted to detain him, but burst into bitter complaint when he was gone.

"Josephine, how can you be so unkind, so rude? You have driven away the only friend I have—the only fellow whose company is amusing to me, or whom I care to see in all Paris."

"Have you seen him often?"

"Why, yes—no; not so very often. And only at Galignani's. I never brought him here before to-night."

"Then, I entreat you, do not bring him again. You know what he is, and what I think of him. Into this house, and among my young sons and daughters, that man shall never come. Another time, when I happen to be absent, will you remember that, Edward?"

She spoke strongly—more strongly perhaps than she should have spoken to their father in her children's presence; but it was necessary. Indecision might have been fatal. They were too old to be left in the dark as to their associates.

No one answered her. César, who had looked as vexed as she, took up a book and walked away to bed; but Adrienne followed her mother to her room, greatly agitated.

"Indeed, Mamma, I had no idea Mr. Summerhayes was coming till he came. And I was so pleased to see him. I did not know you disliked him so much."

That was true, for she had said as little about him as possible to her young daughter; his delinquencies were of a kind not easy to open up to a girl, and of a man known to the family as their father's friend. Even now she hardly knew how to explain with safety the motives of her conduct.

"I do dislike him, Adrienne, and I have just cause, as I will tell you by and by, if necessary. At present let us put the matter aside. Mr. Summerhayes is not likely to come here again; Papa says he shall not invite him."

But she knew none the less that she would have to take all imaginable precautions against the thing she dreaded—against the father, who was no sort of guard over his own children—who, when he liked or wished a thing, would stoop to any underhand means of accomplishing it. For, as she afterwards discovered, her husband had all along kept up a desultory correspondence with



Mr. Summerhayes, who, though not actually supplying with money—Sir Edward since his accession to wealth having grown extremely parsimonious—he had allowed to make use of him in various ways which flattered his vanity and his love of patronizing; and at last in one way which, when Josephine found it out, she opened her eyes in horrified astonishment.

“He marry Adrienne?” And when Sir Edward one day showed her rather hesitatingly a letter making formally that request, she tore it up in a fit of unrestrainable passion. “How dare he! Of course you refused him at once?”

“I—I did not quite like to do that. He is acquainted with all my affairs. Oh, Josephine, pray—pray be careful.”

The old story! The strong, wicked man, knowing his power over the weak one, and using it. At a glance Lady de Bougainville saw the whole thing.

“Coward!” she was near saying, and then her sudden blind fury died down: it was dangerous. She needed to keep her eyes open, her mind calm, and all her wits about her. In a new and utterly unexpected form the old misery had risen up again. Once more she had to protect her children, not only from Mr. Summerhayes, but from their own father.

“And when did you receive this letter, Edward?” she asked, not passionately now, and he was blunt to anything else.

“A week ago. But I was afraid you might not approve: Adrienne is so young.”

“Adrienne will have money. She would be a very convenient wife for Mr. Summerhayes.”

“And Summerhayes has talent, and is of good family, and he has sown his wild oats, he tells me, long ago. He might suit her very well. You had better let him take her. It is not everyone who would marry poor Adrienne. And all women ought to be married, you know.”

“Ought they?”

“Come, come, I am glad to see you so reasonable. Who shall answer the letter, you or I?”

“I will.”

“And you’ll give the man a chance? You’ll not make an enemy of him?”

“Has he ever spoken to the child? But no—Adrienne would have told me—she always tells her mother everything.” And the comfort which always came with the thought of her children soothed the mother’s half-maddened spirit. “If he has held his tongue, I—I will forgive him. But he must never see my daughter’s face again.”

And to this effect she wrote, her husband looking over her shoulder the while.

“Don’t offend him, please don’t offend him,” was all Sir Edward said. When his wife looked as she looked now, he was so utterly cowed that he never risked any open opposition.

Whether to tell Adrienne what had happened, and how her parents, knowing what Mr. Summerhayes was, had decided for her at once, and so put her on her guard against him, or else by complete silence avoid the risk of awakening in the impressible heart of seventeen a tender interest for a possibly ill-used and merely unfortunate man: this was the question which the mother argued within herself twenty times a day. At length she left it for circumstances to decide, and simply kept watch—incessant watch.

Mr. Summerhayes played his cards well. He did not attempt to come to the house again; he made no open demonstrations of any kind, but he followed Adrienne at a distance with that silent, sedulous worship which even so innocent a creature could hardly help perceiving. By using the name and influence of Sir Edward, he got the *entrée* into several houses where the De Bougainvilles visited, and there, though he never addressed her, he watched Adrienne ceaselessly with his melancholy poetical eyes. True, he was forty, and she seventeen; but these ages are sometimes mutually attractive, and as a child she had been very fond of Mr. Summerhayes. Often, her mother recollected, he had taken her on his knee and called her his little wife. Many a true word is spoken in jest. Now that

the years had dwindled down between them — leaving him still attractive, still youthful-looking—for people with neither hearts nor consciences are sometimes very slow in growing old—did Adrienne remember all this?

She was so quiet, so exceedingly quiet, that her mother had no means of guessing at her feelings. Since she learnt that he was disliked, Adrienne had never uttered Mr. Summerhayes' name. When they met him in society, they passed him with a mere bow of recognition, for Lady de Bougainville did not wish to go proclaiming him as a black sheep to everybody, and desired above all to avoid every appearance of injustice or malice towards him: only she guarded with ceaseless care her own lamb from every advance of the smiling wolf,—who gradually conducted himself so little like a wolf, and so like an ordinary man of society, that her fears died down, and she began to hope that after all they had been exaggerated.

Until one day when the climax came.

The man must have been mad or blind—blind with self-esteem, or maddened by the desperation of his circumstances, before he did such a thing; but one Sunday morning he sent to Miss de Bougainville a bouquet and a letter. Not an actual offer of marriage, but something so very near it, that the simplest maiden of seventeen could be under no mistake as to what he meant. Only, like many a man of the world, he a little overshot his mark by calculating too much upon this simplicity; for Adrienne, trembling, confused, hardly knowing what she did, but yet impelled by her tender conscience and her habit of perfect candour, came at once and put the letter in her mother's hands.

Lady de Bougainville read it through twice before she spoke. It was a clever letter, very clever; one of those which Mr. Summerhayes was particularly apt at writing. It put forward his devotion in the most humble, the most disinterested light; it claimed for his love the paternal sanction; and, in the only thing wherein he transgressed the bounds

of decorum—namely, in asking her to meet him in the quiet galleries of the Louvre, that Sunday forenoon—he put himself under the shelter of her father, who had promised him, he said, to bring her there.

Twice, as I said, in wrath that was utterly dumb, Josephine read this letter, and then looking up she caught sight of Adrienne's burning face, agitated by a new and altogether incomprehensible emotion.

"My child," she cried, "oh, my poor child!"

To say that she would rather have seen Adrienne in her grave than married to Mr. Summerhayes, is a form of phrase which many foolish parents have used and lived to repent of. Lady de Bougainville was too wise to use it at all, or to neutralize by any extravagance of expression a truth which seemed to her clear as daylight,—would be clear even to the poor child herself if only it were put before her.

"Adrienne," she said sorrowfully, "I am glad you showed me this letter. It is, as you may see, equivalent to an offer of marriage, which you will refuse like the rest, I hope. You do really care for Mr. Summerhayes?"

Adrienne hung her head. "I have known him all my life—and—he likes me so."

"But he is a bad man; a worse man than you know or have any idea of."

"He has been: but he tells me, you see, that I should make him better."

The old delusion! Unfortunate child!

Adrienne's mother had now no alternative. Terrible as it was to open her young daughter's eyes, the thing must be done. Better a sharp pain and over; better any present anguish than years of lifelong misery.

For, even granting there was one grain of truth under the man's false words, Josephine scouted altogether the theory of doing evil that good may come. In the goodness of a man who is only kept good by means of a gratified passion, she altogether disbelieved. Strong as the love of woman is to guide an erring man, to settle and control a vacillating one; over a

thoroughly vicious one it has almost no effect, or an effect so passing that the light flickers into only blacker night. And here—could there be any light at all?

It was a case—almost the only one possible—in which the mother has a right to stand between her child and ruin : to prevent her marrying a deliberate villain.

“Come to me, my darling,” said she tenderly ; and drawing Adrienne to her lap, and sheltering her there almost as in the days when, long after babyhood, she would come and “cuddle up” to her mother like a baby—Lady de Bougainville explained, without any reserve, as from perfectly reliable sources she herself had learnt it, what sort of life Mr. Summerhayes had led : dissolute, unprincipled, selfish, mean—only saved from the condign punishment that overtakes smaller scoundrels by the exceeding charm which still lingered about him, and would linger to the last ; a handsome person, a brilliant intellect, and a frank fascination of manner, which made the very people he was swindling and cheating, ready to be cheated over again for the mere pleasure of his society.

Such men exist—we all have known them ; and those people who possess no very keen moral sense often keep up acquaintance with them for years ; in an easy surface way which, they say, does no harm. But when it comes to nearer ties—marriage, for instance !—Mr. Summerhayes had once a mother, who was heard to say, “If Owen ever marries a wife, God help her !”

“And,” said Lady de Bougainville to herself, “God and *her* mother shall save my poor child from ever being his wife, if possible.”

Still she was very just. She allowed, candidly, that only till Adrienne was twenty-one did her authority extend. “After that, my daughter, you may marry any one you please—even Mr. Summerhayes. But until then I will prevent you, even as I would prevent you from falling into the fire blindfold if I knew it. Do you understand ? Have I wounded you very sore, my darling ?”

Adrienne made no reply. She lay back with her head on Lady de Bougainville’s shoulder, her face hidden from her. She neither sobbed nor wept, and offered not a single remonstrance or denial. At last, alarmed by her silence, Josephine lifted up the poor white face. It was blank : she had quietly fainted.

Lovers’ agonies are sharp, and parents’ cruelties many ; but I think something might be said on the other side. And, as anything suffered for another is, in one sense, ten times harder than anything one suffers for oneself, it seems to me that the keenest of lovers’ pain, the hottest of lovers’ indignation, could hardly be worse than the mingled grief and anger of that poor mother, as she clasped her broken lily to her breast, and hated, with a hatred as passionate as it was righteous, the man who had brought such misery upon her little Adrienne.

As for Adrienne’s father— But it was useless to go to him, to ask him questions, or exact from him any promises. Nothing he said or did could be in the smallest degree relied upon. She must take the matter into her own hands, and without delay.

It was Sunday morning, and the streets were lying in that temporary quiescence when religious Paris is gone to High Mass, and irreligious Paris idling away its hours in early *deshabille*, previous to blossoming out in *bourgeois* splendour and gaiety. The Louvre would be, as Mr. Summerhayes had probably calculated, nearly empty ; an excellent trysting-place for lovers, or for mortal foes,—for her enemy, from first to last, this Owen Summerhayes had been. That he hated her too, Josephine had little doubt ; for she knew only too much of his career. But face him she would at once, before he could do her any more harm.

Leaving Adrienne in Bridget’s charge—Bridget, who was only too quick to detect how matters stood, and might be trusted without one word too many—Lady de Bougainville, at the appointed hour, went to meet her daughter’s lover.

Sir Edward was not with him : but Mr. Summerhayes had already come, and was



pace up and down the empty *salon*, inspecting the pictures more with the cool eye of a connoisseur than the reckless impatience of an expectant lover. In a moment, the quick womanly eye detected this fact, and in the indignant womanly heart the last drop of pity or sympathy was dried up for Mr. Summerhayes.

At sound of footsteps he turned round, with a well-prepared and charming smile, and perceived Lady de Bougainville. It could not have been a pleasant meeting to him, man of the world as he was, and accustomed, no doubt, to a good many unpleasant things; but externally it was civil enough. He bowed, she bowed, and then they stood facing one another.

They were nearly of an age, and they had personally almost equal advantages. Mentally, too; except that probably the man had more brain than the woman, Lady de Bougainville possessing good common sense and general refinement, rather than intellect. In courage they were both on a par, and they knew it. The long warfare that had been waged between them, a sort of permanent fight over that poor weak soul, who was scarcely worth fighting for, had taught them their mutual strength and their mutual antipathy. Now the final contest was at hand.

"This is an unexpected pleasure, Lady de Bougainville; I had no idea of meeting you here."

"No, you intended to meet my daughter; but instead, I thought I would come myself. There is nothing you can have to say to her which you cannot equally well say to her mother."

"Not exactly," returned Mr. Summerhayes. "To be plain with you, as I see you mean to be with me, my dear Lady, you dislike me, and—I hope your daughter does not."

The smile on his lips made Josephine furious. As I have often said, she was not naturally a mild-tempered woman. It often cost her a great effort to restrain herself, as now.

"May I ask, Mr. Summerhayes, what grounds you have for supposing that Miss de Bougainville does not dislike

you, or has the smallest feeling for you which could warrant your addressing to her such a letter as you sent her this morning?"

"You intercepted it, then?"

"No, she gave it to me. She brought it to me at once, as she will bring every letter you may choose to send her. My daughter and I have always been on terms of entire confidence."

"Oh, indeed! A most happy state of things!"

Nevertheless Mr. Summerhayes looked a little disconcerted. Apparently his experience of women had been of a different nature, and had not extended to these bread-and-butter Misses, whose extraordinary candour and trust in their mothers produce such inconvenient results. But he was not easily non-plussed, and in the present instance his necessities were desperate, and admitted of no means being left untried to attain his end. He advanced towards his adversary with a frank and pleasant air.

"Mrs. Scanlan—I beg pardon, Lady de Bougainville, but we cannot readily forget, nor do I wish to forget, old times—you do not like me, I know, but you might at least be just to me. You must perceive that I love your daughter."

"Love!" she echoed contemptuously.

"Well, I wish to marry her—let us put it so, without discussing the rest. She was fond of me as a child, and I dare say she would be now. The difference of age between us is not so enormous. By the bye, is it that you object to?"

"No."

"Then what is it? My family? It is as good as her own. My fortune? That is small, certainly: but she is not poor. Myself personally? Well, such as I am you have known me these fifteen years, and whether you approve of me or not, your husband does. Let me remind you, Lady de Bougainville, that it is the father, not the mother, who disposes of a daughter's hand."

He was very cunning, this clever man; he knew exactly where to plant his arrows and lay his pitfalls; but for once a straightforward woman was more than a match for him.

"Adrienne cannot legally marry without her father's consent; but morally even his consent would not satisfy her without mine. And mine I never will give. You could not expect it."

"Why not? It is an odd thing for a gentleman to have to ask, but no one likes to be condemned unheard. May I inquire, Lady de Bougainville, why I am so very objectionable as a son-in-law?"

His daring was greater than she had anticipated, but somehow it only roused her own. The hackneyed simile of the lioness about to be robbed of her whelps was not inappropriate to Josephine's state of mind now. Every nerve was quivering, every feature tense with excitement. Her very fingers tingled with a frantic desire to seize the man by the throat, and shake the life out of him.

Despite his critical position, Mr. Summerhayes must have found her sufficiently interesting as an artistic study, to note down and remember; for the year afterwards, he exhibited in the Royal Academy a "Slaughter of the Innocents," in which the face of the half-mad mother was not unlike Lady de Bougainville.

This cold critical eye of his brought her to her senses at once.

"I will not have you for my son-in-law," she said in a slow, measured tone, "for a good many reasons, none of which you will much like to hear. But you shall hear them if you choose."

"Proceed; I am listening."

"First, you do not love my child; it is her money only you want. She is plain and not clever, not attractive in any way, only good; how could a man like you be supposed to love her? It is a thing incredible."

"Granted. Then take the other supposition, that I wish to marry her because she loves me."

"If she were so unfortunate as to do so, still, she had better die than marry you. I say this deliberately, knowing what you are, and you know that I know it too."

"I am neither better nor worse than my neighbours," said he carelessly.

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"But come, pray inform me as to my own character. It may be useful information in case I should ever have the honour to call you mother-in-law."

Josephine went close up to his ear, almost whispering her words; nevertheless she said them distinct and sharp as sword-cuts—the righteous sword which few women, and fewer men, ever dare to use. Perhaps the world would be better and purer if they did dare.

"You are a thief, because you cheat poor tradesmen by obtaining luxuries you cannot pay for; a swindler, because you borrow money from your friends on false pretences, and never return it; a liar, because you twist the truth in any way to obtain your ends. These are social offences. As for your moral ones"—Josephine stopped and blushed all over her matron face of forty years—but still she went on unshrinking,—“do you think I have not heard of poor Betsy Dale at the farm, and of Mrs. Hewson, your landlord's wife? And yet you dare to enter my doors and ask for *your* wife my innocent daughter! Shame upon you—seducer—adulterer!”

Bold man as he was, Mr. Summerhayes did look ashamed for a minute or so, but quickly recovered himself.

"This is strong language, somewhat unexpected from the lips of a lady; but I suppose necessary to be endured. In such a position what can a poor man do? I must let you have your own way,—as I noticed in old times you generally had, Lady de Bougainville. Poor Sir Edward!"

The sneer, which she bore in silence, did not, however, prove sufficient safety-valve for his suppressed wrath, which was certainly not unnatural. He turned upon her in scarcely concealed fierceness.

"Still, may I ask, madam, what right you have thus to preach to me? Are you yourself so sublime in virtue, so superior to all human weaknesses, that you can afford to condemn the rest of the world?"

His words smote Josephine with a sudden humility, for she felt she had spoken strongly—more so, perhaps, than

a woman ought to speak. Besides, she had grown much humbler in many ways than she used to be.

"God knows," she said, "I am but too well aware of my own shortcomings. But whatever I may be does not affect what you are. Nor does it alter the abstract right and wrong of the case, and no pity for you—I have been sorry for you sometimes—can blind my eyes to it. I must 'preach,' as you call it; I must testify against the wickedness of men like you so long as I am alive."

"Then you will be a—a rather courageous personage: in fact, a lady more instructive than agreeable. But let us come to the point," added he, casting off the faint gloss of politeness in which he had veiled his manner, and turning upon her a countenance which showed him a man fierce, unscrupulous, dangerous—controlled by nothing except the two grand restraints of self-interest and fear. "Lady de Bougainville, you know me and I know you. I also know your husband—perhaps a little too well; or he may have cause to think so. It is convenient for me to become his son-in-law, and to him to have me as such; for in the tender relations which would then exist between us I should hold my tongue. Otherwise, I shall not feel myself bound to do so. Therefore, you and I, I think, had better be friends than enemies."

It was possibly an empty threat; his last weapon in a losing fight. But in her uncertainty of the extent of his relations with her husband, in her total insecurity as to facts, Josephine felt startled for a moment. Only for a moment. If ever a woman lived in whom no compromise with evil was possible, it was Josephine de Bougainville. Sir Edward used to say, in old jocular days, that if his wife were to meet the devil in person she might scorn him, or pity him, but she would certainly never be afraid of him. No more than she was now afraid of Mr. Summerhayes.

"You think to frighten me," she said, steadily; "but that is quite useless. I have already suffered as much as I can suffer. Do as you will—and I dare you

to do it. I believe that even in this world the right is always the strongest. You shall not marry my daughter! She has been taught to love the right and hate the wrong. She will never love you. If you urge her, or annoy her in any way, I will set the police after you."

"You dare not."

"There is nothing I dare not do if it is to save my child."

"And I suppose, to save your child, you will go blackening me all over the world, crying out from the housetops what a villain is Owen Summerhayes."

"No, that is not my affair. I do not attack you; I only resist you. If I saw a tiger roaming about the forest, I should not interfere with it; it may live its life, as tigers do. But if I saw it about to spring upon my child, or any other woman's child, I would take my pistol and shoot it dead."

"As I verily believe you would shoot me," muttered Owen Summerhayes.

He looked at her—she looked at him. It was in truth a battle hand to hand. Whether any relic of conscience made the man fearful, as an altogether clean conscience made the woman brave, I cannot tell; but Mr. Summerhayes was silent. They stood just under one of those heavenly Madonnas of some old master—I know not which—but they are all heavenly. Is it not always a bit of heaven upon earth, the sight of a mother and child? Perhaps, vile as he was, Summerhayes remembered his mother; or some first love whom in his pure, early days he might have made the happy mother of his lawful child; possibly the angel which, they say, never quite leaves the wickedest heart stirred in his—for he said respectfully, nay, almost humbly, "Lady de Bougainville, what do you wish me to do?"

She never hesitated a moment. Pity for him was ruin to the rest.

"I wish you to quit Paris immediately, and never attempt to see my daughter more."

"And if I dissent from this——"

Josephine paused, weighing well her words—she had learnt to be very pru-



dent now. "I make no threats," she said; "I shall not speak, but act. My daughter is not yet eighteen; until twenty-one she is in my power. I shall watch her night and day. Any letter you write I shall intercept: but there is no need of that, she will give it to me at once. If you attempt an interview with her, I shall give you into the hands of the police. Besides this, no moral persuasion, no maternal influence, that I am possessed of, shall be spared to show you to her in your true colours, till she hates you—no, not you, but your sins—as I do now."

"You can hate, then?" And this clever man for a moment seemed to forget himself and his injuries in watching her; just as a curious intellectual study, no more.

"Yes, I can hate; Christian as I am, or am trying to be. God can hate too."

He laughed out loud. "I do not believe in a God;—do you? In your husband's God, for instance, who, as Burns neatly informs Him,

"Sends aue to heaven and ten to hell,  
A' for Thy glory,  
And no for onie guid or ill  
They've done afore Thee."

Josephine answered the profanity of the man by dead silence. The great struggle of her inward life now, the effort to tear from heaven's truth its swaddling-clothes of human lies, was too sacred to be laid bare in the smallest degree before Owen Summerhayes.

"We have drifted away from our subject of conversation," she said at last; "indeed it has almost come to an end. You know my intentions—and me."

"I believe I have that honour: more honour than pleasure," he answered, with a satirical bow.

"You ought also to know, though I name it as a secondary fact, that it is upon me, and me alone, that my children are dependent; that I have power to make a will, and leave, or not leave,

as I choose, every halfpenny of my fortune."

"Indeed!" said Mr. Summerhayes, a little startled.

Lady de Bougainville smiled. "After this, in bidding you adieu, I have not the slightest fear but that our farewell will be a permanent one."

He bowed again, rather absently, and then his eyes wandering round the room lighted on two ladies watching him.

"Excuse me, but I see a friend; I have so many friends in Paris. Really it is quite *l'embarras de richesses*. May I take my leave of you, Lady de Bougainville?"

Thus they parted: so hastily that she hardly believed he was gone, till she saw him walking round the next *salon*, pointing out pictures to the two French ladies, one of whom, it was evident, admired the handsome Englishman extremely. As I question not, Mr. Summerhayes found many persons, both men and women, to admire him to the end of his days.

But that is neither here nor there. I have nothing to do with him, his course of life, or the circumstances of his latter end. Personally, he crossed no more, either for good or ill, the path of Lady de Bougainville.

When she had parted from him, she turned to walk homewards down the long cool galleries, now gradually filling with their usual Sunday stream of Parisian *bourgeoisie*, chattering merrily with one another, or occasionally stopping to stare with ignorant but well-pleased eyes at the Murillos, Titians, Raffaelles, which cover these Louvre walls. Josephine let it pass her by—the cheerful crowd, taking its innocent pleasure, "though," as some one said of a lark singing—"though it was Sunday." Then, creeping towards the darkest and quietest seat she could find, she sank there utterly exhausted. Her strength had suddenly collapsed, but it was no matter. The battle was done—and won.

*To be continued.*

## ON CATHEDRAL WORK.

BY BROOKE F. WESTCOTT,

*Canon of Peterborough.*

## II.

STILL, however far cathedral bodies may have fallen short of the standard which was set before them, enough has been said to show what they were designed to be by those who were last privileged to found them. They were regarded as centres of theological study, of religious activity, of disciplined life, of education, of devotion; and, in all their work, the wants of the Christian ministry as teachers of the people were to be kept steadily in view. Is there, then, at present any need of an organization directed to these ends? Can it be found in our cathedrals?

I. The first question is one which it is impossible to ask without sadness and disappointment. Nothing can be clearer than that it is the duty of a Church, as such, to provide, not only for the preservation of theological learning, but also for its extension; and yet it is impossible to point to any body in the Anglican Church whose recognised duty it is to bring into the service of Faith all the treasures of wisdom new and old, and to exercise the prerogative of harmonizing in a spiritual unity the converging results of discursive inquiries. By a natural reaction from long inactivity, parochial work has risen to an exclusive predominance in the minds of most Churchmen. The pastoral office must, indeed, always be the predominant office of the Christian ministry, but it is not the only one. The labours of criticism, of historical inquiry, of the co-ordination of the branches of knowledge, may be far lower than the immediate care of souls; but a religion, whose glory it is to be founded on the record of facts, to be gradually embodied in the life of a vast society, to embrace in its promises the whole extent of life, cannot afford to dispense with them.

Some at least of those who are commissioned to declare its teaching must be encouraged to consecrate their whole energies to the fulfilment of a task which demands nothing less. The parish may be the noblest field for spiritual service, but it is evident that the parish priest cannot be a professional student, and still less a professional guide of students. It is true that pastoral experience and intellectual effort must in all cases be combined in some degree, but the simultaneous development of both in their highest forms is impossible; and the Church ought to claim the highest forms of both for her service.

To a certain extent, the Universities have hitherto, it must be allowed, offered a field for the prosecution of the highest forms of theological study which has been, and still is, most fertile; but the steady tendency of all recent schemes for reconstructing the Universities, is to limit their advantages in this direction; nor, again, is this opportunity for labour provided by the Church as a Church. For the time it is available for her use, and supplies what may be wanting elsewhere; but it does not supersede the necessity which is imposed upon her of recognising learning as a handmaid for which she is herself bound to provide. The encouragements and helps which the Universities supply are not her own, and they are also precarious. It is possible, as many confidently predict, that the connexion between the National Church and the Universities will before long be broken; and if such a crisis were to come, the calamity would be indefinitely more disastrous if the Church had not already made some provision from her own resources, for the shelter and encouragement of theology as a science. Even, however, if this prophecy fail of fulfilment, it is undesirable that the Universities should be

the only recognised centres of sacred learning. They offer, it is true, inestimable helps to study, but those who live under their shelter are in many ways less fitted to deal with some speculative questions than those who have been forced to contend with the varied and turbulent currents of the outer world. Even for thought there is a peculiar value in contact with practical life.

But if we admit that individuals will always be found, under the most disadvantageous circumstances, both in the Universities and out of them, who will be ready to give themselves up exclusively to the intellectual service of religion, this is not an adequate satisfaction of the want described. Such labourers must always work discursively, disconnectedly, capriciously. They will not be bound together by any sense of common responsibility; they will not be supported by any sense of mutual sympathy. They will want, so to speak, a public commission for their office: they will want the direct influence of minds exercised in similar studies upon their own imperfect inquiries. When, however, men—however imperfectly equipped—have combined for the execution of any part of the great work indicated, their success has been immeasurably greater than the simple sum of what they could have achieved separately; and if once systematic study be recognised as one of the elements to be provided for in the organization of the Church, it is not difficult to see how much will be added to the stability, the life, the quiet power of religious opinion.

Probably every one will allow that our Church does not at present distinctly recognise learning as a ministerial work, for the fulfilment of which adequate provision must be made; but it may be said that diocesan theological colleges supply the professional instruction which is required. Without pausing to estimate the practical results of these important institutions as supplementary to the Universities,<sup>1</sup> we must reply that,

even if they fulfil to the uttermost all that they undertake (and it is impossible not to be most grateful for what they have done and still do), they nevertheless fall far short of the ideal to which we look. Their staff is necessarily small and variable, and the nature of the work can leave comparatively little time for independent and wide study to those who have charge of them. They are designed, in fact, for teaching, and not for learning. Other objections to their constitution, of greater or less force, have often been urged; but that which is most important is, that they belong to the organization of the diocese, and not to the organization of the Church. Thus they are in some sense private and not ecclesiastical institutions, dependent for their origin and support on the zeal and devotion of individuals, and not a part of the whole system of our religious life and training. We require nothing less than a body which, in its public capacity, shall be charged with the duty of continuing what the professoriate has commenced at the Universities. The great object of the theological teachers in the Universities is to present theology in its true relation to encyclopædic learning; when this end has been gained, it remains for some corresponding group of teachers to define and work out in detail those general lessons, with a view to the personal work of the pastor. Thus theology will be first approached by the candidate for holy Orders from the side of culture, and then from the side of life. It will be at first a liberal study, and then a professional study. The body entrusted with this professional education ought evidently to be independent. Under no other circumstances can it afford to disregard the influences of popularity or the imputations of partisanship; while, at the same time, the student may reasonably expect to receive freely from the National Church

circumstances, necessary, but those to whom they owe most would be among the first to admit that it is their earnest desire to confine the necessity within the narrowest possible limits.

<sup>1</sup> No account is taken here of Theological Colleges which aim at supplying the place of the Universities. These are, under present



the teaching which shall enable him to fulfil the work to which he has finally devoted himself.

It would not be possible to lay down any universal programme for the intellectual teaching which such a body as we have in view would aim to give. Some governing authority would be required in each group of teachers, and some means of ascertaining, from larger observation and more direct knowledge than they could themselves enjoy, the deeper currents of popular thought and feeling. The teaching itself would generally be stimulative and directive, and not formal; it would deal with principles and methods, and not with details for their own sake; it would go back to the deepest foundations of thought and life. This being so, it would vary in some measure with the changes of thought and feeling in the world around. But, as our greatest reformers felt, Biblical criticism in the widest sense is one of the subjects which can never be neglected; and, as later experience has shown, ecclesiastical history is another. At present it is not too much to say, that the most serious dangers which threaten our national Christianity spring from the neglect of the comprehensive study of the Bible and of the life of the Church. The clergy were never, as a body, more zealous, more cultivated, more fitted to command the respect and confidence of the people by their general character; but, on the other hand, it must be allowed that, from the conditions of clerical education, they are deficient in the powers required to temper and control the controversies of the day. Their knowledge of the Bible is not based upon definite criticism; their knowledge of theology is not based upon a historic foundation. Without these essential elements zeal and devotion have a tendency to support themselves by personal sentiment, which must always be fluctuating and uncertain. Conventional dogmatic phrases remain stereotyped, while the circumstances which moulded and interpreted their forms are forgotten. Facts pass away

into the background, while the words which partially represent them are treated as their absolute equivalents. So it comes to pass that, when any rude and unconsidered attack is made upon a part of Holy Scripture, or an acknowledged doctrine, a kind of panic is created, equally unreasonable and inevitable. Our teachers have not been trained to connect the records and the developments of faith with the actual life of men. They have not grown familiar with the circumstances under which the books of the Bible or the decisions of councils were formed and preserved by processes externally analogous to those which fashion other documents and other judgments. They forget, so to speak, the perfect humanity of religion, and consequently are dismayed when any one suddenly isolates from the fulness of its life some distinctively human attribute with which it is invested.

The evil thus commenced spreads rapidly. The alarm of the clergy, whether it be shown in hasty concessions or intemperate opposition, creates among their hearers suspicion or violence; and when the calm assurance that the facts of the Gospel, tested like other facts, are certainly true, is once gone, and we forget that they have been vitally incorporated in the progressive forms of the Christian society, all that is most precious in faith is consigned to the perilous keeping of enthusiasm. Then for a time deep divisions impair the activity and deform the beauty of the Christian body. The power of harmonizing all the elements of life is suspended, owing to the obscuration of the historic side of faith. Only by slow degrees order and light return when actual facts of infinite significance are again used to test traditional and transient applications of them. It may be impossible to avoid entirely crises of such a kind, which mark more or less stages of growth and not of decay only, but at least what is most painful and dangerous in them can be prevented. It would be, of course, unreasonable to expect that every candidate for holy

Orders should be an accomplished critic or a well-read historian, but he can be at least made acquainted with the methods of criticism and history, and thus be enabled to determine firmly what may or may not be expected or admitted in adjusting the relations of the past to the present. This is his specific intellectual qualification, and it is sufficient to enable him to separate the observation of parallel movements from the fear of collision. It may be a very small part of his equipment, but if he enters in any measure on the intellectual side of his work—and all his work has an intellectual side—it is necessary.

We still need, then—to repeat briefly what has been said—some recognised body among the clergy of our Church, whose definite work it shall be to give themselves up to learning and teaching as their ministerial work; who shall be sustained and strengthened by the sense of common responsibility and common labour; who shall fulfil their office as an “order,” so to speak, in the whole body, and not as an accidental appendage to any part of it; who shall guide and encourage candidates for holy Orders by direct instructions and by familiar intercourse; who shall stand, as it were, between the Universities, which represent the highest thought of the country, and the parochial clergy, who represent the most complete devotion of personal service.

2. The want cannot be denied; and to my mind it is not less certain that our cathedrals are still capable of satisfying it, though they have been grievously hampered and impoverished. Changes indeed are necessary, but their tendency would be to restore, and not to innovate. No one can read the cathedral charters of Henry VIII., from which some fragments have been quoted, without feeling that the duties which he assigned to the members of his foundation correspond with the duties now required from those who may be charged with ministering to the intellectual vitality of the Church. Circumstances may have put out of sight the speciality of the office, but the outlines by which the office is

defined remain still clearly written, and custom has no repealing power.

The prescribed qualifications, the duties, and the mutual relations of a dean and chapter presuppose that they will form a learned body, and are laid down with an evident view to the utilization of their powers. The authority of the dean is sufficient to direct and control the energies of his chapter, without destroying their freedom. The common statutory work of both, as interpreted by later injunctions, is so concentrated upon Holy Scripture and historical theology as yet to leave full scope for any treatment of the subject-matter which may seem to be most suitable to the exigencies of any particular time. The cathedral office, as such, is relieved from the all-engrossing occupation of a pastoral charge, so that they who hold it can devote their undivided thoughts to the special work provided for them. In a word, by their constitution, by their relative numbers, by their position, cathedral bodies are fitted to carry on theological studies, and to guide the younger clergy and candidates for Orders in the literary preparations for their duties.<sup>1</sup> And thus in them the obligation to study would give freshness to teaching, and the necessities of personal instruction would save learning from selfish or desultory waste.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> How far, and in what way, pastoral training can be combined with methodical study, I do not presume to say; but the results of some isolated experiments show that much may be done to prepare men for the discharge of spiritual functions before they finally enter upon them. At different centres different opportunities would be found; and here the wide experience of a bishop would enable him to indicate the kind of training most generally required by those about to labour in his own diocese.

<sup>2</sup> At the era of the Reformation the most natural expression of this intellectual activity was in preaching. The sermon presented in a convenient form the results and processes of study which could not otherwise have gained an equally efficient declaration. And so it was that special stress is laid in the new statutes upon this kind of work. But while preaching is still a most important function of a cathedral body, it does not represent now relatively the same function as it discharged in the sixteenth century. It is no longer the *characteristic*

Nor is this the only important office which cathedral bodies are able to fulfil. Though their powers of useful service have been curtailed, they still retain implicitly the means of discharging in some measure the other functions which, as we have seen, were assigned to them at their foundation. They still preserve the noblest and largest field for the development of the different great types of worship—personal, congregational, and representative. In them the outward expression of devotion becomes naturally systematic, for devotion is the adequate counterpoise of study. On the other hand, the opportunity which cathedrals furnish for employing every variety of service gives scope at once for testing the means which are placed at our disposal for meeting the religious wants of great towns, and for consecrating to divine uses all that is best in art.<sup>1</sup> There is also one other purpose in this connexion, for which cathedrals offer singular advantages. Nowhere else would “retreats,” which all experience recommends to, or even forces upon, us, be more soothing or more bracing; and in no other way could the “hospitality to the ministers of Christ,” with which deans and canons are charged, find a more appropriate means of realization.

One other point still remains to be noticed. Cathedral bodies retain the most important elements of corporate life which have been left to our Church. They stand between the bishop and the diocesan clergy, and, in their complete form, include representatives of each type of clerical work. The ruling

work of cathedrals. The corresponding work is rather to be sought in popular written expositions, though present necessities point most definitely to biblical and historical investigations as those on which the whole learning of the Church may for the time be concentrated most fruitfully.

<sup>1</sup> Of the public celebrations of the services I purposely say nothing. This subject has received abundant consideration from those most competent to deal with it, and there is some danger of confounding the work of cathedral bodies with cathedral services. In the statutes of the New Foundation the two ideas are kept quite distinct.

chapter is sufficiently large to embrace differences of feeling and interest, and sufficiently small to admit of practical energy. The larger chapter enables the central body to profit by the pastoral experience of the diocese, and through this to gain that vital knowledge of the actual wants and feelings of the masses of the people which their own labour could not furnish. Whatever use may have been made hitherto of this organization of the larger chapter, it seems evident that it may be brought to contribute in an eminent degree to the strengthening of sympathy, to the widening of knowledge, to the deepening of faith among us. The diocesan clergy, as a body, have no similar opportunity of outwardly realizing their fellowship; and, in connexion with ruri-decanal meetings, the larger chapter may become an important centre of diocesan unity.

It will, however, be said that, even if the original and statutory functions of cathedral bodies are what have been described, while, in fact, such offices as they can discharge are urgently needed now, it is yet hopeless to attempt to bring them once again into vigorous operation: canonries and deaneries have been regarded so long simply as pieces of preferment, without peculiar duties or requirements, that it is impossible to modify the direction of patronage. No plea, I believe, can be more faithless or more false. The two parts of it destroy one another. Cathedral preferment has come to be regarded as a subject of personal patronage only because cathedral work has lost its distinguishing character. Let the work once be defined, and no prime minister, no bishop—and the patronage lies in such hands only—would nominate to it any one who had not shewn some fitness for the charge: no priest would accept a mission for which he had no call. As long as duties are formal or vague, neither opinion nor conscience can exercise any effectual control upon the mode in which the post to which they are attached is conferred: on the other hand, both will combine to guide



and check appointments made for the fulfilment of laborious and special work.

### III.

Little remains to be said as to the details of the reforms which are now required. These are, with one important exception, to be found in the resuscitation of the old cathedral life in a shape corresponding to our changed position. In the cathedrals of the new foundation, power to adapt the statutes to our own century is, with this exception, all that is required.<sup>1</sup> Indeed, the exception itself springs from the altered relation of the parochial clergy generally to their congregations. It was advantageous when preachers were few that the cathedral clergy should hold benefices with their stalls; but no such advantage exists now, and the one essential alteration in their statutory position which must precede the satisfactory discharge of their peculiar functions is that they should hold no cure. Nothing less than the sharpest line will be sufficient to preserve the distinction between the literary (or educational) and the pastoral offices in the Church. At the same time, to give efficiency to this change, longer residence must be enjoined, according to the original constitution. Indeed, the future vitality of our cathedrals depends in a great degree upon the constant co-operation and habitual presence of all the members of the cathedral body within their precincts. Then only can we hope that they will set forward the energetic development of that social and corporate feeling, influence, and action, which will secure the attainment of the

wider ends which are proposed to them. These provisions bring with them another change. The emoluments of a stall, which are ample when they are added to other valuable preferment, and require only very limited residence, will be no longer adequate when the tenure of a stall is thus changed, if the post is to retain the same relative dignity as before. Nor is it likely that any serious objection would be raised to this consequence if the previous conditions were satisfied.

It would be impossible, and even undesirable, as has been already said, to specify very exactly the details of the educational or literary labour to which the members of cathedrals should be expected to devote themselves. Their work would be marked out with sufficient precision if it were described generally as embracing (1) study in its manifold relations to religion, and (2) teaching especially with a view to the training of candidates for the ministry. The wants of different dioceses, no less than the capacities of different men, would call for considerable freedom in determining the mode of satisfying these two broad conditions, while actual work done would witness to the success of the method adopted in any particular case. One feature, however, to which peculiar prominence is given in the old statutes would naturally receive special attention. The interpretation of Scripture as a science should be suggested as a duty in every case; and such a subject, both in its principles and in its practical application, could not fail to offer the noblest opportunities for chastening and quickening and strengthening faith. On the other hand, business of routine and organization would be done far more efficiently by others than by men engaged in arduous study; and for these the services of the laity can be fairly claimed.

No less liberty must be left in fixing the relations in which the students gathered round the cathedral should stand to the cathedral professoriate. Experience would decide in each case

<sup>1</sup> In any reform it seems desirable to retain, as far as possible, the characteristic differences of the Old and New Foundations. I have been led to study the latter with the greatest care, and so to detect their peculiar value for ourselves. Any one who would give equal attention to the common basis of the cathedrals of the Old Foundation, would probably find in them other and complementary advantages. The general differences of the two are well summed up in the *First Report*, pp. x. xi.

how far it would be desirable to combine anything of college discipline and common life with teaching and superintendence. The one essential point is that each candidate for holy Orders, and each young clergyman, should feel that the Church has appointed certain teachers, easily accessible, from whom he has a right to look for help and encouragement to the utmost of their power, at the difficult outset of his work.

If these outlines were once firmly traced it would be superfluous to add any conditions to the exercise of patronage. There would, without doubt, be many individual failures and mistakes, but the general result could not fail to answer fairly to the plan. Still, a valuable suggestion has been made: that each nomination should be accompanied by a document setting forth the reasons for making it, to be preserved in the archives of the chapter.<sup>1</sup>

However, it is unnecessary now to enter upon this or other questions of detail, as the relation of the dean to the canons, and of both to the bishop,<sup>2</sup> the

<sup>1</sup> *Final Report*, p. x.

<sup>2</sup> In this connexion two important provisions may be noticed:—1. In the preamble to the Elizabethan Statutes of Ely (which differs in this respect, and in many others, from that

convocation of chapters, the superintendence of the cathedral schools, the preparation of candidates for lay readerships, the provision for superannuation, which require revision or determination. It is enough to have called attention to some salient points in what is not so much a scheme for reform as a scheme for restoration. No one, I believe, will question the reality of the peculiar wants in the present organization of our Church which have been pointed out. No one who will study the original constitution of our cathedrals can doubt that they were designed, and are still able, to satisfy them if their statutes are reasonably interpreted. And if this is so, no one can trust so little to the religious spirit of England as to believe that a recognised remedy for an acknowledged evil is beyond the hope of attainment.

of Henry VIII.) it is said that the dean and chapter are to be men “qui ad exemplum primitivæ ecclesiæ loco presbyterii episcopo in omnibus gravioribus causis adesse possint.” (*App. to Report*, 62.) 2. It is enacted in the Canons of 1603, that “they who shall assist the Bishop in examining [persons for holy Orders] and laying on of hands shall be of his Cathedral Church, if they may conveniently be had” . . . (*Canon* 35). These two laws are evidently capable of being made of important practical use.

## VALENTINIANA.

BY MARWOOD TUCKER.

PERHAPS the most austere Saint in the Romish calendar has been the means of perpetuating the name of a Christian bishop and martyr mainly through his connexion with the anniversary of love and merriment. St. François de Sales felt that much of the material sentiment of earthly love would linger among the crowd, so long as the sensuous creations of pagan mythology were allowed to retain their hold of festive seasons or days. At all times, and under every system of religion, whether false or true, there has been, and probably will be, a tendency on the part of boys and girls to fall in love with one another; but certainly this inclination was assisted not a little by the genial deities in whom the Romans pretended to believe. It was not sufficient that each god or goddess should have his or her distinct feast, when the somewhat active contemplation of the pleasures of sense became a sacred duty to their votaries; but by a happy combination Juno and Pan both chanced to appropriate the 15th of February. What wonder was it, then, that their followers should conceive and carry out the seductive idea of celebrating the day together; and that youths who had drawn a maiden's name from the hallowed urn, should do their best to make the allotted partnership pleasant for the time? The ceremonies—if the name may be applied to rites which were as primitive as the clothing of the worshippers—at this festival of the Lupercalia were strangely inappropriate to any life but that of uncivilized shepherds; and yet they were observed by Imperial and even Christian Rome, no less than by the primitive hamlet of Romulus and Remus. When, in A.D. 496, Pope Gelasius had courage to abolish these scandalous orgies—for

they were nothing less—he thought it necessary to explain his conduct, and attempt an appeal to the superstitious fears of the Roman Senator and populace. Looking through the roll of saints and martyrs to whom the day on which they suffered was to be consecrated in future, he found that some 200 years before, on the 14th of February, A.D. 270, Valentine, a bishop of eminent piety, had been crucified in the Forum, close to the nook in the Palatine Hill where the altar of Pan was originally placed, and where tradition affirmed that the sacred wolf had suckled the founders of Rome. What could be better, then, and more appropriate, than to substitute for idolatrous sensuality the commemoration each year of an event which had served to consecrate almost on the same day its actual scene? The old Fathers had many faults, but ignorance of human nature was not generally one of them; and it was not often that they failed as signally as did Gelasius in his endeavour to give to the people some other subject round which their thoughts might collect at the accustomed time of the abolished Lupercalia.

As is often the case where a subject requires rapid treatment, and yet necessitates some reference to antiquity, I am obliged to pass by a giant stride from this point to the seventeenth century. I may as well confess, moreover, that I have not the requisite knowledge to fill up the gulf. When the curtain falls upon St. Valentine's enrolment in the book of martyrs, it baffles all investigation into the ceremonial observance of the 14th of February, until it is drawn up again in these later ages. Whether the sacred associations during these centuries continuously excluded



the profane, it is impossible to say. Conjecturing from human nature, I should say that they did not; but, trusting to monkish chroniclers, I must acknowledge that they did. Compilers of Church calendars and saintly biographies had things pretty much their own way in the book-market; and all that they have done is, one after another, in well-nigh identical words, to praise the Christian bishop, and throw stones at the heathen gods and goddesses. They enlarge upon their hero's reputation for sanctity, and tell us that his reconversion to Paganism would have been regarded as so great a triumph, that he was treated at first with special honour; that when brought up for trial the pathetic eloquence of his pleading for Christianity produced upon emperor and courtiers an effect equal both in success and failure to that of St. Paul; and that Claudius wished to spare him even at the last. We learn that from the close neighbourhood of his tomb the present Porta del Popolo was long called Porta Valentina; and that his relics may be, as alleged, in the Church of St. Sebastian, but that the whole, or a share of them, is also claimed by three other churches at Rome, and two at Milan; while Macerata in the March of Ancona boasts of an arm, and the abbey of Jumièges in Normandy, St. Denis, and S. Pietro at Milan, as well as the Cathedral of Antwerp, all display fragments of a body which they assert to have been his. After all, they only succeeded in scotching the snake, not in killing it; or, to speak more politely, they only clipped Cupid's wings, and believed him to sleep, when in truth he was awake in high spirits and vigour. The name of the martyr continued throughout to cling to the day; but in 1620 the annual observance had little else of the severity of martyrdom. St. François de Sales was the first to write the title and sufferings of our saint upon the slips of paper called "Valentines" given to boys on this day, and which used to bear words of sweeter and more feminine signification.

Passing onwards we find that among our grandfathers and grandmothers the customs of Valentine's day were, in spite of clerical injunctions, pretty much the same in the parlour, though a trifle less refined, than they now are in the kitchen. At one time, young ladies chose a favoured swain, young gentlemen a favourite sweetheart, to be their Valentine, and a good deal of pleasant companionship, and some not unpleasant liberties, were permitted between the pairs. At another period the first of the opposite sex upon whom a girl's eyes alighted after daybreak on February the 14th was to be her mate most probably for life; and one compiler of a gazetteer after another reprints the story of the damsel who remained in her bedroom with eyes shut, door locked, shutters fastened, and blinds and curtains drawn, until she wished-for Mr. Blossom's step was heard to enter the house. The penny post has, however, made the greatest change in all this, and, strangely enough, while it has developed an elegant manufacture employing many hundreds of workpeople, it has fulfilled much of the original intention of old St. François; for there is little of the grossness of love in the pleasure which children take in the pretty trifles which they, and they alone in most cases, now receive on this anniversary. The fashion of sending valentines to every child of one's acquaintance has become so rapidly universal in our own day that the number of letters passing through the General Post Office for delivery in London and the suburbs alone has increased five-fold within the last nine years; and whereas in 1860 it only reached a little over 300,000, it amounted in 1868 to considerably more than a million and a half. The designs of many of them are so graceful and elaborate, that the letter-carriers are not the only people who rather dread the day; but a little knowledge of the real skill displayed by the different workpeople, and the vast amount of money expended by the principal manufac-

turers, goes far to console the conscience for the emptiness of the pocket on the 15th of this month.

Eastward as well as westward, in the City and the Strand no less than in Regent Street, there are numberless valentine-sellers; and in a room at the top of the house of one such, not far from the centre of the Strand, you will find a crowd of neatly-dressed and pleasant-looking girls engaged for six months beforehand in transforming the raw materials into those graceful compositions which will appear in the window ere many days. The raw materials, in this case, consist of sheets of little Cupids in every conceivable attitude, and of groups of flowers (principally roses, forget-me-nots, and heartsease) from Germany; piles of little squares of silk and satin, upon which sprigs of fuchsia and jessamine have been charmingly painted by hand in Paris, from designs sent from here a year ago; while of London-make there are boxes of artificial flowers and of pearl beads, chests of little landscapes printed in colours, and quires of embossed, silvered, and gilded paper and envelopes, and of that delicate lacework which is a perpetual wonder to children of all ages. Of course the process of perfuming, if required, is done before the materials are given out to be made up. If it is difficult to realize the amount of work that has gone to the preparation of each of these various ingredients, and the number of hands employed, just take one item—that of lace-paper, of which the manufacture might have been seen at the last Paris Exhibition, or may now be inspected by any one whose curiosity will carry him not a hundred yards from Temple Bar, to a printing-works in one of those quaint rabbit-warrens which surround the legal quarter—Crane Court, Fleet Street. A flat sheet of plain white paper, that has to be transformed into a tissue of gold or silver lace, will upstairs have the design printed on it from a stone, in a kind of varnish, to which the gold or silver leaf sticks when rubbed

off carefully from the other parts. The sheet has then to go downstairs to be embossed, to a long low room in the basement, with at each end four or five presses, like those which many people use to stamp their own note-paper immensely magnified, and down the centre three huge giants of the same description—the largest standing some nine feet from the floor, and having a driving-wheel ten feet in diameter. Our sheet is handed first to a boy, who makes two holes in it to catch the register-pins which are to keep it in position while in the press, and then, after being embossed, goes upstairs again to a small room covered with white powder like the inside of a mill, where the perforation is done. This, the hardest and most laborious process of all, is the only one—except, of course, the designing—which cannot be managed by machinery. Each sheet has to be placed separately on the die, and all the open parts rubbed away by hand with glass-paper. So much for the work required to produce a sheet of lace-paper, without mentioning the art of designing and the labour of cutting the dies in the first instance. For some of the more elaborate of these dies the engraver alone receives as much as 110*l.*; and the time required for preparing them is so great that new patterns for 1871 have been already several months in hand. The sheets of little coloured landscapes or bouquets are of course prepared like other colour-printing; but people who do not know that process will scarcely realize the amount of work which is required for a page of little pictures, where perhaps nine colours are employed. To print this nineteen stones are used. On the first, called the *key-stone*, a skeleton design is traced, and from that nine *offsets* are printed, *i.e.* one for each colour. These offsets are drawn in their respective colours by hand, and then transferred to the actual stones to be used in printing by means of transfer-paper, which is prepared in such a manner that it imbibes nothing, but transfers to the stone everything

that it has received from the off-set, itself remaining as white as it was at the beginning. Finally, if the flowers on our sheet have to be raised, they must, of course, go through the embossing press after the colour-printing is finished.

Besides the ornamental epistles which celebrate St. Valentine's morning in London and most other towns, there is in out-of-the-way parts of England, as well as in some parts of the Continent, a pretty custom of treating the day as the fit season for friendly gifts. In Norwich, for instance, and the county of Norfolk generally, the correct thing is to cover your present well up in a basket, pin a paper outside to say "Good-morrow, Valentine," and then, putting it on the doorstep of your friend's house, ring the bell and run away, leaving him to puzzle out the giver—for in this, as in tokens of the day elsewhere, it seems necessary that the sender should be unknown. A pathetic instance of this mode of commemorating the saint was told me a few years ago by a fisherman at that most charming of seaside places, Cromer, in Norfolk. I was there early in the autumn, and the herring-catchers, a fine hardy race of fellows who reminded me of the noble Clovelly men, had not yet all gone off for their annual cruise, but many were still to be seen about the beach preparing their boats and nets. We had been much taken with a bright-eyed lad of some ten years old who used to sell us shrimps, and who, though totally deaf and dumb, was always smiling and happy. It was easy to see that he was not strong, but his mother and an elder sister took so much care of him that he was kept in good health. His father, too, a thoroughly good specimen of his class, was very tender with the boy; and, as coming up from the beach he passed by our garden-gate, I used often to speak to him about his son. One night we had stood talking longer than usual, till in the confidence that tobacco not infrequently brings about, he told me this story, but in words of earnest

simplicity, which I am unable to imitate. I had asked him if the boy had been always deaf and dumb—if he had been born so.

"Thank God! no, sir," he said; "that would be terribly sad. 'Tis now three autumns ago, when I and my mates were away fishing, as we always are at this season, in the north seas. While we were out a fever came up, as I believe, from that open drain across the beach down yonder,<sup>1</sup> and made bad work in the village. None of us men knew aught of it, for we had not chanced to have good luck that year, and it was pretty nigh the end of November before we had got into a good shoal of herrings. However, when we did, 'twas a real good one, and by the time we had laid up our craft at Yarmouth and reckoned up what we had got for our fish, there were a tidy few pounds for each of us. I and two more started off for this place in a trap we hired and had a merry ride, thinking how we should please the wives with the good purse we had filled.

"You see that corner, sir, round which young Squire Wyndham's coach is now rattling; well, we had just come to that corner, when I saw Richard May, my wife's brother, coming along the road. He looked terribly scared, and the sight of him made me feel scared too, somehow, though I had been gay enough just before. 'Bill, you're wanted home,' says he, and home I went as quick as possible; but I knew for certain there was something wrong.

"Our house is at the end of the street, just behind this spot, and it seemed strange that neither wife nor any of the children were in the way to meet me. The latch of the door, too, when I reached it, was unfastened. Inside the kitchen there weren't none of Mary's work nor things about as usual. 'Twas most as much as I could do to run upstairs, and there in our

<sup>1</sup> This drain is, I believe, now covered over.—M. T.



little bedroom, close at the best of times, but now chokeful, as you may say, of fever-heat, were all of them. This poor lad and his sister were ill on one bed, the wife was most worn out with nursing them and with the care of a four months' babe, and so was her good old mother, who, like a real Christian soul, had been with them all along. Besides these two and the infant, I had only one other child, a sweet little round-faced girl of three years old, and I was making up my mind to ask where Jenny was, when the wife took a load off my mind by saying, 'Uncle Dick has got our little Jane all safe.'

"'Twas a weary time for us right on through Christmas, but at last both the children got round again. This lad suffered most, and took a strange fancy that we wished to poison him. He never could have lived but for the doctor's kindness in coming, like a good man as he is, times and times every day.

"All through our Jenny lass was kept still at her uncle's opposite, and it was fine to see her merry face smiling at the window, and hear the little voice sing-

ing; but we wouldn't have her home for fear of infection.

"One morning we heard a knock at the door, and wondered, as the neighbours were even yet most feared to come nigh us. On the doorstep was a basket covered with a shawl, and under the shawl a bit of a note pinned to say, 'If the Valentine has come too soon, send it back again.' We had forgot 'twas Valentine's morn, and now we guessed at once 'twas little Jane sent home, and sorrowed; but the wife could not bear to part with her, and 'twas no wonder—was it, sir?—when she saw the sweet babe asleep in the basket. No need to say much more, sir; you can guess the rest. Four days after that Johnny came rushing down to meet me as I came in from a bit of a sail, the tears were running down his cheeks, and I knew without his signs that the little lass had got the fever. Thank God, our little maid had no pain! 'Tis three years ago, as I said, but the grief ain't, nor won't be yet awhile, much healed up since that morn when our Jenny died, just seven days after the Valentine had come."

THE TRANSLATION OF FAITH.<sup>1</sup>*St. Peter's, January 6th, 1870.*

## I.

HIGH in the midst the pictured Pentecost  
 Showed in a sign the coming of the Ghost,  
 And round about were councils blazoned  
 Called by the Fathers in a day long dead,  
 Who once therein, as well the limner paints,  
 Upbuilt the faith delivered to the saints.

Without the council-hall, in dawning day,  
 The mass of men had left a narrow way  
 Where ever-burning lamps enlock the tomb  
 In golden glamour and in golden gloom.  
 There on the earth is peace, and in the air  
 An aspiration of eternal prayer;  
 So many a man in immemorial years  
 Has scarcely seen that image for his tears,  
 So oft have women found themselves alone  
 With Christ and Mary on the well-worn stone.

Thereby the conclave of the bishops went,  
 With grave brows cherishing a dim intent,  
 As men who travelled on their eve of death  
 From every shore that man inhabiteth,  
 Not knowing wherefore, for the former things  
 Fade from old eyes of bishops and of kings.

With crimson raiment one from Bozrah came,  
 On brow and breast the rubies flashed in flame;  
 And this from Tyre, from Tunis that, and he  
 From Austral islands and the Austral sea;—  
 And many a swarthy face and stern was there,  
 And many a man who knows deep things and rare,  
 Knows the Chaldaic and the Coptic rite,  
 The Melchian-Greek and Ebio-Maronite,  
 Strange words of men who speak from long ago,  
 Lived not our lives, but what we know not know.

And some there were who never shall disdain  
 The Orders of their poverty and pain;

<sup>1</sup> Public Session of the Œcumenical Council, in St. Peter's, Rome, January 6 (Feast of the Epiphany), 1870.

Amidst all pomp preferring for their need  
The simple cowl and customary weed,—  
Some white and Carmelite, and some alway  
In gentle habit of Franciscan grey.

O Francis! never may thy sainted name  
Be thought or written save with soul aflame,  
Nor spoken openly nor breathed apart  
Without a stir and swelling of the heart ;—  
O mate of Poverty! O pearl unpriced!  
O co-espoused, co-transforate with Christ!

And lo, the Sovereign Pontiff, Holy Sire,  
Fulfilled anew the Catholic desire ;—  
Beneath the scroll of Peter's charge unfurled  
He sat him at the centre of the world,  
Attending till the deeds of God began,  
And the One Sacrifice was slain for man.

But yet to me was granted to behold  
A greater glory than the Pontiff's gold ;—  
To my purged eyes before the altar lay  
A figure dreamlike in the noon of day ;  
Nor changed the still face, nor the look thereon,  
At ending of the endless antiphon,  
Nor for the summoned saints and holy hymn  
Grew to my sight less delicate and dim :—  
How faint, how fair that immaterial wraith!  
But looking long I saw that she was Faith.

## II.

Last in the midst of all a patriarch came,  
Whose nation none durst ask him, nor his name,  
Yet 'mid the Eastern sires he seemed as one  
Fire-nurtured at the springing of the sun,  
And in robe's tint was likest-hued to them  
Who wear the Babylonian diadem.  
His brows black yet and white unfallen hair  
Set in strange frame the face of his despair,  
And I despised not, nor can God despise,  
The silent splendid anger of his eyes.  
A hundred years of search for flying Truth  
Had left them glowing with no gleam of youth  
A hundred years of vast and vain desire  
Had lit and filled them with consuming fire ;  
Therethrough I saw his fierce eternal soul  
Gaze from beneath that argent aureole ;  
I saw him bow his hoar majestic head,  
I heard him, and he murmured, " Faith is dead."



Through arch and avenue the rumour ran,  
 Shed from the mighty presence of the man ;  
 Through arch and avenue and vault and aisle  
 He cast the terror of his glance awhile,  
 Then rose at once and spake with hurrying breath,  
 As one who races with a racing Death.

“How long ago our fathers followed far  
 That false flame of the visionary star !  
 Oh better, better had it been for them  
 To have perished on the edge of Bethlehem,  
 Or ere they saw the comet stoop and stay,  
 And knew the shepherds, and became as they !  
 Better for us to have been, as men may be,  
 Sages and silent by the Eastern sea,  
 Than thus in new delusion to have brought  
 Myrrh of our prayer, frankincense of our thought,  
 For One whom knowing not we held so dear,  
 For One who sware it, but who is not here.  
 Better for you, this shrine when ye began,  
 An earthquake should have hidden it from man,  
 Than thus through centuries of pomp and pain  
 To have founded and have finished it in vain,—  
 To have vainly arched the labyrinthine shade,  
 And vainly vaulted it, and vainly made  
 For saints and kings an everlasting home  
 High in the dizzying glories of the dome.  
 For not one minute over hall or Host  
 Flutters the peerless presence of the Ghost,  
 Nor falls at all, for art or man’s device,  
 On mumbled charm and mumming sacrifice,—  
 But either cares not, or forspent with care  
 Has flown into the infinite of air.

Apollo left you when the Christ was born,  
 Jehovah when the temple’s veil was torn,  
 And now, even now, this last time and again,  
 The presence of a God has gone from men.  
 Live in your dreams, if ye must live, but I  
 Will find the light, and in the light will die.”

### III.

At that strange speech the sons of men amazed  
 Each on the other tremulously gazed,  
 When lo, herself,—herself the age to close,—  
 From where she lay the very Faith arose ;  
 She stood as never she shall stand again,  
 And for an instant manifest to men :—

In figure like the Mother-maid who sees  
The deepest heart of hidden mysteries,  
On that strange night when from her eyes she shed  
A holy glory on the painter's bed,  
And Agnes and the angels hushed awhile,  
Won by her sadness sweeter than a smile.  
Such form she wore, nor yet henceforth will care  
That form, or form at all, on earth to wear;  
For those sweet eyes, which once, with flag unfurled,  
So many a prince would follow through the world,—  
That face, the light of dreams, the crown of day,  
Lo, while we looked on her, was rapt away;  
O mystic end and O vanished queen!

When shall we see thee as our sires have seen?

And yet, translated from the Pontiff's side,  
She did not die, O say not that she died!  
She died not, died not, O the faint and fair!  
She could not die, but melted into air.

And first the conclave and the choir, and then  
The immeasurable multitude of men,  
Bowed and fell down, bowed and fell down, as though  
A rushing mighty wind had laid them low;  
Yea to all hearts a revelation came,  
As flying thunder and as flying flame;  
A moment then the vault above him seemed  
To each man as the heaven that he had dreamed;  
A moment then the floor whereon he trod  
Became the pavement of the courts of God;  
And in the aisles was silence, in the dome  
Silence, and no man knew that it was Rome.

ROME, *January 7, 1870.*

## ESTELLE RUSSELL.

## CHAPTER XLIX.

## JEALOUSIES.

BEFORE the end of January Lady Vivian was settled in her temporary home, a house on the Toulouse road, less than a mile from Château Montaignu. If the Comte and Comtesse had been the confidants of my lady's secret object, they could hardly have furthered it better than in taking that house for her. It was near enough for intimacy, yet not too near. The grounds communicated with the château grounds, so that my Lady might pay or receive visits, formal or friendly, as she thought fit. The house was arranged with that mingling of splendour and discomfort which English people feel so acutely when living on the Continent in places not generally patronised by their countrymen. My Lady felt the difference between Toulouse and Pau most vividly in this respect. But she did not vex herself over the matter as she would have done had she come to Toulouse for simple change of air and scene. By the very fact of her coming abroad she had defeated her mother-in-law's fondest wishes; she had taken the children out of their grandmother's way, and consequently broken up the influence Mrs. Vivian had flattered herself she was gaining over their young minds. Mrs. Vivian thought it was most improper for her daughter-in-law to go into a Popish country in her present circumstances. It was all very well when her husband was alive; they went for his health, and his being with her was quite sufficient protection. But now there was no such reason; and her plain duty was to stay at Vivian Court, and look after her children, and the poor, and the schools which Sir Louis had founded.

Having made up her mind to go abroad, Lady Vivian took a quiet plea-

sure, while her arrangements were in progress, in overturning, one by one, her mother-in-law's arguments in favour of seclusion within the precincts of the Court. If she must go to France, why not go back to Pau, where there was respectable English society and an English church? No. She would not go to Pau, and she would not go into English society, as long as English society required her to hide her hair under a horrid widow's cap. As for the English church, she didn't want to be bothered with English clergymen abroad; it was quite bad enough to have the Rector prosing for hours about his schools and his choir when she was at home. Besides, the Pau clergyman was Evangelical, and she was sick of the Evangelicals. No, she had made up her mind to go to Toulouse, and to Toulouse would she go! She wanted to attend High Mass in the cathedral again, and to see the ceremonies in Holy Week, and the assembly of clergy on Easter-day. It was fifty times better than going to the theatre; Mrs. Vivian might take her word for that. Was she unprotected? Pshaw! Was she not in the deepest mourning that Jay had got in his whole shop? *Minus* the cap, of course!

Of course! Might she beg as a particular favour that Mrs. Vivian would say no more about that cap? A confidential servant? No, indeed; confidential servants were one's greatest plague on the Continent. They were always grumbling about their food; they turned up their noses at omelette and claret, and sighed after English beef and English ale. She should take no servants whatever with her. The Montaignus would put half-a-dozen into the house, and she would add to the number herself if occasion required.

As Sir Louis Vivian had not expressed any wish or opinion on the subject of his wife's residence after his



death either by his will or by word of mouth to his mother, Mrs. Vivian, having delivered her testimony, could do nothing but shake her head and purse up her lips whenever the subject was broached. She confided some of her fears to Dr. Vandeleur, but he only stared, and then laughed good-humouredly. The idea of the Jesuits of Toulouse getting hold of his pleasure-loving sister-in-law and turning her into a nun was too comical to be treated with gravity. He suggested in pure fun that Mrs. Vivian should go as guardian and detective; he would himself have offered to undertake the office, but unfortunately was not gifted with a capacity for scenting out Jesuits in disguise. This proposal, made in joke to Lady Vivian, was rejected with scant courtesy by her ladyship. No, she said fiercely, it was enough to have Mrs. Vivian's company thrust upon her in England. Abroad she declined it absolutely.

With her own hands Lady Vivian packed up the marble bust. One of the first things she did, when settled in her new abode, was to have it repaired, and placed in her room while a proper pedestal was being prepared for it. It stood, harmless enough, in a dark corner. There my Lady left it, till circumstances should favour its production. She could well afford to wait for such a dainty morsel of revenge as its recognition by Raymond de Mont-aigu as his wife's likeness promised to be.

So, waiting for this favourable combination of circumstances, winter passed and spring came with its violets and its forget-me-nots, and still Lady Vivian waited, because the time had not yet come for revealing her secret. A little more, and she would be sure of Raymond. She was not sure yet. She knew he admired her; she knew she amused him; she had succeeded in her utmost exaction of gallant attention; but she had never once succeeded in making him tender. And she could not fathom the meaning of his manner to his wife. Meanwhile she rode with

him nearly every day; and if Estelle made a third, she seemed a very shadowy third indeed beside Lady Vivian's full dark eyes, scarlet lips, and ever-ready laughter.

Poor, silent, pale creature! My Lady almost pitied her at times; never more than when she surveyed herself contentedly in her mirror after one of these rides with Raymond, wondering—nay, she wondered fifty times a day—what either the English baronet or the French count could ever have seen to like so much in that miserable-looking, ghost-like Estelle.

For the matter of that, Raymond's face was miserable enough when no one saw it. Yet it would have taken an intellect tenfold more subtle than Lady Vivian's, and a heart a hundredfold tenderer, to fathom the meaning of his manner to his wife. Even the Abbé d'Eyrieu, with all his affection for them both, could not do it; could only see with grief that something there was, something terribly wrong between the two. If he could have conjectured which was in fault, he might have ventured by virtue of his office to speak to that one; but there all his experience was at a loss. What D'Eyrieu saw, all the world saw,—studied deference on the wife's side to the husband's will; studied courtesy on the husband's side towards the wife: neither ever failing in either respect to the other. But the defect—the want of fusion—which made these two, who should have been one, as completely two as if no bond had ever existed between them, could not fail to be visible, in spite of the effort of husband and wife to keep their misery sacred from the world's cruel eye.

It was the unacknowledged difficulty of this effort which had made them tacitly agree to remain at the château instead of spending the winter season in Toulouse. "I am not strong enough to visit," Estelle said, and Raymond considered that quite a sufficient reason to give his mother, when she inquired what they meant by staying out in the country when Carnival had begun.

"And you are going to sacrifice your-

self for her? What next?" cried Madame.

"Why not, mother? Besides, I have my occupations; I shall have no time to be dull."

"Do you intend publishing another book? I thought you had given up that vulgar fancy."

"I believe I have for the time," Raymond answered.

Comtesse Octavie took her daughter-in-law to task without fail on the first opportunity. "What do you mean by thus secluding yourself?" she asked. "Are you going to turn pious? When I was at your age, I was in the zenith of my beauty. I danced all the Carnival through, and was as fresh on Mardi Gras as I was on New Year's day. Ah! I did enjoy my youth!"

Estelle smiled. "I do not think I shall ever dance again," she said with a look at her black dress, and a sigh as sad as the smile.

Comtesse Octavie gave a grunt of displeasure. "What your purpose is in wearing that dress, Heaven knows. You can't dance in it, of course, custom forbids. Take my advice, change it for something more cheerful; and perhaps the wish to dance will come back. At any rate, both your husband and myself would cease to have the sad reflection forced continually upon us, that he has lost his only child, I my only grandchild."

Estelle made no reply; the time was past when she had to enforce silence on herself during her mother-in-law's taunts. But, in spite of her seeming apathy, they stung her; only she did not feel, the sting till afterwards.

Winter came, and with it the Countess Dowager. Unhappy as she had been all through the winter, Estelle wished the time back again, as the old weary attempt began on her part and on Raymond's, towards keeping up appearances before people.

She began to be afraid now to remain half the day in her retreat in the disused apartment above the chapel, lest her mother-in-law's indomitable curiosity should ferret her out, and wonder and comment should be stirred up all through

the château at her choosing such an owl's nook. And again, this effort at outward unity only showed how terribly far apart husband and wife had drifted from each other during those few winter months.

This Raymond felt; and he it was who suffered now the more acutely of the two.

The anger which had at first predominated had died out; he had ceased to stigmatize to himself as a cruel fraud Estelle's whole conduct during their married life. He found himself regarding it from quite another point of view; and now distinguished in it a certain nobleness of character, and in her confession—late as it was—a wonderful loyalty, to which he had been blind before.

Thinking thus of her, his own conduct under the circumstances seemed far removed from the heroic. He remembered certain stinging speeches addressed to Estelle in his first outburst of wrath and disappointment; remembered these and the looks and tones which had accompanied them, with as tingling a sense of disgrace as if he had been struck on the mouth with his own weapon.

He saw now, how by his want of self-command and forbearance he had insured defeat beforehand in what might yet have been the highest object of his life, namely, keeping intact that trust in him which she had shown by the very fact of her confession; and winning back the love she had given once, by compelling her gratitude. In a noble mind such as hers, gratitude was a plant bearing no niggard fruit.

But the golden opportunity had been lost through his petulance. Instead of making her grateful, he had only raised the spirit of resistance in her. He longed as much now, as then, to know, though he dared not ask, whom she had loved so long and so hopelessly. Had he abstained from asking, or even had he met her refusal in a different manner, on how widely different a footing might they be with each other now!

But it was too late. Estelle was not

one of those spaniel-like women whom their husbands may cuff or kiss at will, always sure of the same loving looks, the same grateful demeanour. She had never stooped to wheedling or coaxing in any form, neither could she be wheedled or coaxed. She was one of those quiet, apparently fragile natures in which silence covers an intensity of feeling which rarely exists in those whose emotions find easy utterance.

She was one of those women whose tenacity of memory never fails; who neither forget nor forgive. If she had not been able to forget her old love, more surely still she would never be able to forgive the husband's reception of her avowal of it.

Taking this for granted, Raymond, in accordance with his old habit, tried an anodyne. Study and business had both failed as anodynes hitherto, perhaps because his wife was intimately associated in his mind with both. But Estelle was not even remotely associated in his mind with Lady Vivian, and gradually the custom grew upon him of passing an hour almost daily in her society.

As for intention, he had none. When Lady Vivian first came, there were a thousand and one things which required alteration and amendment about the house, and she had chosen him as her interpreter-in-chief. The place was as nearly perfect now as a temporary sojourn could be, but the habit had grown upon him of walking through the gardens to say "good morning," and to inquire *miladi's* commands; and *miladi* was handsome and *piquante*, and amused him. That was all.

Estelle, much against her will, had been spending an afternoon with Madame Fleury, and was returning to the château. As soon as the carriage got within sight of the grounds, she alighted, and desired old Jean-Marie to drive on, as she would walk the rest of the way by the private path.

This path skirted the grounds for half a mile, being in fact the boundary between the Montaigu demesne and the piece of land belonging to the house

rented by Lady Vivian. Estelle walked on, marking in an absent manner the burst of leaf by the wayside, and the long slanting light the setting sun cast on the wet meadows; marking it, but not enjoying it, for her mind was full of other things, and her mood was a very bitter one.

Madame Fleury's one intention in persuading her to spend that afternoon with her had been to inform her of certain reports which she conceived Estelle ought to know. Her house was a complete emporium for Toulouse gossip, and she might have unconsciously exaggerated the reports in transmitting them; but Estelle felt that she was too kind-hearted to have invented them, and she had found it very hard to keep an undisturbed countenance while good Madame Fleury disburthened herself of what she avowed had long been weighing heavily on her mind.

The sum of her disclosures, and the head and front of Estelle's offending, appeared to be: first, that she had withdrawn herself from the Protestant circle; secondly, that she had left off her attendance on the Temple services; thirdly, that she was supposed to be on the point of turning Catholic; or, if not, that she was become an atheist, like her husband.

"And," concluded Madame Fleury, "they do say too, my dear young friend, that you and your husband are not on good terms."

Estelle had sat quite quiet, determined to hear all Madame Fleury had to say, since she had let her begin. But at this last speech her endurance suddenly gave way.

"It is well that my husband is not here to hear you say that!" she cried, with a sudden burst of indignation, and a blaze of defiance in her eyes that awed Madame Fleury, and made her wish too late that she had held her tongue.

"Who dares to say this?" Estelle went on, with her heart beating to suffocation, but steadfast in her determination to keep her own and her husband's secret. "Who dares say this wicked



thing? If it is a man, tell him to keep out of Raymond's way. But no, it is only women who can be so mean and so cruel: it is only women who can stab each other so!"

"My dear young friend, don't take it so to heart," whimpered Madame Fleury; "of course *I* never imagined it to be true. If I had, do you think I should have told you?" she added, naively.

"Of course, Madame, I don't think *you* would spread such a report, or believe it either," Estelle went on. "But now, will you contradict it formally? That is what I have a right to ask you, now I have heard of it. Ah, Madame,"—and here she spoke with a simple, natural earnestness, because she felt she was speaking the truth,—“you can little know how good my husband is to me; nobody can ever know except myself. If I do not visit the Protestants,” she went on, resuming her indignant tone, “neither do I visit the Catholics; my health is not strong enough to admit of my entering into society. As for the Temple, I always considered myself free to go or to stay away as I chose; I stay away now because I weary of the heat and the long services. I am not going to turn Catholic, nor atheist either. Do you wish to tell me anything more?”

"I know," said Madame Fleury, with much inward trembling, "that the Pasteur is coming to see you—about—about this."

Estelle's face lit up with scorn. "Coming to take me to task, is he? Let him! My husband will be at home."

She had fought bravely for Raymond when she would have had neither strength nor courage to fight her own battle against Toulouse gossip; but now the reaction had come, and she felt physically too exhausted to be glad at having convinced Madame Fleury. Weary and heart-sick, she sat down on a stone and cried bitterly.

The lengthening shadows warned her at last of the necessity of hastening home. She rose, and proceeded as far

as a bend in the path where a rustic bridge over the ditch led up to a gate opening on Lady Vivian's lawn. She turned to look as she passed. A gleam of yellow light shone through the trees, and lit up the side of the house visible at the end of the path. Suddenly she moved a step nearer the gate, and stood transfixed, with eyes wide and lips growing whiter and whiter as she looked. Then, turning, she ran like one pursued, and never stopped till she reached the side entrance to the château.

This was what she had seen in the gleam of yellow sunlight:

Her husband bending over Lady Vivian's beautiful hand till his lips touched it, and my Lady smiling down on him.

Just a few steps behind, hidden by the bend in the path, the Abbé d'Eyrieu saw it too.

Estelle had not known till that moment how deep below her resignation to her husband's cold displeasure lay the hope that after long expiation he might love her again. It had been this hope that gave her strength to live, not the obtuseness which comes of suffering, and which makes good and evil alike to us, for all capacity that remains for feeling either.

Just so much of hope remained after what she had seen as to rouse her to resistance. She ordered Lisette to get ready two of her prettiest coloured dresses; she would leave off black to-morrow. "And, Lisette,"—she hesitated, and her cheek flushed for one instant—"I can't bear to see myself such a pale ghost any longer; I have half a mind to rouge."

The hint was more than enough for Lisette. That night the box lay on the dressing-table for her mistress to make what private experiments she chose upon her checks.

"Lady Vivian wishes to ride to-morrow," Raymond had said to his wife, "and I have asked her to lunch with us; I suppose you have no objection?"

"None whatever," said Estelle, with a flash in her eyes which might have made Raymond ponder somewhat,

only that he was examining the pattern of his dessert-plate when he spoke.

"Have you invited any one else?" she inquired, looking full at him.

Something in her tone made Raymond look up this time, and their eyes met. His fell. "No one," he answered. "Why? If you have any engagement, you can put Lady Vivian off; her coming to-morrow is quite indifferent to me. I only asked her—because—because—the place she wants to see to-morrow is rather far, and if we set off from here we shall save a mile."

It was true; and yet Raymond felt his cheek burn as he spoke, and would have wished his wife's eyes fixed anywhere rather than on his face at that moment.

"I have no engagement, and she may as well come as not. We neither of us seem to care much about it," Estelle said steadily.

Never had her mistress been so hard to please, thought Lisette, as she dressed Estelle on the morrow. A dozen times had she asked the question, "How am I looking?" and still was dissatisfied with the maid's answer. Yet she had scarcely ever looked lovelier than when she entered the drawing-room a few minutes before Lady Vivian's arrival. Her dress, a rose-coloured, airy fabric, floated round her like a cloud; her white hands sparkled with rings; a delicate pink flush tinged her cheeks, and she flashed by Raymond like a vision. For one moment, he gave himself up to pure wonder. Her whole being seemed to have undergone a sudden transformation; she moved hither and thither with restless, birdlike movements; her eyes flashed and her nostril dilated with some occult emotion. All that was statuesque in her had been put off with her black dress.

Raymond looked, turned away, and looked again, wondering more and more. An irresistible longing came over him to make her speak. She was looking out of window. He approached, saying:

"Are you watching for *miladi*?"

"No," she answered, looking round. "I leave that to you."

Suddenly, as he looked, a suspicion darted into his mind which made him stagger and turn giddy for a moment. Why had she thus laid aside her mourning for the child without a word? Why had she put on such a lovely dress? Why had she thus adorned herself in her jewels? Why, above all, did she look so animated, so lovely, to-day of all days?

"Who are you watching for?" he demanded, with a jealous longing to tear off her jewels—his jewels—from her; in which she had decked herself for some one's pleasure—not her husband's.

"I?" she answered, in some surprise. "For no one. Must one be watching because one looks out of window? I was wondering how long before the *Westeria* would flower; it is very forward this year."

As she spoke, she left the window and seated herself on the sofa, with—oh, rare vanity!—a side-glance at the pier-glass as she passed; Raymond, holding a book upside down, watching her all the while with black looks.

Thus Lady Vivian found them.

No Circassian beauty was ever examined more critically by an intending purchaser than was Lady Vivian's face and figure by Estelle, while apparently engaged in doing the honours to her guest. Lady Vivian was unconscious of the survey. She was occupied to the full extent of her powers in exacting Raymond's sole and undivided attention; a harder task than she had thought possible the day before. She did succeed at last, and Estelle sat breathless, watching the undisguised flirtation, and blushing deeper than her rouge with anger at Lady Vivian's audacity.

"Do you intend riding this afternoon?" Raymond asked his wife, as they rose from table. Then, anticipating her answer, "Ah, no, of course; it would be a pity to miss any chance of seeing visitors in that enchanting toilette."

Estelle's head rose proudly, and she turned away. All she understood was

that he did not wish her to come, and that he was sneering at her dress,—had seen through her rouge, perhaps. Sick at heart, though outwardly calm, she ascended the stairs leading to the oriel window over the entrance; the horses had been brought to the terrace-steps, and she could see them mount without their seeing her. Lady Vivian's light laugh rang out, more discordant to Estelle's ears than a magpie's screech. She could hear by the tone of her voice that she was bantering her husband; that she was in high good humour. She made her horse caracole, and Raymond stood and looked on admiringly. Well he might, for Lady Vivian's habit fitted her superbly, and the long black plumes that fell over the brim of her hat gave her complexion and eyes even a higher tone of brilliancy than usual. In short, if Raymond had not been insanely jealous of his wife at that moment, he would have felt a most unalloyed pleasure in squiring so fair a dame. As it was, he was thinking, all the time that he stood admiring Lady Vivian, what possible pretext he could invent for getting home an hour earlier than Estelle expected him.

Standing at the window, Estelle watched them ride away; thinking, as her eyes followed him down the avenue, "It is no use trying to win him back. It is too late. And—whatever I may think about her style—she is a magnificent woman. Oh, Raymond, Raymond, surely my punishment was hard enough without this!"

"Ah, so there you are, contemplating your work," said a harsh voice behind her. Madame had been at a further window, hidden by a curtain.

Estelle turned, repressing a nervous start; she had imagined herself quite alone.

"What do you mean, Madame?" she said, coldly, to her mother-in-law.

"Look down there, and you will see," Comtesse Octavie replied, with a sardonic smile. "They are very good friends, those two, are they not? I am not surprised; and mind, I don't blame my son. Mark my words, daughter-in-

law," she continued, laying no gentle hand on Estelle's wrist, "mark my words: *you have changed your black dress a day too late.*"

Estelle felt as if under the influence of some deadly fascination. Madame's grip hurt her, but she made no attempt to withdraw her arm. "Does not *she* wear a black dress too?" she asked, still straining her eyes at the two dark specks in the distance.

"Are you a fool?" Madame hissed between her teeth. "Can you not see that she has life, vivacity of feature, colouring, a certain way with her; everything, in short, that you have not? Are you such a fool as not to see that? Bah! I have no patience with you!"

And flinging her daughter-in-law's wrist away with a gesture of contempt, Madame left the gallery.

## CHAPTER I.

### L A T R I S T E Z Z A.

ALTHOUGH Lady Vivian had been too much occupied with the husband to notice how closely she had been watched by the wife, the sudden change in Estelle's dress had not escaped her ladyship's observation; nor was her penetration at fault in discovering its motive.

"Poor silly little thing!" she thought, as she rode along; "she has discovered at last that black suits neither her face nor her figure, and she is trying to compete with me! She had actually rouged herself for the occasion. I wonder if her husband noticed it. Poor creature! she might as well own herself vanquished at once, whether he did or not. There is nothing so attractive as a fine colour, when 'tis genuine, that's certain," mused her ladyship with a feeling of thankfulness that the rouge-box was not—what at one period of her life she had feared it must become—a *sine quâ non* of her toilette.

My Lady was not sorry that Estelle had perceived her flirtation; the knowledge that the young Comtesse was vexed gave it a zest which had hitherto



been wanting. She had felt sure of Raymond since the day before; that *besamanos* was undeniably tender, without being tiresomely so. When people became too tender, they were always tiresome, Lady Vivian thought—witness foolish Herbert Waldron, who would have compromised her if she had not known what she was about. But, in the midst of my Lady's self-satisfaction, the thought would obtrude itself, that Estelle did look very pretty—so pretty that it was just as well that she had progressed already so far with the husband, or else the flirtation might have been nipped in the bud. Now, however, she might bring matters to a crisis as soon as she chose, and the sooner the better.

A violent shower of hail, coming on suddenly when they had ridden ten minutes beyond the house, seemed to point favourably to the hurrying on of the disclosure. They hastened back, the horses were put up, and they adjourned to the drawing-room to wait till the shower was over.

Raymond watched the hail driving against the window-panes with a sense of pleasure. He hoped it would go on long enough for my Lady to propose putting off their ride, and he would be free to gallop back to the château and see what his wife was doing. Was she still looking out of window watching the growth of the *Westeria*? He crushed the handle of his riding whip as if it had been a helpless human wrist while he sat replying to my Lady's banter.

My Lady did her best to amuse him, but found it a more difficult task than she had bargained for. At length, as a last expedient, she took up her embroidery as a means of showing off the beautiful hands which had met with so much appreciation the day before. The artifice succeeded for a moment. Raymond could no more help admiring a beautiful hand than he could help admiring any other beautiful thing; and these were perfect to the fingertips. So he left off chafing in secret at his detention, and looked and admired and made compliments, wishing that he were a Titian to immortalize such a pair

of hands for the latest posterity. Lady Vivian's eyelids bent down over her embroidery in sweet complacency, and her face expressed extreme satisfaction. She was quite accustomed to hear her hands praised; and she knew as well as Raymond did, that they were beyond criticism.

She let them do their work, disdainingly to help by so much as a glance from her downcast eyes: rejoicing in the thought that the fingers, so innocently and so deftly drawing the needle in and out of the stuff, were weaving a web of fascination round the man who, a few years ago, had not deigned to look at either her face or her fingers, so absorbed was he in his love for poor silly Estelle Russell.

How long Raymond might have been content to gaze at Lady Vivian's hands is not certain, but my Lady, knowing that it is the manner of manking to tire of even a lovely object if too long set before their eyes, suddenly dropped her work, expressed the liveliest interest in the weather, and proposed their adjourning to the conservatory, from the farthest window of which they could see what chance of sunshine there was for the afternoon.

Raymond rose and followed her, wishing—now the spell was broken—that an ominous line of black might stretch over the weather quarter, in which case Lady Vivian, intrepid horse-woman as she was, would certainly choose the shelter of her drawing-room for the rest of the day.

"Now I think of it," said my Lady, as they walked across the room together, "I want to ask your opinion about my gold and silver ferns. I feel sure the gardener has put them into wrong earth; at any rate it is quite different to what they use at Vivian Court, where the ferns are really magnificent. I spoke to him, but of course, as I'm a foreigner, he will have it he knows best. Now if you speak to him he'll be sure to listen to you. I'll send a message to him."

She left the drawing-room by another door, while Raymond walked in the direction of the conservatory.

There was a small room serving as

a passage of communication between the drawing-room and the conservatory ; a sort of nondescript apartment, generally half filled with plants and littered with the children's toys and garden hats. It had been cleared of these encumbrances, and now contained only half a dozen azaleas grouped round a pedestal which supported a marble bust, a table with some old books and a portfolio, and an inlaid cabinet. Raymond noted the improved arrangement of the room at a glance, and walked straight up to the piece of sculpture, which was placed facing the door with its back to the light.

No one who had seen Estelle could fail to trace the likeness. With a suddenly-awakened interest Raymond went up to examine the face more closely.

"La Tristezza," he repeated, reading the gold lettering at the base of the sculpture. "La Tristezza. Yes, it is well named. She does look like that sometimes."

"What of the weather?" cried Lady Vivian from the drawing-room. "Ah!" she continued, approaching him, "the likeness strikes you as it did me when I saw it first."

"I did not know my wife had ever been modelled except once," said Raymond; "how odd she should never have mentioned it to me! This is far better than the bust I had done of her in Paris. This is more spiritual, without losing the likeness. Do tell me where you got this, Lady Vivian, and how long you have had it."

"Ah," said Lady Vivian, passing her handkerchief gently over the marble, "thereby hangs a tale."

"Tell it me."

"N—no; I think not. Let us see whether it is going to be fine at last," she added, stepping into the conservatory.

"There is some mystery, and I hate mysteries," said Raymond, following her. "Will you not have pity on the humblest of your slaves?" he added, with a gesture of mock entreaty. "Will you not give me a clue to the secret?"

"You really desire it? Rash man, beware! Before I have done telling,

you may detest me for weakly granting your request."

"Detest! As if you ever could do, or be, anything but what is charming!"

"That remains to be seen," said Lady Vivian, dropping her eyelids pensively. "No. Really, I cannot make up my mind to tell you; I do not know how much pain I may cause. And yet—do you indeed ignore all, *all* the story connected with this bust, and this, and this?" she asked, indicating with her hand the portfolio and the cabinet, and throwing into her voice and attitude a semblance of uncertainty and anxiety which was not without its effect on Raymond.

"I never saw or heard of either till now," said he. "But," he added, and his tone showed Lady Vivian that he was thoroughly in earnest now, "if I ask my wife, doubtless she will tell me what she knows—if she knows anything at all about it."

"No, no, no!" cried Lady Vivian. "Poor dear Estelle! You must not ask her, indeed you must not, Count. You will? Nay, then, I must forget my own feelings, and tell you. You know, perhaps"—and here my Lady's handkerchief went up to her eyes for a moment—"that Estelle knew my husband years ago?"

"No. I never heard of it!" Raymond replied, with a sudden change in his face which did not pass unnoticed by Lady Vivian. She went on:—

"Nor did I; I had not the least idea of it till just when I was leaving England. I don't know why, but this cabinet always had rather the effect of a Bluebeard's closet on me. I never asked to see it—ah, you need not look so—I never did see it, for my husband always wore the key round his neck. Judge of my surprise when, on the cabinet being forced open in the supposition that it contained papers, we found this bust and this portfolio, an old portfolio of Estelle's; see, there is her name stamped on it. That and the marble bust told me—ah, need I tell you what they told me?" Lady Vivian concluded, burying her face in her hands.

"You forced me to say it," she said presently, glancing at her companion's face. "You forced me to say it, and now I've said it you hate me," she went on. "Ah! that is just the way with you all!"

Raymond stopped her.

"Quite the reverse, *miladi*," he said, very gravely. "I thank you for what you have told me. I was in error. I shall be so no longer."

"I accept your thanks," Lady Vivian replied. "I ought to be glad, certainly, that I have not hurt any one except myself. There are some things one cannot call to mind without suffering: this is one of them. I must have my ride, *coûte qui coûte*, or I shall not sleep all night after this," she went on, approaching the window.

The weather was obstinately clearing, Raymond saw. There was no escape, no excuse possible. Five minutes later they were in the saddle, riding in the direction of the waste land skirting the river, on the border of the Montaigu estate.

Raymond's face was a puzzle to Lady Vivian. "I see you have not forgiven me for telling you," she said, after watching him for some moments in silence.

"On the contrary, I repeat that I thank you," was his reply. And they rode on for some time without another word.

Lady Vivian would not have felt so pleased at her afternoon's work had she guessed what the set look of Raymond's face concealed; what terrible remembrances were goading him; what remorse; what utter despair; but, beyond all, what a longing to throw himself at his wife's feet and confess his unworthiness, though with no hope of pardon! That, indeed, was farther off than ever. How would she ever forgive him for asking *who she was watching for?* He had betrayed his base thought too clearly. His look and tone had supplied the paucity of words. Fool, brute, that he was, to set down her change of dress and look and manner to an unworthy motive! He remembered with deepest pain how many and many a time he must have stabbed her tender heart

through and through; he recalled how he had brought the news of Sir Louis Vivian's disappearance, the finding of his horse and his pocket-book, and the description of the marks of torn-up roots and grass on the side of the terrible slippery rock. He recalled Mrs. Russell's shriek, the crowding in of the servants, the screams of Lady Vivian and the children, and his own wife's silence through it all. He had thought—and he hated himself for the thought—that she was so silent, so shamefully insensible to the horror and grief around her, because she was absorbed in sorrow at parting with her lover; because she regretted having parted with him; regretted perhaps that she had respected her husband's rights. And all that while she was keeping a dead man's secret. Brave Estelle! noble beyond a woman's nobleness! Such a love as hers was worth dying for, as Sir Louis Vivian had died.

## CHAPTER LI.

### DARKEST BEFORE DAWN.

LONG after Madame had left the gallery, Estelle stood looking at the red mark her mother-in-law's bony fingers had left on her arm. The mark died away after a while, but the cruel words rang still in her ears, and were echoed back from her heart, whose instinct had told her the same beforehand.

"She has life, colouring, vivacity; in a word, everything you have not. You have changed your black dress a day too late."

She had said the same to herself, and yet if Madame had not spoken in her cruel, cutting manner, Estelle would have gone on trying to cheat herself, trying to hope for a day when her husband's heart might turn to her again.

There was an old-fashioned Louis Quinze mirror at one end of the gallery. She went and stood before it, and examined herself as she would have examined a picture.

"It is pretty, surely," she thought. "But only thanks to the colouring, only thanks to the rouge and the dress. I need not try to cheat myself or him.



He saw the rouge, no doubt. Men's tastes change, I suppose. He thought my face perfect once. Ah, me! I'll never, never try again, let him love where he will."

She turned to go. A tearless sob escaped her lips as she passed through Raymond's study—the shortest way to her own boudoir. There were books and papers littered about as usual. Once it had been her task to arrange these. Now she would have as soon thought of touching a stranger's papers as Raymond's. Her feeling as she passed through was that she had no business there. She had long since ceased even keeping up his fire by stealth.

"Too late! too late!" she muttered, as she entered her own room. Lisette entered immediately after, to say that M. le Pasteur Cazères was in the drawing-room.

Estelle considered a moment whether she had nerve enough to face him. She knew his errand, and had said confidently to Madame Fleury, "that he might come and say what he pleased, for her husband would be at home." Rash confidence!

"I can see no one," she cried, "while I have on this hateful rouge! It was all a mistake, Lisette, although you meant for the best when you advised my trying it. I could not tell till I had tried, of course, but I'll never put it on again. Make all proper excuses to M. le Pasteur; beg him to stay till he is rested, but say that it is impossible for me to see visitors to-day."

"As Madame pleases," Lisette answered. "I can however assure Madame that she need not decline seeing any one because of that touch of rouge. I hoped Madame had more confidence in me than to imagine I should allow her to leave this room unless her face was arranged so as to defy detection."

Great was Lisette's mortification when, on her return from delivering her message in the drawing-room, she found that not only had her mistress effaced all traces of the rouge, but that she had resumed the black dress Lisette hoped she had seen her wear for the last time, and that

all her ornaments lay strewn on the table.

"I like my black dress best," she said, in answer to the maid's look of disappointment.

With something of the same instinct which sends a wounded animal to its lair, Estelle sought the disused room above the chapel. Contrary to her fears, Madame de Montaigu had not yet found out that she had made that part of the château her haunt. Chance might befriend her still, at least for this afternoon. For the tears would have their way at last. And her heart was sore and sad enough without her mother-in-law's sarcastic comments or ironical consolations.

Walking slowly up and down, Estelle remembered a time when she had wished that the dismantled suite of rooms of which this was one might be hers, instead of her beautiful bridal apartments below, which were like a gilded prison with Raymond for its gaoler. That had been her wild mad wish in the first feeling of despair after reading Louis Vivian's mislaid letter. She remembered how she had longed to be freed from the thralldom of her new husband's love; how hateful his caresses were; how she had forced herself to endure them.

What would she not have given for a kind word now!

Half blinded with crying, she crept downstairs to the chapel. It had never been used for service since her father-in-law's death. The spiders had spun their webs across the candlesticks on the altar, and the dust lay thick on the carved woodwork. It was desolate, but not so desolate as the room above. For, dominant over the wish for solitude, now rose the human instinct, the longing for human sympathy and companionship; and over the altar hung a picture of the Mater Dolorosa: looking at it might in some measure satisfy the longing for sympathy which could never be set at rest altogether. For human friends to give their sympathy, they must know something of the cause of sorrow: and this sorrow Estelle knew she would have to bear all her life, and never tell it to a human being.

It crossed her mind that Mary the

blessed, the Mother of Sorrows, might perhaps, were she on earth now, be such an one as she would dare ask for sympathy; herself a woman through whose heart a sword had likewise pierced.

Many and many a time had Estelle, on a visit to some church for the sake of examining its architecture, seen how a woman would enter Mary's chapel with a face all marred with crying; how she would kneel and tell her trouble to the dear Madonna; and after a while dry her tears, and go away hushed and comforted. She thought Madonna had heard her story, and that comforted her, whether she helped or not.

A fancy, say. But surely a comforting fancy were better than such deadly isolation. The fancy was irresistible for a moment. It led her to a spot where the picture seemed to look down upon her with kind, sad eyes, and mute, gravely listening mouth. She began to murmur words to it, as she did sometimes—poor lonely soul!—when gazing at one of the many portraits she possessed of her dead child.

But a rain-cloud obscured the sun, and veiled Madonna's face. The mute friend was gone: in its stead a dull, dark canvas in a dusty frame. The rain and hail descended with force, and the wind whistled mournfully in the vaulting of the roof. The lugubrious noise and the sudden gloom together overpowered Estelle. She sank down on the marble altar-step, and wept like one distraught.

"Ah," she cried, "my burden is more than I can bear! Give me back my husband, or let me die!"

Suddenly she heard a sigh. She started up, trembling.

Dripping with the rain, the Abbé d'Eyrieu stood in the doorway.

"Daughter, what brings you here?" he asked, advancing towards her.

In the surprise of the moment she could not frame an answer. The priest placed a chair for her, and sat down himself. She endeavoured to speak, but when she looked up, and saw his eyes fixed upon her—eyes as kind and sad as those of the picture—her voice failed, and she could only weep. Silently the priest rose, and knelt before the altar

till the sound of her weeping had ceased. Then he returned to his seat, and spoke again:

"I wondered, daughter, to see you prostrate before the altar."

"I was in trouble—I—I scarcely knew what I was doing," Estelle replied.

"This trouble—is there no earthly remedy for it?"

"Do you think I would have lain weeping there on the stones had I known of a remedy? There is none—none!"

"Your tone implies despair, not resignation. I am acquainted with your trouble, and have not ceased since from praying for you."

Estelle looked at him in mute surprise for one instant, and then buried her burning face in her hands. Even that the kind, pious Abbé should have guessed her secret made her tremble all over with shame and humiliation. But how had he guessed it? Had she said anything, thinking herself alone?

"Daughter," he continued, "a woman should never despair of winning back her husband's love, unfaithful and unworthy though he be."

"What did I say? What did you hear?" she whispered, beyond measure distressed and mortified at having somehow involuntarily betrayed herself. The priest might be silent, but he knew. And that was too much.

"Daughter, you have said nothing. What I saw told me your trouble, not what I heard."

She looked up. He nodded his head gravely, saying, "I saw it."

"You saw it?" Again she hid her face in her hands. Raymond's shame was hers. She could not bear to face the priest. She would have willingly hid herself from his sight. But he sat on, still looking kindly and sadly at her.

Suddenly she looked up. "Father," she said steadily, "I cannot explain how things have come to this pass. It is enough that they are so, and that there is no help for it. But, Father, you must never think that Raymond is in the wrong all along. And he—he always loved me better than I deserved."

"Daughter, you believe, do you not,

that I love you both? If you explained yourself more fully, could I not help to bring about a reconciliation?"

Estelle shook her head. "Raymond must come back to me of his own free will, or not at all; I can have no go-betweens. I must not even speak to you of myself, because I could not help also speaking of him, and I know he would not choose that; and—and—I am bound to do what he approves of always, as far as I can—am I not? So I can never speak of this to you or to any one, unless he bids me do so. And that will never be!" she added, sighing.

The priest was silent. His good offices had never been rejected with such decision before, and he felt disappointed, and slightly hurt, although he could not but respect Estelle's motive.

But in a moment he rebuked himself. Why should he think so much of what he could say or do? He desired a reconciliation: he, to be sure, saw no other peacemaker except himself. But what if God should see fit to bring back peace between these two without his help? Was it for the servant to direct the Master?

He was silent but for a moment; but Estelle, divining some part of what was passing through his mind, said,—

"You must not be angry, dear Abbé, because I refuse your help. But indeed you could not help me. I know Raymond so well—so much better than you do—that I feel sure I am right. But I feel grateful for your kind wish, believe me. And I thank you, too, for praying for me," she added.

"And that I can still continue doing," D'Eyrieu replied.

"Thank you," she said simply, putting her hand in his.

It was wet and cold.

"Ah!" she cried, "you have been sitting here wet all this while, and I never thought of it. Trouble has made me sadly selfish. Come upstairs to my rooms, and let me make you comfortable."

D'Eyrieu did not refuse. He knew that the best thing for her was to be roused to action. What she did mattered but little, so long as it was some-

thing that kept her from brooding over her trouble.

Soon she had him sitting by a blazing fire. She brought refreshment, and served him with her own hands. "Ah," she said, "I am glad that you happened to take shelter in the chapel. I like doing something for somebody, particularly for you. Are you quite sure you are warm now?"

"Not quite. My old bones take longer to warm than yours: but I shall be warm soon." And Estelle went down on her knees; and piled on more logs.

"I am giving you more trouble than I intended, Madame," said the Abbé, looking on.

"I like doing this, for you," was the answer.

Presently, seeing that she could do nothing more to make him comfortable, she sat down on the other side of the hearth and took up her work—a piece of knitting. The priest sat silent, enjoying the heat, and observing her while she worked. From time to time a slight quiver passed over her mouth and chin, as one sees in the face of a child which has cried itself to sleep. It grieved D'Eyrieu to see this, and to see the marks of long weeping in her swollen eyelids. He feared her falling back into her usual unhappy frame of mind when the momentary interest of his visit should have passed off. Suddenly a bright thought struck him. He would give her something to do for him, which would require a little time.

"You don't seem very anxious to finish that work," he said. "Is it for a friend? What is it?"

"It is a chair-cover. I don't want it, and I don't know any one who would care to have it. I do it because I get tired sometimes of being quite idle."

"I had a pair of cuffs," said D'Eyrieu, "but they have disappeared." The truth was, he had given them away to an old woman whose hands were disabled from rheumatism. "I should be so glad of another pair to keep my wrists warm. Will you knit me a pair?"

"Ah," she cried, her face brightening, "why did you not ask me before? I will begin a pair for you this very moment."



She ran to her work-table drawer and pulled out her wools. "What colour shall they be? Not purple, I suppose? Grey? Wait a moment, I think I have a ball that will just do in my boudoir."

She left the room to fetch it. She was scarcely gone when old Jean-Marie appeared at another door with a disturbed and anxious face, and beckoned the priest with his hand.

D'Eyrieu rose and followed him into the antechamber.

"Heaven have pity upon us all!" stammered the old servant. "They sent me on before to tell Madame la Comtesse, and I dare not. Monsieur le Curé, you will do it better than I. Tell her—Monsieur le Comte has had a terrible accident; a fall from his horse. They are bringing him home on a door, Monsieur le Curé, and if he is alive, that is all that can be said; for the great beast of a horse rolled over him. It appears that he attempted to leap the torrent down by the dyke, so the English lady said, and the bank had been undermined by the rains, and gave way. And as I said, the horse, poor brute, not from malice—for the creature has a good heart and loves its master—but, however, it did roll over Monsieur le Comte as he lay there, and he is fearfully injured."

The priest signed to him to stop. Estelle stood at the opposite door.

"Go on," she said to Jean-Marie. "Who is fearfully injured?"

Jean-Marie hesitated.

"You are afraid to tell me? Then I know it must be my husband. Tell me where he is, that I may go to him."

"They are bringing him home," said the old man, "but oh, Madame, do not go to meet him. Madame will be so shocked to see Monsieur's face. Even I, who am only his servant, could not bear to look."

"Where is he? Which way are they coming?" was all she said.

"By the lower road. It was shorter and less stony."

For an instant the thought of all the bodily suffering overcame her, and she sank down on the nearest bench.

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But before they could offer assistance she looked up again, calm and self-possessed, though she still trembled.

"I must not give way now. I must be strong—while—while my husband wants me. Have you sent some one to fetch a doctor? You have sent the carriage? Yes, that is well, Jean-Marie. M. l'Abbé, will you come with me? I am going to meet my husband."

## CHAPTER LII.

### NEW LIFE.

FOR many a long wakeful night and many a weary day had Raymond to submit himself to the stern teacher Pain;—a teacher from whom there was no escaping, who must needs be listened to. At last, when spring was gone and the fierce summer of Languedoc was in its glory, he rose in the strength of renewed life, with a new hope and a new fear.

For the wife, whose gentle tendance had soothed him even in delirium, whose love had shown itself by a thousand acts of foresight, of forbearance, of tender intuition of his wants, now that all danger was past, drooped and failed as if every life-spring in her were dried up.

During the long night-watches, looked down on only by the stars through the open window, husband and wife had each made sweet confession to the other. Long she sat, her hand fast locked in his, each filled with a feeling that was half joy, half pain, but altogether sacred. For they knew now, that come weal come woe, their two souls were one; and that henceforward neither could drink either of the cup of joy or of the cup of sorrow—no less sacred—without the participation of the other.

"I do not grudge you one thought of the past," said Raymond, after a long silence. "Why should I? But for that past I could not know your nobleness, my own Estelle. Only, when you are looking back, let me look too. Do not grudge me that, at least. Ah, my love, why shake your head? Do you

fear jealousy still? Never fear that, love, while I have all the future. How long may it not be? Are you afraid of growing old, love?"

"I have not thought of growing old," she answered, "since I found out you loved me. I did feel afraid of growing old alone. But now, as long as I have you, love, I cannot be afraid. Yet I have some marks of age upon me already; grey hairs are coming thick upon my temples, Raymond."

"I will pluck them out by and by, and have them made into a jewel to wear upon my heart. Bend down that I may kiss them, dearest."

She obeyed. Presently he spoke again: "I think—bear with me, even if you do not understand;—remember how for years I had thought you all mine—mine from the first blush of your girlhood—I think, dearest, that the sharpest pang of all, after your telling me *that* (perhaps it was because you refused my kiss), was the thought that the cheek which I had imagined so peculiarly mine own had been touched by another: that your lips—ah, do not start away—I tell you I grudge neither him nor you one moment of the Past——"

"Oh," she cried, "have you thought so all this while? Raymond, will you never know me?" Her voice trembled with indignation.

"One more misconception!" Raymond sighed. "Dear, forgive me. I will try to know you; will spend all my life in trying. Yet I think I never shall, except so far as you unveil yourself to my coarser apprehension. I thought I had begun to know you so well; could tell each fold of your heart; and, behold, I am a tyro still. Be patient with me, love."

She would be patient, she promised. But for learning her heart, he must read it by his own, and take time for it; they had a lifetime for the task.

And gradually, as one thing after another was unfolded to him, Raymond learned how ignorant he had been of woman, most of all of Estelle, the one woman whom he believed he knew best.

He was in a convalescent state now, and had been removed to his wife's boudoir as a first change before venturing into the open air. Estelle was lying down in a dark room; now that the night-watching was no longer necessary her strength gave way with the slightest exertion.

Tired of reading, and wishing for companionship of some sort, Raymond was not sorry when Jean-Marie presented himself to pay his respects and congratulations on his master's recovery.

"Give me your arm," said Raymond, "and let me try to get round the room. That will be a fact to tell Madame of when she comes in."

"Twice round; that must do," said he, sitting down on the first chair that came to hand. "So far so good. But what a strange thing it is to feel so weak. Thanks for your firm arm, Jean-Marie."

Jean-Marie smiled and bowed low. Was there aught else he could do for Monsieur?

"Bring me a hand-mirror from my dressing-room; I want to see whether the kick that brute gave me in the face is likely to leave much of a scar. I know he kicked me more than once in his struggles to rise."

Jean-Marie hesitated for an instant, but the old habit of obedience prevailed, and he brought the hand-mirror and handed it silently to his master.

Raymond looked for one moment, and then dropped it with a shudder and exclamation of disgust.

The pain he had suffered had made him think it likely that there was great injury; but he had not been told to anticipate lasting disfigurement. He had so little expected it himself, that, since the cessation of the pain, he had not once thought of asking the question. Confident in that, as in all else, he had never once contemplated the possibility of the personal beauty he had prized so much vanishing for ever.

"Is it possible?" he thought aloud. "That scarred face all I shall ever see when I look at myself? Take the glass away, Jean-Marie, I have seen enough."

"But that is nothing, nothing at all," Jean-Marie exclaimed, with every wish to make the best of a bad matter. "A mere bagatelle to the state Monsieur's face had been in. Now it was improving daily, Monsieur might look again in a week. There was a time, when Monsieur was at the worst,—that was when Madame la Comtesse would let no one but herself be in the room when the wound was dressed. Yes, I came in," said Jean-Marie, with a pleasant grin, "but I'm an old soldier, and can look at almost anything; though Madame beats me, *sacrebleu!* As for the rest, poltroons one and all; men and women, Monsieur's valet, Monsieur's mother, chicken-hearted, every one of them. And truly the sight was not pleasant. Madame la Comtesse used to faint sometimes—in the next room, you know—not while Monsieur wanted her, not she. She was a woman who would have faced Moscow for the sake of one she loved. One would say that it was Monsieur's mother that had the bravest heart, but it appears to be all the contrary; for Madame la Comtesse Douairière had entered Monsieur's room one day when he was very ill and did not know her, and her maid said she had frightful hysterics afterwards."

Raymond laughed. That, then, had been the reason why his mother had had such an urgent necessity for visiting her property in the Basque country. He understood now the meaning of his wife's smile when she read aloud once a letter from his mother, full of her anxieties for her dear and only son, and dilating on the misery of the sleepless night she had passed, because Estelle, worn out with watching, had missed writing in time for the post one day.

"Is the English lady still in the neighbourhood?" Raymond asked.

"Did not Monsieur know? Madame had probably not remembered to tell him. The English lady was gone; had been gone some time. She had sent down a large case to the château, directed to Monsieur, before her departure. It still remained in the courtyard; Madame had not opened it."

Having answered these inquiries, and seeing that Raymond seemed inclined for silence, the old man left the room.

Estelle entered presently, and her quick eye discovered that something had disturbed her husband.

"My dearest, what is it? Have you been fatiguing yourself? Why are you so flushed?"

"I have been talking with old Jean-Marie," Raymond replied; "and thinking, love."

"But I will have neither the one nor the other," said Estelle, anxiously, "if it makes you so feverish. What can he have said?"

"Nothing that can hurt me; much that will do me good. Oh, my love," he added, taking her hand, "I wish you had not such an ugly fellow for a husband!"

"What has that stupid old man been telling you?" she cried, with tears in her eyes.

"I made him bring me the mirror," Raymond replied. "There it lies, you see. It told me quite enough. I am sorry for my own sake, still more for yours, love."

"As if I ever gave it a thought, or ever could," she cried, "except that it reminds me of all the suffering you have endured, my poor Raymond!"

"One thing Jean-Marie told me," Raymond continued, drawing his wife closer to him, "which I find you knew already, but which was great news to me. Lady Vivian is gone, and has left me a parting present, which has not yet been removed upstairs. We will have it up one day and open it together. Can you guess what it is, *mignonne?*"

"I thought I guessed," Estelle said, "if it was only from what you let fall one night when you did not know me. Ah, Raymond, I hope I shall never pass such a terrible night again!"

A week after the package was unfolded in Raymond's presence, and was found to contain, as he had conjectured, the marble bust and the portfolio of his wife's drawings.

"I am glad these are no longer hers," Raymond remarked, pointing to the portfolio; "but I shall not call them



mine, Estelle, till you give them to me. Will you write and thank Lady Vivian for me?"

Lady Vivian was in Paris when she got Estelle's letter. Her ladyship turned it over and over, with as keen and uncomfortable a sense of failure as ever she had experienced in her life.

"She has got round him somehow," her ladyship reflected; "that is very clear; but I did not think he had been so easily gulled. She told some falsehood, of course, and with that meek white face of hers he took it all for gospel; and more fool he!"

Pushing Estelle's letter from her with contempt, Lady Vivian took up the *Times* of the day before, and glanced down the first page. If Estelle's letter had affected her disagreeably, what she read now was anything but calculated to soothe her. At the head of the list of marriages stood the announcement of her sister Lizzy's marriage with Herbert Waldron.

"To think of their hurrying it on like this, instead of waiting, as Papa had said they should! I know—I know that girl did it on purpose; she thought there would be no chance for her after I left off my mourning, and so she made sure of him before I came back. I never—never knew of anything so mean, so sly, so underhand! To get it all done without saying a single word to me!" cried her ladyship, bursting into a violent fit of weeping.

After two such defeats, what remained to her but hysterics and bed? Of these resources Lady Vivian availed herself. We may leave her there, hoping she has made up her mind to the inevitable.

#### CHAPTER LIII.

##### TWO YEARS AFTER.

THE Abbé d'Eyrieu was sitting silent and solitary, as was his wont, when the postman's knock was heard, and Pétro-nille brought in a letter, with the usual illegal request for two *sous*, on account of the Presbytery lying so far out of his beat.

The two *sous* were forthcoming; the servant departed to have her gossip with the postman, a rare visitor; and the Abbé broke the seal.

"From the Holy Land!" he muttered, crossing himself. "Surely, ah, surely, if his heart can be opened to the truth, it must be there!" With an inward prayer, he began to read.

"Here we are," Raymond wrote, after detailing their travels, "fixed for a time in the Holy City. I confess frankly to you, old friend, that many things seem clear to me which before I came to this land of Palestine were either beyond the scope of my comprehension or out of the pale of my sympathy. I say I think that here, in the country where he whom you call Master dwelt, I have a better chance of appreciating his life and work than in the capital of civilized Europe. It is possible I have hitherto not been in the mind to appreciate it. It is possible that there is such a thing as hyper-civilization in the France which you and I both love. I shall think over all this, and not be in a hurry. Meanwhile, do not take what I have written for more than it is worth.

"And my wife? You will like to know that the roses oftener visit her cheeks than not, and that she is indefatigable in collecting flowers for you. Yesterday, during our ride, she commanded me to get off my horse no less than three times to pluck flowers—all for you. It is needless to say with what alacrity I obeyed. She bids me tell you that she is finishing a miniature expressly for you of our boy—a most wonderful boy, you believe of course—a boy whom his mother avers never to have cried since he was born. I think I could tell a different tale: but no matter.

"My wife also bids me say, that you will be interested in knowing that our boy was baptized in water of the Jordan: also, that she is carefully keeping a flask of the precious liquid for you. And also—— But with so many messages, she had better take the pen herself; therefore, for this time I bid you adieu."

## A SPORTSMAN'S APOLOGY.

IN the October number of the *Fortnightly Review* Mr. Freeman the historian, in an article of great length, great learning, and great ability, attacked the morality of field sports. In December Mr. Trollope replied; then Miss Helen Taylor came to Mr. Freeman's rescue with an exceedingly neat rejoinder. And all this time the daily and weekly papers had letter after letter, article after article, on the subject—the balance of argument, of eloquence, of repartee being (it must be owned) in favour of the assailants. Meanwhile a letter from Leicestershire says: "We turn "out thirty 'pinks' every morning. "*Melton was never so full.*"

Our object is not to plunge into a controversy which is already too bulky—not to do more than merely glance at the points which Mr. Freeman raises, and to which Melton has given its practical answer. There is another question that occurs to impartial people; a question that perhaps logically ought to take precedence of this probing the morality of sport—a "previous" question as to its *nature*. Mr. Freeman brought up a train of siege-guns, a little elephantine in their carriage perhaps, but very effective, and demolished everything, from the amphitheatre to the hunting-stable; Mr. Trollope, as fond of fox-hunting as of literature, and nettled by the charge that intelligent fox-hunters are silent because they know their pet pleasure to be indefensible, sent back a talkative and rather feminine answer; Miss Taylor, on the other hand, was quite masculine in the logic of her reply. That is to say, she showed a trained reasoner's aptitude for the use of logical weapons, fixing on at least a brace of fallacies, and then pinning her opponent with a dilemma.

"Fox-hunting is natural," says Mr. Trollope; "trout hunt minnows, cats hunt mice; it is refined, gentlemanly, moral, "because English gentlemen practise "it." We imagine that intelligent fox-hunters will wish their advocate had acquiesced in Mr. Freeman's fling at his kindred, and at least kept silence from such puerilities as these—puerilities which hardly required so serious an exposure as Miss Taylor's. Her dilemma is clever, but scarcely conclusive. "Either "the same pleasure—of air, exercise, "scenery, &c.—which is got from fox-hunting can be got in other forms of "out-door amusement, or else the real "pleasure lies in the excitement of the "chase. In other words, fox-hunting "either inflicts unnecessary pain on an "animal, or else the pleasure actually consists in the contemplation, conscious "or semi-conscious, of pain, whether "the pain of terror, or the pain of "death." The last alternative we need hardly consider; nor need we, with Lord Winchelsea, appeal to the fox himself, and ask him whether he does not prefer his present life, with its brilliant episodes and really heroic dangers, to the fate that would be his if fox-hunting were abolished—proscription as the sneaking foe to hen-roosts and game-preserves? The real defence of field-sports lies in the rebutting the other horn of Miss Taylor's dilemma. First, the pain is not unnecessary, because without the fox, without his endless shifts of animal cunning, the ever-varying phases of the chase, phases whose highest attraction lies in their variety, would not be there in anything like the same degree. Secondly, as a clever champion has said, the infliction of the pain is justifiable, because it is inseparable from an exercise which con-

tributes to human health; as justifiable, for instance, as the infliction of death upon a sheep or a turkey—pain that is inseparable from another exercise that contributes to human health. We do not see an escape from Mr. Cracroft's argument, that a man who thinks it right to *enjoy* roast turkey—an act which necessarily implies pain and death on the turkey's part—cannot logically think it wrong to enjoy fox-hunting. To those who answer that life requires food, and does not require fox-hunting, we can only answer that it is not proved that life require *animal* food, and that it *does* require the digestion to be in good order.

Here we may leave the question of the morality of sport to be fought out by those whom it concerns. The world cannot help being edified almost as much as it is amused. Only, in the interest of humanity and the horses, we may express our joy that things are as they are with the two principal combatants—that Mr. Freeman is not a fox-hunter, and that Mr. Trollope is. If literary style is any index to character, how Mr. Freeman would have ridden if he had chanced to take to horsemanship in his youth! How he would have crashed through hedges, dashed through ditches, and wielded his hunting-whip as heavily as he now wields his pen! Mr. Trollope, on the other hand, must let his blows fall upon his own top-boots, or, at best, upon the flap of the saddle.

Possibly, as is so often the case with English institutions, the fact that sport is beginning to be seriously discussed is the signal for its fall. Possibly in a few score years it may have become a problem for moral archaeologists, and "tally-ho" may only live in the pages of some historian of old enthusiasms. But as yet there is time to look at field-sports in themselves—to touch upon that previous question of which we spoke, their nature; saying no more about their morality, nor dwelling only, or even mainly, upon that branch of sport which has till now been the chief object

of attack. None of these writers have yet asked what sport is, what are its elements, how the existence of sport and sportsmen is accounted for. None of them have cared to suggest in any detail what it is that fills "refined gentlemen," as Mr. Trollope calls them, "gentlemen otherwise refined," as Mr. Freeman would prefer, with an eagerness that grows as September approaches, or as the "southerly winds" of autumn proclaim the hunting season. None of them has endeavoured to find a reason why civilized men in the nineteenth century should be well satisfied to spend day after day in the laborious pursuit of animals, of which some are useless, some only useful because they add something to the dinner-table. The fact of course is that in this case, as in a hundred others, civilization has refined a necessity into a luxury, a mode of life into a mode of enjoyment. This antiquarian age is always announcing discoveries of this kind, and repeating them till they cease to be discoveries. It tells us, for instance, how war, with all its outgrowths of ribbons and chivalry and codes of honour, is simply a development of the instinct of self-preservation; that schools of architecture owe their origin to the need of protection against rain and sun; it even told us, till Teufelsdröckh denied it, that all the fashions of Paris owed their existence to the old want of shelter from cold. But, except for Societies of Antiquaries, the interest of such facts lies rather outside themselves. The attractive feature is, not to see how slender is the origin of this or that social phenomenon, but to note the complexity of the fact itself, the changes it has undergone, the infinite variety of motives which in a high state of civilization it exhibits. The primitive Nimrod who hunts for his dinner is an interesting person, but only as a foil to the civilized Nimrod who owes only his second course to his gun.

However thickly crusted with associations a custom may be, the original idea has rarely vanished altogether. The desire of possession is what spurs



the savage hunter, and it remains as a permanent substratum underlying the most refined varieties of field-sports. No one was ever yet so disinterested a sportsman as not to care whether his bag were bad or good. Where the possession itself is unimportant, the desire is quickened by emulation; there is the sense of a contest, either with the game or with your companion. With the game, you match either skill against strength, or skill against skill. Those who are brought face to face with a tiger have the strongest possible incentive to shoot straight; and in the homelier field of English sport there is a motive at work which is closely akin to this. It is something to have tracked an old cock-pheasant, late in the season, through half a mile of covert, and then to bring him down as he tries to sneak away from the corner. It is something, when report is brought to you of a woodcock in a certain plantation, to beat the thicket from end to end, to flush him, and to kill him as he rises through the closely planted larches. It is something, when you spy wild-ducks on a certain pond, to plot a dexterous approach, to steal up behind banks and bushes, to crawl over the open ground, and at last to have them within your reach. And the chance of victory brings with it the chance of defeat. The bird may beat you, or your fellow-sportsman may beat you. To fire and miss is to have failed; for him to fire and hit adds a sting to your failure. Not that the emulation is always equally keen; the members of the Scotch angling clubs, who on their meeting days are competitors pure and simple, are of course very different beings from the host who sends his guest along the best beat, and himself stays behind to wait for the stragglers. But where there is no question of the duties of a host, emulation seems generally to run pretty high. Any one who has taken part in a battue knows how eager even the most magnanimous of the party are to outdo all the rest; how they will practise any kind of honest

art to secure a good place at the "hot corners." Sometimes, indeed, the arts are hardly honest. We have all of us met the creature—he is unfortunately not rare—a miser by nature, whose miserly tastes have taken a sporting turn; who so hoards his reputation for good shooting, that he will step up, if he gets a quiet chance, into the place of a luckier neighbour, and claim his birds. And the discussion that raged all last winter about "the proportion of hits to misses" proved at all events one thing, that there are very many sportsmen who think a good score the essence of sport.

Love of exercise, love of scenery, and lastly, perhaps (we say it *pace* Mr. Freeman), a sympathy with animals, seem to form the rest of the qualities which make men sportsmen. "A run with foxhounds," said in our hearing an authority with whom on other subjects country gentlemen hardly agree, "is in my opinion the highest of physical pleasures." A run with foxhounds, or, if we may trust Indian hunters, a run in chase of the wild boar, is without doubt absolute perfection, in so far as physical exercise is concerned. Without great muscular strain, it combines all the delights that go to make up the sense of energy, and adds to them, in a wonderful degree, "the glory of motion." But fox-hunting, though perfect as exercise, is too absorbing to leave room for subordinate elements of pleasure, such as those enjoy whose sport is quieter. Izaak Walton is an angler, first of all, because the angler may contemplate to his heart's content; and many a man has missed a chance at a covey, and yet not been disappointed, because he *would* stay to watch this or that cloud-effect, or to examine this or that curious wild flower. Indeed the sportsman who is too loving a student of nature is often a sore trial to his companion, and a sore puzzle to the keeper. We remember the case of a man who, whenever he went out shooting, used to take his sketch-book with him; and who, being a thorough sportsman as well as an artist, was often sorely

perplexed as to whether he should take a note of some rich glen or group of sun-flecked stems, or pass on at once to where the woodcock had been marked down a hundred yards ahead. But without extreme cases, there are very few who are not affected with pleasure of the keenest kind by the grouse-moor and the salmon-river; and the same sentiment, in infinitely varying degrees, makes itself felt in the cover, even in the turnip-field. Even where there is not much beauty of landscape, to the sportsman there is sure to be variety; and variety often does very well instead of beauty. To thoroughly explore everything has an attraction of its own; the antiquary upon a question of folk-lore, the lawyer in the mazes of a faulty lease, the traveller in a new country, all feel a stimulus that is essentially the same as that which prompts the sportsman to find his game, wherever it may be lying. In one way he has an advantage over them; his instruments both increase his chance of success, and, in themselves, often increase the pleasure of the search. The sportsman of the old school was nothing, like the Indian, unless his faithful dog bore him company; and even in these days of driving there are corners of England where the sight of ranging pointers is held to be half the attraction. Often, of course, the feeling of the sportsman towards his dogs—or, if he hunts, towards his horses—is one of mere admiration of animal instinct or animal activity; but it is common enough for a deeper and, so to speak, more personal feeling to be present also. Without any impossible affection such as Balzac describes in “*Une Passion dans le Désert*,” without any such devotion as the Arab feels towards his mare, the fox-hunter does feel a special fondness for the horse that carries him well; and master and keeper have an equal liking for a clever and affectionate pointer, or for the spaniel that knows his business, and does it gracefully.

If sport is so complex, it is natural that the types of sportsmen should vary considerably. Nationality seems to have

little to do with it; the class can show specimens all over the world. John Bull naturally looks down on Johnny Crapaud; and “*Leech's Frenchman*” is a byword among hunting-men. But however poorly the foreigner may show in the English hunting-field, he has developed a tolerably complete system of his own, and he follows it out with prodigious enthusiasm. For battue-massacres Compiègne is worse than Norfolk; and the French *chasseur*, and the mischief he has done, are a standing dish whenever Mr. Morris writes to the *Times* on behalf of our small birds. The deer-drives of Mauritius, planned and executed by Frenchmen, are famous beyond the limits of the island. Gordon Cumming and Jules Gérard might very well have hunted in couples; so might “*Hawkeye*” and any of the trappers of Lower Canada. In Germany, for every bird and animal there is a separate mode of capture; and there are few more entertaining picture-books than one, to be seen in the Vienna bookshops, which illustrates the system in all its elaborate details. In short, where there is an energetic and hardy people (and Mr. Freeman has hardly answered this plain fact), there the hunting passion is to be found; where the people is not energetic and not hardy, there the field has no charm. In Servia, for instance, the game has almost disappeared before a nation of sportsmen; across the Turkish border you find an apathetic people, and the game swarming undisturbed. Differences like those between Turks and Servians are of course radical, and pervade the whole of life; but given two races with a common endowment of activity and enterprise, sportsmen will be found in both. The varying types will be determined rather by individual temperament, by the force which this or that motive brings to bear, than by anything national. The mere animal delight in exercise may have undue prominence, and the result will be an animal, coarse or splendid as the case may be—Tony Lumpkin, or a hero of Mr. Kingsley's. Or emulation may be specially strong,

and take a petty form ; and the result will be an Elwes in shooting-gaiters. Or all the motives that have been sketched may work with equal force, except that the refining sentiment of sympathy with nature may be absent ; and through all may be fused the desire, so important a part of hospitality, of standing well with one's guests. That is, in England, the ordinary type ; the common, indigenious, country-bred squire, with sufficient cultivation to prevent his sinking into the boor, who enjoys only one thing better than field-sports, and that is, to see his visitors enjoying them. Of course it is an imperfect type ; but then ordinary people, whatever their tastes and habits may be, are very im-

perfect, and in an ordinary way we must be content with what we can get. Rarely, but yet here and there, we meet with the perfect type of sportsman ; perfect as a sportsman only because, and in so far as, he approaches perfection as a man ; with senses keenly alive, above all, with a knowledge of the due proportions of things ; and so loving field-sports without being absorbed in them, and without being swayed by one motive to the destruction of another. Such a paragon, it must be owned, is about as rare as the phoenix ; but those who have met with him even once or twice are not likely to insist afterwards that field-sports breed nothing but clowns and bull-baiters and Squire Hazeldeans.

W.



## MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.

AN EPITOME, BY THE AUTHOR OF "MARY POWELL."

THE public have reason to rejoice that the thousands of Miss Mitford's letters which were left in charge of her dearest friend, the Rev. William Harness, have by him and the Rev. Mr. L'Estrange been so admirably selected from and arranged as to form three attractive volumes. We have here the whole life of Miss Mitford from her earliest school days to her last week of existence, not in a dull digest, but freshly narrated in her vivid letters, hardly one of which the reader would willingly spare. And it seems to me, in my regretful affection, that none of them are fresher, more vivid and characteristic, or fuller of humble Christian hope, than ten which I had the privilege to receive from her within the last year of her life—continuing to her last week.

Nearly half a century ago the present writer was taken, at a very early age, to a little tea-party at Chelsea, where all were elderly except herself; and while the seniors, chiefly tired men of letters and their wives, were recreating themselves with a game of whist, there was no happier person than the youngest, who in a sofa corner first made acquaintance with "Our Village." As long as I read, I was enthralled. I knew little, then, of real country life, but I can truly say of Miss Mitford that then and thereafter

She gave me eyes, she gave me ears;

in fact, opened a gate into a path leading to pleasures that have been prolonged throughout my life. Her style became my ideal; it was never overweighted with allusion or metaphor, but had a freshness peculiar to itself, and to wilding thickets "such as Hobbima or Ruysdael might have painted," full of violets and funguses, ringdoves and squirrels, yet at some unexpected turn

bringing one to a crumbling vase or mouldy statue.

Yes, she taught many of the young to look for interest among the poor, as well as for beauty in their surroundings. Her tragic poetry, too, had its charm for them; though it was in the precincts of "Our Village" that one liked her best. A shadowy vision of her, something like Wordsworth's "Louisa," struggling against a squall of rain and wind, or laughing in the sun, with Lizzy and Mayflower racing beside her, and Joel and Ben touching their hats as they met, was not at all improved by Haydon's picture of her at the Royal Academy, which her father declared he would not admit into his house.

That father! the bane of her life, in some respects; and yet his failings, his incorrigibility, under the hands of Providence, drew out her very best points. She loved him to idolatry; partly, no doubt, because he loved and admired, petted and caressed her; but likewise for a taking way with him, which she and her mother found cover a multitude of sins. She calls him "the handsomest and cheerfullest of men." He was a young physician of popular manners, who at twenty-five married a wife of thirty-six, the daughter of the Rev. Dr. Russell of Overton, and mistress of 28,000*l.* Dr. Mitford was not without fortune of his own, and he entered on an "eat, drink, and be merry" sort of life till he ran through his own money and his wife's too—save and except 3,500*l.* in the funds, which her trustee Dr. Harness never would give up. At the end, therefore, of nine or ten years of improvident living, the nice house at Alresford was given up, books and furniture sold, and the Mitfords moved to Lyme Regis, whence, after a year, they went to London; where it is known

that at one time they lived within the rules of the King's Bench.

From this straitened position they were relieved by a prize in the lottery. The lucky ticket had in reality been given to the little girl, for whom a conscientious father would have safely vested the 20,000*l.* prize. Nothing was farther from Dr. Mitford's thoughts: he had no more scruple in spending his child's money than his wife's. Miss Mitford was put to a good school in Hans Place, where she won an honourable position in everything pertaining to *les belles lettres*, and wrote continually to her parents, who, in return, sent her the small talk of Reading, details of the Doctor's whist-club and coursing, &c. "It is remarkable," says her editor, "that in these letters of her mother, detailing with so much particularity the doings and engagements of herself and her acquaintance, no word of advice, either moral or religious, is ever mingled. Was this wise?" It does not give a very high impression of Mrs. Mitford's character, which seems to have been that of a good-tempered, affectionate, rather weak woman. Nor did she or Dr. Mitford exact much demonstration of filial respect; their daughter familiarly and scarcely reverently used such terms as "dear old boy," "mum," "mumper," &c.—and

They only called it pretty Fanny's way.

Meanwhile, the Doctor bought for a few (of his daughter's) hundreds an old country house near Reading, called Grasely Court, in the midst of a pretty, pastoral country. It was of Elizabethan date, with wainscoted old parlour, oriel window, high, architectural chimney-piece adorned with busts and coats of arms, and a fine oaken staircase. There were two secret rooms, in which old priests and cavaliers had occasionally taken refuge; but it was a good deal out of repair. Instead of restoring it, Dr. Mitford pulled it down, and built in its place a tasteless, red-brick house, with which, however, his wife and daughter were well satisfied. They found themselves some amusement in

laying the first stone, and the workmen were treated with two legs of mutton.

At fifteen Miss Mitford left school, and came out at the County Race ball. She was a fat, fair girl, with abundance of light curls. Thereafter, she accompanied her mamma in the green chariot to make morning calls, did a little shopping in Reading, and lay for hours on the sofa, reading novels at the rate of two volumes a day, besides (we will hope) better books.

Dr. Mitford had already begun his practice of absenting himself from home, and paying long and frequent visits to London. In the autumn of 1806 he took his daughter (then nearly nineteen) to visit his family connexions in the north, "doubtless influenced by the natural vanity of introducing her to his relations, and of letting her see the position in his native county which those relations held." He had a cousin married to Lord Charles Murray (son of the Duke of Athole) who, on succeeding to a large fortune, took the name of Aynsley. Lord and Lady Charles were very friendly, and postponed a visit to Alnwick Castle, in order to take Miss Mitford there, as well as to Lord Grey's and other places.

As soon as the visit to Alnwick had taken place, she wrote a glowing account of it to her mother—how they had started full-dressed at eleven, travelled thirty miles of dreadful road to the Castle, and arrived barely in time for the four o'clock dinner—how she had kept her front hair in papers on the road, was not at all ruffled, and wore a beautiful set of Lady Charles's ornaments—how she was received "with particular distinction" by the beautiful Duchess and charming Lady Pereys, the youngest of whom, Lady Emily, never left her the whole day. "We sat down sixty-five to dinner, and I was within three of the Duchess." After dinner, Lady Emily showed her the state rooms; and the Duchess finished by carrying her and Lady Charles to the Sessions Ball, where Miss Mitford refused to dance. They left at half-past ten, in consideration

of their long journey homewards, and in course of time discovered that they had come about six miles out of their way. Lord Charles and a footman were obliged to walk before the carriage with candles until they found a cross-country road; and they did not reach home till seven o'clock in the morning. "Seventy miles, a splendid dinner, and a ball, all in one day!" At eighteen, such adventures, and misadventures, are delightful.

Dr. Mitford, having started off his daughter among his grand relatives, took advantage of a summons from an election agent abruptly to leave her and return home. She was excessively annoyed, and wrote him a most peremptory expostulation, telling him everybody was surprised, and "I call upon 'mamma's sense of propriety to send you 'back directly.'" It is rather surprising to find that even spoilt young ladies can use this tone to parents. However, the Doctor took his own time (and here some may think him excusable).

The editor supposes this to have been the most prosperous period of Miss Mitford's whole life; but it was of short duration. Meanwhile, she began to correspond with Sir William Elford, a friend of her father's who had seen some of her verses, and wished for copies. He was a staid, married man, very fond of painting and of literature. Thenceforth they became regular correspondents.

Miss Mitford now acquired the name of "the clever Mary Mitford," to distinguish her from cousins of the same name. She paid a visit to her former schoolmistress Miss Rowden, and went frequently to the theatres. Her poems were brought out, but did not succeed as sanguine friends anticipated, nor did the printer's bill please her. Next time, she thought, she would try Murray, or else Longman. (Aim highly, fall nobly, all the world over; not only with young authors;—or else, *succeed nobly*).

After this, we find Dr. Mitford in great difficulties. He writes home to have two of his pictures sold; and his

daughter rejoices that the creditor's agent has chosen one she does not care for. "Once out of debt," she wrote, "and 'settled in some quiet cottage, we shall 'all be well and happy again. But it 'must not be long delayed, for my dear 'mother must be spared a repetition of 'such shocks.'"

Miss Mitford's pen thenceforth had a spur that urged her all her life. She wrote a poem called "Christine," which was more appreciated abroad than at home, and was reprinted more than once in America. This was followed by a poem called "Blanch." During one of her visits to London, she became acquainted with Mr. Perry, the editor of the *Morning Chronicle*, and at his house had glimpses of Tom Moore and many literary people. She was invited by Miss Rowden to a school recitation at Hans Place, for which she wrote an ode on "The March of Mind," which was greatly applauded, and quoted afterwards by Mr. Whitbread at a charity dinner at Freemasons' Hall. "Stuffed 'into a conspicuous place (on the former 'occasion), stared at, talked to, talked 'at, . . . I was comforted by William 'Harness' (two years her junior), 'who 'sat behind me, laughing at everybody, 'and more playful and agreeable than 'anybody I ever remember — better 'than Henry Joy."

She went to see the Emperor Alexander go in state to the City, and afterwards to the Opera. On June 27, 1814, she writes:—"We had a very pleasant 'day yesterday at good Dr. Harness's. 'Mrs. Harness appears to great advantage in her own house. We had a 'most splendid dinner, and a very 'agreeable party. Sir R. Calder, a 'most delightful man of seventy; a 'General Wemyss, who was extremely 'pleasant; William, all gaiety and attention; and some people who filled 'chairs. I was quite a little goddess, 'Sir R. kissing one gloved hand, and 'the General the other; and William 'stretched across an ottoman before me, 'like Hamlet at the feet of Ophelia. 'It was Freemasons' Hall in miniature, 'but much more pleasant, for my feel-



"ings on Friday were pleasure stretched  
 "to pain. I did not believe my ears  
 "when Lord Lansdowne gave my  
 "health; nor when my old friend the  
 "Duke of Kent, observing that Lord L.'s  
 "voice was not always strong enough,  
 "reiterated it with stentorian lungs."

From all this brilliancy and exhilaration she returned to a sobering scene. "The family had gradually been impoverished, and in March 1820 were obliged to remove from their twenty years' home, where they had at first lived in affluence, but latterly with a severe economy, and a constant struggle against ruin. Taxes had fallen into arrears, tradesmen refused to serve on credit, and Mrs. Mitford thanked her husband gratefully for sending her 10*l.*, which would go to pay the butcher and baker." Footman, lady's-maid, chariot, horses, had one after another been parted with; and the pictures were sent up to town in a hurry, to be sold by auction.

"And who was the author of this distress?" indignantly asks the editor. "The father alone. The mother, by the most careful management and self-denial, the daughter by her literary industry, were doing everything in their power to lighten its pressure, and ward off its fall." Dr. Mitford was addicted to play, and a dabbler in speculations which at length involved him in a chancery suit. At the best, he was cheated and overreached. However that may have been, precious were the lessons of adversity to his daughter. To her family love in a cottage was indeed a blessed exchange for Bertram House shorn of its respectability, where her mother had at last implored for even a one-pound note, as they were actually in want of bread. But for the funded 3,500*l.* which Dr. Harness refused to sell out, and a field large enough to save Dr. Mitford's franchise for the county, they had absolutely nothing left.

In April 1820 they were moved into a cottage at Three Mile Cross, which Miss Mitford cheerfully described as "a messuage, or tenement," on the turnpike road, consisting of a series of small rooms,

the largest of which might be about eight feet square, standing between a public-house and a village-shop, and facing a cobbler's. Behind was a garden, which she soon made a wilderness of sweets, and a long shed, which was soon made half greenhouse, half summer-parlour. "It is within reach of my dear old walks, the banks where I find my violets, the meadows full of cowslips, and the woods where the wood-sorrel grows. Papa has already had the satisfaction of setting the neighbourhood to rights by committing a disorderly person to Bridewell. Mamma has furnished up an old dairy, and made it into a not incommodious store-room. . . . I expect we shall be much benefited by this squeeze, though at present it sits upon us as uneasily as a pair of tight stays, and is just as awkward-looking. Indeed, my great objection to a small room always was its extreme unbecomingness to one of my enormity. I really seem to fill it—like a blackbird in a goldfinch's cage. The parlour looks all me."

Here, at Three Mile Cross, she took long walks, and worked in her garden, "did short jobs of needlework," and wrote long letters, read all sorts of books, long and short, new and old, though none of them very deep ones. All this would not have "paid the piper," but she was gradually, and almost unawares, getting into training for an original and successful writer.

Her first attempts were dramatic. "Fiesco," she writes, "has been returned on my hands, as I foresaw, and I am now knee-deep in another tragedy, "on the subject of the Venetian doge "Foscari." To her chagrin, she found Lord Byron busy on the same subject; but that did not hinder her play from being produced, and with success. Encouraged to pursue the same line, she wrote "Julian," which was brought out in March 1823, and also was successful. It is easy to believe that thenceforth there was no lack of interest in her cottage home. She was alternately writing in a healthful country atmo-

sphere, refreshing herself by delightful walks and frank intercourse with cottagers, and animated by occasional visits to London, where she was sought, and petted, and praised by the literary and fashionable—where she associated with Wordsworth, Milman, Talfourd, Joanna Baillie, Mrs. Opie, Mrs. Hofland, Charles Lamb, Campbell, “Anastasius” Hope, Macready, Charles Kemble, Haydon the painter, Landseer, Elizabeth Barrett, and a host of others “too numerous to mention.” Were it not invidious, we might say, that all this petting and flattering somewhat rubbed off the bloom: but could it be helped?

From green-room squabbles and lion-hunting saloons she returned to the cottage, where her life would have been happy, but for the constant shadow of *debt*. She told Sir William Elford that “Julian” was written under a pressure of anxiety which left her not a moment’s rest. She nearly broke down under it, but rose with her wonted energy, regained her flesh and colour, and almost her power of writing prose articles. For she had been writing for the *Lady’s Magazine*, the editor of which had gone off forty pounds in her debt.

Her next production was a tragedy, called “Charles the First,” which, in spite of immense trouble, the licenser refused to license. Miss Mitford’s thoughts were called into a more wholesome channel by her mother’s being severely attacked by spasmodic asthma. For several months it came on about midnight, and lasted some hours, with such violence, that, night after night, Miss Mitford thought she would die in her arms. Perhaps this trial brought out what was deep and unselfish in her nature more than anything else. Dr. Mitford also proved a kind and most valuable nurse. When Mrs. Mitford slowly recovered, her husband and daughter felt, “amid all their cares and poverty, as if a hundredweight of lead had been taken off their heads.”

Miss Mitford now brought out the first volume of “Our Village,” of which Charles Lamb said that nothing so fresh and characteristic had appeared

for a long while. Receiving an inquiry from Sir William Elford, “Are the characters and descriptions true?” she replied, “Yes! yes! yes! as true as is well possible. You, as a great landscape painter, know that, in painting a favourite scene, you do a little embellish, and can’t help it. You avail yourself of happy accidents, of atmosphere, and, if anything be ugly, you strike it out; or if anything be wanting, you put it in. But still the picture is a likeness; and that this is a very faithful one, you will judge when I tell you that a worthy neighbour of ours, a post-captain, accused me quite seriously of carelessness in putting ‘The Rose’ for ‘The Swan,’ and was no less disconcerted at the *misprint*, as he called it, of B for R, in the name of our next town. . . . By the way, the names of our villagers are true. Of the higher sketches, they are feigned, of course.”

Mrs. S. C. Hall relates that she was inspired by “Our Village” to write her “Sketches of Irish Character,” perhaps her most delightful work; and Mrs. Hemans was hardly less charmed with it.

Many of these sketches, before their appearance in a collected form, had found place in the *New Monthly Magazine*; and Miss Mitford asked Mr. Harness for his interest with Campbell when he became editor. “I have entire reliance,” she wrote, “on your kindness; and to get money if I can is so much my duty, that that consciousness takes away at once all the modesty of authorship, for the display of which only the rich have leisure.”

She might well have entire reliance on Mr. Harness’s kindness, for, among other proofs of it, he subsequently negotiated with Saunders and Otley for her three-volume tale of “Belford Regis” (almost another name for Reading), and obtained an agreement for 700*l.*, which he justly called “pretty well!”

But that was when her father no longer made bargains for her. He was already an increasing trouble to her.

“You cannot imagine,” she writes to Mr. Harness, “how perplexed I am. There are points in my domestic situation too painful to write about.” Again, December 1, 1825:—“Poor mamma’s failure of faculty is very peculiar. . . . She mistakes one person for another, one thing for another, misjoins facts, misrepresents conversations, and is totally absorbed in the smallest passing objects. *This* is, in one respect, fortunate, since it prevents her from foreseeing greater evils. But then, again, it deters her from supporting me in my attempt to mitigate them. So that, from her incapacity, and the absolute inertness of my father in such matters—an obstinacy in going on in the same way, which I cannot describe—I find myself compelled to acquiesce in a way of living which, however inexpensive, is more than we can afford, for fear of disturbing and perhaps killing her.”

To add to her distress, the publisher of “Our Village” suspended payment. She went up to town in the greatest hurry to collect money, but without much success. In November, the brilliant success of “Foscari” gave her a great lift. After all the feverish suspense, she was overwhelmed with applause, and was promised 400*l.* for the author’s nights, and 150*l.* from Whittaker for the copyright and a volume of “Dramatic Sketches.” But in June 1827 she writes:—“We are as poor as poor can be; have received only 100*l.* yet “from the theatre; and are living on “credit.”

At the year’s end, the success of “Rienzi” again assured her 400*l.*, and eight thousand copies of it sold in two months. The evening after its first successful performance, “Anastasius” Hope, who sat next to her at dinner, said, “You have now had fame so near to you that it may be clutched.” And yet she said (I forget where it is mentioned) that on the day after her brilliant success she felt so completely humbled, so utterly vapid and spiritless, that never in her life had she so oppressive a sense of her

own demerits as on that day of imputed ecstasy.

The year 1829 closed to her in the deepest sorrow. Her mother, now nearly eighty, had spent a tolerably cheerful Christmas, when she was struck with paralysis, and found by a servant lying on the stairs. They carried her to her bed, where she lay for some days, with little pain and partial consciousness. “While my father and I were kneeling at her bedside,” says Miss Mitford, “she tried to speak to us. She said (in answer, I think, to our fond calls on her), ‘Dear husband—dear child.’ Then I begged her blessing; and, as well as she could, she gave it. Then my father begged her blessing, and she blessed ‘her own dear husband;’ wiping her eyes with her dear right hand, and crying as we did. Then I begged her to pardon my many faults against her. She said ‘Yes, my dear,’ and pressed my hand and my father’s; and at last went to sleep with her hand in his. . . . About nine in the morning of Friday (New Year’s day, 1830), the dear angel expired without a sigh. I had kissed her dear hand and face just before. She looked sweet and calm and peaceful: there was even a smile on her dear face. I thought my heart would have broken; and my dear father’s too.”

After this she devoted herself to him; and for the next twelve years he was her constant care. She was worried sometimes by invitations she could not accept, and visitors she could ill spare time for. She needed the proceeds of authorship, and yet had no leisure for it, except at night, when she had been reading to her father for hours. Yet injudicious or encroaching people—“every idle person within twenty miles”—would drop in to knock up a little chat, and fancy they were doing her a kindness. Seven carriages have been at once at the door of her little cottage!

No strength of body and mind could stand this incessant wear and tear. She was now heartily sick of writing; but engaged in editing “Stories of American Life, by American Writers,” and found



the drudgery of selection very wearisome. Editorship and compilation, to an original writer, generally seem like putting a racehorse into a mill.

On Christmas Eve, 1833, she wrote in great perturbation to Mr. Harness, to caution him not to sell out her money, in case he should receive any seeming authority to do so. "I have no doubt of my father's integrity, but I think him likely to be imposed upon." Mr. Harness answered,—“My dear Miss Mitford, depend upon it the money shall *never* be touched with my consent. It was consideration for your welfare which prevented my father's consenting to its being sold out some years ago, when you had been persuaded and wished to persuade him, to your own utter ruin. That 3,000*l.* I consider the sheet-anchor of your independence if age should ever render literature irksome to you; and, while your father lives, it shall never stir from its present position in the funds. . . . I do not doubt Dr. M.'s integrity, but I have not the slightest confidence in his prudence.”

Again she had to tax her overworked brain. In 1837 she wrote to Lord Melbourne, requesting to be placed on the pension-list, emboldened thereto “by the sight of her father's grey hairs.” Her own had become white. In 1838 she asked Mr. Harness to sell out 600*l.* for her, and buy an annuity on her own and her father's lives—the pension had been granted—“so that the 200*l.* a year, which will in future be all we shall need to go on as we are going on, can be gained without inconvenience, if it shall please God to grant me health and faculty.” The request was granted, debts paid, and the remaining money put out at interest. Dr. Mitford's sight now failed him, so that he could not read, and though he took his place on the bench every week, so that people could not believe him the wreck he was, the ensuing reaction brought on alternate weakness and feverish irritability, very hard for them both to bear. Miss Mitford's devotion to him still increased; and then he told

people “his treasure was wearing herself out;” and never spoke a truer word!

But our heavenly Father knows exactly how much we can bear. The trial was nearly over. It is a comfort to find Dr. Mitford, in November 1842, deriving much solace from the ministrations of a good parish clergyman, and from his daughter's reading the Gospels to him and praying with him. On the 11th of December he died peacefully, and left his daughter alone and lonely in the world, without a single relation to console her. He had died considerably in debt, and she wrote, “Every body shall be paid, if I sell my gown off my back, or pledge my little pension.” At the suggestion of friends, a subscription was raised, headed by the Queen, to meet these liabilities. Then came leisure, rest, and listlessness: at fifty-five, Miss Mitford's health was completely broken. Her cottage wanting thorough repair, she went to Bath for a month, but wearied for home before the month's end, and came back to find—the workmen off duty, and her maid gone to the play! Her boy Ben now proved a regular brick; he carried her things to his mother's cottage, made her tea and toast, waited upon her as well as a lady's-maid, and talked her into cheerfulness and thankfulness. “God bless him, poor boy!” she wrote; “it is something to have such a welcome.”

A few quiet, peaceful years now ensued. She had a little pony carriage, in which she was driven out by her maid. The pony kicked the chaise to pieces with them in it, and Miss Mitford received injuries which made her feel ten years older. She removed to a small cottage, shaded with fine trees, at Swallowfield, six miles from Reading, with her faithful maid K., K.'s husband Sam Sweetman, and their two children. She wrote a little again, and was deluged with letters from admiring correspondents. In 1852 her “most dear friend,” Mr. Harness, gave her the very great treat of coming to see her, finding himself a lodging, and staying ten days.

She calls him "one of the most charming persons that ever trod the earth," and it is plain that he mingled his Shakespearian readings, &c. with themes that a good and devoted clergyman would be sure to introduce. It was perhaps one of the greatest treats of her life; and his influence over her elevated and sweetened its close.

Just before Christmas, 1852, Miss Mitford was seriously injured by an overturn in Lady Russell's park, from which she never recovered. By slow degrees, she wrote three times over a new tale called "Atherton," her maid always dipping her pen. In March 1854, she wrote to Mrs. Browning: "Weaker and weaker, dearest friend, and worse and worse; and writing brings on such agony, that you would not ask for it if you knew the consequences. It seems that in that overturn the spine was seriously injured. There was hope that it might get better, but last summer destroyed all chance. This accounts for the loss of power in the limbs, and the anguish in the nerves of the back. . . Visitors bring on such exhaustion, that Mr. May forbids all but Lady Russell."

It was in the spring of this year that I wrote to thank her for the great pleasure her books had given me, and to hope she would accept one of mine as a sort of peppercorn acknowledgment. She wrote me a sweet little note in return, and two or three more; after which we did not exchange letters till the autumn.

When Mr. Harness proposed, in July, her receiving the Sacrament, she said the thought agitated her too much. "Be sure, dearest friend, that I do not fail in meditation, such as I can give, and prayer. It is my own unworthiness and want of an entire faith that humble me." A month later she received the Holy Communion of the Rev. Hugh Pearson. "For my own part," she wrote, "I fully believe that this long visitation has been the greatest mercy of the gracious God, who has been very good to me all through my life. I firmly

"believe that it was sent to draw me to Him. May He give me grace not to throw away the opportunity! I have twice gone through the Gospels and once through the whole of the New Testament since we met; and *I believe*, with my whole mind and heart, that Divine history. Still, dearest friend, I find it difficult to realize; and I am troubled in prayer with wandering thoughts. Pray that He may quicken my faith and deepen my repentance."

Mr. Pearson—as those who know him will well understand—seems to have greatly benefited and comforted her by his ministrations. About this time, when I was very ill, I received several letters from Miss Mitford, sometimes cheerful, often very tender and touching. In one of them, dated Dec. 1, she says: "I have been fluctuating between better and worse, and hang by as loose a thread to life as one of these late November leaves. May He give me entire reliance on His mercy. My trust is altogether in Christ, but my hope is humble and lowly. I read the Gospels, and am now going through them for the fifth time during the last few months. *There* is the best comfort, without commentaries, the plain writings of the Evangelists who recorded that Divine mission."

Again she wrote, Dec. 26: "Every night, beloved friend, I pray for those I love—you among them. . . . Think of me, and pray that my repentance may be deepened, my faith strengthened and quickened, and that He may grant me His Holy Spirit. These are our Christmas wishes and prayers."

Her next, Dec. 30, was quite a little biographical epitome, *very* cheerful, and speaking fondly of the "silvery whiteness of her dear father's hair, the lighting flash of his hazel eye, and the pure carnation of the cheek, so full of health and of life unstained by physical excess. His only fault was excessive trust in others, which cost him three fortunes, and made me an authoress." Then came a portrait, in a nutshell, of K—, whom she had attached by nursing her through scarlet

fever, and who had lived with her seventeen years. What a cheerful, tender, characteristic letter it is! ending with—  
 “I suffer a good deal from headache now, and get weaker. How I love your sisters!—tell them so.”

Only eleven days after this, Miss Russell wrote to me in great sorrow, saying: “Our dear and valued friend, Miss Mitford, was taken from us yesterday evening. My mother and sister were with her when she breathed her last, and I had left her but a quarter of an hour before. The last few days she had been gradually sinking; and yesterday morning her servant Sam came to fetch my mother, who came to her at once, and saw she was gently sinking. She knew her, and pressed her hand; and in the afternoon, when Mr. May came, she knew him, and said, ‘God bless you!’ and on his asking her if she were in any pain, she said, ‘No,—languor—languor.’ These were her last words, and her spirit passed away with a gentle sigh.”

The simple funeral was attended by Mr. Harness and Mr. May, and she was buried in Swallowfield church, where a spot had been selected by herself.

Dear as thou wert, and justly dear,

We should not weep for thee;

One thought shall check the starting tear—

It is, that thou art free.

The Rev. Mr. Harness lived just long enough to see Miss Mitford's letters brought out. He died this autumn, in his eightieth year, while staying with the Dean of Battle. In his day, he was a popular and influential preacher, and unquestionably Miss Mitford's most cherished friend.

None of her portraits seem to have given satisfaction, except Lucas's. There was, however, a miniature of her by Miss E. Jones, representing her as “fat, fair, and forty,” lent by Mr. A. W. Jaffray to the Reigate Town Exhibition of 1863. Lucas's picture has more of the expression that one looks for and hopes to find.



## AN ARK BY THE RIVER-SIDE.

BY AGNES T. HARRISON.

"I THINK it would be best to walk down the middle of the street. The inhabitants have an uncomfortable way of sometimes throwing things through the windows on the paths." My companion said this to me as we made our way down out of the narrow streets leading towards the wharf-side at Wapping. It was not a pleasant neighbourhood; the pavement was rough, the streets narrow, the dingy-complexioned winter day made the dull houses and the dirty windows look duller and dirtier, I should think, than usual. A few barefooted, blue-faced children stood about the doorsteps to watch us pass. The very stones seemed frozen harder than usual, and the north-west wind met us, as we turned the corner, with a strong wharf-side smell of low tide, touched up with a healthy dash of boiling pitch. Suddenly the dingy line of brick houses was broken by a space of a neat white-fronted building, bearing the words, "East London Hospital for Children." It looked like—as it really was—two houses which had been drawn and merged into one through a united purpose. We knocked, and entered the modest door, and found ourselves in the Hospital. The transformation of a marine-store and sail-maker's warehouse into a hospital had been cleverly and ingeniously managed, but the old character of the place peeped out on all sides. There were thick beams overhead, trap-doors in the floors, heavy partitions, bumps and bruises in the woodwork where heavy bales and boxes had been moved to and fro, betraying its old uses as inevitably as the rolling gait of a Jack Tar would show under the dress of a landsman. We went up a narrow staircase and entered a small parlour on the second floor, with an old-fashioned hobbled grate and small-paned windows.

Here, while we waited a few minutes for the doctor, a member of the Hospital Committee, my companion, who was my kind guide on this occasion, told me something of the history of the place. Two years and a half ago, a young physician, who was just entering on what his friends predicted would be a brilliant professional career at the West-end, bought the warehouse and sail-maker's lofts that form the present building, and made a temporary refuge for sick children during the cholera distress. Ten little beds were set up, and ten children taken in. The doctor's young wife, who had put her enthusiasm to the test of a strict medical examination as nurse, shared in the work. The pathetic need of the children drew the hearts of the young doctor and his wife more and more, till it broke what are called the natural social ties that bound them to a life and associations as far removed from existence here as the East is from the West. They came and lived here in the midst of their work. For some rare hearts there are stronger claims than those made by "society," or the graces of life, and such were those who left so much behind them, and cast in their lot with the inhabitants of Stepney and Wapping.

Most steadfastly have they held to their purpose, working among the narrow streets, visiting the poor in their homes, gathering the sick children into the little beds of the hospital, and all this with a cheerful courage that is strange to witness.

As the number of the patients increased, they drew around them a number of workers of like spirit as themselves.

These were formed into a Committee of Management,—surely, judging by what I heard of its proceedings, the most friendly, frank, and cordial committee that ever maintained peace and "pulled

together." It comprises in its numbers the rector of the parish, a Catholic priest, a Dissenting minister, and laymen of a character as varied. I could not help noticing, as I was told all this, the curious contrast between the old-fashioned hobbled grate and small-paned windows and some handsome pieces of carved furniture in the room, and other touches of refinement as unmistakable in the aspect of places as the subtle definitions of accent and manner in people. Life is naturally put to some shifts here; the best and the most is made of everything. The room we sit in is sitting-room and committee-room in one, and behind that curtain in the recess we are told a bed has retired for the day in unobtrusive modesty!

The doctor comes up from his luncheon—a moveable feast—and we go upstairs to see "our babies." By a very narrow staircase we reach the first ward, a long room with raftered roof, a window at either end, and bright fires burning, and eight little cribs against the wall, each with its little occupant. These are the little girls. One with a plain, patient little face has a large rosy-cheeked, blandly-smiling doll beside her. I can scarcely hear the feeble little voice that answers my questions about the dolly, though I stoop low. "She cannot play with it much—she has too much pain, but she likes to have it near her. Oh, yes!" This is said with a smile from the patient, plain little face—a look that one would carry away in the heart and not forget. This was a painful case of hip disease; she has been here a year, but is recovering. Near her is another, the thin, delicate, childish cheek turned wearily to the pillow. She is too ill to speak. The pale young face looks as if the burden of life had been too heavy during the short twelve years it has been borne, and would soon be laid down. But there are more hopeful cases. Bright little faces start up from the pillows at the kind voice and touch of the doctor, who has a pet name and a bit of child's fun for each. Then at the end of the room are two young convalescents—a boy, and a fat, roundabout child in a

tight pinafore, who is hopping about between the beds in time to the tune of an organ playing in the street below. I notice the sweetness of the air, the dainty cleanliness of the floor, the cheerful colouring of the walls, which are more or less covered with pictures and mottoes and toys, and a wonderful quantity of small dolls hung up by the arms on strings within reach of the beds,—a perfect army of dolls, off duty just now, waiting till the small proprietors on the cribs below are ready to play with them. The walls were coloured by "our servant," who has been known to Mrs. H. for many years, and left the Coast-guard service to enter hers when she married. "She is quite devoted to the hospital," she says. Everybody seems devoted to the hospital who comes within its influence. It seems a sort of visible embodiment of infant needs that no one can approach without being seized with the desire to watch over it, tend it, sacrifice their nights and days for it with something of the tender, unreasoning, cheerful love that a mother shows over a sick child.

By another narrow staircase we reach the second ward, where the masts of the shipping look in at the windows over the roofs of neighbouring houses, and there is a gleam of the grey river visible between the chimneys. And here are the babies, ten more little cribs full! What a sight!—too pathetic to be seen for tears, by eyes that see it for the first time. Such tiny creatures! Here one, pinched and pale, with all its baby graces gone, lies quite still, wailing quietly to its pillow. Next to it another, an angelic baby face, surrounded by a halo of silky golden hair, looks up and smiles, and stretches out a baby hand towards the face that bends to kiss it, in the strange touching confidence of answering love. Next to this is a little empty bed, the tiny pillow smooth, the clothes laid straight. The card over this bed describing the age and disease of the patient is turned to the wall. Whether the last occupant has gone back to his mother's arms strong and well, or—to that other Home—I have no heart to ask, but pass on where a little face,

with the colour just returning to its baby cheek, lies still, breathing softly, fast asleep. Another and another; some pale and suffering more from want than disease, others, thank God! recovering from terrible diseases so disproportioned in their cruel strength to the small forms they have assailed.

Some sit up musingly sucking their thumbs, some exchanging soft foolish baby greetings with each other or with two delightful ugly poodle-puppies that waddle about and poke affectionate noses through the bars of the cribs. Dear fellow-creatures these to the unprejudiced heart of infancy, and most beneficial in their cheering influence on the patients. "They had a rabbit a while ago," we are told, mournfully, "but he would go too near the fires and get singed, and so *had* to be sent into the country."

The nurses, we hear, are eight in number—one, a young lady who has devoted herself to the work, and brought, I should think, a kind heart and energetic will to the service. As with the other workers here, the nurses have been drawn to the Hospital by sympathy with its object, and the natural attraction of the devoted lives connected with it. Some have been servants in the doctor's family, most have made personal sacrifice, as far as money is concerned, by remaining here. But they become so interested in the children and the work that they won't leave. Once, when the Hospital was very poor, and it was thought that one of the wards must be closed, two of the nurses came to beg that the ward might remain open, saying they would willingly go without wages till the Hospital could afford to pay them, rather than the children should be sent away. Two of the nurses are children, girls of fourteen or thereabouts. One of them, a little girl with a nice sensible face, and dressed in a pinafore, was in the infant ward while we there: she moved about among the beds, covering little bare legs that had kicked off the clothes, turning weary little bodies that had lain long on one side in a clever, womanly way that was delightful to note. She had been the first patient received here by the doctor,

and now was "walking the hospital" under that kindly and intelligent supervision, and growing into a deft-handed, wise-hearted little nurse.

As it is in all schemes in which the Christian germ of sacrifice keeps the work warm with vital heat, the influence of the hospital extends far beyond its immediate purpose. Besides all the numbers of outdoor patients that crowd the consulting-room daily, the sick and suffering are helped in their own homes. Kindly sympathy and material aid are carried to the industrious and respectable poor who in times of "slack work" remain at home suffering the extremes of hunger and poverty sooner than beg for help. This personal sympathy and help from those who are in a true sense their *neighbours* draw forth a corresponding feeling of confidence and gratitude on the part of the poor. One woman, as she was carried to the Fever Hospital, begged that her little boy might be brought here; saying that then she should "feel contented." Alas! the child could not be received at the Hospital for Children, where there is no fever ward, and he was left lying on an old chest in his deserted home.

Beside the want of a fever ward there is great and urgent need of a convalescent home in the country, where the children might breathe fresh air, and be saved from the almost inevitable relapse that comes with the close air of their homes. Sometimes a child must be sent away but half recovered, weak and ailing, to make room for one in more urgent need.

Very hard this, but inevitable at times, when every shift has been made; sometimes two children are laid in one bed; and yet there are more at the door with eager mothers begging for admittance.

It is very hard, "but living," as they say, "from hand to mouth," what can they do? What, indeed! though who will dare to say that the Hand they thus live by is not strong to provide?

That which strikes a stranger most, I think, in visiting the hospital, is the home-like feeling that pervades it. The wards were like big nurseries, full of the individuality of child-life.



"We're going to have a merry Christmas this year, aren't we, Alfred?" said one of the nurses to a little boy of ten years old just beginning to walk feebly from bed to bed, but with the brightest face that surely ever met suffering. "We're to have a Christmas tree, and the outdoor patients and a great many old patients are invited." Think of that band of "old" patients, some in their mothers' arms, some toddling in to that Christmas feast!

The mothers come to see the children three times a week, and the fathers on a Sunday. Sometimes a little difficulty arises from the tendency of the mothers when the parting comes, and the little arms are stretched out, and little voices cry, "Mother, mother," to carry off a child for better for worse; but for the most part the confidence in the hospital is very great. The children grow fond of each other, too, as they get better; and the love of the nurses for them is very strong. One of the little nurses was seen by her mother kissing a piece of paper repeatedly. After a while she found the paper had contained a bit of cake given to the little nurse by one of her patients, a boy named Paddy, who had died in the hospital. There was a touching case, too, of twins who were brought here both ill, a boy and girl. The baby-girl fretted and would not rest, saying continually, "I want my baby; I want my baby." "So," said the nurse, "we put them together, and they were quite content. The little girl used to sit up and call out, 'I think my baby's tired; I think my baby wants some food;' and look after him just as if she was his mother."

While we stood talking a sturdy boy of three years old came up, and was introduced to me as "the child of the hospital." He certainly did not look much like a patient, as he clung to the hands of the doctor's wife, and nestled his head in the folds of her dress, or looked into her face with a peremptory "Take me up." In her arms, with his small hand in her soft hair or fondling her cheek, he regarded me with calm scrutiny while I listened to his history.

He was deserted by his parents when a baby, and was left on the hands of the hospital, and here had toddled about ever since.

"And now Georgy is going to emigrate," continued Mrs. H. "An American lady came here the other day and saw him, and heard his history, and since then she has written to me to say that there is a home for him in Boston if we will let him go."

I looked at Georgy a few minutes later, then mounted to a high and dignified perch on the shoulder of a member of the Hospital Committee. The hope rose strong as I looked at the merry face that this small life, wafted by circumstances as seemingly strange and wayward as the winds that carry little seeds to distant places, might grow and flourish in the free and generous air to which he was going.

As we made our way towards the Stepney station through the chilly streets, and saw through an open door a cheerless sight of a fireless room and hungry faces, our talk fell on the gloomy prospects of the coming winter, the "slack work," and the famine fever. No wonder the hospital seemed like an ark in the midst of a dreary sea of suffering and hunger and cold.

And yet from its door sick children are constantly sent away because "there is no room for them." The beds are all full, and there is no money with which to set up more. The hospital is very poor. Those that work for it are a small band, if a zealous one. The hospital at Ratcliffe Cross is possibly not in the usual line of travel of the readers of *Macmillan*, but I cannot but suggest that an hour or two expended in a journey to see the sick children might not be ill-spent.

The visitor who goes from Fenchurch Street station to Stepney will find on any doorstep there an eager guide to show him the way to the hospital. And once there he may hear from Mr. Heckford, the resident doctor, of the work, and with his own eyes see the needs the hospital has to meet, and how it meets them.

“ APOSTOLICÆ SEDIS.”

“*Apostolicæ Sedis Moderationi*—” it has befittingly the moderation of the Apostolic See to issue, in accordance “with the change of times and things,” a new edition of Excommunications, Suspensions, and Interdicts. — Thus, briefly, the preamble to the notorious “Constitution” promulgated by Pius IX. at the beginning of the present Council.

We do not intend to consider the merits of that document either from the philosopher’s or the antiquary’s point of view. Neither shall we enter upon its single clauses, armed with the Bible and the Fathers, theologically. We only offer a few stray data towards the better understanding of some of its details. If there be a moral in them, it shall be our readers’, not ours, to point it.

Our document contains six principal divisions. Four are devoted to Excommunications exclusively. Of them we have a sum total of thirty-six. Twelve of these, again, are “especially reserved” to the Pope, while seventeen are merely “reserved” to him. Three are left to the bishops, or “ordinaries,” and the final four are “reserved to nobody.” The fifth general division contains seven cases of Suspension reserved to the Pope, and the whole decree winds up with two “reserved” Interdicts. Thus the sum total amounts to forty-five. All these cases are *Lata Sententiæ*, which means that such Excommunication, Suspension, or Interdict follows the respective transgression without any further process—sentence being, as it were, already pronounced: while in what is styled *Ferendæ Sententiæ* a special investigation and verdict are requisite. The term, like many others used in the Church, belongs to classical Rome. In that ancient Commonwealth it meant to give one’s vote or judgment, or rather, to *carry* (*ferre*) that vote, in the

shape of a little waxed tablet, inscribed with certain initials, (*Absolvo*, *Condemno*, &c.) to the *Cista* (not *sitella*) or urn. Voting in Council, which was done *vivâ voce*, was, therefore, mostly called *sententiam dicere*, to *speak* one’s opinion.

The first and principal division consists of the old *Bulla Cœnæ*, with certain alterations to be mentioned further on. This “Lord’s Supper Bull” derives its name from the fact that certain anathemas which it embodies were promulgated by the Popes—down to exactly one hundred years ago—first three times a year; finally, only once. The day specially fixed upon was Maunday-Thursday, as the day of grace when Christ after supper had prayed for the unity and concord of the Church. It was on that day, also, that Paschal II., in 1102, excommunicated Henry IV. of Germany, as *hereticorum caput*, and Gregory IX. did the same to the Emperor Frederick II. in 1227: somewhat to their own later discomfiture. And on that day, year by year, it was the Pope’s privilege, immediately after he had pronounced the apostolic benediction over the countless multitudes, to utter as many curses as the Bull, which always moved with the times, contained during his pontificate. It was the office of the cardinals, archbishops, and bishops who surrounded him, dressed in their pontificals, to throw, when the last word had been said, the burning tapers to the ground and to tread them under foot. The bells, meanwhile, were set in motion, but in a peculiar fashion, so as to make their tolling a thing of great horror. They were rung “inordinately,” and “*in detestationem*,” viz. of those who had been cursed. Finally, the decree was nailed to the doors of the Basilica of St. Peter and the Church of the Lateran. Those who fell under its provisions were for-

bidden to participate in all or any sacrament and to enter a church. No one was allowed "to pray with them or to speak to them, to eat with them or to drink with them, to hold communion with them in council, to kiss them or to greet them. They are not to be buried, and no bell is to be tolled where they have lived." And all this was carried out in very bitter earnest.

The *Bulla Coenæ*, in its latest shape, which is due to Urban VIII., embodies twenty of those cases in which the Pope alone, to the exclusion of every mortal, can absolve, and which, in this sense, are "reserved" to him. This, so far from being at first considered a hardship, was pressed upon the Papal See by the Clergy itself. The very first authenticated "reserved case" established at the Council of Clermont in 1130, was, as it were, "an Act for the better protection of ecclesiastical persons," and probably owes its origin to England. The English law of the period did not, it seems, take sufficient care of the ecclesiastics in the realm, and loud and incessant were their cries against the violence they had to endure "at the hands of robbers and evil-doers, who do not sufficiently respect the Church of God and His anointed." And when Innocent II., after the death of Honorius II., had been furtively elected Pope by a minority of sixteen or seventeen cardinals—an Antipope, Pier Leone, the favourite of Rome, being proclaimed as Anaclete II. by a majority of thirty cardinals the very next day—and had been confirmed by St. Bernard amid general acclamation, one of his first acts at that Council of Clermont was the canon called *Percussio clericorum*. The anathema, to be recalled only by himself, was pronounced upon any one who should lay violent hands upon any clerical person or monk. The offence, however, cannot have been of very long standing. The preamble states that "*new* medicaments must be applied to *new* vices." The anathema was renewed in the following year at the Council of Rheims,

in 1134 at that of Pisa, and in 1139 at that of the Lateran; while at a synod held in London in 1138 (at which clerics were also forbidden to carry on the trade of usurers), and at another held either at Westminster or at Winchester in 1143, this edict was, as "necessary for the time," especially and solemnly promulgated for domestic use. At the latter synod the Fathers of their own accord added another crime as "reserved" for the Pope, viz. that of breaking into churches.

The principal force of this "Reservation" lay in the fact that the culprit was compelled to make a journey to Rome, the abode of him who alone could "loose" him. Thus Innocent III. writes to the Bishop of Montreale,— "For greater security and higher reverence has the Apostolic See reserved to itself alone the right of absolution, in order that those whom neither the fear of God nor the clerical holiness (*religio*) keep in check should be restrained at least by the labour and difficulty of the road,"—an argument which may have lost some of its force since the twelfth century.

Ere we proceed, however, it behoves us to say a word about the whole theory of the "Reservation." Theoretically, every ordained priest has the power of absolving. It is given to him, during the imposition of hands, by the Holy Ghost. But with this *potestas ordinis*, it is held by some, is not also combined the *potestas jurisdictionis*, or power of jurisdiction, both of which are requisite for absolving. This second and more important power is inherent in the Church, or rather the Episcopate, and must be given *specialty*. Bishops, therefore, may impart it to their subordinate priests or withhold it from them, as they see fit. The Council of Trent confirmed ancient rules embodying this view, by declaring the absolution pronounced by a priest over any one not subject to his ordinary or delegated jurisdiction, null and void. The Pope, as summit and crown of the Church, and as "holder of the keys," stands also above the Episcopate,



and may therefore reserve to himself all and every sin, to the exclusion even of the bishops. He is the *Judex ordinarius*, the *Pastor pastorum*, called in *plenitudinem potestatis*, and his excommunication may be removed by none but himself, or his special *locum tenens* or delegate. Such is one ecclesiastical theory. But there is another, backed by other ecclesiastical authorities. It is this: that the Pope usurps that right, of which he also has not made use during the first Christian centuries, which alone are "normal," and the privileges of which are "ancient and divine;" whilst those of a later date, like the *Reservation*, are due in a great measure to the Isidorian Decretals, which are condemned as forgeries by the Church itself. Such rights are but "accidental and human," and therefore of no account. As long as the Pope does not abuse them, they may be left to him; if he does, they must be taken from him, even against his will. The orthodox reply to this is, that Gregory the Great and Alexander II. had *de facto* had special cases brought before them, and that these constituted an apt and proper precedent for the early centuries. It is not generally emphasized, we think, that in both cases it was simply the papal judgment invoked and given against a bishop and an archbishop respectively. Be this, however, as it may, practically the bishops often and early enough resorted of their own free accord to the punishment of a peregrination to Rome as an apt way of getting a troublesome sinner out of the country for some time—with the chance of his never returning again. On the other hand, the good people of Rome did not object to the often noble penitents, who spent their money whilst they performed their penance. Thus went Romewards King Robert of France, and with him went the bishops who had sanctioned his incestuous marriage; thus Guarnerius, the criminal Bishop of Strasburg, "*fasting with much fatigue.*" Remedius of Lincoln sent a priest guilty of murder to Gregory VII.; Henry IV. of Germany stood at Canossa; and King Philip

of France was absolved from adultery by Urban II., at Rome. Also did Archbishop Laurentius of Dublin, among others, consign no less than one hundred and fifty "licentious Irish priests" to the Holy Father in 1197, and the Bishop of Groswarden himself was ordered to go to Rome, to get absolution—if he could—for a certain sin of which he had been notoriously and repeatedly guilty.

The first reserved case having been established, it was found expedient to make exceptions, partly in favour of the clergy, but partly also in favour of those laymen who should "punish" clerics "caught in *flagranti* with their wives, mothers, daughters, or sisters," or who should defend themselves against "unjust violence" on the part of a cleric. Occasionally also the Pope waived his right, or rather transferred it to cardinal legates or special bishops. Thus the Bishop of Genoa was permitted by Alexander III. to absolve a certain canon who had beaten a sub-dean. Another step in the other direction, however, was to make this ban valid without special excommunication, which at first had been indispensable. It was now considered pronounced *ipso facto*, or *late sententia*; terms which are indeed not used in the matter during the first stages.

Out of this single case there grew, in the course of a few centuries, about one hundred and twenty, from which the *Bulla Cœne* of Urban VIII. has selected, as mentioned above, exactly twenty. But it took some time—about two centuries—before to the first was added the second, and to the second the third case. At the commencement of the fourteenth century we find no more than three authenticated reserved cases. In 1364, however, Urban V. was already able to issue a regular Bull with seven cases from Avignon, among which there appears for the first time the occupation of the papal dominion and the hindering of papal messengers, as well as the selling of ammunition to the enemies of the Church. The latter proviso was enacted with a special view to that Pope's pet crusade, inaugurated by the

King of Cyprus and Peter Thomas, which came to so speedy and ignominious an end. A new and revised edition of the *Cœna* was put forth by Gregory XI. in 1370, and another by Gregory XII. in 1411, which begins in this wise:—"We excommunicate and anathematize, in the name of God the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Ghost, and by the authority of the Holy Apostles Peter and Paul and our own, all heretics, 'Gazaros, Patarenos, Pauperes de Lugduno, Arnaldistas, Speronistas et Passaginos,' and all other heretics of whatsoever name, and all them that favour, receive, and defend them. Likewise do we excommunicate and anathematize, &c. &c. &c."

In 1512, Julius II. re-issued the Bull, with twelve cases, among which figures already the curse upon falsifiers of Papal Bulls and other sacred emanations. In 1536, Paul III. had brought his version up to seventeen, including the curse upon them that would make clerical persons submit to the civil authorities, and those who abstract relics from Roman churches. Not quite fifty years later, in 1583, under Gregory XIII., the Bull had swollen to twenty-one cases, among which there is the reading of Luther and all or any heretic, and the printing or defending of such heretics' writings. In its final shape, that due to Urban VIII., it has lain dormant since Clement XIV., who would no longer read it on Maunday Thursday—"it no longer being a time for cursing but for grace," he said. But only dormant. It has quietly kept its place, in spite of many prohibitions, in several modern rituals. It is now first abrogated formally by this new "Constitution."

We have been at the pains of comparing the two documents somewhat closely, in order to see wherein the "moderation" of the Apostolic See aforementioned has manifested itself. First of all it must be noted that our document is considerably larger, embodying as it does a number of such reserved cases as were left out in the ancient *Bulla Cœna*. Next, that the time-honoured introduction to the special

paragraphs of the old Bull, "*Excommunicamus et anathematizamus*," has given way to special, business-like headings. Indeed, the difference between those two papal terms of displeasure seems to have become somewhat shadowy in these latter days. This was not so at one time. Indeed, as early as the ninth century the faithful knew that while "excommunication" merely meant exclusion from the Church and all its benefits, together with public penitence and banishment from home and society,—not to forget the instant dismissal from all and every civil and military office or dignity: the state of those that lay under the "anathema" was far worse. They were cut off utterly and irrevocably as "putrid and desperate members" from the entire body of the Church. Unto them there is "*nulla legum, nulla morum, nulla collegii participationis*," whether they be alive or dead. Their names "shall not be remembered even among the defunct," nor shall "even in their dying hour any communication be held with them." In many other respects the text of this new "Constitution" of Pius IX. follows that of the Bull, as far as it goes, pretty closely, sometimes literally. Except, perhaps, that paragraph 1 of the latter figures now as paragraphs 1 to 3, or that the "Latinity" has undergone certain alterations. If, *e.g.*, the old edict has "*ac omnes et*," the new reads "*et omnes ac*;" for "*ac iis*," we have "*eisque*," for "*et generaliter*" we get "*ac generaliter*," and similar improvements, "in accordance with the change of times."

Yet more significant emendations, both of omission and commission, are not wanting. We have already said that clause 1 of the *Cœna* is broken up here into three, which deal respectively with "apostates and heretics," with "readers, keepers, printers, and defenders of heretical books," and "schismatics and others disobedient to the Pope." While in the first new paragraph we miss the familiar names of "Hussites, Wycliffites, Lutherans, Zwinglians, Calvinists, Huguenots, Anabaptists, Trinitarians," and so forth, we rejoice to find the

second clause altered in favour of those persons whose business it is to read all the bad books which are to be placed on the Index. Hitherto, the anathema included all and every one who read such heretical writings, "from whatsoever cause; publicly or secretly; in whatsoever spirit; and under whatsoever colour." This provision is no more. Cursed are now only those who "knowingly read, keep, print, use, *without the authority of the Holy See*, the books of those apostates and heretics which propagate heresy, as well as those, by whomsoever written, which are specially prohibited by apostolic letters." So that the Fathers of the "Congregation of the Index"—here brought to public recognition—are theoretical outcasts no more. Clause 2 of the *Cana* becomes clause 4 in our document. It excommunicates all and every one who should presume to appeal from the Pope to a future Council. The origin of this decree has again to be looked for in England, where the clergy, in the 13th century, so far from paying Innocent IV. what he demanded, dared to appeal to a future general Council instead. The same was done by the two cardinals de Colonna, Jacobus and Petrus, whom Boniface VIII. had deposed and excommunicated. Philip IV. of France appealed against the same Pope, after having publicly burnt the Bull, "Listen, O my son," directed against himself. Lewis the Bavarian appealed in 1324 against John XXII., and finally there appealed the whole College of Cardinals—except four whom Gregory XII. had created, in spite of his solemn oath to the contrary—against that Holy Father. It was Martin V. who first sought to suppress this demurring to papal authority by excommunication; which, however, did not prevent the University of Paris and the clergy of the diocese of Rouen from appealing against Calixtus III. Whereupon Pius II. issued the Bull "Execrabilis," which, very stringent and very pathetic as it was, was so utterly disregarded by Sigismund, Duke of Austria, that, not later than a month after its promulgation, he appealed to a future

Council. Not very long afterwards, the Archbishop of Mayence, being excommunicated, followed his example in also appealing against his excommunication to a future Council. Likewise did the Venetians appeal to a Council against Julius II., and though Gregory XIII. at last placed this sin formally upon the *Cana*, Louis XIV. again appealed against Innocent XI. Even so, a few months ago, Père Hyacinthe threatened to appeal, eventually, to a future General Council. We at first missed one passage of this clause in our new Bull, that treating of "Universities, Colleges, and Chapters," until we discovered it later on, leading off the division of "Interdicts."

Entirely gone are clauses 3 to 5 of the old Bull. They treat, respectively, of pirates and corsairs "in our sea, from Argentorato to Terracina, and all their abettors," further of wreckers—wrecking being a privilege granted occasionally to bishops and monasteries—and of leviers of such tolls as had not been sanctified by the Pope. Clause 6 of the old Bull reappears as number 9 of the new. It is devoted to falsifiers of Papal briefs and writs, and there is one alteration noticeable. For the old "*falso fabricantur*" we have the mild "*falso publicantur*," so that it is the propagator more than the author who must now beware. Time certainly was, when forging absolutions for all manner of sin was the source of sundry good incomes, both lay and clerical, but it is to be feared that this trade has become somewhat slack. Nor are they who sell horses, arms, and other war-materials to the Turks, Sarassins, and other heretics, any longer under the ban, or those "even if they be emperors, or kings, or clerical dignitaries," who impede the carrying of victuals to Rome, or who slay or imprison them that go to Rome to complain of their bishops—a practice once in vogue, but to which the bishops themselves often put a stop by the unghostly means here condemned. Again, clause 11 that was, has become clause 5 that is, and it is preserved scrupulously intact. It treats of all and



any harm done to patriarchs, archbishops, bishops, and legates. They are not to be "killed, mutilated, wounded, beaten, captured, imprisoned, stopped, persecuted, or turned out of their dioceses, lands, territories, or dominions." Once upon a time, the Emperor Frederic II. took prisoner no less than a hundred ecclesiastics, on their way to Rome—among them three Papal legates, the Archbishops of Rouen, Auch, Bordeaux, and many bishops and abbots, some of whom died in his strongholds in Apulia. In the same spirit of irreverence the King of England caused the Papal legates to be "well beaten" and turned out of the country in 1232. Even Pope Urban IV. when, as Innocent IV.'s legate, he went to Germany, was put into prison. It was in 1311, at the Council of Vienne, that Clement V. had this case therefore formally entered as "reserved." When Cardinal Borromeo was shot in his own chapel, Pius V. extended, in 1569, the curse to all those who, having any knowledge of the perpetrator of an offence against those Church dignitaries, fail to betray him. Not long after this, Henry III. of France put the Cardinal of Lorraine to death, and Gregory XIII. not only embodied the case in the *Cœna*, but extended the protective anathema to even the legates and messengers of the Apostolic See.

Three more of the new paragraphs correspond, framed a little more concisely, to those of the old document. They refer to the supremacy of ecclesiastical jurisdiction. Cursed is now, as was then, all and every person who recurs to the civil courts in anything relating to the Church, or to persons belonging to the Church: cursed is likewise every one who makes laws contrary to the liberty of the Church, or who impedes the progress of any ecclesiastical emanation in any way whatsoever. This excommunication applies, in one shape or another, to well nigh every single king, and emperor, and prince, and president, and parliament and court of justice, and judge (except the Pope and his own advisers) who at this moment

exercise any authority whatsoever. The origin of this "appeal from the abuse of the Apostolic Chair (as it was called) to the secular courts," emanated from the clergy itself, and finds its first expression in the reformatory decrees of the Councils of Basle and Constance. This power of appeal against, *e.g.*, the bestowal of rich benefices upon what were considered the wrong persons, was first granted to the French clergy by Charles VII. in 1438, but rescinded by the Concordat of 1515. The Parliament, however, in utter disregard of it, continued to hear cases lodged by the clergy against the bishops, and by the bishops against the Popes. Then it came to pass that Gregory XIII. cursed all these appeals in the *Cœna*, as well as the so-called *placetum regium*. By virtue of this *Placet* every Papal Bull or other emanation had to be examined by the civil powers before its promulgation was allowed. In France it was even necessary that both Parliaments, that of Toulouse and of Paris, should give their permit each time, one being considered insufficient. In Spain the prelates themselves claimed the right to look into those publications before they endorsed them, and eventually refused to take any notice of them. The pretext to this proceeding was given by the prodigious numbers of forged Papal letters in circulation. Only such as they saw reason to approve, they said, did they consider genuine: since the Pope would not issue what displeased them. Leo X. protested, but in vain. Even so did Innocent VIII.; and finally Julius II. made all let or hindrance against the publication of any of his emanations, whatever their nature, a case in the *Cœna*.

Regarding the other portion of this enactment, that of bringing clerical matters before lay tribunals, nothing can be more instructive than the history of the struggle between the Church and the State, or the clerical and lay courts, as to the limits of their authority. The former not merely excommunicated all those who brought their complaints in Church matters before laymen, but actually threatened whole countries where

a like thing was to happen, with the interdict and the refusal of burial. On the other hand, the civil authorities punished all those who took their cases to the Church authorities. They fined them and imprisoned them; them, their friends, notaries, and counsels, until they desisted. Worse still, if any one had, with a large outlay, at last obtained a censure from Rome against his adversary, he was himself compelled to procure absolution for such censure. Stronger even was the resistance against arraiging ecclesiastics bodily before a lay forum; and the Synod of Nismes, in 1096, declared this to be nothing less than "terrible sacrilege;" and to clinch the matter, all judicial acts against clerics were pronounced null and void. The Third Lateran Council excommunicated the very attempt of bringing a cleric to ordinary justice, and incessant were the reiterations and protests enacted by subsequent Councils. But little attention was paid to them until, in 1536, Paul III. embodied the matter in the *Cæna*. In 1855, Pius IX. had to yield the point in the late Austrian Concordat, but he did so under protest, and with the special clause *temporum ratione habita*. The Concordat is gone the way of many another Concordat, and the old enactment has now renewed its days.

The tenth clause of the new Bull is not found in the old Bull, though it is not new in itself. It is one of the six-score "outside cases" of which we spoke before. It prohibits clerics who have sinned against the seventh commandment from confessing and absolving the women with whom they have sinned. The frail ones must go to another and more impartial confessor; or rather, as the Council of Rheims enacted, the priest in question is to be absolved first, after which he shall absolve those women. However, the prohibition, entered and re-entered upon the Acts of Council after Council, does not seem to have been very rigorously kept. At last, however, the matter had become so flagrant, that Benedict XIV., in the "*Sacramentum Penitentia*," forbade a priest

ever to absolve at the confessional a woman with whom he had notoriously broken his vows—even during a Jubilee. His absolution is, except in case of death "and if no other priest be nigh," that is, if another priest could not be called in "without great risk of infamy and scandal," declared null and void; and, adds Benedict in that decree, the guilty confessor should not persuade himself of the existence of a like risk of infamy and scandal, if there really be none such. Further, though the absolution given by a like confessor be valid, he himself remains under the excommunication for all that.

Our eleventh paragraph corresponds to the seventeenth of the *Cæna*. It prohibits usurpation and sequestration of Church property. For the old *quive . . . usurpant vel . . . sequestrant* we have the new latinity, *usurpantes aut sequestrantes*; for *fructus* we have *bona*; for the plural *jurisdictiones* we have the singular; the word *proventus* has been struck out, and also the whole sentence, "Which belong unto Us and the Apostolic See," as well as the word "monasteries." The tailpiece whereby such seizing of goods or lands was permitted, if done by order of the Pope, is also no more. It is true enough that the Church has often had to suffer from these "usurpations." She was so rich that the worldly powers, in spite of the thunders of the first, second, and third Lateran Councils, would stretch out their hands after the *res dominice, Deo sacrata, τὰ τοῦ θεοῦ, &c.*, as these possessions were variously styled. And not merely, as the third Lateran Council complained, "when these men want to build castles or to go to war," did they contract forced loans with the Church, but as early as the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries many princes fell into a way of secularising right and left what they deemed an encumbrance upon the Holy Church, which, they said, "was to look to the riches of heaven." Nay, not satisfied with annexing churches and chapels, they even took possession sometimes of the castles, villas, parks, and fishing and hunting grounds,

of archbishops and bishops. The consequence was so wild an uproar, that the Synod of Lavaux pronounced the Anathema upon such robbers, and placed their entire domains under the Interdict. If such *comes, senecallus, baro, judex, or capitantus* died, his body was not to be buried—even if he had died in a state of absolution—until his heir had made restitution to the full. Further Councils deprived even those, who only advised burial of such transgressors, of the benefit of interment. Yet matters do not seem to have been altered much by these threats. When Louis XI. of France wished a General Council to be summoned, Sixtus IV. bitterly answered, "It would be better for the honour of some princes if a like Council did not take place, since it might otherwise reveal their usurpation of Church property." In 1512, Julius II. entered this sin duly in the old Bull. Paul III. extended its provisions still further, and Gregory III. made new additions with special regard to the Holy See and all that belonged to it.

The last paragraph of the "specially reserved" cases of the new document forms also the last paragraph of the *Bulla Cœnæ*. But a considerable shortening has taken place :—

"Likewise do we excommunicate and anathematize all those"—so reads the old—"who by themselves or by others, directly or indirectly, *under whatsoever title or colour*, do presume to invade, destroy, occupy, and detain, entirely or in part, the Holy City, the kingdom of Sicily, the islands of Sardinia and Corsica, the lands this side of the Pharos, the Patrimony of Peter in Tuscia, the Duchy of Spoleto, the counties of Venaisin, Sabina, the Marches of Ancona, Massa, Trebaria, Roman-diola, Campania, and the maritime provinces, and their lands and places, and the lands of the special commission of the Arnulphs, and our cities Bologna, Cesena, Rimini, Benevento, Perugia, Avignon, Civita Castello, Trederzo, Ferrara, Conachio, and other cities, countries, and places, or rights belonging to the Roman Church itself, and subject directly or indirectly to the said Roman Church, or who presume *de facto* to usurp, disturb, retain, and in various ways to interfere with, that supreme jurisdiction over them belonging to Us and to this same Roman Church. Likewise (do we, &c. &c.) their partisans, favourers, and defenders, who give them assistance, counsel, or favour of whatsoever kind."

The present remarkably concise version runs as follows :—

"Those who invade, destroy, retain, either by themselves or by others, the cities, lands, places, or rights belonging to the Roman Church, or who usurp, disturb, and retain supreme jurisdiction over them, or who give '*ad singula predicta*' help, council, or favour."

*Ad ecclesiam Romanam pertinentia*, "belonging to the Roman Church," says the new Canon. What does belong to the Roman Church now? Rome herself is "held, invaded, occupied." And it is grievous to see our clause literally pronouncing excommunication over the Pope and his Cardinals themselves. For is it not they who do "retain the supreme jurisdiction" in whatever still, apparently at least, belongs to the Church? However, the Pope may disregard even anathemas. Can he not "loose"?

Thus much for the new edition of the *Bulla Cœnæ*, which, in spite of Clement XIV. having declared it "unchristian and dangerous," in spite of Joseph II.'s order to "tear it out of the Rituals," silently kept its place for a hundred years—awaiting that resurrection which has now come. At no time, however, has it been a favourite. Many patriarchs, bishops, and archbishops would not hear of it on any account, though they were ordered to publish it in their dioceses—nay, fell under the very ban of excommunication by not doing so. Thus Archbishop Affre writes: "Quant à la 'Bulle 'In Cœna Domini' on ne prochai pas au clergé de France d'avoir voulu la promulguer. Et, en effet, il n'y a jamais pensé." The Council of Trent had certainly made the "Bull" rather illusory by granting, in its twenty-fourth sitting, the power of absolving from all *secret* reserved cases, to every bishop. This privilege was, however, withdrawn by Pius V. and Gregory XIII. In the middle of the seventeenth century much wrangling again restored this right to the bishops. They now received the permission ("Quinquennial Faculties") to absolve from *all* reserved cases, open or secret, including heresy. And still the Bull was not liked, and still none would tolerate it. If previously Philip



II. had turned the Nuntius who came as its bearer out of Spain; if France, Portugal, and even Rudolph II. of Germany had prohibited its publication; its end came when Clement XIII. saw fit to pronounce the anathema over Ferdinand of Parma, in 1768. Its introduction into France was nearly made a *crimen læsæ majestatis*. The same was done in Portugal, where the Crown Fiscal damned the Breve as "contrary to the Gospel, which had inculcated obedience to Cesar." Maria Theresa followed fiercely. Ferdinand VII. of Naples banished both the Bull and the priests who presumed to take it seriously, out of his states. The Duke of Parma issued a decree which branded the Bull as a source of rebellion and useless banishments, and annulled it. The same was done by Monaco, Genoa, Venice. Maria Theresa sent a special edict to Lombardy to warn the printers and possessors of this document. The "Oekonomaljunta" were authorized to inflict upon such transgressors what punishment they pleased.

Then came Clement XIV. who abrogated it; and then—exactly a hundred years later—Pius IX. who renewed it in the shape now before us. We can but briefly glance at the rest of the edict, which embodies what obsolete "extra" cases it has been deemed proper thus solemnly to revive, referring such of our readers as are eager for more details to Mansi, Phillips, Hefele, Le Bret, Hausmann, Raumer, and the acts and histories of the Church generally. Cursed are, again, *e. g.* those who defend, even privately, propositions condemned by the Pope—which applies especially to the "*Syllabus*." Cursed are they who lay violent hands, "at the instigation of the devil," on "monks of either sex,"—which is the aboriginal "*Percussio clericorum*," in the very words of 1130. Cursed are they who "perpetrate" a duel, as well as all participators and abettors thereof, and those who do not prevent them, if they can, "be they even of royal or imperial dignity." This prohibition dates, in the shape of a Bull, from Leo, in 1519, and extended even to spectators, who were mulcted in many

ducats. Cursed are, further, all Freemasons and Carbonari. It was at the Council of Avignon, in 1325, that all secret societies were first condemned. But Freemasons as such, of whose existence Clement XII. "had heard a rumour," were especially anathematized by him in a Bull. And the inquisitors received strict orders to look after the orthodoxy of the supposed Brethren. Benedict XIV. renewed this "Constitution," giving six reasons for so doing, and its last papal confirmation dates 1846, and is signed Pius IX.

Many also are the regulations re-enacted regarding ecclesiastics themselves. Such is the one which prohibits the violation of the "Clausura" by pain of reserved excommunication. Time was when women, by reason of special papal permits, were free to enter monasteries, there to choose their own confessors: an arrangement which does not seem to have given general satisfaction to the outer world. When the scandal grew too fierce, Pius V. restricted the permission to the monasteries of the congregation of the Holy Virgin "of the Mount." Women might visit those, but only when there was a service, or procession, or a sermon, or burial, or any kind of ceremony. And there always was some kind of ceremony. In the course of the eighteenth century, however, this custom of allowing women to visit the refectories and dormitories, "in order to take part in processions and other ceremonies," had spread far beyond the original bounds;—until Benedict XIV. in 1742 issued a new and more stringent Bull. On the other hand, Gregory XIII. had restricted men, as early as 1575, from paying stray visits to nunneries—unless they possessed special licences. As for clerics who had *ipso facto* the permission of entering nunneries, these were exhorted in that Bull not to make too extensive a use of their privilege, else both they and the nuns who received them would fall under the ban.

Besides these "cases," which thus seem to have required renewing rather urgently, we meet again with the trading in indulgences, defrauding the Church by obtaining higher prices for

masses, and the pilfering of alms—all very ancient institutions. Then we have also simony, of which there are three cases,—“confidential simony” among them. This is rather recent. It appears first in the sixteenth century, and means that somebody hands over his clerical office, which is a certain hindrance to him, to some one else, for a life pension. Generally this pension left so little to the real *de facto* dignitaries that these came to be styled *custodini*, or even, as at the Councils of Rouen and Narbonne, *cistellarii asini*, “inasmuch as they bore the burden of office while another ate the fruits thereof.” Bishops, archbishops, patriarchs, nay, cardinals themselves, casually obtained benefices in order to resign them, in favour of some one perhaps not yet born, for a consideration. This scandal, too, became at last so flagrant, that Pius IV., having exhausted all his powers of exhortation, anathematized it: declaring all such benefices accepted *in confidentiam* null and void; all contracts thereto referring, waste paper; and all those who lived upon the incomes of places which other people held, bound to refund. But this Bull again had to be renewed, because flagrantly disregarded, by Pius V. and by endless provincial Councils, and was even ordered to be read out aloud every Sunday in church. In cursing this form of simony anew, Pius IX. shows that it flourishes now, as ever.

Among the “non-reserved” cases we meet the Inquisition, which is not to be “intimidated” or hurt. Curious as this proviso may seem to us, there was a time when it went hard enough with the officers of that institution. Some of them found their deaths in a surprisingly sudden manner, and the Dominicans, who were especially singled out for the function of holy espionage, at one time actually wrote to Innocent IV. begging to be excused for the future. But he would not part with them, and wrote them letters of comfort instead. Pope Pius V., when plain Michael Gislerius, had undertaken to find out something about the Bishop of Bergamo, but he only narrowly escaped being lynched in-

stead. Remembering these things when he ascended the papal throne, many were the protecting clauses wherewith he surrounded the Inquisition and its officers, down to the lowest menials—as well as all inquisitorial witnesses, accusers, denouncers, spies, &c. Likewise were anathematized by him all those who should touch the inquisitorial houses, properties, churches, and other goods, as well as books, letters, protocols, transactions, &c. &c. Another not reserved case of our new Bull treats of those who do not, within a certain time, denounce such confessors or priests by whom they have been instigated to certain disgraceful acts; and yet another, of those who are instrumental in giving Christian burial to notorious heretics, or such as lie under special excommunication or interdict. To the bishops, or “ordinaries,” are left exactly three cases: to wit, married clerical persons of either sex, who, by marrying, not only fall under the excommunication themselves, but bring it down also upon the partners of their guilt; further, those who use forged apostolic letters; and another, which we prefer not to mention. Among the second division of the excommunications, there is also a clause threatening those who should extract relics from sacred cemeteries or the Roman catacombs; but we miss the ancient enactment against purloining things from the Vatican. Formerly—since Clement III.—the very porters had to take an oath that they would “neither steal, nor allow to be stolen therefrom, relics, gold, silver, gems, pallia, ornaments, books, papers (*chartule*), oil, lead, iron, brass, stones, doors, wood, or the tables thereof.” The Vatican is better guarded now, and the oath is dispensed with.

Thus far our notes. Whether the Council now sitting will, or will not, mark an epoch in the history of Rome—whether this “Constitution” itself, some of whose enactments may, at one time, have been useful enough, be a mere *brutum fulmen*, as alleged, or not—we do not pretend to know. But they are both Signs of the Times as singular as they are humiliating.

# MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

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## THE FREEDOM OF OPINION NECESSARY IN AN ESTABLISHED CHURCH IN A FREE COUNTRY.<sup>1</sup>

BY SIR JOHN DUKE COLERIDGE, Q.C., M.P., H.M.'S SOLICITOR-GENERAL.

It has before now been my lot to be asked to address audiences more or less public in their character upon subjects not connected with my profession, and as to which I can claim no right to be heard, nor pretend to speak with any authority. I have always endeavoured, on such occasions, to avoid the appearance of presumption by emphatic disclaimers of either the knowledge or the competence requisite for the proper discussion of such subjects. No doubt such disclaimers are liable to the imputation of insincerity and of vanity; for it may be said, If you really think you know nothing of these subjects, why on earth should you write or speak about them? A question harder to answer than to put; and to be answered, I fear, in my own case, only by saying that when a friend asks you to do something of this sort it seems churlish to refuse; that the task does not seem so formidable when its performance is months distant, as it is found to be when it comes actually to be done; and that I hope some waste of time is the worst evil which I inflict either upon my audience or on myself.

At any rate, here and to-night I entreat you to believe that I am well aware this subject in its fulness far exceeds my powers to handle properly. In all

<sup>1</sup> A paper read at Sion College on Thursday, Jan. 20, 1870.

sincerity I disclaim any kind of authority, and I shall attempt to put before you in a connected form only some very plain and obvious truths; so true perhaps as to be trite, yet not because they are trite ceasing to be true; and which may possibly (and this is the best I hope) excite other men to put forward thoughts or arguments which may be well worth attention. For the haste and incompleteness with which these observations have been thrown together, every apology is due from me to you. Overwhelming occupation of other sorts is, I feel, no excuse; because I ought not to have undertaken what I have neither time nor ability to perform. I can but beg pardon and ask indulgence, and this I do with all my heart. One more caution only I will add. The subject of religious opinion no doubt runs up into theology, and may be theologically considered. I do not pretend so to consider it. I have no knowledge of theology; and of all subjects it is perhaps the most dangerous to handle if you have even an imperfect and inadequate acquaintance with it.

Yet it is obvious that the extent to which freedom of religious opinion should be, or must be, permitted in a national or established Church in a country which is free, is a matter capable of being looked at from a political point of view. An established Church



may be other things as well ; but at least it is certainly a political institution. As an Establishment it is created and protected by the law ; the terms as to religious opinion on which it holds its position and retains its property have been defined by law, and have been more than once changed by law. In England, from early times, amidst the rudiments of Parliaments in the beginning of the reign of Henry III., the State has asserted its right of control over ecclesiastical property. It has interfered in the case of religious bodies, and of the aggregate of them, the Church, with the ordinary course of the laws of property ; and has, with undeviating and inflexible pertinacity, constantly given notice by statutes of mortmain to all its subjects—that if men give property to the Church and the Church takes it, the property is given and taken subject to State control, on State terms, upon conditions laid down from time to time by the State, and liable to be altered by the power which has laid them down.

It is fact that this has been done ; it is very plain to my mind that this should be done ; and the question at any given point of time will be, What are the opinions, and the limits of opinion, holding which and within which it is politically wise, and just, and safe that a religious body should be allowed to hold public property and enjoy public privileges ? It seems to me, to speak frankly, mere nonsense to dispute this ; and that those who do, are ignorant of the great principles of politics, and forget the objects for which States exist. The Church cannot take what a donor has not to give ; a donor can have no right to give at all except by law. Right and law are correlative ; a donor has a right limited strictly by law, and a receiver, whether an individual or a corporation, has a right similarly limited. Bishop Butler puts this with his accustomed sense and strength in his "Letter to a Lady on the possession of Abbey Lands ;" and if men dispute or deny it, and talk—not in rhetoric, but in what they call argument—of the sacredness of Church

property and of the sacrilege of State interference with the conditions on which it is held, I do not understand the construction of such minds, and I do not address such men.

It seems, then, that there is nothing that should startle us, nothing contrary to principle, if it should turn out that a very wide latitude of opinion is, under certain circumstances, and at a certain time, a necessary condition to the existence of a national Church viewed as a political institution. It may be that other and more religious considerations point to the same conclusion. Whether this is so, and how far this is so, I propose, with your leave, shortly to inquire.

Speaking broadly, and of course not forgetting the bodies of protesters who from time to time appeared, the Church and the State were before the Reformation the same. I do not mean that in idea they were the same body viewed in different aspects ; for, so far as men then troubled themselves about ideas, this would be an untrue account of what they thought ; though as we know, Hooker, if we can rely upon the eighth Book as containing his deliberate opinions, maintains it to be the true theory of the relation. The Church of those days transcended the bounds of nations, and the Church of each nation was but a part of a much larger body. Still, all the subjects of the King were supposed to be of the religion of the King ; and he and they alike belonged to that great communion, the power of which to decree the faith and to bind the conscience to its decrees no one was bold enough to question. Practically, therefore, the creed of the great Western Church, in its breadth and in its detail, was the creed which the subjects of the King of England were bound to accept, and which they in fact accepted.

Such was the state of things before the Reformation. Nor was it much altered for some time afterwards. Neither Henry VIII. nor Queen Elizabeth, in emancipating their subjects from the authority of the Pope, had any thought of emancipating them from the authority of the Sovereign or of the State in

matters of religious opinion. The subjects of the Queen were still in matters of belief to belong to the Church of the Queen; and the notion of separate religious bodies, holding widely diverging creeds, and worshipping God in widely differing forms, under the same political government, was a notion which neither sovereign nor statesman of those days entertained. Yet even then the force of facts compelled a modified toleration within the Church, though none was allowed without it. The Thirty-nine Articles, and the various revisions of the Prayer-book, from Edward VI. to Charles II., although they bear witness to the controversies of the times, yet bear witness also to the moderate and comprehensive views of the leading men who took a part in composing the Articles and revising the Prayer-book. The Articles were articles of peace. The Prayer-book was a compromise. I do not pretend to discuss those curious and interesting questions of phraseology which were handled with characteristic power and ability in "Tract XC;" nor whether "the stammering lips of uncertain formularies" were intended to speak a language capable of several meanings not always consistent with each other. As a fact, Roman Catholics conformed; and for some time the Church of England held within its legal pale persons whose opinions were, on the most important subjects, widely at variance. There is, I think, good reason to believe that this result was foreseen, and intended, for the Roman Catholics were even in this country, still more in Europe, a formidable power; and Queen Elizabeth at least was personally inclined to Roman doctrine and to Roman forms; but, at all events, the fact is so, and I am now speaking of the fact only. After some time, under pressure from the Court of Rome, unfortunately, in my opinion, for the country, most unfortunately for themselves, a large and respectable body declined conformity to the English Church, and adhered to the doctrine and obedience of the Pope. The horrible persecutions to which many of

them were consequently subject are too well known; and, bad as the Marian persecutions were, the Elizabethan persecutions were even more bloody, and, if possible, even less defensible. They were less defensible because, if men must die for religion, it is a better and more honest thing to put them to death openly and plainly for their faith, rather than to turn their faith into a crime by Act of Parliament, and then to kill them with horrid tortures, saying, with base hypocrisy, that they are killed, not for their faith, but because they have broken the law. But the secession of the avowed Roman Catholics left still within the pale of the Church of England two great schools of thought; both large; both respectable; both supported by great names, and having much to say for themselves in argument; representing probably inherent and eternal distinctions of human character and human intellect, wherever, as in a free country, human character and human intellect have scope for display; in this country, and with reference to Christianity, called respectively the Catholic or High Church school, the Protestant or Low Church school; founded respectively on authority and freedom; favouring respectively the sacramental theory and the theory of direct and individual relation with God; and each in idea, and but for the control of law and the power of the State, destructive of the existence of the other. Yet it is fact and history that these two great schools have always co-existed in the Established Church. Each has endeavoured in its turn to eliminate the other, but after temporary success each has had to submit to lasting failure.

The presence of both is essential to the maintenance of the historical character of the Church of England. It may be that, as "justice resides betwixt the endless jars of right and wrong," so the equipoise of these two schools or principles of thought is necessary to a true and rational religion. I do not enter, however, upon abstract speculation. I say that, as matter of fact, the English nation has always had them, and that the English Church has

always been compelled by the nation to contain them both. It could not have been the English Church, it could not in any allowable sense have represented the religious thought and feeling of the country, if it had not contained them. It is the English Church because it does contain them.

That, however, has followed in this country since the Reformation, and as a consequence of that series of events, which will always happen in a free country, where thought is active, and where the power of the clergy is controlled by law. The divisions of thought, which were at that time simple and few compared to what they are now, have become well-nigh infinite in complication and boundless in range. I am not speaking of anti-Christian or of un-Christian opinions. Christian opinion has become far more divergent, Christian inquiry is far more free, the differences between men who worship Jesus Christ, believe His Gospel, and try to keep His law, are far more wide than they were, or at least were seen and known to be, in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. It seems to me to follow that a Church which calls itself national, and which claims to hold of the nation great wealth and exclusive privileges, must face the facts of the national religion, must bring itself into harmony therewith, and must widen its limits and abolish its tests if, as they exist, they exclude large and increasing portions of that national religion, which, if the Church ceases in any fair sense to represent, it ceases to have any fair or tenable claim to be established.

There was, indeed, an old theory that the State was bound as a part of its duties to teach religious truth: a theory which was once largely received and acted upon, and in support of which no doubt the names of men of great power and venerable character might be quoted. As affecting practice, the theory has long passed away. It has been given up, and could not now be maintained for an hour. Fact has been too strong for it, because it logically involved persecution, and when perse-

cution became impossible, the theory which involved it fell too. I say it involved persecution; because, if it was the duty of the State as such to guard its subjects from religious error, toleration of error in things religious was as wrong as toleration of error in things temporal, and intolerance became a duty. In vain did the acuteness of Warburton build up a distinction between crimes and mischiefs; crimes to be punished and mischiefs to be repressed; including amongst mischiefs religious opinions differing from the Church, and amongst the means of repression exclusion from national advantages of those who held those opinions by tests and otherwise. That theory is gone too, and is now hardly maintained, except in places where prejudices are exceptionally fostered and rewarded, and by men who cannot see facts as they are, and whose minds are not accessible to ordinary reasoning. The results of the theory survived, as is often the case, the theory itself. One of the last of them was the Establishment in Ireland, of which, speaking in a mixed assembly, I will say no more than that itself and the Penal Laws by which it was supported are, as far as I know, and speaking not in rhetoric but in all soberness and sincerity, absolutely without any parallel or likeness at all from the time of Adam to our own. Let those who maintain the duty of the State to teach one form of religion and to support that form by the laws necessary to support it, study that shameful history, and see what their opinions end in.

I have already incidentally pointed out how widely different was the idea and position of a National Church in this country before the Reformation and after. There is almost as wide a difference in this respect between the period following soon upon the Reformation and the present time. Before the Reformation the Church in this country was part of the great Western Communion, and it was armed with the authority of at least half Christendom. This of course came to an end with the Reformation; yet there were for some



time on the part of the Church attempts, more or less successful, never completely so, to assert an independent authority. Not that it ever ventured to assert in terms that it was itself the whole Church; but in some indefinite and obscure fashion it claimed to connect itself with the Church of the early centuries, and because, being a part of the Church, it taught primitive doctrine, to teach it with the authority which in primitive times belonged only to the whole. It is not easy to find either in history, or in the reason of the thing, any ground for the claim of one, and that not a very large portion of the Church, to bind the consciences of those who chanced to live within the territorial ambit of its bishops' jurisdiction. But whether this be so or not, the course of events in this country has pretty well disposed of any such claim on the part of the Church of England while it remains established, at least so far as such a claim may be supposed to be founded on law, or capable of support by law. Any such claim now is absolutely untenable. I speak of the Church of England, of course, as a temporal institution only; but in that respect it is plain that it is absolutely dependent on Parliament for its position. In law and on constitutional principle, what is true of Scotland and of Ireland is true of England also. The Church is preserved by law in its position on condition of conforming to law in its teaching.

The Church Establishment is indeed a provision made by law for carrying throughout the country some kind of religious teaching, securing that this teaching shall go where, humanly speaking, but for the Establishment it never would be carried. But what kind of religious teaching, what doctrines, what forms, where individual opinion or taste may be allowed free scope, where they must be sternly limited; this is all settled for us by Parliament; and the meaning of what Parliament has enacted is decided in the last resort by a tribunal essentially lay, created by Act of Parliament alone, speaking in the name of the Queen, of which it is perfectly pos-

sible that not a single ecclesiastic may be a member. This has been sometimes felt and spoken of as a grievance by good and religious men, but they have hardly, perhaps, sufficiently realized the parliamentary position of the Church, and the parliamentary control always exercised over it. The Judicial Committee appears to me the inevitable logical consequence of legal establishment, and the accidental presence of bishops among the judges to be a misfortune instead of an advantage; adding no weight to its decisions as legal determinations, and giving them an unreal and fictitious appearance of spiritual authority to which they have no real claim, but the pretence of which has been found sometimes unfortunate and embarrassing. This is not the place nor the occasion for a discussion of the constitution of the final court of appeal. But I may say, in passing, that to a lawyer the court has amongst its many merits one great defect, it consists of judges appointed *ad hoc*; in practice by the Lord Chancellor. It is doubtful if any members of the Judicial Committee, except those summoned, have even the right to attend its sittings; it is by its very constitution a packed tribunal, and the temptation to pack such a court, and still more the natural belief which exists that in given cases it is, or may be, unfairly packed, are, I think, very serious and very lamentable faults in it.

It is plain, however, that this legal character of the doctrines and the forms of the Church of England, this strict limitation of its liberties by law, this creation by special Act of Parliament of a lay tribunal, speaking for and in the name of the Queen, to determine in the last resort its rules of discipline and the meaning of the doctrinal standards, conformity to which is a necessary condition on the part of its ministers for the tenure of their property and their position; these things show the Church, in its character of an establishment, to be a national institution like the Houses of Lords and Commons, the Universities, the courts of law the army and

navy, the municipal corporations; an institution with which Parliament has dealt, and may deal again, and which it has the same right to deal with, not greater right nor less right, but the same, as it has to deal with the other institutions which I have just enumerated. It follows from this, that those who dissent from its doctrines, and do not worship God according to its forms, have yet, as Englishmen, an interest in its practical working, and a right to interfere both with its doctrines and its forms. If, for instance, a system of forced confession and direction of the conscience, an open maintenance of the Roman doctrine of the priesthood, an extravagant veneration for the elements of the Blessed Sacrament, became common amongst the clergy, although opposed to the general sentiment of the country, and seemed to the majority of Englishmen outside the pale of the Church, as mischievous to morality and society, as they do to many men within the pale of the Church, those outside the Church would have as clear a right as those inside to interfere, even if necessary by Act of Parliament, to correct the evils resulting from the working of a great institution maintained by Parliament and subject to its authority. What was done at the Reformation must, if necessary, be repeated, and none the less because the assembly which is now supreme has ceased to be composed chiefly, it never was exclusively, of persons belonging to the Church. This is a proposition, I daresay, as distasteful to others as I admit it is to myself; but it is one, depend upon it, which we shall see carried into action if ever the unpleasant necessity for action in these matters arises.

It seems to follow from these considerations, that there are at least three possible conditions under which an established Church may be maintained in a country like our own. First, if, speaking broadly—the whole population belongs to it, and, as Roman Catholics do, leaves the whole order of its doctrine and discipline to the clergy of its

own and of foreign countries, there is, of course, no difficulty; an establishment in such a state of things is the natural expression of the religious feeling of the country, and the only question which arises is as to the greater or less amount of wealth which it is convenient the clergy should enjoy. There is then the case where the State has interfered with the doctrine and discipline, and has enacted certain documents as a code of doctrine, and as binding, not perhaps on the conscience, but on the teaching and practice of the members of the Church. This state of things, also, is well enough as long as the code expresses in some general and sufficient way the religious opinions of the great majority of the people.

But there comes a time when this ceases to be the case; when the people do not by more than a bare majority, if by so much, belong to the Establishment; when the religious thought of devout men within it and without refuses to be expressed in phraseology three centuries old; when the code itself has become antiquated, as containing the opinions of one age, with which it impedes and trammels the opinions of another. Subjects with which it deals have, perhaps, ceased to be of any practical importance; but a whole class of questions has arisen of vital consequence on which the code either is silent, and then is said or supposed to be adverse, or is really adverse, and opposes and oppresses unduly and mischievously the religious feelings and intelligence of a time for which it was not made. This third condition of things which I have attempted to suggest is very much the state of things in which we find ourselves at the present day, and I for one have long thought that it cannot possibly continue. I see no reason why any one should desire its continuance. I see nothing in the Thirty-nine Articles themselves, nothing in the history of the men who are mainly responsible for them, which should give them a flavour of consecration, or induce us to forget the heavy price which year by year we pay for maintaining them. Some of

our ablest men are relinquishing their Orders, finding the burthen which our documents impose on the conscience, too great to be borne; many more, as our bishops tell us, will not undertake them. Many sign these documents, and at least outwardly, in some sense or other, profess to hold them, whose real agreement with them must be of the vaguest kind, and whose whole position is inconsistent with a delicate sensibility to the claims of simple truth and a considerable scandal to those who have such sensibility. I do not much wonder that a distinguished man told a public meeting the other day, that he believed our public morality and our national sense of truth and honour had suffered seriously from our system of imposing religious tests to an extent which rendered evasion of them practically necessary.

I desire undoubtedly, quite apart from the subject which this evening engages us, to bring this system to an end. I wish to return to simpler, broader, more primitive symbols which men may adopt in common with perfect honesty, agreeing in substance, differing perhaps very widely on details, and on matters collateral to the statements of these symbols. But I feel sure that thus only is an Establishment much longer possible in this country. We may have, we ought to have, common forms of worship. We may have, and we ought to have, some broad and definite principles of common belief. But the true devout religion of the nation, that by which men lead better lives and do their duties in some imperfect fashion to God and man, is infinitely various in matters not central, and room must be found for it in the Church, or the Church becomes a sect with no more claim to support and protection from the State than any other sect, except that the wealthier and better-educated for the most part belong to it. An established Church in a free country must take note of and represent, as I have said, the religion of that country; and if the religious opinion of the country is various, the Church must contain a variety of religious opinions.

No doubt it is a question of degree, in which it is hard to draw the line. It is enough for me to say that the limits must be drawn far more widely than most people are prepared to draw them. It is idle to rave against the intellect, and to endeavour by tests to convert the deductions of clerical theology into necessary Christian truths. It is to my mind as certain as anything can be which is contingent, that if the Church remains established, it will remain so by the sacrifice of its present tests.

Do not suppose, however, that this future, which I think inevitable, is what in itself I desire, or that it appears to me all good unmingled with evil. With intolerance, as a matter of fact, some earnestness is sure to disappear, and a Church with fewer specific tests will have many more lukewarm members. There is a nobility in the system of theology; there is a grandeur in the idea of a divinely authoritative Church, which impresses the imagination, and powerfully affects if it does not convince the judgement. There are, no doubt, great and saintly men to whom the law, if it enforced such wide toleration in the Church, would seem sinful and odious; and a religious body, which accepted temporal advantages on such terms, disloyal and profane. Such men would, I believe, go out into the wilderness sooner than sit at Gentile feasts and assist at heathen sacrifices. Well, all honour to them; I do not presume to censure or condemn them, I only say that I believe, in a country where democracy is advancing, the Church will have to choose between establishment without its present code of tests, and disestablishment with them.

Those to whom the law is intolerable must find refuge in secession. This has been the resource of high-spirited and conscientious men before now, and perhaps it may be again. It was the resource of the Roman Catholics, of the Nonconformists, of the Nonjurors, of the Wesleyans. It is not a thing to rejoice at; it is a thing gravely to deplore; but it may be the inevitable consequence of an inevitable change.



I cannot, however, admit that the conclusions of politics, and those of religious reason, are on this subject at all opposed to one another. Without entering into any rhetorical and possibly false and shallow distinction between theology and religion, it is surely not to be denied that, apart from and above all other doctrines, Christianity rests upon a few central truths which, if a man be a Christian in any sense, he must needs admit to be of divine authority, the foundation of his belief, the very lifeblood of his religion, considered as practice. These great central truths undoubtedly must be taught, and every religious communion which aspires to be a Church must teach them. These things our Blessed Lord came into the world to teach, and sent His Apostles forth with His divine command to teach all nations. Where, however, is the warrant for teaching with authority, teaching as necessary truths, as terms of communion, more than these? And if there be not, then they who teach these other matters as essential, and who multiply the doctrines the non-acceptance of which excludes from communion, they it is who produce exclusion, not they who refuse these doctrines because in their conscience they cannot accept them. There is the widest difference, surely, between holding a doctrine yourself and insisting upon teaching it as necessary to every one else within your reach. Prayers for the dead, for instance, appear to many men the natural practice of a religious and affectionate heart; a practice pure, primitive, and pious: to some men they appear superstitious. But what right would those who practise them, or those who do not, to insist on the divine authority or necessary truth of one opinion or the other? I have instanced in a matter which probably no one would deny to be left to Christian liberty; but it has always seemed to me that the domain of pious opinion should be largely added to; that of necessary truth greatly and firmly curtailed. At bottom, the enforcing of theological deductions as saving truths is a phase of bad sacer-

dotalism: priests enforce what priests decreed. But that is to me its chiefest condemnation, for the assumption of priestly authority in such a Church as ours is a matter on which I find it hard to be tolerant, so utterly unfounded are its claims, and so mischievous its exercise. But if, being once quit of it, we are not, as I believe, likely to submit to its being reimposed upon us, so I hope and trust that the more we reflect the more we shall be inclined to go back to simple and short and primitive symbols, and to limit sternly the points on which agreement is to be essential.

It may seem, it does seem to many, that the Christian faith has fallen upon evil days, and that, in the grave irony of Butler, "it is an agreed point among all "people of discernment that Christianity "is now at length discovered to be fictitious." Yet there is enough in the past history of the faith to show its inexhaustible strength, its unconquerable vitality, and that there is no reason to think from the decay of particular forms that any ill has happened to the truth over which those forms have grown. It is for us carefully and humbly to tend the truth, to disencumber it from forms which have sapped its power and stayed its progress; to be, if we may reverently say so, fellow-workers with God in the Spirit and for the Church of Christ. It is not latitudinarian, it is Christian, to point out, and to delight in finding, how holy men of all times and of all Churches have agreed in the elements of faith, in the principles of practice, in the foundations of religion. Surely when all is done, when the Church militant has become the Church triumphant, when warfare has ended in victory, and desire is swallowed up in fruition, we shall wonder at the simplicity of the truth, at the plainness of the one thing needful; and shall marvel how the breadth of God's law failed to strike the narrowness of man's eyesight. "I see that all things come to an end, but Thy commandment is exceeding broad."

I am sorry for having so far tried your patience; I only wish I could have laid before you anything worth the trial.

## A BRAVE LADY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

## CHAPTER XVIII.

As I have said, the battle was ended: but there followed the usual results of victory—of ever so great a victory—picking up the wounded and burying the slain.

Lady de Bougainville had only too much of this melancholy work on hand for some days following her interview with Mr. Summerhayes. A few hours after her fainting-fit, Adrienne rose from bed, and appeared in the household circle just as usual, but for weeks her white face was whiter, and her manner more listless than ever. This love-fancy, begun in the merest childhood, had taken deeper root in her heart than even her mother was aware; and the tearing of it up tore some of the life away with it.

She never blamed any one. "Mamma, you were quite right," she said, the only time the matter was referred to, and then she implored it might never be spoken of again. "Mamma, dearest! I could not have married such a man; I shall not even love him—not for very long. Pray be quite content about me."

But for all that, poor Adrienne grew weak and languid; and the slender hold she ever had on life seemed to slacken day by day. She was always patient, always sweet, but she took very little interest in anything.

For Sir Edward, he seemed to have forgotten all about Mr. Summerhayes, and the whole affair of his daughter's projected marriage. He became entirely absorbed in his own feelings and sensations, imagining himself a victim to one ailment after another, till his wife never knew whether to smile or to feel serious anxiety. And that insidious disease which he really had—at least, I

think he must have had, though nobody gave it a name—was beginning to show itself in lapses of memory so painful, and so evidently involuntary, that no one ever laughed at them now, or said with sarcastic emphasis, "Papa forgets." Then, too, he had fits of irritability so extreme, mingled with corresponding depression and remorse, that even his wife did not know what to do with him. Nobody else ever attempted to do anything with him. He was thrown entirely upon her charge, and clung to her with a helpless dependence, engrossing her whole time and thoughts, and being jealous of her paying the slightest attention to any other than himself, even her own children. By this time they had quitted Paris, which he insisted upon doing, and settled temporarily in London: where, between him and Adrienne, who in his weakness, though not in his selfishness, so pathetically resembled her father, the wife and mother was completely absorbed—made into a perfect slave.

This annoyed extremely her son César, whose bright healthy youth had little pity for morbid fancies; and who, when he was told of the Summerhayes affair, considered his mother had done quite right, and was furious at the thought of his favourite sister wasting one sigh over "that old humbug." "I'll tell you what, mother—find Adrienne something to do. Depend upon it, nothing keeps people straight like having plenty to do. Let us buy Brierley Hall, and then we will set to work and pull it down and build it up again. Fine amusement that will be—grand occupation for both Papa and Adrienne."

Lady de Bougainville laughed at her son's rude boyish way of settling matters, but allowed that there was some common sense in the plan he suggested.

Only it annihilated, perhaps for ever, her own dreams about Oldham Court.

"Oh, never mind that," reasoned the light-hearted young fellow: "you shall go back again some day. There are so many of us, some will be sure to want Oldham Court to live at; or you can have it yourself as a dower-house. It is securely ours; we cannot get rid of it; Mr. Langhorne tells me it is entailed on the family. Unless, indeed, you should happen to outlive us all, your six children and—say sixty grandchildren, when you can sell it if you choose, and do what you like with the money."

Laughing at such a ridiculous possibility, Lady de Bougainville patted her son's head, told him he was a great goose, but nevertheless yielded to his reasoning.

In this scheme, when formally consulted—of which formality he was now more tenacious than ever—Sir Edward also condescended to agree; and Adrienne, when told of it, broke into a faint smile at the thought of changing this dreary hotel life for a real country home once more—a beautiful old house with a park and a lake, and a wood full of primroses and violets: for Adrienne was a thorough country girl, who would never be made into a town lady.

So Brierley Hall was bought, and the restorations begun, greatly to the interest of everybody, including the invalids, who brightened up day by day. A furnished house was taken in Brierley village, and thither the whole family removed: to be on the spot, they said, so as to watch the progress of their new house, the rebuilding of which, César declared, was as exciting as the re-establishment of an empire. True, this had not been done on the grand scale which his youthful ambition planned, for his wiser mother preferred leaving the fine old exterior walls intact, and only remodelling the interior of the mansion. But still it was an entirely new home, and in a new neighbourhood, where not a soul knew anything of them, nor did they know a single soul.

This fact had its advantages, as Josephine, half pleasurably, half painfully, recognised. It was a relief to her to dwell among strangers, and in places to which was attached not one sad memory—like that spot which some old poet sings of, where

"No sod in all the island green  
Has opened for a grave."

"This is capital!" César would say, when he and his mother took their confidential stroll under the great elm avenue, or down the ivy walk, after having spent hours in watching the proceedings of masons and carpenters, painters and paper-hangers. "I think rebuilding a house is as grand as founding a family—which I mean to do."

"Re-found it, as we are doing here," corrected the mother with a smile, for her son was growing out of her own conservative principles; he belonged to the new generation, and delighted in everything modern and fresh. They often had sharp, merry battles together, in which she sometimes succumbed; as many a strong-minded mother will do to an eldest and favourite son, and rather enjoy her defeat.

César was very much at home this year, both because it was an interregnum between his college life and his choice of a profession, which still hung doubtful, and because his mother was glad to have him about her, supplying the need tacitly felt of "a man in the house,"—instead of a fidgety and vacillating hypochondriac. No one gave this name to Sir Edward, but all his family understood the facts of the case, and acted upon them. It was impossible to do otherwise. He was quite incapable of governing, and therefore was silently and respectfully deposed.

Nevertheless, by the strong influence of his ever-watchful guardian, his wife, the sacred veil of sickness was gradually dropped over all his imperfections; and though he was little consulted or allowed to be troubled with anything, his comfort was made the first law of the household, and everything done for the amusement and gratification of "poor



Papa." With which arrangement Papa was quite satisfied, and, though he never did anything, doubtless considered himself as the central sun of the whole establishment: that is, if he ever thought about it at all, or about anything beyond himself. It was as difficult to draw the line where his selfishness ended and his real incapacity began, as it is in some men to decide what is madness and what actual badness. Some psychologists have started the comfortable but rather dangerous theory, that all badness must be madness. God knows! Meantime, may He keep us all, or one day make us, sane and sound!

This condition of the nominal head of the household was a certain drawback when the neighbours began to call; and, as was natural, all the county opened its arms to Sir Edward and Lady de Bougainville and their charming family. For charming they were at once pronounced to be, and with reason. Though little was known of them beyond the obvious facts of a title, a fortune, and the tales whispered about by their servants of how they had just come from Paris, where they had mingled in aristocratic and even royal circles, still this was enough. And the sight of them, at church and elsewhere, confirmed every favourable impression. They were soon invited out in all directions, and courted to an extent that even Sir Edward might have been content with, in the neighbourhood which they had selected as their future home.

But, strange to say, Sir Edward's thirst for society had now entirely ceased. He considered it an intolerable bore to be asked out to dinner; and when he did go, generally sat silent, or made himself as disagreeable as he had once been agreeable in company. The simple law of good manners—that a man may stay at home if he chooses, but if he does go out, he ought to make himself as pleasant as he can—was not recognised by poor Sir Edward. Nor would he have guests at his own house; it was too troublesome, he said, and he

was sure nobody ever came to see him, but only to see the young people and their mother. He was not going to put himself out in order to entertain their visitors. So it came to pass, that in this large establishment the family were soon afraid even of asking an accidental friend to dinner.

But over these and other vagaries of her master, which old Bridget used to tell me of, let me keep silence—the tender silence which Lady de Bougainville scrupulously kept whenever she referred to this period of her life, externally so rich, so prosperous, so happy. And, I believe, looked back upon from the distance of years, she herself felt it to have been so.

I think the same. I do not wish her to be pitied overmuch, as if her life had been one long tragedy; for that was not true: no lives are. They are generally a mixture of tragedy and comedy, ups and downs, risings and fallings as upon sea-waves, or else a brief space of sailing with the current over smooth sunshiny waters, as just now this family were sailing. A gay, happy, young family; for even Adrienne began to lift up her head like a snow-drop after frost, and go now and then to a dance or an archery meeting: while at the same time she was steadily constant to the occupations she liked best—walking, basket-laden, to the cottages about Brierley, wherever there was anybody sick, or poor, or old; teaching in the Sunday-school; and being on the friendliest terms with every child in the parish. Some of these, become grown-up fathers and mothers, had cherished, I found, such a tender recollection of her—her mild, pale face, and her sweet ways—that there are now in Brierley several little girls called "Addy," or "Adorine," which was their parents' corruption of the quaint foreign name after which they had been christened, the name of Miss de Bougainville.

Looking at her, her mother gradually became content. There are worse things than an unfortunate love—a miserable marriage, for instance. And with plenty of money, plenty of time, and a mode-

rate amount of health (not much, alas ! for Adrienne's winter cough always returned), an unmarried woman can fill up many a small blank in others' lives, and, when she dies, leave a wide blank for that hitherto unnoticed life of her own.

They must, on the whole, have led a merry existence, and been a goodly sight to see, these young De Bougainvilles, during the two years that Sir Edward was restoring Brierley Hall. When they walked into church, filling the musty old pew with a perfect gush of youth and bloom, hearty boyhood and beautiful girlhood ; or when in a battalion, half horse, half foot, they attended archery parties and cricket meetings, and pic-nics, creating quite a sensation, and reviving all the gaiety of the county—their mother must have been exceedingly proud of them.

"Only three of us at a time, please," she would answer, in amused deprecation, to the heaps of invitations which came for dinners, and dances, and what not. "We shall overrun you like the Goths and Vandals, we are so many."

"We are so many !" Ah ! poor fond mother, planning room after room in her large house, and sometimes fearing that Brierley Hall itself would not be big enough to contain her children. "So many !" Well, they are again the same number now.

By the time the Hall was finished, the De Bougainvilles had fairly established their position as one of the most attractive and popular families in the neighbourhood. The young people were pronounced delightful ; the mother in her beautiful middle-age was almost as young as any of them, always ready to share in and advance the amusements of her children, and keep them from feeling their father's condition as any cloud upon themselves. She stood a constant and safe barrier between him and them—a steady wall ; with sunshine on the one side and shade on the other, but which never betrayed the mystery of either. Many a time, after a sleepless night or a weary day, she would quit her husband for an hour or two, and

come down among her children with the brightest face possible, ready to hear of all their pleasures, share in their interests, and be courteous and cordial to their new friends ; who, young and old, were loud in admiration of Lady de Bougainville. Also, so well did she maintain his dignity, and shield his peculiarities by wise excuses, that everybody was exceedingly civil, and even sympathetic, to Sir Edward. He might have enjoyed his once favourite amusement of dining out every day, had he chosen ; but he seldom did choose, and shut himself up from society almost entirely.

At length the long-deserted mansion was an inhabited house once more. Light, merry feet ran up and down the noble staircase ; voices, singing and calling, were heard in and out of the Hall ; and every evening there was laughter, and chatter, and music without end in the tapestry-room, which the young De Bougainvilles preferred to any other. It was "so funny," they said ; and when a house-warming was proposed, a grand ball, to requite the innumerable hospitalities the family had received since they came to the neighbourhood, César, and Louis too—so far as Louis condescended to such mundane things, being a student and a youth of poetical mind—insisted that the dancing should take place there.

"It would be grand," said they, "to see these ghostly gentlemen and ladies looking down upon us flesh and blood creatures, so full of fun, and enjoying life so much. Mamma, you must manage it for us. You can persuade Papa to anything—persuade him to let us have a ball."

She promised, but doubtfully, and the question long hung in the balance, until some accidental caller happened to suggest to Sir Edward that with his rank and fortune he ought to take the lead in society, and give entertainments that would outshine the whole county. So one day he turned suddenly round, not only gave his consent to the ball, but desired that it might be given in the greatest splendour, and with no

sparing of expense, so that the housewarming at Brierley Hall might be talked of for years in the neighbourhood. It was.

"Now, really, Papa has been very good in this matter," said César, rather remorsefully, to his sister, as they stood watching him creep from room to room, leaning on his wife's arm, and taking a momentary pleasure in the inspection of the preparations in ball-room and supper-room. The young folks had now grown so used to their father's self-engrossed valetudinarianism that they took little notice of him, except to pay him all respect when he did appear among them, and get out of his way as soon as they could. As ever, he was the "wet blanket" upon all their gaiety—the cloud in their sunshiny young lives. But now he could not help this; once he could.

It was astonishing how little these young people saw of their father, especially after he came to Brierley Hall. He had his own apartments, in which he spent most of his time, rarely joining the family circle except at meals. His children's company he never sought; they knew scarcely anything of him and his ways, and their mother was satisfied that it should beso. The secrets of the life to which she had once voluntarily linked her own, and with which she had travelled on, easily or hardly, these many years, were known to her, and her alone. Best so. Though she was constantly with him, and her whole thought seemed to be to minister to his comforts and contribute to his amusement, it was curious how little she ever talked to her children about their father.

The day of the ball arrived. One or two persons yet living, relics of the families then belonging to the neighbourhood, have told me of it, and how splendid it was—finer than any entertainment of the kind ever remembered about Brierley. Though it was winter time, and the snow lay thick upon the ground, people came to it for fifteen miles round—the grand people of the county. As for the poor people—Miss De Bougainville's poor—they were taken

by herself beforehand to see the beautiful sight, the supper-room glittering with crystal and plate, and the decorated ball-room, which was really the tapestry-room, both on account of César's wish, and because Sir Edward thought, as a small flight of stairs alone divided it from his bedroom, he would be able to go in and out and watch the dancers, retiring when he pleased. He had declined appearing at supper, which would be far too much trouble; but he was gratified by the handsome appearance of everything, and in so bland a mood that he consented to his wife's desire that there should be next day a second dance in the servants' hall, where their humbler neighbours might enjoy the remnants of the feast. And as she arranged all this, Lady de Bougainville felt in her heart that it was good to be rich—good to have power in her hands, so as to be able to make her children and her friends happy—to spread for them a merry, hospitable feast, and yet have enough left to fill many a basket of fragments for the poor.

"When your father and I are gone," she said to César—after telling him what he was to do as the young host of the evening—"when we have slipped away and you reign here in our stead, don't ever forget the poor: we were poor ourselves once."

No one would have thought it who saw her now, moving about her large house, and governing it with a wise liberality. All her petty, pathetic economies had long ceased: she dressed well, kept her house well, and spared no reasonable luxury to either herself or her children. She took pleasure in this, the first large hospitality she had ever exercised—almost as much pleasure as her children; until, just at the last moment, a cloud was cast over their mirth by Sir Edward's taking offence at some trifle, becoming extremely irritable, and declaring he would not appear at night at all—they might manage things all themselves, and enjoy themselves without him, as they were in the habit of doing. And he shut himself,



and his wife too, in his own room, whence she did not emerge till quite late in the day.

"It is very vexing, certainly," she owned to César, who was lying in wait for her as she came out; "but we must let him have his own way. Poor Papa!"

And after her boy left her—for he was too angry to say much—Josephine stood for a minute or two at the window of the ante-room which divided her room from that of the girls, who were all dressing and laughing together. Once or twice she sighed, and looked out wistfully on the clear moonlight shining on the snow. Was she tired of this world, with all its vanities and vexations of spirit? Or was her soul, which had learnt much of late, full only of pity, and a certain remorseful sorrow that there should be nothing else but pity left, for the man who had been her husband all these years? I know not; I cannot sufficiently put myself in her place to comprehend what her feelings must have been. But whatever they were she kept them to herself, and went with a smiling face into her daughters' chambers.

There were two, one for the younger girls—a quaint apartment, hung with Chinese paper, covered over with quaint birds and fishes and flowers; and another, the cheerfulest in the house, where the firelight shone upon crimson curtains and a pretty French bed, and left in shadow the grim worn face of John the Baptist over the fireplace: I know the room. There Bridget stood brushing the lovely curls of Miss Adrienne, for whom her mother had carefully chosen a ball-dress, enveloping her defective figure in clouds of white gauze, and putting tender blush roses—real sweet-scented hot-house roses, in her bosom and her hair; so that for once poor fragile Adrienne looked absolutely pretty. For the two others, Gabrielle and Catherine, they looked pretty in anything. If I remember right, Bridget told me they wore this night white muslin—the loveliest dress for any young girl—with red camellias in their bosoms, and I

think ivy in their hair. Something real, I know it was, for their mother had a dislike to artificial flowers as ornaments.

She dressed, first her daughters and then herself; wearing her favourite black velvet, and looking the handsomest of them all. She walked round her beautiful rooms, glittering with wax-lights, and tried to put on a cheerful countenance.

"It is a great pity, of course, Papa's taking this fancy; but we must frame some excuse for him, and not fret about it. Let us make ourselves and everybody about us as cheerful as we can."

"Yes, Mamma," said Adrienne, whose slightly pensive but not unhappy face showed that, somehow or other, she too had already learnt that lesson.

"Mamma," cried César and Louis together, "you are a wonderful woman!"

Whether wonderful or not, she was the woman that God made her and meant her to be: nor had she wasted the gifts, such as they were. When, in years long after, her children's fond tongues being silent, others ventured to praise her, this was the only thing to which Lady De Bougainville would ever own. "I did my best," she would answer—her sweet, dim, old eyes growing dreamy, as if looking back calmly upon that long tract of time; "Yes, I believe I did my best."

Most country balls are much alike; so there is no need minutely to describe this one. Its most noticeable feature was the hostess and her children, who were, everybody agreed—and the circumstance was remembered for years—"quite a picture;" so seldom was it that a lady, still young-looking enough to have passed for her eldest son's sister instead of his mother, should be surrounded by so goodly a family, descending, step by step, to the youngest child, with apparently not a single break or loss.

"You are a very fortunate and a very happy woman," said to her one of her neighbours, who had lost much—husband, child, and worldly wealth.

"Thank God, yes!" answered gently Lady de Bougainville.

Everybody of course regretted Sir Edward's absence and his "indisposition," which was the reason assigned for it; though perhaps he was not so grievously missed as he would have liked to be. But everybody seemed wishful to cheer the hostess by double attentions; and congratulations on the admirable way in which her son César supplied his father's place. And, after supper, the Rector of Brierley, who was also the oldest inhabitant there, made a pretty little speech, giving the health of their absent host, and expressing the general satisfaction at Sir Edward's taking up his residence in the neighbourhood, and the hope that the De Bougainvilles of Brierley Hall might become an important family in the county for many generations.

After supper the young folks began dancing again, and the old folks looked on, sitting round the room or standing in the doorway. Lady De Bougainville looked on too, glancing sometimes from the brilliantly-lighted crowd of moving figures, to that other crowd of figures on the tapestried wall, so silent and shadowy. How lifelike was the one—how phantom-like the other! Who would ever have thought they would one day have changed places: those all vanished, and these remained!

It was towards one o'clock in the morning that a thing happened which made this ball an event never forgotten in the neighbourhood while the generation that was present at it survived. Not only Bridget, but several extraneous spectators, have described the scene to me as one of the most startling and painful that it was possible to witness.

The gaiety was at its climax: cheered by their good supper, the dancers were dancing and the musicians were playing their very best: all but a few guests, courteously waited for by César and Adrienne, had returned to the ball-room; and Lady de Bougainville, supplying her elder children's place, was moving brightly hither and thither, smiling pleasantly on the smiling crowd.

Suddenly a door was half opened—the door at the further end leading by

a short staircase to Lady De Bougainville's bedchamber. Some of the dancers shut it, but in a minute more it was again stealthily set ajar, and a face peered out—a weird white face, with long black hair hanging from under a white tasselled nightcap. It was followed by a figure, thin and spare, wrapped in a white flannel dressing-gown. The unstockinged feet were thrust into slippers, and a cambric handkerchief strongly perfumed was flourished in the sickly-looking hands. Such an apparition, half sad, half ludicrous, was never before seen in a ball-room.

At first it was only perceived by those nearest the door, and they did not recognise it until somebody whispered "Sir Edward." "He's drunk, surely," was the next suggestion; and one or two gentlemen spoke to him and tried to lure him back out of the room.

No, he was not drunk; whatever his failings, intemperance had never been among them. It was something far worse, if worse be possible. The few who addressed him and met in return the vacant stare of that wild wandering eye, saw at once that it was an eye out of which the light of reason had departed, either temporarily or for ever.

The well-meant efforts to get him out of the room proved fruitless. He broke away with a look of terror from the hands which detained him, and began to dart in and out among the dancers like a hunted creature. Girls screamed—the quadrille was interrupted—the music stopped—and in the sudden lull of silence, Lady De Bougainville, standing talking at the further end of the room, heard a shrill voice calling her.

"Josephine! Josephine! Where is my wife? Somebody has taken away my wife!"

Whether she had in some dim way foreboded a similar catastrophe, and so when it came was partially prepared for it, or whether the vital necessity of the moment compelled her into almost miraculous self-control, I cannot tell; but the testimony of all who were present at that dreadful scene declares that Lady

De Bougainville's conduct throughout it was something wonderful: even when, catching sight of her through the throng, the poor demented figure rushed up to her, and, as if flying there for refuge, clung with both arms about her neck.

"Josephine, save me! These people are hunting me down; I know they are. Dear wife, save me!"

She soothed him with quiet words, very quiet, though they came out of lips blanched dead-white. But she never lost her self-command for a moment. Taking no notice of anybody else; and indeed the guests instinctively shrank back, leaving her and him together,—she tried to draw her husband out of the room; but he violently resisted. Not until she said imperatively, "Edward, you *must* come," did he allow her to lead him, by slow degrees, through the ball-room, to the door by which he had entered it.

It was a piteous sight—a dreadful sight. There was not even the sublimity of madness about it: no noble mind overthrown, no

"Sweet bells jangled out of tune and harsh."

Sir Edward's condition was that of mere fatuity—a weak soul sinking gradually into premature senility. And the way in which his wife, so far from being startled and paralysed by it, seemed quite accustomed to his state, and understanding how to manage it, betrayed a secret more terrible still, which had never before been suspected by her guests and good neighbours. They all looked at one another, and then at her, with eyes of half-frightened compassion, but not one of them attempted to interfere.

She stood a minute—she, the tall, stately woman, with her diamonds flashing and her velvet gown trailing behind her, and that forlorn, tottering figure clinging to her arm—and, casting a look of mute appeal to those nearest her, whispered: "Don't alarm my children, please. Take no notice—let the dancing go on as before;" and was slipping out of sight with her husband, when Sir Edward suddenly stopped.

"Wait a minute, my dear," said he. A new whim seemed to strike him; he threw himself into an attitude, wrapping the folds of his dressing-gown about him something like a clergyman's gown, and flourishing his white pocket-handkerchief with an air of elegant ease quite ghastly to witness.

"Ladies and gentlemen—no, I mean my dear friends and brethren—you see my wife, a lady I am exceedingly proud of; she comes of very high family, and has been the best and kindest wife to me." The sentence was begun *ore rotundo*, in a strained, oratorical, pulpit tone, gradually dwindling down almost to a whine.

"She is very kind to me still," he resumed, but querulously and petulantly, like a complaining child. "Only she worries me sometimes; she makes me eat my dinner when I don't want it; and, would you believe it?"—breaking into a silly kind of laugh—"she won't let me catch flies! Not that there are many flies left to catch—it is winter now. I saw the snow lying on the ground, and I am so cold. Wrap me up, Josephine; I am so very cold!"

Shivering, the poor creature clung to her once more, continuing his grumblings, which had dropped down to a mere mutter, quite unintelligible to those around. They shrank away still further, with a mixture of awe and pity, whilst his wife half drew, half carried him up the few stairs that led to his bedroom-door. It closed upon the two; and from that hour until the day when they were invited to his funeral, none of his neighbours, nor indeed any one out of his own immediate family, ever saw any more of poor Sir Edward de Bougainville.

And they heard very little either. The Brierley doctor, whom some one had sent for, came immediately, was admitted just as a matter of form, reported that the patient was asleep, but really seemed to know little or nothing about his illness. Nor did the sick man's own children, to whom everybody, of course, spoke delicately and with caution during the brief interval that



elapsed before the ball broke up and the guests dispersed. They were very kindly and considerate guests—would have done anything in the world for their hostess and her family; but the case seemed one in which nobody could do anything. So, after a while, the last carriage rolled away; César, left sole representative of the hospitality of the family, saw the visitors depart with due attention and many apologies, but as few explanations as could possibly be made. He was his mother's own son already, both for reticence and self-control.

When the house was quiet, he insisted upon all the servants and children going to bed; but he and Adrienne, who had at first terribly broken down, and afterwards recovered herself, spent the remainder of the night—the chilly winter night—sitting on the little stair outside their parents' door.

Once or twice the mother came out to them, and insisted on their retiring to rest.

“Papa is fast asleep still—he may sleep till morning—he often does. Indeed, I am quite used to this, it never alarms me. Don't vex your dear hearts about me, my children,” she added, breaking into a faint smile as she stooped over them and patted their hair. “You are too young for sorrow. It will come in God's own time to you all.”

So said she, with a sigh; mourning over the possible chance of her children's lives being as hard as her own, nor knowing how vain was the lamentation. Still, her feeling on this point was so strong and immovable, that, say what they would, nothing could induce her to let either son or daughter share her forlorn watch; both then and afterwards she firmly resisted all attempts of the kind. I fancy, besides the reason she gave, there were others equally strong—a pathetic kind of shame lest other eyes than her own should see the wreck her husband had become, and a wish to keep up to the last, above all before her children, some shadowy image of him in his best self, by which, and

not by the reality, he might be remembered after he was gone.

The end, however, was by no means at hand, and she knew it, or at least had good reason for believing so. The most painful thing about Sir Edward's illness was that the weaker his mind became, the stronger his body seemed to grow. Mr. Oldham's state had been pitiable enough, Josephine once thought, but here was the reasoning brain, not merely imprisoned, but slowly decaying within its bodily habitation, the mere physical qualities long outlasting—and God only knew how many years they might outlast—the mental ones; for Sir Edward was still in the middle of life. When she looked into futurity Josephine shivered; and horrible though the thought was to enter her mind, still it did enter, when he suffered very much,—that the heart-disease of which Dr. Waters had warned her, and against which she had ever since been constantly on her guard, might after all be less a terror than a mercy.

He did suffer very much at times, poor Sir Edward! There were at intervals many fluctuations, in which he was pathetically conscious of his own state, and to what it tended; nay, even, in a dim way, of the burthen he was, and was likely to become, to everybody. And he had an exceeding fear of death and dying—a terror so great that he could not bear the words spoken in his presence. In his daily drives with his wife—often with the carriage-blinds down, for he could not endure the light, or the sight of chance people—nothing would induce him to pass Brierley churchyard.

“It is very strange,” Josephine would say to Bridget, who now, as ever, either knew or guessed more than any one her mistress's cares. “He is so afraid of dying; when I feel so tired!—so tired!—when I would so gladly lay me down to rest, if it were not for my children. I must try to live a little longer, if only for my children.”

But yet, Bridget told me, she saw day by day Lady de Bougainville slowly altering under the weight of her anxie-

ties, growing wasted and old, and pale, with constant confinement to the one room, out of which Sir Edward would scarcely let her stir by night or by day. Seldom did she get an hour's refreshing talk with her children, who were so entirely left to themselves in that large empty house, where of course no visitors were now possible. It would have been a dull house to them, with all its grandeur, had they not been, by all accounts, such remarkably bright young people, inheriting all the French liveliness and Irish versatility, based upon that solid groundwork of conscientiousness which their mother had implanted in them, implanted in her by the centuries' old motto of her race, "Fais ce que tu dois, advienne que pourra."

And so when that happened which she must have long foreseen, and Sir Edward fell into this state, she and they still did the best they could, and especially for one another. The children kept the house cheerful; the mother hid her heaviest cares within the boundary of that sad room. Oh, if rooms could tell their history, what a tale to be told there! And when she did cross its threshold, it was with a steadfast, smiling countenance, ready to share in any relaxation that her good children never failed to have ready for her. And she took care that all their studies and pursuits should go on just the same, at home and at college, except that César, who had no special call elsewhere, remained at Brierley Hall. She had said to him, one day, "I can't do without *you*; don't leave me;" and her son had answered, with his prompt decision, so like her own, "I never will."

But as the summer advanced, and she felt how dreary the young people's life was becoming, with that brave motherly heart of hers she determined to send some of them away, out of sight and hearing of her own monotonous and hopeless days. For she had no hope; the best physicians, who of course gave their best consideration to the case of so wealthy a man, and so important a member of society (alas, the mockery!) as Sir

Edward De Bougainville, could give her none. Cure was impossible; but the slow decay might go on for many years. Nothing was left to her but endurance; the hardest possible lesson to Josephine De Bougainville. She could fight with fate, even yet; but to stand tamely with bound hands and feet, waiting for the advancing tide, like the poor condemned witches of old—it was a horrible trial. Yet this was her lot, and she must bear it. In hers, as in many another life, she needed to be taught by means least expected or desired;—had to accept the blessings which she never sought, and lose those which she most prayed for: yet long before the end came, she could say—I have often heard her say—not "I have done my best," but "He has done His best with me, and I know it." And the *knowing* of it was the lesson learned.

But just now it was very hard; and she felt often, as she owned to Bridget, "tired—so tired!" as if all the happiness that existence could offer would not be equivalent to the one blessing of mere rest.

I have said little about Bridget lately; indeed these latter years she had retired into what was still called the nursery as a sort of amateur young ladies' maid, occupying no very prominent position in the family. Her plain looks had grown plainer with age; Sir Edward disliked to see her about the house, and nothing but his wife's strong will and his own weak one could have retained in her place the follower of the family. In the sunshine of prosperity poor Bridget retired into the shade, but whenever a cloud came over the family, her warm Irish heart leaped up to comfort them all; her passionate Irish fidelity kept their secrets from every eye; and her large Irish generosity forgot any little neglect of the past, and flung itself with entire self-devotion into the present. (This little ebullition must be pardoned. I was very fond of Bridget, who stood to me as the type of all that is noble in the Irish character, which is very noble sometimes at its core.)

During this sad summer, Bridget rose

to the emergencies of the time. She lightened her mistress's hands as much as possible, becoming a sort of house-keeper, and doing her duties very cleverly, even in so large an establishment as Brierley Hall. For there was no one else to do it; Adrienne was not able; it was as much as Bridget's caution could do to conceal from her mistress a care which would have added heavily to all her other burthens, namely, that things were not quite right with poor Miss Adrienne. Her winter cough lingered still. That gay ball-dress in which she had looked so pretty, proved a fatal splendour; during the long chilly night when she and César had sat at their mother's room door, the cold had pierced in through her bare neck and arms. She scarcely felt it; her mind was full of other things; and when, in the grey dawn, she took out of her bosom the dead hothouse roses gathered by her mother with such care, she little thought, nor did any one think, that underneath them Death himself had crept in and struck her to the heart.

Not a creature suspected this. That strange blindness which sometimes possesses a family which for many years has known neither sickness nor death, hung over them all—even the mother. She was so accustomed to Adrienne's delicacy of health, and to Bridget's invariable cheery comment upon it, "It's the cracked pitcher goes longest to the well," that her eyes detected no great change in the girl. And Adrienne herself said nothing; she was so used to feeling "a little ill," that she took her feebleness quite as a matter of course, and only wished to make it as little of a trouble as possible—above all to her mother, who had so many cares; and she urged with unselfish earnestness a plan Lady de Bougainville arranged, and at last brought about, that the three boys should go with an Oxford tutor on a reading-party to Switzerland for two months.

César resisted it a long time. "I will not leave you, mother. You said I never must."

"I know that, my son, and I want you very much, but I shall want you

more by and by. This kind of life may last for years—years! I can bear it better when I see my children happy. Besides," added she more lightly, "I could not trust your brothers without you—you grave old fellow! You are the stronghold of the house. Nevertheless, you must do as your mother bids you a little while longer. Obey her now, my darling, and go."

So César went.

The morning of departure was sunny and bright, and the three lads were bright as the day. It was natural—they were so gay, and healthy, and young: their sisters too—to whom they promised heaps of things to be brought home from Switzerland. Adrienne was the only one who wept. She, clinging to César, always her favourite brother, implored him to "take care of himself," and be sure to come home at the two months' end.

"Ay, that I will! Nothing in the world shall stop me for a day," cried he, shaking his long curls—very long hair was the fashion then—and looking like a young fellow bound to conquer fate, and claim from fortune everything he desired.

"Very well," said his mother, gaily. "Come back on the first of October, and you'll find us all standing here, just as you leave us. Now be off! Good-bye—good-bye."

She forced the lads away, with the laugh on her lips and the tears in her eyes. Yet she was not sad—glad rather, to have driven her children safe out of the gloomy atmosphere which she herself had to dwell in, but which could not fail to injure them more or less.

"The young should be happy," she said, half-sighing; "and, bless them! these boys will be very happy. What a carriage-full of hope it is!"

She watched it drive away, amidst a grand farewell waving of hats and handkerchiefs, and then turned back with her three daughters into the shadows of the quiet house, gulping down a wild spasm at her throat, but still content—quite content. Women that are mothers will understand it all.



## CHAPTER XIX.

IN this straightforward telling of the history of my dear Lady de Bougainville, I pause, almost with apprehension. I am passing out of the sunshiny day, or the chequered lights and glooms which, viewed from a distance, seem like sunshine, into the dark night—as she had now to pass. The events next to be recorded happened so suddenly, and in such rapid succession, that in the reordering of them they seem a mountain of grief too huge for fate to heap at once upon one individual. Yet is it not true to the experience of daily life that sorrows mostly come “in battalions?”

Lady de Bougainville had had many perplexities, many trials, many sore afflictions; but one solemn Angel had always passed by her door without setting his foot there, or taking any treasures thence, except indeed her little new-born babies. Now, on that glorious August day, he stood behind her, hiding his bright still face with his black wings, on the very threshold of Brierley Hall.

After the boys had departed, Bridget came to her mistress, and hastily, with fewer words than voluble Bridget was wont to use, asked if she might go up to London with the young ladies and their governess for some little pleasuring that had been planned.

“And I’m thinking, my lady, if afterwards I might just take Miss Adrienne to see the doctor” (a physician of note who sometimes attended the family). “She’s growing thin, and losing her appetite of late: fretting a little, maybe, at losing her brothers. But now they’re fairly gone, she’ll soon get over it.”

“Of course she will,” said the mother, smiling; for Bridget spoke so carelessly that even she was deceived. Doubly deceived next day by her daughter’s red cheeks and sparkling eyes, caused by the excitement of this brief two-hours’ journey.

“You don’t look as if you needed any doctor, my child. However, you may

go, just to satisfy Bridget. Mind and tell me all he says to you.”

But when they came back there was nothing to tell; at least Adrienne reported so: “All the doctor’s orders were given to Bridget in the next room; he only patted me on the shoulder, and bade me go home and get strong as fast as ever I could—which I mean to do, Mamma; it would be such a trouble to you if I were ill. There’s Papa calling you! run back to him—quick—quick!”

It happened to be one of Sir Edward’s bad days, and not till quite late at night had his faithful nurse—for he would have no other—a chance of leaving him and creeping down-stairs for a little rest in the cedar parlour. There she found Bridget waiting for her, as was her frequent habit, with a cup of tea, after all the rest of the household was in bed.

“Thank you!” Josephine said, and no more—for she had no need to keep up a smiling face before her faithful old servant—and she was utterly worn out with the long strain of the day.

Bridget once told me that as she stood beside her mistress that night, and watched her take that cup of tea, she felt as if it were a cup of poison which she herself had poured out for her drinking.

“Now,” continued Lady de Bougainville, a little refreshed, “tell me, for I have just ten minutes to spare, what the doctor said about Miss Adrienne. Nothing much, it seems, except telling her to go home and get strong. She will be quite strong soon, then?”

The question was put as if it scarcely needed an affirmative, and Bridget long remembered her mistress’s look, and even her attitude, sitting comfortably at ease with her feet on the fender and her gown a little lifted, displaying her dainty silk stockings and black velvet shoes.

“Why don’t you answer?” asked she, suddenly looking up. “There is nothing really wrong with the child?”

“There is—a little”—said Bridget, cautiously. “I’ve thought so, my lady, a good while, only I didn’t like to tell you. But the doctor said I must. He

is coming down to-morrow to speak to you himself."

"To speak to me!"

"It's her lungs, you see; she caught cold in winter, and has coughed ever since. He wants to bring a second doctor down to examine her chest, and I thought you might be frightened, and that I had better——"

Frightened was not the word. In the mother's face was not terror, but a sort of instantaneous stony despair, as if she accepted all and was surprised at nothing. Then it suddenly changed into fierce, incredulous resistance.

"I abhor doctors. I will not have these men coming down here and meddling with my child; she should never have gone to town. You take too much upon yourself, Bridget, sometimes."

Bridget never answered; the tears were rolling fast down her cheeks, and the sight of them seemed to alarm Lady de Bougainville more than any words.

She held out her hand. "I did not mean to be cross with you. I know I am very cross sometimes, but I have much to bear. Oh, if anything were to go wrong with my child! But tell me—tell me the whole truth; it is best."

Bridget knew it was best, for the doctor would tell it all, in any case, to-morrow; and his opinion, as expressed to herself, had been so decided as to leave scarcely a loophole of hope. It was the common tale—a neglected cold, which, seizing upon Adrienne's feeble constitution, had ended in consumption so rapid that no remedies were possible: indeed the physician suggested none. To the patient herself he had betrayed nothing, of course, sending her away with that light cheery speech; but to the nurse he had given distinctly and decisively the fiat of doom. Within a few months, perhaps even a few weeks, the tender young life would be ended.

The whole thing was so sudden, so terrible, that even Bridget herself, who had had some hours to grow familiar with it, scarcely believed the words she felt herself bound to speak. No wonder,

therefore, that the mother was utterly and fiercely incredulous.

"It is not true! I know it is not true!" she said. "Still something must be done. I will take her abroad at once—ah, no! I can't do that—but you will take her, Bridget. She shall go anywhere—do anything—thank God we are so rich!"

"If the riches could save her, poor darling!" broke in Bridget, with a sob. "I never told you how ill she was; she would not let me; she said you had enough to bear. But when you see how much she suffers daily and may have to suffer, the doctor says—oh, my lady!—you will let the child go."

"I will not!" was the fierce cry. "Anything but this; oh, anything but this!"

Josephine had known many sorrows—almost every kind of sorrow except death. True, she had mourned for her lost babies, and for her father; though his decease, happening peacefully at a ripe old age and soon after her own marriage, was scarcely felt at the time as a real loss. But that supreme anguish which sooner or later smites us all, when some one well-beloved goes from us, never to return—leaving behind a deep heart-wound, which closes and heals over in time, yet with a scar in its place for ever—this Josephine had never known nor understood till now.

Nor did she now—even though, after the doctors had been, the truth was forced upon her from the lips of her own child.

"Mamma," whispered Adrienne, one day, when, in the pauses of sharp suffering which often troubled a decay that otherwise would have been as beautiful as that of an autumn leaf, she lay watching her two sisters amusing themselves in her room, from which she seldom stirred now, "Chère maman, I think after all Gabrielle will make the best Miss de Bougainville. Hush!" laying her hand on her mother's lips, and then reaching up to kiss them, they had turned so white; "I know all; for I asked Bridget and she told me. And I am not afraid. You may see I am not afraid."

She was not. Either from her long-confirmed ill-health, and perhaps her early disappointment, life had not been so precious to poor little Adrienne as they had thought it was; or else, in that wonderful way in which dying people, though ever so young, grow reconciled to dying, death had ceased to have any terrors for her. Her simple soul looked forward to "heaven," and the new existence there, with the literal faith and confidence of a child; and she talked of her own departure, of where she would like to be buried, and of the flowers that were to be planted over her—"that I may spring up again as daisies and primroses: I was so fond of primroses"—with a composure that sometimes was startling to hear.

"You see, Bridget," she would say, "after I am gone, Mamma will not be left forlorn, as if I were her only one. She will still have two daughters, both much cleverer and prettier than I, and her three sons—oh, such sons!—to carry down the name to distant generations. I can be the easiest spared of us all."

And in her utter unselfishness, which had been Adrienne's characteristic from birth, she would not have her brothers sent for, or even told of her state, lest it might shorten their enjoyments abroad, and bring them sooner back to a dreary home.

"I can love them all the same," she said, "and I want them to remember me with love, and not in any painful manner. If they just come in time for me to say good-bye to them—I should like that—it will do quite well."

Thus, in the quietest and most matter-of-fact way, her sole thought being how she could give least trouble to anybody, Adrienne prepared for her solemn change.

Was her mother also prepared? I cannot tell. Sometimes Bridget thought she seemed to realize it perfectly, and was driven half frantic by the difficulty she had in getting away from her husband—who remained in much the same state—to her poor child, with whom every moment spent was so precious. Then again, as if in total blindness of

the future, she would begin planning as usual her girls' winter dresses—her *three* girls; or arranging with eagerness, long beforehand, all the Christmas festivities and Christmas charities which Adrienne was to give to her poor people, who came in dozens to ask after Miss de Bougainville, and brought her little offerings of all sorts without end.

"See what a blessing it is to be rich!" Lady de Bougainville would say. "When I was at Ditchley I used to dread Christmas, because we were so poor we could do nothing for anybody: now we can. How we shall enjoy it all!"

Adrienne never contradicted her, and entered into her arrangements as if she herself were certain to share them; but sometimes, when Lady de Bougainville had quitted the room, she would look after her with a sigh, saying, "Poor Mamma! poor Mamma!"

Yet it would be a mistake to suppose that Adrienne's illness was altogether a miserable time. I think mere sickness—nay, mere death—never is, unless the poor sufferer helps to make it so. By degrees the whole household caught the reflection of Adrienne's wonderful peace and contentment in dying. The leaves that she watched falling, and the flowers fading—it happened to be a remarkably beautiful autumn—did not fall and fade in a more sunshiny calm than she.

"I know I shall never 'get up May hill,' as Bridget expresses it, but I may have a few months longer among you all. I should like it; if I didn't trouble you very much."

By which she meant her own sufferings, which were often very severe—more so than any one knew, except Bridget. The nurse with her child, the wife with her husband, throughout all that dreary time, shared and yet concealed one another's cares; and managed somehow to keep cheery, more or less, for the sake of Gabrielle and Catherine, who were now the only bit of sunshine left in Brierley Hall. It began to feel chill and empty; and every one longed for, yet dreaded, the boys' return, when one day, after the bright autumn had turned almost to premature winter,



Adrienne drew her mother's face down to hers, over which had come a great and sudden change, and whispered, "Write to my brothers: tell them to come home."

So Lady de Bougainville wrote a letter in which for the first time she broke to her sons something of the truth, and why, by Adrienne's desire, it had been hitherto concealed from them.

"Come home quick," she wrote—(I have myself read the letter, for it was returned to her, and found years after among her other papers). "Come, my sons, though your merry days are done, and you are coming home to sorrow. You have never known it before; now you must. Your mother cannot save you from it any longer. Come home, for I want you to help me. My heart is breaking. I sometimes feel as if I could not live another day, but for the comfort I look forward to in my three dear boys."

Thus wrote she, thus thought she at the time. Years after, how strange it was to read those words!

The letter sent, Adrienne seemed to revive a little. It was the middle of September. "They will be home, you'll see, on the 1st of October; César never breaks his word. He will not find me on the hall-door steps as you promised him, Mamma; but he *will* find me, I feel sure of that; I shall just see them all—and then——" Then?

That night, when forced to quit her daughter's cheerful side to keep watch in the gloomy bedroom which Sir Edward had insisted upon furnishing so sumptuously, with a huge catafalque of a bed to sleep in, and tall mirrors to reflect his figure, the miserable little stooping figure!—that night, and in that chamber, where the blessedness of married solitude had become a misery untold, Lady de Bougainville for the first time in her life meditated solemnly upon the other world, whither—in how few days or hours, who could tell?—Adrienne was so fearlessly going.

It might have been that in the cloud which had fallen upon so many of her mortal delights, the blankness

that she found in her worldly splendours, Josephine's mind had grown gradually prepared for what was coming upon her; or perhaps on that special day—she had reason to remember it—the invisible world was actually nearer to her than she knew; but she sat by her fire long after her husband was asleep—sat thinking and thinking, until there seemed to be more than herself in the room, and the portraits of her children on the walls followed her wistfully about, as the eyes of portraits do. She grew strangely composed, even though she knew her daughter was dying. We never recognise how we have been taught these kind of things, nor who is teaching us, but to those who believe in a spiritual world at all, there come many influences totally unaccounted for: we may have learnt our lesson unawares, but we have learnt it, and when the time comes we are ready.

It was one of the latter days of September—I think the 29th—that the *Times* newspaper communicated to all England, in a short paragraph, one of those small tragedies in real life which sometimes affect us outsiders more than any wholesale catastrophe, shipwreck, earthquake, or the like. The agony is so condensed that it seems greater, and comes more closely home to us. We begin to think how we should feel if it happened to ourselves, and how those feel to whom it has happened, so that our hearts are full of pity and sympathy.

Thus, on that 29th September many a worthy father of a family, enjoying his *Times* and his breakfast together, stopped to exclaim "How shocking!" and to read aloud to wife or children, mingled with sage reflections on the dangers of Alpine exploits and of foreign travelling in general, the account of an accident which had lately befallen some Swiss tourists, in crossing the Lake of Uri from Bauen to Tell's chapel. They had put up a small sail in their crowded boat, and one of the sudden squalls which, coming down from the mountains all round it, render this one of the most perilous of the Swiss lakes, had caught and capsized them. Two of

their number, said to be English—Oxford men, named Burgoyne—were drowned.

Lower down, inserted as "From a Correspondent," was another version of the catastrophe; explaining that the number in the boat was only five: three young men; an elderly gentleman, their tutor; and the boatman. The two latter had saved themselves by swimming, and were picked up not far from Bauen; but the three young fellows, brothers, after making ineffectual attempts to help one another, had all gone down. They were sons of an English gentleman of fortune, this account said; and their names were not Burgoyne, but De Bougainville.

Twenty-five years ago there was no electric telegraph, and a very uncertain foreign post: the *Times'* couriers often outsped it, and news appeared there before any private intelligence was possible. Thus it happened that she of whom many a kind-hearted English matron thought compassionately that morning, wondering if those three poor lads had a mother, how the news was broken to her, and how she bore it,—had no warning of the dreadful tidings at all. She read them—read them with her own eyes, in the columns of the *Times* newspaper!

Sir Edward's sole remaining interest in the outside world was his daily paper. How much of it his enfeebled mind took in was doubtful, but he liked to hear it read to him in his wife's pleasant monotonous voice; while to her this was rather a relief than not, for it killed two hours of the long dreary day. Besides, she got into a habit of reading on and on, without comprehending a single sentence: nay, often thinking of something else the whole time. As she did this morning: wondering if her boys had reached Calais, and what sort of a crossing they would have, for the wind had been howling all night in the chimneys of Brierley Hall. Not that she was afraid of the sea, or indeed of anything: none of those sudden misfortunes which seem the portion of some lives had ever happened in hers. Though she had had no answer to her

letter, it never occurred to her to be uneasy about her sons. They were sure to come home again, and in good health, for, except Adrienne, all her children inherited her own excellent constitution. That very morning she had said to Bridget, half sadly, "Oh yes. I am quite well—always am well. I think nothing could ever kill me."

She had just finished the leading articles and was turning to the police reports—anything did for reading—when this fatal paragraph caught her eye. It might not have done so, so pre-occupied was she, but for the word "Switzerland," which reminded her of her boys. So she paused to glance over it, just to herself; read it once—twice—thrice—before she could in the least take it in. When she did, her strong soul and body alike gave way. She threw up her arms with a wild shriek, and fell flat on the floor like a stone.

Admission to Sir Edward's room was rare. Sometimes whole days passed without the younger girls being sent for even to say good-morning or good-night to Papa—all they ever did; and it was weeks since Adrienne had seen her father. He made no inquiry after her; seemed scarcely aware of her state, except to grudge her mother's absence in her room. Thus, after the morning visit to her sick child, it was so usual for Lady de Bougainville to spend the whole forenoon shut up with her husband, that nobody inquired for her, or thought of inquiring, until Bridget, noticing that among the letters which came in by the post was a foreign one, and not in any of the boys' handwriting, thought she would take it in to her mistress herself, and so bring sooner to Miss Adrienne, who was very feeble that day, the news of her brothers' arrival, and the hour.

Bridget knocked several times, but no one answered. Then, terribly alarmed, she pushed open the double doors of green baize, which shut off all sounds in that room from the rest of the house, and ventured in. There, the sight she saw almost confirmed a dreadful possibility which she had never dared

to breathe to mortal, but which haunted poor Bridget night and day.

Sir Edward sat with his wife's head upon his knees; she lying as if she were dead, and he stroking, with a miserable sort of moan, her hands and her hair.

"Come here, Bridget; tell me what is the matter with her! I haven't hurt her, indeed I have not. I never even said one unkind word. She was just quietly reading the newspaper, when down she dropped as if somebody had shot her. Is she killed, I wonder? Then people will be sure to say I killed her. Take her, Bridget, for I must run and hide."

He shifted the poor head from his own lap to Bridget's, and the movement brought a sigh of returning life to the breast of the unfortunate mother.

Josephine had said to her eldest son in the letter which never reached him, for it came back to her unopened, that "her heart was breaking." But hers was not one of the hearts that break.

She opened her eyes, lifted herself up on her elbow, and stared wildly round.

"Something has happened. Is it Adrienne?" And then she caught sight of the newspaper on the floor. "Ah, no! It is my boys!" she shrieked. "Bridget, my boys are dead—drowned in the lake!—the newspaper says so."

"Newspapers don't always tell the truth," cried Bridget, and, terrified and bewildered as she was, bethought herself of the letter in her hand. Together the two women managed to break it open and read it, spelling it out with horrible exactness, word by word.

Alas, no! There was no refutation, nor even modification of the truth. In mercy, perhaps, came the speedy confirmation of it, before any maddening gleam of hope could arise. Her three sons were all dead—drowned and dead. Before this letter of the tutor's was written, the "bodies"—ghastly word!—had been recovered from the lake, identified, and buried; half the population of Bauen, and all, the English strangers for many miles round, following them to the grave. The three

brothers slept side by side in a little out-of-the-way Swiss churchyard, and the name of De Bougainville was ended.

To realize the blow in all its extent was impossible. Josephine did not, or her reason would have left her. As it was, for an hour or more poor Bridget thought she had gone quite insane. She did not faint or in any way lose her consciousness again, but kept walking up and down the room, rapidly calling upon her sons by name one after the other, then falling on her knees and calling upon God.

It was an awful agony; the more so as, except by her poor servant, who watched her terrified, but attempted no consolation, it was an agony necessarily unshared. Sir Edward had crept away into a corner, muttering, "Josephine, be quiet—pray be quiet;" and then relapsing into his customary childish moan. At first she took no notice of him whatever; then, catching sight of him, with a sudden impulse, or perhaps a vague hope of giving or getting consolation, she went up to him, put her arms about his neck and laid her head on his shoulder.

"Edward, dear husband," she cried in a wailing voice, "Edward, our sons are dead! Do you understand? Dead—all dead! You will never see one of them any more."

He patted her cheek, and kissed her with his vacant smile. "There now, I knew you'd soon be quiet. And don't cry, Josephine; I can't bear to see you cry. What were you saying about the boys? Dead? Oh, nonsense! They were to be home to-night. Bridget, just ring the bell and ask one of the servants if the young gentlemen are come home."

Josephine rose up, unlocked her arms from her husband's neck, and stood looking at him a minute. Then she turned away, and walking steadily to the middle of the room, stood there again, for ever so long; dumb and passive as a rock; with all her waves of misery breaking over her.

"My lady," said Bridget, at length venturing to touch her.



"Well?"

"I must go. I dare not leave Miss Adrienne any longer."

"Adrienne, did you say?" And the mother's heart suddenly turned—as perhaps Bridget had meant it should turn—from her dead sons to her still living daughter.

"Miss Adrienne is sinking fast, I think."

"Sinking! that means, dying."

Lady de Bougainville said the word as if it had been quite familiar, long-expected, painless. Hearing it, Bridget wondered if her mistress's mind were not astray again, but she looked "rational like," and even smiled as she clasped her faithful servant's hand.

"Do not be afraid, Bridget; I am quite myself now. And I have been thinking—Adrienne was so fond of her brothers. I don't know where they are."—and the wild, bewildered stare came into her eyes again,—“but I suppose, wherever they are, she will go to them; and soon, very soon. Why need we tell her of their death at all?"

"My lady, you could not bear it," cried Bridget, bursting into tears. "To go in and out of her room all day and all to-morrow—for she says she *will* stay till the day after to-morrow—and hear her talk so beautifully about you and them, you could not bear it."

"I think I could; if it were easier for my child. Let us try."

Without another word Josephine went and washed her face, combed out her long grey hair, which had fallen down dishevelled from under her cap, arranged her collar and brooch, and then came and stood before Bridget with a steadfast, almost smiling countenance.

"Look at me now. Would she think anything was wrong with me?"

"No, no," sobbed Bridget, choking down her full Irish heart, half bursting with its impulsive grief. But when she looked at her mistress she could not weep; she felt ashamed.

Lady de Bougainville took her old servant's hand. "You can trust me, and I can trust you. Go in first,

Bridget, and tell my child her mother is coming."

And, a few minutes after, the mother came. All that long day, and the next, she went about her dying child—moving in and out between Adrienne's room and her husband's (for Sir Edward had taken to his bed, declaring he was "very ill," and kept sending for her every ten minutes)—but never by word or look did she betray the calamity which had fallen upon her, and upon the household.

Adrienne said often during that time, "Mamma, I am such a trouble to you!" but no; her brief young life remained a blessing to the last. While the rest of the house was shut up, and the servants moved about noiselessly with frightened faces, awed by the sorrow which had fallen upon the family—within Adrienne's room all was peace. While every other room was darkened, there her mother would not have the blinds drawn down, and the soft yellow sunshine fell cheerfully across the bed, where, quiet as a baby and almost as pretty, in her frilled night-gown and close cap, she slept that exhausted sleep—the forerunner of a deeper slumber, of which she was equally unafraid.

Nothing seemed to trouble her now. Once only she referred to her brothers. "Mamma, there are twenty-four hours still,"—to the first of October she evidently meant. "I may not stay with you so long."

"Never mind, my darling."

"No, I do not mind—not much. You will give my love to the boys; and tell them to be good to you, and to Gabrielle and Catherine. They will: they were always such good boys."

"Always—always!"

Here Bridget came forward, and suggested that the mother had better go and lie down for a little.

"No; let her go to bed properly: she looks so tired. Good-night, Mamma," and Adrienne held up her face to be kissed. "You will come to me the first thing to-morrow morning."

"Yes, my child."

She tottered out, and between her

daughter's room and her husband's Josephine dropped insensible on the floor—where Bridget found her some minutes afterwards. But nobody else knew.

To Adrienne the morning and the mother's morning kiss never came. In the middle of the night—Bridget, who lay by her side asleep—"sleeping for sorrow," woke, with a feeble touch trying to rouse her.

"I feel so strange, Bridget. I wonder what it is. Is it dying? No, no," (as Bridget started up;) "don't go and wake Mamma—at least, not yet. She was so very tired."

The mother was not wakened; for in a few minutes more, before Bridget dared to stir—with her head on her nurse's shoulder and her hand holding hers, like a little child, Adrienne died.

\* \* \* \* \*

As I said a while ago, I hardly know how to make credible the events which followed so rapidly after one another, making Brierley Hall within six months an empty, desolate, childless house. And yet they all happened quite naturally, and by a regular chain of circumstances—such as sometimes befalls, in the most striking way, a family from which death has been long absent, or has never entered at all.

At the time of Adrienne's illness there was raging in Brierley village a virulent form of scarlet fever. Lady de Bougainville had not heard of this; or if she had, her own afflictions made her not heed it. When, before the funeral, a number of Miss de Bougainville's poor—children and parents too—begged permission to look once more at her sweet face as it lay in the coffin, the mother consented, and even gave orders that these, her child's friends, should be taken in and fed and comforted, though it was a house of mourning. And so it happened that the death they came to see they left behind them. The fever, just fading out of the cottages, took firm hold at the Hall. First a servant sickened; a girl who waited on the young ladies, and then the two children themselves. The disease was

of the most malignant and rapid form. Almost before their mother was aware of their danger, both Gabrielle and Catherine had followed their brothers and sister to the unknown land. They died within a few hours of one another, and were buried on the same day.

"How can you live!" said Dr. Waters and Mr. Langhorne, coming back from the funeral, where, the father being incapable, they had acted as chief mourners. "How will you ever live?" And the two old men wept like children.

"I must live," answered Josephine, without the shadow of a tear upon her impassive, immoveable face; "look at him!" She pointed to her husband, who stood at the window, absorbed in his favourite amusement of catching flies—the last solitary fly that buzzed about the pane. "You see, I must live on a little longer."

She did live; ay, until, as I once heard her say—and the words have followed, and will follow me all my life, like a benediction—she had been made to "enjoy" living.

But that was long, long afterwards. Now, for many months, nay years, the desolate woman fell into that stupified state which is scarcely living at all. I will not, I dare not describe it, but many people have known it—the condition when everything about us seems a painted show, among which we move like automaton figures, fulfilling scrupulously our daily duties, eating, drinking, and sleeping; answering when we are addressed, perhaps even smiling back when we are smiled upon, but no more really alive, as regards the warm, breathing, pleasure-giving, pleasurable world, than the dead forms we have lately buried, and with whom half our own life has gone down into the tomb.

It was so—it could not but be—with the childless mother, left alone in her empty house, or worse than alone.

How much Sir Edward felt the death of his children, or whether he missed them at all, it was impossible to say. Outwardly, their loss seemed to affect him very little, except that he some-

times exulted in having his wife's continual company, and getting her "all to himself," as he said.

He was very fond of her, no doubt of that—fonder than ever, it appeared; and as if in some sort of compensation, he became much less trouble to her, and far easier to manage. His fits of obstinacy and violence ceased; in any difficulty she had unlimited influence over him. His inherent sweet temper returned in the shut-up life he led; no temptations from outside ever assailed him, so that all Josephine's old anxieties from her husband's folly or imprudence were for ever at an end. He never interfered with her in the smallest degree, allowed her to manage within and without the house exactly as she chose; was content just to be always beside her, and carry on from day to day an existence as harmless as that of a child, or what they call in Ireland a "natural." He was never really mad, I believe, so as to require restraint—merely silly; and the constant surveillance of his wife, together with her perfect independence of him in business matters, prevented the necessity of even this fact becoming public. Upon the secrets of his melancholy illness no outside eye ever gazed, and no ear heard them afterwards.

The forlorn pair still lived on at Brierley Hall. Sir Edward could not, and, fortunately, would not, be removed from thence: nor did Lady de Bougainville desire it. If she had any feeling at all in her frozen heart, it was the craving to see, morning after morning, when she rose to begin the dreary day, the sun shining on the tall spire of Brierley Church, under the shadow of which her three daughters lay: her three sons, likewise, in time; for after some years she had them brought home from Switzerland, and laid there too, to sleep all together under the honey-scented, bee-haunted lime-trees which we are so proud of in our Brierley churchyard.

In the early days of her desolation she had parted with Oldham Court, according to the conditions—which she and her son César had once laughed at

as ridiculously impossible—of Mr. Oldham's will. She sold the estate, but not to a stranger; for another impossibility, as was thought, also happened. Lady Emma, so tenderly cherished, lingered several years, and before she died left a son—a living son—for whom his father bought the ancestral property, and who, taking his mother's maiden name, became in time Mr. Oldham of Oldham Court. When Lady de Bougainville heard of this, she smiled, saying, "It is well," but she never saw the place again, nor expressed the slightest desire to do so. Indeed, from that time forward she never was ten miles distant from, nor slept a single night out of, Brierley Hall.

She and Sir Edward lived there in total seclusion. No guests ever crossed the threshold of their beautiful house; their wide gardens and pleasure-grounds they had all to themselves. In summer time they lived very much out of doors; it amused Sir Edward; and there were neither children nor children's friends to hide his infirmities from, so that his wife let him wander wherever he chose. He followed her about like a dog, and if left a minute, wailed after her like a deserted infant. His entire and child-like dependence upon her was perhaps a balm to the empty mother-heart. Bridget sometimes thought so.

It was needed. Otherwise, in the blank monotony of her days, with nothing to dread, nothing to hope for, nothing to do, in the forced self-containedness of her stony grief, and in the constant companionship of that half-insane mind, Josephine's own might have tottered from its balance. She used sometimes to have the strangest fancies—to hear her children's voices about the empty house, to see them moving in her room at night. And she would sit for hours, motionless as a statue, with her now constantly idle hands crossed on her lap; living over and over again the old life at Wren's Nest, with the impression that presently she should go back to it again, and find the narrow, noisy, poverty-haunted cottage just as before, with nothing and no one changed. At such



times, if Bridget, who kept as close to her as Sir Edward's presence rendered possible, and kept every one else sedulously away, suddenly disturbed her dream, Lady de Bougainville would wonder which was the dream and which the reality ; whether she were alive and her children gone, or they living and she dead.

To rouse her, there came after a while some salutary suffering. In the slow progress of his disease, Sir Edward's failing mind took a new turn. That extreme terror of death which he had always had, became his rooted and dominant idea. He magnified every little ache and pain, and whenever he was really ill fell into a condition of frantic fear. All religious consolations failed him. That peculiar form of doctrine which he professed—or rather, that corruption of it, such as is received by narrow and weak natures—did not support him in the least. He grew uncertain of what he was once so complacently sure of—his being one of the “elect ;” and, in any case, the thought of approaching mortality, of being dragged away from the comfortable world he knew into one he did not know, and, despite his own poetical pictures of glory hereafter, he did not seem too sure of, filled him with a morbid terror that was the most painful phase of his illness. He fancied himself doomed to eternal perdition ; and the well-arranged “scheme of salvation,” which he used to discuss so glibly, as if it were a mere mathematical problem, and he knew it all, faded out from his confused brain, leaving only a fearful image of the Father as such preachers describe Him—an angry God, more terrible than any likeness of revengeful man, pursuing all His creatures who will not, or cannot, accept His mercy, into the lowest deep of judgment—the hell which He has made. For this, put plainly—God forbid I should put it profanely!—is the awful doctrine which such so-called Christians hold—also, strange to say, many most real and earnest Christians, loving and tender, pitiful and just ; who would not for worlds act like the God they believe

in. Which mystery we can only solve by hoping that, under its external corruption, there is a permanent divineness in human nature which makes it independent of even the most atrocious creed.

But Sir Edward's religion was of the head, not of the heart ; a creed, and nothing more. When, in his day of distress, he leant upon it, it broke like a reed. His feeble mind went swinging to and fro in wild uncertainty, and he clung to his wife with a desperation pitiful to see.

“Don't leave me ! not for a minute,” he would say, during their long weary days and dreadful nights, “and pray for me—keep always praying, that I may not die, that I may be allowed to live a little longer.”

Poor wretch ! as if in the Life-giver and Life-taker—omnipotent as benign—he saw only an avenging demon, lower even than the God whom, after his small material notions, he had so eloquently described, and so patronizingly served. At this time, if she had not had her six dead children to think of—her children, so loving and loved, whom God could not have taken in anger ; who, when the first shock of their death had passed away, began to live again to her, as it were ; to wander about her like ministering angels, whispering, “God is good, God is good still :” but for this, I doubt, Josephine would have turned infidel or atheist.

As it was, the spectacle of that miserable soul, still retaining consciousness enough to be aware of its misery, roused her into a clear, bold, steady searching out of religious truth, so far as finite creatures can ever reach it. And she found it—by what means, it is useless here to relate, nor indeed would it avail any human being, for every human being must search out truth for himself. Out of the untenable negation to which her husband's state of mind led, there forced itself upon hers a vital affirmative : the only alternative possible to souls such as that which God had given her—a soul which longs after Him, cannot exist without Him, is eager to know and serve Him, if He only will show it

the way ; but whether or not, determinately loving Him : which love is, to itself, the most conclusive evidence of His own.

I do not pretend to say that Lady de Bougainville was ever an "orthodox" Christian : indeed, unlike most Christians, she never took upon herself to decide what was orthodox and what heterodox ; but a Christian she became ; in faith and life, and also in due outward ceremonial ; while in her own spirit she grew wholly at peace. Out of the clouds and thick darkness in which He had veiled Himself, she had seen God—God manifest in Christ, and she was satisfied.

"It is strange," she would say to Bridget, when coming for a moment's breathing space out of the atmosphere of religious despair which surrounded poor Sir Edward—"strange, but this gloom only seems to make my light grow stronger. I used to talk about it—we all do—but never until my darlings were there, did I really believe in the other world."

And slowly, slowly, in the fluctuations of his lingering illness did she try to make it as clear to her husband as it was to herself. Sometimes she succeeded for a little, and then the shadows darkened down again. But I cannot, would not even if I could, dilate on the history of this terrible time, wherein day by day, week by week, and month by month, Josephine was taught the hardest lesson possible to a woman of her temperament, patiently and without hope to endure.

There is a song which of all others my dear old lady used most to like hearing me sing ; it is in Mendelssohn's Oratorio of "St. Paul." "Be thou faithful until death, and I will give thee a crown of life." I never hear it, with its sweet, clear tenor notes dying away in the words "Be thou faithful—be thou faithful until death," without thinking of her. She was "faithful."

Sir Edward had a long season of failing health ; but at last the death of which he was frightened came upon him unawares. The old heart disease, which

had once been so carefully concealed from him, after lying dormant for years, till his wife herself had almost forgotten it, reappeared, and advanced quicker than the disease of the brain. It was well. That final time of complete idiocy, which the doctors warned her must be, and to which, though she kept up her strength to meet it, she sometimes looked forward with indescribable dread, would never come.

Her husband woke up one night, oppressed with strange sensations, and asked, as his daughter Adrienne had asked, but oh, with what a different face,—“Can this be dying?”

It was ; his wife knew it, and she had to tell him so.

Let me cover over that awful scene. Bridget was witness to it, until even she was gently thrust away by her beloved mistress, who for more than an hour afterwards, until seclusion was no longer possible, locked the door.

Towards morning, the mental horrors as well as the bodily sufferings of the dying man abated a little ; but still he kept fixed upon his wife that frightened gaze, as if she, and she only, could save him.

“Josephine !” he cried continually, “come near me—nearer still ; hold me fast ; take care of me !”

“I will,” she said, and lay down beside him on the bed—her poor husband, all she had left in the world !—almost praying that it might be the will of God to lengthen out a little longer his hopeless, useless life, even though this might prove to herself a torture and a burthen greater than she could bear. But all the while she felt her wish was vain : that he must go—was already going.

“Edward,” she whispered, and took firm hold of the nerveless hand which more than thirty years ago had placed the wedding-ring upon her finger—“Edward, do not be afraid ; I am close beside you—to the very last.”

“Yes,” he said, “but afterwards ? Where am I going ? Tell me, where am I going ? Or go with me. Can you not go with me ?”

“I wish I could!” she sobbed. “Oh, Edward, I wish I could!”

Then again she told him not to be afraid. “Say ‘Our Father,’ just as the children used to do at night. He is our Father. He will not harm you, He will only teach you—though how, I do not know: but surely, surely He will! Edward—husband,” pressing closer to his ear as the first struggles of death came on, and the blindness of death began to creep over his eyes. “There is nothing to be afraid of: God is good.”

And then, when speech had quite failed him, Josephine crept down on her knees beside the bed, and repeated in her sweet, clear voice, “Our Father, which art in heaven,” to the end.

The words, comprehensible to the feeblest intellect, yet all that the sublimest faith can arrive at, might have reached him, or might not, God knows! but the dying man’s struggles ceased, and a quiet look, not unlike his daughter Adrienne—the one of his children who most resembled him—came over his face. In that sudden “lightening before death” so often seen, he opened his eyes, and fixed them on his wife with the gaze almost of her young lover Edward Scanlan. She stooped and kissed him; and while she was kissing him he slipped away, where she could not “take care” of him any more.

Thither—it is not I who dare follow and judge him. Poor Sir Edward de Bougainville!

*To be continued.*



## THE FRENCH STAGE.

THERE is an obsolete journal of fashion called *La Belle Assemblée*, which contains descriptions, not only of various and elaborate modes of costume—delightful to ladies—but also of the favourite forms of diversion of its time; and in one of the numbers for the year 1800, the curious reader may find an article on the recreations of Paris, which gives an account of the Théâtre Français, and especially of the demeanour of the audience at the rise of the curtain. The passage is worth transcribing, as an illustration of some national characteristics of the French people which have not caught the infection of change amongst all the changing fashions brought forth in the course of the last seventy years.

“The moment the curtain is seen to rise,” says the writer in the old periodical, “that instant confusion turns itself into order. Unlike our countrymen, who call for silence by the word itself, the French express their wish for attention by a noise which may be described as a prolongation of the syllable *is/le*. After the curtain is once up, it is expected that no person should interrupt the performance; the established rule of a French audience is universal attention.”

This attitude of attention is the same at the Théâtre Français now, as then. There is the same order, the same absolute silence observed, the same complete sympathy with the progress of the drama. Any casual interruption is instantly suppressed: silk dresses are not allowed to rustle, fans must not flutter, no whis- pers must circulate; the audience is expected to exist, for the time being, only for the actors, as the actors exist only for the audience. Between the acts of the piece comes the relaxation. Then most of the spectators leave their seats and through the antechambers of the theatre, where the imagination still

finds a stimulus in art. Grand statues of dramatists, players, and poets, have their dwelling-place here, giving dignity to the amusement of the hour, as they suggest the immortality of genius. The hour passes; the play is acted out when the curtain falls; but the creative power which brings a noble drama into existence remains a treasured memory for a great nation. The marble statue of the man is the symbol of his genius carved out for unborn ages. The player who intensified the passions and realized the beauty which the poet conceived, stands by his side in sculptured glory, and shares his immortality.

An author or an actor, passing through these halls, feels the stir of ambition within him, and a spectator entering them, full of the emotions which the stage has excited, feels satisfied that these are not vain things, and returns to the next lift of the curtain with a deepened interest. When audiences and actors are in such a condition of mutual sympathy, the actors are impelled to great efforts. An audience so attentive does not overlook excellence in the smallest performance—even in the delivery of a message—and therefore every player has a sufficient motive for doing his best.

A complete harmony—which is justness of proportion—an adequate skill in all the parts and in their combination, result from these influences, and an acted drama at the Français is a work of high art. When such players and such an audience are dealing with the work of a great author, the excellence produced is of that kind which makes a permanent impression of delight upon the mind.

There is a dramatic poem by Alfred de Musset, little known in England, called “*La Nuit d’Octobre*.” It is not a play, it is a dialogue which takes place between the poet and his muse. The

poet—who is the victim of a fatal passion, whose soul is stained, whose life is corrupted by the poison of a misplaced love—is sitting by his deserted hearth in gloomy meditation when his muse addresses him with tender reproach. Why has he neglected her? why has he abandoned the dominion of beauty and truth which she had opened to him? In reply, he tells the history of his betrayal and his great despair; she answers with compassion and with an exhortation to return to her, and in her pure embrace to soothe his bruised heart, to accept the bitter past as a wholesome medicine, to slake his burning thirst at the sweet waters of the stream of Helicon, to take her hand again and suffer her to lead him to the region of eternal glory. The poet listens, throws off his consuming lethargy, worships, and is reconciled; and so the piece concludes—a piece depending for its interest exclusively upon the poetry of its passion and upon the truth with which this poetry is rendered in recitation. The dialogue is confined to two persons, one of whom is a visionary being behind a veil, and there is no movement but that of inward passion. No stir from without, no interruption even for a single instant to the seclusion of the poet's study, no scenic effect, no action beyond the gestures of one unhappy man. There is probably no stage in the universe but that of the Français where such a representation could attract and satisfy an audience; there it does both satisfy and attract, and when Mdlle. Favart and M. Delaunay are playing in it the pit is inconveniently crowded, and yet the silence of the throng is like that of a single rapt listener, while Favart's rich tones pour forth in tender music those delicious lines:

“C'est une dure loi, mais une lois suprême,  
 Vieille comme le monde et la fatalité,  
 Qu'il nous faut du malheur recevoir le baptême,  
 Et qu'à ce triste prix tout doit être acheté.  
 Les moissons pour murir ont besoin de rosée;  
 Pour vivre et pour sentir l'homme a besoin  
 des pleurs :  
 La joie a pour symbole une plante brisée,  
 Humide encore de pluie et convertée de fleurs.”

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And the same throng trembles with the fever of a great passion, while Delaunay's exquisite art fills every syllable with anguish in the poet's anathema:

“Honte à toi ! femme à l'œil sombre,  
 Dont les finestes amours  
 Ont enséveli dans l'ombre  
 Mon printemps et mes beaux jours.  
 C'est ta voix, c'est ton sourire,  
 C'est ton regard corrupteur  
 Qui m'ont appris à maudire,  
 Jusqu'au semblant du bonheur ;  
 C'est ta jeunesse et tes charmes  
 Qui m'ont fait désespérer,  
 Et si je doute des larmes,  
 C'est que je t'ai vu pleurer.”

\* \* \* \* \*

No one who has heard Delaunay's tones, rising and falling in the rapid utterance of impetuous invective or the caressing languor of fond remembrance, following the alternations of tenderness and abhorrence, of yearning and of loathing which mark the progress of this great tragic poem—no one who has heard the soft persuasion of Favart's muse pouring sweet melody into the poisoned chalice of her disciple—no one who has heard the music of the two voices mingling in their final reconciliation can ever lose the sense of Beauty thus stimulated to the highest point by the poet and his interpreters.

But where is the English pit, gallery, or dress circle which could tolerate these revelations of the poet's mind with no other aid from without than that of the muse at the back of the scene, veiled, following his steps with slow, floating movement, extending her arms compassionately towards him, but never meeting his eye?

It would be less impossible to find tragedians in London capable of performing, than auditors capable of listening to such a scene; indeed, throughout the whole of our great metropolis we cannot at the present day assemble a full audience willing to listen with undivided attention to a dramatic poem or a poetical drama. We have, indeed, no established drama, no playhouse where the manager can afford to wait. The Français and the Opéra Comique, the Odéon, the Châtelet, and the Grand

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Opéra, all the houses in Paris where the performances are the most finished and where the best pieces are produced, receive support from Government. In London every play produced is a money speculation, and must therefore address itself to the immediate gratification of the masses; and the mass is generally vulgar, and prefers the lowest and coarsest food. Audiences require to be educated by the drama before they can appreciate it. The Français, not depending for support solely on the immediate applause of the public, has had time to direct and improve its taste, and in this way every first representation at this house is sure of assembling a circle of instructed critics. A considerable degree of importance is attached to representations which make a portion of the national pride of the people, and the study of the tragedian is that of an artist whose skill is well understood and appreciated in all its details. A piece which has gone through forty-eight rehearsals is still announced as "in preparation"; they are continued till there is no flaw in the performance. At the Opéra Comique "*La petite Fadette*," and "*Le premier Jour de Bonheur*," are as remarkable for exquisite finish and smoothness as the "*Nuit d'Octobre*," or "*Il ne faut jurer de rien*," or "*Paul Forestier*," or "*Le menteur*," at the Français. The performances at the unendowed theatres are not equal to these in completeness and harmony. Where there is a French company there will generally be found some talent and often some genius; but it is not the cleverness of one or two players which produces a perfect work of art, but the indefatigable drilling of a company, and the careful cherishing of every germ of ability and the proper distribution of every part. Wherever a playhouse is a mere speculation, such an amount of care becomes impossible, and the best ambition of the player is at an end, and is replaced by a restless vanity or a greed for gain. The minor theatres of Paris excel those of London, inasmuch as they have models of excellence in the endowed playhouses, with the hope, for the superior artist, of being engaged in

the higher regions of his art, where, be it remembered, not only all the best skill of modern Paris is concentrated, but where also the traditions of its past classical drama have their home, and where the retired genius enjoys his well-earned pension, and makes it his pleasant task to train the rising talent of the day. Those who have read that delicious dramatic poem by François Coppée called "*Le Passant*," will accept the fact of its great and prolonged success at the Théâtre de l'Odéon, as a sufficient proof of the refined taste of Parisian playgoers. For the beauty of the piece consists in its poetry, without any kind of spasm or sensational effect. The French writers, casting off the pedantic trammels of their classical drama, have developed a quantity of poetry of which they were supposed to be incapable. Victor Hugo and Alfred de Musset are acknowledged by all nations in their different ways as eminent dramatic poets, and M. Coppée for that one production of "*Le Passant*" deserves to be named in the same category.

Clever writers of comedy and romantic drama are too abundant for any satisfactory selection, but Augier, Sardou, and Feuillet are the names which the most immediately present themselves for distinction in that long list. But as some evil is wont to be associated with the good of this world, we find that the new freedom which has opened a way for the imagination of the dramatic poet has also given admittance to the vagaries of unsound thought, which substitutes the abnormal for the true, and puts fever in the place of force. The danger that the genius of France incurs at present consists in the spasm and contortion which the romantic school has encouraged, and which writers of such extraordinary gifts as Victor Hugo and Octave Feuillet ought to have had the strength to renounce. M. Octave Feuillet's last tragedy, called "*Julie*," is a case in point. It is a domestic tragedy; a painful, fatal passion absorbs the unhappy woman who is the subject of it, from the first to the last scene, culminating in her death. She dies of her



internal anguish. The play, though the plot is of a disagreeable nature, is not an offence against morals, but it *is* an offence against art. No human being could take any touch of pollution from this drama. The penalty of the transgressor is very bitter, and there is no scene of alluring tenderness to soften its effect. But young authors desiring to enlarge the sphere of bad art by working with such a model before them—for it is only the intensity of the emotion which atones for the manner of its development. That intensity of passion, reached by the master's hand, absorbs all the feeling and suspends the judgment of the spectator; but the slightest shortcoming would make it revolting to the taste. Indeed, the least failure of strength in the actress would be fatal to the piece, even as it stands, and M. Feuillet would hardly have ventured upon his concluding scene if he had not known the peculiar genius of Mdlle. Favart. So much regard for the special talent of an actress is not good either for author or player, and a beautiful drama is rarely produced under such an influence. The great fault in the construction of M. Feuillet's "Julie" consists in its monotony of pain—in the absence of that relief which beauty gives, or should give, to the severest tragedy. Such a relief is afforded in the terrible tragedy of "Lear" by the tenderness of Cordelia and the devotion of the fool to his master; and no perfect master of his art would allow any great tragic work to be complete without some touch of beauty of this kind. The true poet will not be content merely to lacerate the imagination; he will also elevate and soothe it. The scourge is too much in use in the modern French romantic school, and the imaginative faculties of the reader or spectator are in danger of being blunted or stunned by a long course of this savage treatment. It is to be found in many of the late productions of the French dramatists, and in some works of the most distinguished poets, as in Victor Hugo's play of "Le

Roi s'amuse," which is in some respects a grand production, and which would have taken its place among the masterpieces of creative genius if the poet had used more restraint; if he had paused in the whirlwind of his passion, and had tempered the horror of his situations with some alternations of repose and sweetness. If such writers as Victor Hugo, Feuillet, and Augier throw off the restraints of true art, and, in order to obtain violent and startling effects, abandon decorum and dignity, the players will come by degrees to follow their example, and instead of such finished artists as Favart and Delaunay we shall have shriekers and grimacers. Things have not yet arrived at so bad a pass as this; but the tendency of the modern school of fiction in France (and in England also) is in this direction, and it is the business of the honest critic to speak words of warning while there is yet time. The English acted drama is past hope—it is dead, without a chance of resurrection; but the French stage lives yet, is still vigorous, is still fresh, and still maintains the elements of beauty within it uncorrupted. It runs the risk of descending to a lower, but it has the means of rising to a higher life.

Critics still watch over it, poets still nourish it; and if only the genius of the dramatist can be brought to recognise the great responsibilities of his calling, he may make the Parisian stage the focus of true imperishable art and the promoter of intellectual progress. The French people are remarkable for the swiftness and vividness of their sympathies; they are quick to feel and to express feeling; that is to say, they are an essentially dramatic people, specially subject to the immediate influences of eloquence, and to the shows of passion. Their impulse is not less prompt for good than for evil, and therefore the dramatic poet in France holds a most important office. He has the emotions of an emotional people at his command, and may rouse their brutal instincts by scenes of physical force, or lift them by the sense of beauty into the region

of spiritual thought and lofty emotion. It is never the proper function of the dramatist to preach; but by the show of noble passion and the sweet harmonies of true poetry, he may imperceptibly educate the æsthetic instincts of his audience, and with the growth of purity of taste a refinement of the moral sense will advance. Æsthetic development will not take the place of moral and religious training, but it will assist their influence. When Mr. Phelps directed a series of classical dramatic performances at Sadlers' Wells, the public-houses were for the first time deserted; and at the eating-houses, where working men refreshed themselves at the close of the evening entertainments, discussions on the Shakespearian characters replaced coarse jests and indecent talk. The gradual improvement of audiences, who at the beginning of this undertaking were riotous and ill-behaved, manifested the good effect of these well-regulated performances, and this improvement became every day more marked, while drunkenness and street brawls rapidly diminished. The effect was a very marked one; the case was worthy of official consideration; and a grant from Government to the theatre of Sadlers' Wells, to promote the representation of the legitimate drama, might have produced a salutary and permanent effect upon the population of the north of London. But English governments will not condescend to notice the national drama.

The proper production of the Shakespearian drama is a costly undertaking, and it happened to Mr. Phelps, as it has happened to other lessees, that he found himself unable to cope for long with the expense involved in this classical entertainment, and having no assistance from without, he was forced to abandon his project.

At Dresden the drama is no less

artistic than at Paris. The harmony is not less perfect between the players, and the pieces habitually performed are even of a higher order than those at the Français, but here again we have the support of Government afforded to this fine national entertainment, and at this theatre actors are engaged for life. It is further to go, however, for a play to Dresden than to Paris, and also the German language is less universally understood than the French. For this reason it is to the endowed playhouses of Paris that the stranded English playgoer directs his hope, welcoming with enthusiasm every new work of excellence which appears at the Français. A piece just now produced called "Les Ouvriers" is to be mentioned with satisfaction as a step in the right direction. It is slight in construction, but graceful, agreeable, and blameless; and it is written in finished verse. It has been very favourably received. Let authors assure themselves that the best works will command, if not the most immediate enthusiasm, certainly the most permanent success, and let those who have the immortal gift of genius work for immortality. Let them reject the tricks which startle a public into temporary attention. Let them abjure the spasm and the convulsion which has more in it of artifice than art; let them renounce the abnormal for the true; let them beware of taking monsters for models; let them apply the precious gifts of imagination and eloquence to the interpretation of nature's eternal harmonies and endless beauties; let them invest their genius with the highest attributes of humanity, so that their works may not merely endure for the fashion of a period, but outlive the prejudice of nationalities and the vicissitudes of time.

J. P.

## THE HOSTEL SYSTEM IN PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

BY THE REV. G. G. BRADLEY, M.A.

ON pp. 206, 207, and again on pp. 610, 611, of the Report of the School Inquiry Commission, are some remarks on what is there called "the Hostel System." The remarks are entirely in favour of that system, and some of the arguments adduced are, so far as they go, unanswerable.

But the question is one of great importance, and deserves somewhat fuller discussion than it has yet received. The discussion will be simplified by confining our attention to what are called first grade schools, *i.e.* schools where the pupils receive instruction to the age of eighteen or nineteen, as distinguished from those where the limit of age is fixed at from two to three years earlier.

Such schools may be at once divided into two classes—day schools and boarding schools. The classification is somewhat imperfect, as there are large and important schools which combine in different degrees the characteristics of each class. At Cheltenham, for instance, one of the largest schools in England, at least one-third of the pupils are day boys, the rest boarders; at King's College the proportion is, perhaps, reversed; and even at Rugby and Harrow, and in some degree at Eton, a certain number of day scholars form a not unimportant element in the composition of the school.

For practical purposes, however, those only need be considered day schools where the boarding-house for pupils fills no more than a secondary place in the general plan of the school, and where the great mass of the pupils live with their parents.

The importance of such institutions is great and growing. Such schools as the City of London School in the south of England, and the Manchester Grammar School in the north, compete successfully

year after year at both Universities with the pupils of the best of the great schools of England, new or old. It is perfectly clear that the best intellectual training can be received by boys who live with their parents in London, or in our large towns, and attend schools where the boarding-house is almost or entirely unknown. Indeed, it would be easy to show that pupils trained at such schools enjoy many advantages which are out of the reach of the Harrovian or Rugbeian. The boy of studious habits and active brain may work in the comparative quiet of home, undisturbed by the temptations, amusements, and, it might be added, the multifarious occupations and cares which fall to the lot of a leading member of a closely-knit organization. He will be tempted neither to give up his life to cricket, nor his hours to gossip, nor his thoughts to the often pressing cares of the miniature statesmanship of school. Far more than this, the very atmosphere which he breathes is, if less healthful to the body than the air of Wiltshire Downs or Eton playing-fields, beyond comparison more stimulating in some respects to the brain and intellect. The London boy lives, if not in the midst of great events, yet at least in a place which reverberates with their echoes; he cannot easily, he certainly will not if of average mental capacity and sensitiveness, grow up in profound ignorance of the course of contemporary history, of the names, the words, the measures of great Englishmen, of the facts which shake and shape the world. Again, he lives within easy reach of libraries, museums, pictures. He need not grow up to manhood without having even seen a single great painting, or a single masterpiece of ancient or modern art. He may find in a mere occasional visit to the British Museum,



or to South Kensington, or to the National Gallery, worlds opened to him which are closed, from the very force of circumstances, to his cousin whose home is in a village and his school in a market-town. It may be added that home-life is favourable to a free and spontaneous development of his special faculties, his own distinctive tastes and character. Those who are familiar with public school life know well its tendency more or less to thwart and repress social, moral, and intellectual *individuality*, to mould the individual to one pattern, to laugh down "oddities," to (I fear it must be said) *discourage genius*. In all these respects, and they are many and weighty, the day scholar in London (or even any other great centre of population and commerce) has undeniable advantages.

Doubtless there is another side to the picture. All homes are not favourable to intellectual or even moral growth. There are many boys who by leaving home for a good public school are gainers by the change in every way—morally, socially, physically, intellectually. Nor is it possible for one, who has had unusual opportunities of testing both systems, to be blind to the fact that some of the most valuable elements of public school life are lost to the boy who is educated in a day school. If Goethe is right in saying that Genius shapes itself in solitude, he is equally right in saying that Character is formed by contact with the stream of life. Those who know the life of any of the best of our great schools, know that if the dangers of that life to individual temperaments are undeniable, so also are its opportunities. No home life can be compared to that spent at a public school, supposing the time there to have been well used, for calling out the powers which will aid the future soldier or clergyman or colonist or ruler or statesman, for testing and strengthening the will, for cultivating and widening the sympathetic and social faculties, for fitting the future citizen of a free country to take part in public affairs, to act as a member of an organized

community. Nor should the many charms and solid advantages, even in an educational sense, of a country life, as opposed to a town life, be lost sight of; nor, however unanswerable may be the arguments against an excessive devotion of time and powers to athletic sports, should the real and unquestionable value of organized out-of-door pursuits, to the youth of our age and nation, be for a moment doubted. Cricket and foot-ball, after all that has been justly, and unjustly, said for and against them, are and will remain important elements in an Englishman's education.

Lastly, there are many boys to whose bodily development town life is not relatively but absolutely prejudicial; still more who are unsuited or disinclined to take advantage of the educational opportunities of the life of a great town, and who find infinite and lifelong benefit from the mingled discipline and freedom of the organized and social life of a public school. However manifest the advantages, and however great the future influence on education, of the great day school, it is clear that the other institution, the large boarding school (it is not necessary to apologize for the name), will remain as a permanent and necessary rival even for the use of families resident in our great towns. To a large number of parents, the question is not one of choice, but of necessity.

But the public school of the latter kind may be at once divided into two classes. Here again the division may not be perfect and exhaustive, but it is real, and, as will be shown further on, lies deep. Eton, Harrow, Rugby, the remodelled Winchester, and the future Charter-house, among the older schools—Cheltenham, Clifton, Malvern, among the new, are instances of one class. In all these schools, the boys (setting aside the day boys or *externes*) live in separate boarding-houses, analogous to the different colleges of a university, and meet only in school or school amusements. On the other hand, at not a few of the newer foundations, at Marlborough, Wellington College,

Rossall, and Haileybury, an opposite system prevails. With some exceptions, all the pupils are, to use the words of the Report above quoted, "boarded not in the masters' houses, but in an establishment belonging to the governors; and the profits of keeping this establishment go to the general fund of the school, and are at the disposal of the governors for school purposes." "The same plan," it is added, "is adopted at all the county schools, one great merit of which consists in the combination of cheapness with efficiency."

It is to this system which, under the name of the Hostel System, the Commissioners give their unqualified approval. They do so on two grounds. First, "That the boarding-house system pays the masters very unevenly. A master who has a boarding-house and a large number of boarders is paid highly, one who has no boarding-house gets far less; but on the Hostel, or college system, the governors are able to bring the salaries more nearly to a graduated scale, and it becomes *far easier to supply the school with a proper staff of assistants.*"

The second, and more unanswerable reason given in favour of the Hostel system, is its greater economy.

The question is evidently one of very great importance. Its bearing on the large number of schools, of all grades, which are likely, we hope, to be founded ere long, is immediate and evident; any grand mistake would be irrevocable, or, at least, productive of great evil, and it seems well that the relative merits and demerits of the two systems, the Boarding-house and the Hostel, should be more closely sifted.

On the question of economy there can be no dispute, no difference of opinion. It will, unquestionably, cost far less to build accommodation for 300 or 400 boys in a single group of buildings than it will to build eight or ten separate establishments, each adapted both for a boarding-house and a family residence for a master.

Again, the permanent annual expendi-

ture, on the hostel system, will evidently be far less. A common kitchen, a common staff of servants, a single management, are only some among the many items which will tell heavily in favour of the hostel.

And on this ground alone, in schools where a low, or relatively low, rate of charge is an essential feature of the aim and purpose of the school, the hostel system, with or without some modification, is essential. Its principle is sure to be adopted for a very large proportion of the endowed schools of the future.

On the other hand, it may be well to point out some drawbacks of the system which the Commissioners have left untouched. This can best be done by supposing a case in which it is adopted without any modification or check.

The buildings, we will say, are sufficient for the accommodation of from 300 to 500 boys. They include dormitories, sitting-rooms, class-rooms, and every requisite and comfort consistent with economy. The head-master, presumably a married man, lives in a family residence; the other masters have rooms, answering to those of college tutors, in different parts of the school buildings.

Economically, the advantage of such a system, as compared with that of Rugby or Eton, needs hardly to be stated. The fifteen or twenty-five assistant-masters are, from the nature of the case, on the one system celibates; on the other, to a large proportion, married men. The income which is affluence to the former would be poverty to the latter; the difference will be so much gain to the school funds.

Again, the masters are freed from all so to speak, commercial transactions with boys or their parents. The institution provides the food and lodging, and pays the fixed salaries; no one can accuse them of sacrificing the health or comfort of their pupils for the sake of their own pockets. The temptations either to extravagance or parsimony are withdrawn. The relation of a boy's tutor to his parent is, so far, improved.

The boys, moreover, are, in some re-

spects, gainers. The advantages of the school, if a good one, are more evenly distributed. The boy does not, as he may elsewhere, lose half the benefit of the school by being sent to an inferior "house." He can choose his companions from a far larger number. The inspiring feeling, that he is a member of a great society, comes more nearly home to him. Common pursuits are more easily carried on, common arrangements made on a large scale, by a great community, than by a number of detached societies, isolated each from its neighbour, and wholly closed against each other from darkness till the following morning. The school choral society, the debating society, flourish instead of having to struggle with difficulties—the boys are more easily assembled for work or any other purpose. In the Surrey County School—a school of the second grade—where the highest payment is 30*l.* a year, a boy can attend every school lesson, every service in chapel, without stepping from under cover. The Harrovian or Rugbeian may have a long walk to and fro many times a day through rain or snow. The health of the school can be, and generally is, placed under central and constant supervision; one or more infirmaries secure careful and kind nursing—perfect isolation in infectious cases, constant medical care. Lastly, to pass to a different topic, it is probable that a master of energy and character will impress himself, so to speak, more readily and more markedly on a school of this character, than on one consisting of a number of separate communities.

All this is true; yet the drawbacks are considerable, and should be fairly stated. In the first place, it is quite true that the masters absorb far less of the funds devoted by parents to the education of their boys than elsewhere. But why so? Because, and simply because, they are less well paid; they are single, and in the unmodified hostel system must be so, and every married master is so far a breach in the fabric. The disadvantages of this are obvious. There is no class in a Protestant country vowed

to celibacy: marriage and a home are the natural aim of at least the larger proportion of Englishmen, not least of those who embrace the very arduous and wearing profession of the educator. But the hostel system frowns on matrimony. The results are manifold. In the first place, the able scholar, who with some hesitation abandons the bar or the parish and takes to education with the distinct or half-formed purpose of an early marriage, gladly accepts the mastership at Rugby, Harrow, or Eton, for he knows that this will enable him to marry, and give him a competence and a home for life; but he turns away from the hostel, for he knows that marriage there will be impossible. Or he goes, but he goes avowedly only for a time, and to learn his profession with the full intention of leaving it on the first fair opportunity. Now, teaching—especially the teaching of boys in large classes, and of boys who, like English boys in general, are not eager to fill up any deficiency in their teacher by zeal on their own part—is an art slowly learnt; no one teaches it; we have no *École normale*, and no one acquires it without much pains, and more or less of failure. And the hostel system loses the apprentice too often just as he has learnt his trade: he goes to carry his dearly-bought skill and experience elsewhere, and a new learner, who may or may not be an apt one, succeeds him.

It is needless to add, that it is not the teaching only of the school which is imperilled by a constant change of masters. In the eyes of the English school-boy the new master is, if not like a new boy, looked on as belonging to another and inferior state of being to his own, yet unqualified for exerting any great influence, and has to go through a certain period of probation before he can hope to do so.

But the advocate of the separate house system has not yet exhausted his arguments. The position of assistant-master on the hostel system is, he will say, attractive no doubt to many young and vigorous men. They enjoy the close



intimacy with their colleagues which it naturally involves; the sound, sight, and presence of the young life by which they are constantly surrounded, is to them grateful and invigorating; they find no lack of companionship with their equals when their work is done, no limit to happy intercourse with their pupils in their rooms or out of doors. But, on the other side, there are many natures no less able and no less vigorous, to whose full development more isolation, more independence, more self-culture than is consistent with residence in a master's rooms within college walls, is absolutely necessary. The master of a house at Rugby or elsewhere is in many respects an independent authority. It is not merely that he can, for some limited portion of the day, breathe another atmosphere than that of school, nor that he can introduce his pupils from time to time to some of the refining and softening influences of a cultivated home. From the very nature of the case he occupies a more prominent and in many ways a more influential position than he would under the opposite system. Within his house he is practically supreme, and, if a man of impressive character, may impress himself upon his pupils morally, socially, and intellectually, to a degree almost impossible elsewhere. Under the opposite (the more centralised) system, innumerable questions of detail and management will be constantly brought by boys and parents before the highest authority, of which the head-master here will never hear a syllable. For under what may be called the more local government of the older system, the centres of government and authority in all but the most important matters are greatly multiplied. The able men who have in large numbers been attracted, within the last forty years, into school-work, find no small scope for the exercise of their powers of ruling, influencing, and organizing; the central authority is less incessantly invoked; the head-master is less liable to be crushed by the hundred petty cares of a great school, less liable to sink into the over-worked functionary or the drudging

pedagogue. Hours, which in one who is to instruct the intellectual *élite* of the school, to preach in the College chapel, to represent a great institution elsewhere, should be devoted to the enlargement of his own knowledge, or the cultivation of his higher faculties, are not consumed by investigating every case of misbehaviour among some hundreds of boys, or corresponding on every detail of school life with hundreds of parents, who, in default of other constituted authorities, will come to him daily for information or advice, with complaints or inquiries, and a certain portion of whom are sure to be unreasonable. And it cannot be too strongly insisted on, that if the hostel school is in any way to be the rival of those founded on the older plan, it will be essential that every pains should be taken to strengthen the authority of the duly-qualified assistant-masters in the eyes alike of parents, of boys, and of themselves, to encourage them to accept responsibility, and to avoid the mistake of leaving a large society of boys to be governed, and of parents to be satisfied, by a single brain and a staff of "ushers." For it is not only the good government of the school, and the possibility of a head-master's mental or physical constitution surviving the ceaseless wear and tear, which is at stake. No body of governors is exempt from error; an appointment may be made, even where no unworthy views or invincible prejudice may lead them to betray a sacred trust, of a head-master who may fail on trial to fulfil the expectations formed of him. He may be deficient in temper or tact, or vigour or firmness, or knowledge of boys, and inferior as a schoolmaster to men who in another field would be far below him. Under the centralized system he may endanger the very existence of the school; his incapacity, his failings, are sure to tell; and if his assistants are as a rule either inexperienced or entrusted with scant authority, or with positions unrecognised by the parent or the school-boy, they may tell with fatal effect. Under the other system the vessel rides

the storm with more anchors than one. The appointment of an inefficient or even inexperienced head-master may be a blow to the one class of school; it will be a far more serious blow to the other.

The result of these considerations points, it may be urged, to a somewhat different conclusion to that of the Commissioners; their statement that the hostel system makes it easier to supply the school with a proper staff of assistants will be gravely questioned both on *à priori* grounds and on those of experience; and it is earnestly to be desired that those who will preside over the organization of future schools will on no account overlook the enormous importance of so far modifying the system as to provide for a certain number of the assistant masters being able to look forward to devoting themselves permanently and cheerfully to the school to which they are appointed, and may so form a permanent nucleus, a constant factor, in a necessarily shifting staff. The arguments in favour of so doing might be multiplied almost indefinitely.

But it is time to return to the effects of the hostel system on the pupils. The strong side has been stated fully, and is warmly felt by the writer of these remarks; but the weak side is yet to come, and should be fully faced, realized, and borne in mind by all concerned with present or future schools of the kind.

The moral aspect of the question may take precedence. Here the very numbers are a difficulty. Setting aside obvious difficulties in the way of discipline and control, there will be a tendency for the school to group itself horizontally—if the expression may be used—rather than vertically; for the older, the more advanced and refined members of the school, to see little of, and have little influence over, those of the middle and lower portions. The division into boarding-houses counteracts this tendency, and throws the sixth-form boy into more intimate relations with his juniors,—tends to efface, so to speak, some of the coarser and darker

features of school life, as embodied in the undue prominence of the loud, strong, muscular, but dull, or idle, or vicious “big boy.” But in the large world of the hostel system there will always be a danger of the intellect and the conscience that rise above the school-boy average being repelled and silenced by numbers; the tax and strain on the moral courage of the nobler spirit will be heavier, the trial of resisting a low tone more severe. Noble and vigorous characters will be produced, but the effort required for nobleness and vigour will be greater. Evil, too, will have a tendency to spread more easily, to escape notice more readily for a time, and to find a larger field. These dangers are undeniable; on the other hand, it is quite true that they may be greatly reduced by a wise arrangement of buildings, by such modified assimilation to the separate system as is not incompatible with the “hostel.” And some points may be urged on the other side. It is undeniable that a bad and low state of morality may smoulder long undiscovered in a small society, but is more likely to come to the surface in flame in a larger number; that the masters and the public are more likely to know the best and the worst of a community of 400 or 500 boys all living together; and that if the general tone will be probably in some points inferior to that of the markedly good “house” elsewhere, it will as probably be superior to that of the markedly bad one. It may be added, also, that these large bodies of boys are singularly impressible to good influences as well as to bad; that the boy or the master of strong character sets his mark on them more readily than on a school differently organized. It may be questioned whether the marvellous influence exercised by the late Bishop of Calcutta at Marlborough, could have been won so shortly, or felt so widely, at any of our older schools.

Intellectually, we fear—though we speak with some reserve—that the balance must, on the whole, be in favour of the more expensive—the boarding house system. More than one

reason may be given for this. In the first place, the far larger emoluments offered to the assistant masters must inevitably secure a larger proportion of men likely to stimulate and awaken the minds of the young. Again, the invaluable—invaluable to the boy of studious turn—possession of a separate study can only from the nature of things be obtained by the few under the more economical hostel system. Besides this, the mere necessities of discipline will inevitably make the life of the hostel-boy less free than that of his rival at Rugby and elsewhere. Three or four hundred boys cannot be left alone for hours together indoors on long winter evenings; and the mere fact of supervision, or still more the constant companionship of an unsympathetic crowd, will tend to repress individual tastes for reading or knowledge. The Haileybury or Marlborough boy may be at least as diligent in preparing his school-work as the Rugbeian or Harrovian; but the slowly amassed library of well-read poets or historians, that grows and expands, and is carefully dusted and displayed on his study shelves, is, from the nature of the case, denied him till towards the end of his career; till his regular school-work has become exceedingly heavy, and the letters from home, and his own thoughts, begin to turn to the obtaining a scholarship rather than to self-cultivation.

Yet even here the experience of the present writer and of others proves that much may be done, and it is earnestly to be hoped that the endowed school of the future, if constituted, as it probably will be, mainly on the hostel system, will contain carefully-arranged libraries and spacious reading-rooms, where the member of a large and noisy society may obtain the divine gifts of silence and of solitude—that the founder of the Adderley Library at Marlborough will find many imitators.

Lastly, it may be well to add one word on the relative advantages of the two systems as regards the physical health of their inmates.

The balance here will, or may pro-

bably, be on the whole in favour of the hostel system. If the buildings are properly arranged, duly ventilated, moderately spacious, adequately warmed, and so contrived as to make it possible for even the careless boy to leave one part of the building for another without wet feet and a wet skin; and if there is due and constant medical attendance and supervision, the advantages over the opposite system are obvious; failing these precautions, given inadequate accommodation, incessant exposure, defective ventilation, and permanently low temperature in severe weather, the result is easily foretold. Yet even if all these evils are, as they doubtless will be, carefully avoided, one drawback will still remain, which a fair estimate of the two systems ought not to omit. The infectious epidemic, to the introduction of which both will be about equally exposed, will be found less easy to arrest on the hostel system. It is not only that the mere agglomeration of human beings is favourable to their diffusion, but the absence, so to speak, of bulk-heads in the vessel—the fact that three, four, or five times a day the whole school are assembled for some time in a common building for meals or worship—is an element in the calculation not to be lost sight of, though the details of the question belong rather to a professional than to a general discussion of the merits of the system.

The general conclusion to which these remarks point is in no way contradictory to that at which the Commissioners have arrived in the volume which contains their invaluable and interesting Report. In a large proportion of the schools of the future, the hostel system will certainly be adopted. But enough may have been said to indicate the special drawbacks of that system, as recognised by one who has the strongest reasons to be sensible of its incontestable advantages. Let the Founders of the future Hostel School keep steadily in view the strong points of the opposite system, and so arrange their buildings and organize their institution as to make it possible for those



to whom its practical management will be entrusted to secure some at least of the best characteristics of the one plan without surrendering the distinctive features of the other. Let them hold firmly their one central idea, the single management, for the public benefit, of the board and maintenance of pupils, and of a large proportion of the masters. Let them centralize to the utmost the kitchen, the household department, the general finances. Let the salaries of the masters, whether fixed or variable, be settled by authority, and settled, it is needless to add, on an equitable, considerate, and liberal basis. Let them carefully avoid the double mistake of unduly overwhelming their Head with petty cases, and unduly grudging his assistants responsibility and position. Let them aim at such modifications of their system as shall secure a permanent element of well-trained and well-remunerated educators on their staff, remembering that, without such men, the best-devised organization will be a delusion and a failure. Let them so plan their buildings as to give to every boy some smaller sphere within the, to him, great world of school, a second home within which he can first learn and practise the duties and the virtues of a young citizen and patriot, to the members of which he may feel bound by nearer ties, and within which he can find special help and guidance, friends and companions, some quiet, some approach

to privacy, some substantial substitute for the "House" and study which claim so large a part of the affections of the Harrovian or Rugbeian. That these advantages can be secured under the hostel system is unquestionable; the possibility of doing so in no small measure lies within the experience of the writer; but it is to be remembered that even with the most enlightened governing body and the most devoted staff of masters their entire or only imperfect realization, and the difficulty or ease with which they can be obtained, will depend to no small amount on the degree in which they have been steadily kept in view from the commencement, provided for alike in the structure of the buildings and in the minds of the Founders. The grouping together of large masses of boys, far from the softening influences of home, is so serious and grave a matter, so fruitful in great and noble results, and so fraught with possibilities of infinite evil, that no wise man would venture to attempt it without due thought and careful consideration; and it is from the hope of suggesting some practical considerations for those who will have to plan and to govern the schools which will, it is hoped, be the best fruits of last year's legislation, that the writer of these pages has, with some hesitation, given publicity to remarks which were originally drawn up with a different object, and may have but little interest for the public in general.

## THE NUPTIALS OF PELEUS AND THETIS.

CATULLUS lxiv. 1—75.

BORN on Pelion height, so legend hoary relateth,  
 Pines once floated adrift on Neptune billowy streaming  
 On to the Phasis flood, to the borders Æætean.  
 Then did a chosen array, rare bloom of valorous Argos,  
 Fain from Colchian earth her fleece of glory to ravish,  
 Dare with a keel of swiftness adown salt seas to be fleeting,  
 Swept with fir-blades oary the fair level azure of Ocean.  
 Then that deity bright, who keeps in cities her high ward,  
 Made to delight them a car, to the light breeze airily scudding,  
 Texture of upright pine with a keel's curved rondure uniting.  
 That first sailer of all burst ever on Amphitrite.

Scarcely the forward snout tore up that wintery water,  
 Scarcely the wave foamed white to the reckless harrow of oarsmen,  
 Straight from amid white eddies arose wild faces of Ocean,  
 Nereid, earnest-eyed, in wonderous admiration.  
 Then, not after again, saw ever mortal unharmed  
 Sea-born Nymphs unveil limbs flushing naked about them,  
 Stark to the nursing breasts from foam and billow arising.  
 Then, so stories avow, burn'd Peleus hotly to Thetis,  
 Then to a mortal lover abode not Thetis unheeding,  
 Then did a father agree Peleus with Thetis unite him.

O in an aureat hour, O born in bounteous ages,  
 God-sprung heroes, hail: hail, mother of all benediction,  
 You my song shall address, you melodies everlasting:  
 Thee most chiefly, supreme in glory of heavenly bridal,  
 Peleus, stately defence of Thessaly. Iuppiter even  
 Gave thee his own fair love, thy mortal pleasure approving.  
 Thee could Thetis inarm, most beauteous Ocean-daughter?  
 Tethys adopt thee, her own dear grandchild's wooer usurping?  
 Ocean, who earth's vast globe with a watery girdle inorbeth?

When the delectable hour those days did fully determine,  
 Straightway then in crowds all Thessaly flock'd to the palace,  
 Thronging hosts uncounted, a company joyous approaching.  
 Many a gift they carry, delight their faces illumines.  
 Left is Scyros afar, and Phthia's bowery Tempe,  
 Vacant Crannon's homes, unvisited high Larisa,  
 Towards Pharsalia's halls, Pharsalia's only they hie them.

Bides no tiller afield ; necks soften of oxen in idlesse ;  
 Feel not a prong'd crook'd hoe lush vines all weedily trailing ;  
 Tears no steer deep clods with a downward coulter unearthed ;  
 Prunes no hedger's bill broad-verging verdurous arbours ;  
 Steals a deforming rust on ploughs left rankly to moulder.

But that sovran abode, each sumptuous inly retiring  
 Chamber, aflame with gold, with silver is all resplendent ;  
 Thrones gleam ivory-white ; cup-crown'd blaze brightly the tables ;  
 All the domain with treasure of empery gaudily flushes.

There, set deeply within the remotest centre a bridal  
 Bed doth a goddess inarm ; smooth ivory glossy from Indies,  
 Robed in roseate hues, rich seashells' purple adorning.

It was a broidery freak'd with tissue of images olden,  
 One whose curious art did blazon valour of heroes.  
 Gazing forth from a beach of Dia the billow-resounding,  
 Look'd on a vanish'd fleet, on Theseus quickly departing,  
 Restless in unquell'd passion, a feverous heart, Ariadne.  
 Scarcely her eyes yet seem their seeming clearly to vision.  
 You might guess that arous'd from slumber's drowsy betrayal,  
 Sand-engirded, alone, then first she knew desolation.  
 He the betrayer—his oars with fugitive hurry the waters  
 Beat, each promise of old to the winds given idly to bear them.

Him from amid shore-weeds doth Minos' daughter, in anguish  
 Rigid, a Bacchant-form, dim-gazing stonily follow,  
 Stonily still, wave-tost on a sea of troublous affliction.  
 Holds not her yellow locks the tiara's feathery tissue ;  
 Veils not her hidden breast light brede of drapery woven ;  
 Binds not a cincture smooth her bosom's orb'd emotion.  
 Widely from each fair limb that footward-fallen apparel  
 Drifts its lady before, in billowy salt loose-playing.

Not for silky tiara nor amice gustily floating  
 Recks she at all any more ; thee, Theseus, ever her earnest  
 Heart, all clinging thought, all chained fancy requireth.  
 Ah unfortunate ! whom with miseries ever crazing,  
 Thorns in her heart deep planted, affray'd Erycina to madness,  
 From that earlier hour, when fierce for victory Theseus  
 Started alert from a beach deep-inleted of Piræus,  
 Gain'd Gortyna's abode, injurious halls of oppression.

ROBINSON ELLIS, M.A.



## THE ORIGIN OF THE ENGLISH NATION.

## THREE LECTURES

BY EDWARD A. FREEMAN, ESQ.

THESE three lectures were read before the Literary and Philosophical Institution at Kingston-on-Hull, on January 3d, 5th, and 7th, 1870, and they are printed, with a few verbal corrections, as they were then read. It will be at once seen that they forestall several of the questions which have been raised in Professor Huxley's Lecture before the Sunday League, and in the controversy which has followed upon it. For that very reason it has been thought better not to recast them in any way, but to leave them in their original shape as lectures addressed to a popular audience before that controversy began.

## LECTURE I.

If we could, by an effort of will, carry ourselves back eight hundred years into the past, we should not see our land of England inhabited, as it is now, by men who, whatever may be their differences in other respects, at least speak one common tongue and look on one another as children of one common country. The England of eight hundred years back was a land in which the struggle of race against race, of language against language—such a struggle as we have seen in our own day going on in some other lands—was raging with all the bitterness of a recent conquest. Who, I would ask, were the races—the conquerors and the conquered—between whom the land was then disputed? By what names were they known to themselves and to one another? Ask the novelist, ask the popular compiler of history, and he will answer with all the glibness that may be, “Oh, of course they were the Normans and the Saxons.” And they would make that answer with equal glibness whether the question were put to them here by the banks of the Humber or in my own home by the banks of the Axe. But if we could ask the men themselves, they would give us another answer. Ask that man, once lord of many lordships, sprung, it may be, from ancient Earls, or even from ancient Kings, to whom the clemency of the stranger King has granted some corner of his broad lands to be held as

alms at the royal hand, or as a vassal of the stranger who dwells in the halls of his fathers. Ask him of what nation he is, of what nation is the stranger who has supplanted him. He will tell you nothing about Normans and Saxons; he will answer: “I am an Englishman, and it is a Frenchman to whom the lands of my fathers have passed away.” Ask him for his title-deeds, for the writ of the foreign King to which he owes that, though he has sunk many degrees in rank and wealth, he is at least not driven to beg his bread, perhaps not even to guide the plough with his own hands. He will show you a small scrap of parchment written over in characters which look uncouth to our eyes, and which, if read, will sound like some half-strange, half-intelligible, dialect of our own tongue. Show those words to an ordinary scholar; ask him what tongue it is, and he will say, “Of course that is Saxon.” Ask the man himself in what tongue it is written, and he will at once say that is “on Englisce.” Bid him read the writ out, if his scholarship goes so far, and you will find in it no mention of Normans and Saxons, but how “William King greets all “his Bishops and all his Thegns, and “all his men, French and English, “friendly.” Go back yet another two hundred years; go to the lands south of Thames and Avon; go to the island-shelter of Athelney and to the field of victory at Ethandun: ask of the

great King struggling against his enemies, ask of Ælfred himself, of what nation he is, and over what people he bears rule. If he speak in the Latin tongue, he will perhaps say that he is "Rex Saxonum;" for he comes of the blood of the old Saxon lands beyond the sea, and of the same Saxon blood come the more part of the men who follow him. But if he speak in his own tongue, he will not use the Saxon name without a qualifying adjective. Not of the Saxons, but of the West-Saxons, does that Saxon prince call himself the King. And seek him in his hours of peace, with his pen and his parchment before him; ask him into what tongue he is translating the history of Bæda or the "Consolation" of Boëthius; and Saxon though he be, it will not come into his head to make any other answer than that he is writing his book "on Engliſe," that the English folk may understand. Go back yet again two hundred and fifty or three hundred years; place yourselves in the metropolis of this northern province or in the elder southern metropolis in the old Kentish land. You will see in either city a heathen King with a Christian Queen, hearkening to the words of eternal life at the mouths of Roman missionaries. The scene is one alike for the historian, for the divine, for the poet, or for the painter. Ask your poet or painter what this scene is, and he will call it the conversion of the Saxons. Ask again of the men themselves, and you will find that no man by either Ouse or Stour has ever dreamed of calling himself by the Saxon name. Look too at the scroll which the missionary has brought from the capital of the world, bearing the greeting of the Patriarch of the Western Church. Gregory the Bishop, Boniface the Bishop, writes in either case to a King in the far island which men looked on as another world. But the superscription speaks not of Saxons or of a Saxon King; the epistle is inscribed, as it might have been six hundred years later, "Glorioso Regi Anglorum." Once more go back again a century and a half, to the very beginnings of the history of our race; the

White Horse banner is planted for the first time on the white cliffs of Kent; the worshippers of Woden and Thunder are harrying, burning, and slaying through what had been a Christian and once a Roman land. Ask again your poet, your painter, your popular historian, to name the scene. It is the landing of Hengest and Horsa—the landing of the Saxons. But turn to the earliest chronicles where that wild warfare is recorded in the speech of the conquerors, and again we find no mention of the Saxon name. But we do read how "Hengest and Æsc fought with the Welsh, and how they took booty of war that could not be reckoned, and how the Welsh fled from the English like fire."

Let no one here think that I am merely going to set before you a series of pretty pictures, like the slides of a magic lantern. In all the scenes which I have thus made to pass swiftly before you, I have had one object, to bring home clearly to your minds that, for at least six hundred years of our national history, we have got into the way of calling our forefathers by one name, while they themselves called themselves by another. It has become an inveterate usage—so inveterate that people who know better often slip into it by mere chance—to call all Englishmen who lived before a certain time—commonly before the year 1066—not Englishmen, but Saxons. Yet it is quite certain that there never was a time, from the day when Englishmen began to have a common name, when that common name was anything but English. Our Celtic neighbours—the Welsh, the Irish, the Picts and Scots—have indeed always called us Saxons, and they call us so to this day. But we never called ourselves so. Into the whole minutiae of this matter, into the cases where the word Saxon was used and where it was not used, I have gone at great detail in a work which some of you may have seen or heard of, and in which those who care to do so may follow up the subject for themselves. I will here only say that the way in which an Englishman now speaks of a Welshman, the way in which a

Welshman now speaks of an Englishman, and the way in which an Englishman speaks of himself, have none of them changed for at least a thousand years.

But I may be asked, What is there in a name? If we know the facts of our history rightly, what does it matter by what name we call the actors in them? I answer that you cannot know the facts of history rightly, unless you learn to call things and persons by their right names. Names express ideas, and he who uses wrong names is not likely to have right ideas. Indeed, a great part of the historian's work just now is to get rid of the false names which have hindered people from forming true ideas. This is eminently the case in the matter which we have immediately at hand. If you call the people of a certain country up to a certain year "Saxons," and after that year call them "Englishmen," that can only be because you think that the people who lived before that year and the people who lived after it were not the same people.

When I put it into words in this way, you will most likely say that this is not what you mean. If the same parents had two children, one born in 1065 and another in 1067, I do not think you would say that the elder was a Saxon, while the younger was something else. It is exactly the same if you choose any other year, and not 1066. But because you see the absurdity when I put it in this way, it does not at all follow that the use of an inaccurate expression is not misleading. If you call the same people by one name up to 1066, and by another name after 1066, you cannot get rid of the idea, acting perhaps almost unconsciously, that something happened in the year 1066 which altogether cut off the times and the people before that year from the times and the people after it. Now a very important event did happen in the year 1066, an event whose importance, if we only look at it in the right way, it is not easy to rate too highly. But that event did not have the sort of result which people some-

times seem to fancy. It did not so cut off the times and the people before it from the times and the people after it as to make it right to call those who lived before it by one name, and those who lived after it by another. There were Englishmen before that year as there were Englishmen after it, and they called themselves Englishmen before that year just as they call themselves Englishmen to this day. Do not therefore allow yourself to call the same people at two different stages by two different names, when they themselves called themselves all along by the same name. Do not allow yourselves to talk of a "Saxon period," meaning a period ending in 1066. Do not allow yourselves to talk of a "Saxon" word, a "Saxon" book, a "Saxon" building, meaning thereby merely a word, a book, a building, older than 1066. The word "Saxon," and the word "Anglo-Saxon" too, is a perfectly good word in its right place; but this is not the way in which any accurate person will use it.

And now that I have given you a warning in one direction, let me give you another warning in another direction. I want you to teach yourselves to use the word "English" soon enough, but I do not want you to use it too soon. I want you to learn to apply it to the people who lived in this land before the year 1066; I want you to learn not to apply it to the people who lived in this land before the year 449. I say the year 449, for that is the year commonly received, and, though I do not think that we can be certain about the exact year, I have no doubt that it was somewhere about the middle of the fifth century that the English first began to settle in Britain. Till then, we may possibly talk about Englishmen in some other part of the world, but we cannot talk about them in this island. Now in all these matters I would call on you to beware of confounding the land with the people who live in it. This island in which we live is the Isle of Britain; that is a purely geographical name, which may be rightly given to that island at any stage of its history. But England



is simply the Land of the English, the land in which Englishmen are at any time dwelling. We give, and rightly give, that name to part of the Isle of Britain, to that part of the island in which Englishmen dwell. That part of the Isle of Britain became England, because Englishmen gradually conquered and dwelt in it between the fifth century and the eighth. But we all know that there is another England, an England beyond the western sea, that New England in which Englishmen began to dwell eight hundred years later. And you may not all know that there is yet another England still. As there is beyond the western sea an England newer than this England in the Isle of Britain, so there is also, beyond the eastern sea, another England which is older. There is an England which was England before Englishmen settled in the Isle of Britain, namely the land from which Englishmen came to the Isle of Britain, and part of that land keeps the English name to this day.

It is therefore most important never to apply the names England or English to the land or people of Britain in the days before the land became England by the English people settling in it. If we do so, we get into endless confusion. We take people for our forefathers who are not our forefathers, and we forget that people were our forefathers who really were so. When Haydon the painter killed himself, he was engaged in painting a picture of "Alfred and the first British Jury." Now as juries, like so many other things, were not made but grew, it is quite certain that neither Ælfred, nor anybody before or after him, can be truly said to have summoned the first jury. But if Ælfred had summoned the first jury, it would certainly have been an English and not a British jury that he summoned. On the other hand, we often hear theological disputants talk very loudly about an English Church, or a Church of England, before the coming of Augustine. I have nothing to do with theological consequences one way or another, but it is a plain historical fact that, before the

coming of Augustine, there was a British Church, but there was not an English Church. So people talk of Cæsar coming into England. Now Cæsar never came into England; neither he nor any of the old Cæsars after him ever reached the land which in their day was England. Cæsar landed in Britain, in that part of Britain which afterwards became England, but which was not England when he landed in it. More amusingly than all, I once read in a little book that Cæsar was withstood by "the English people, who were then called the Britons." The English people were then far away, and most likely never heard of Cæsar, nor he of them. A geologist would laugh if one talked of "the cave lions, who were then called the ichthyosauri;" and to speak of "the English people, who were then called the Britons," is really a confusion of very much the same kind.

I would then, first of all, impress upon your minds the need of always using words in their right meaning, and in no other. Do not allow yourselves to call Englishmen Saxons; do not allow yourselves to call Britons Englishmen. Grasp firmly the great truth, which to so many it seems so hard to grasp, that we Englishmen who are here now, as we were here a thousand years back, are simply ourselves, and not somebody else. Remember that the men who fought under Harold at Stamfordbridge, the men who fought under Henry the Fifth at Agincourt, the men who fought under Wellington at Waterloo, were all alike Englishmen; but that the men who withstood Cæsar, when he landed on the shores of Kent, were not Englishmen.

I have said thus much by way of preface, partly in order to persuade you of the need of constant accuracy in the use of names, partly in order that you may the better understand the manner in which I use names myself. I will now go on to set forth the scheme which I propose to myself in the course of three lectures, which I have come with great willingness to deliver, here in the town of the great Edward, to an

audience on many of whom I may venture to look as my old friends. Believing as I do that, on this particular subject, a clear exposition of the true state of the case goes a long way towards proving itself, I shall begin by setting forth my own views with all confidence, and I shall not notice any of the objections which have been brought against them till I have done so. I shall therefore, in the remainder of the present lecture, show who the English people were, and whence they came. In the second lecture I shall show when and how they came and dwelt in that part of Britain which their coming made into England. Thus far I shall speak dogmatically. Let those who may take exception to anything that I may say wait for my third and last lecture. Then I shall come back to the subject controversially, and I shall do my best to dispose of certain other views which have been put forth with regard to the matter, but which I hold to be mistaken.

What then are we, the English people? and whence did we come? I answer that we are Low-Dutch with a difference, and that we came from those lands where the Low-Dutch blood and the Low-Dutch speech abide to this day. And here I must, perhaps, stop and explain myself. To some the use of the name *Low-Dutch* may sound strange, perhaps ludicrous; but it is the truest and most accurate name, and I use it specially in order to avoid using the word *German*, which may easily lead to misconceptions. Again I say, in all these matters we must define each name before we use it, so that we may be quite sure that we know what we mean by it. And when we have defined it, we must take care to use it in the sense in which we have defined it, and in no other. Now the whole Teutonic race is one thing; the particular nation which we commonly understand by the word *German* is another thing. The one is the whole; the other is the part. But whenever an accurate writer or speaker speaks of the English as a branch of the Teutonic race, inaccurate readers and

hearers start off at once to that other particular branch of the Teutonic race whom we generally call Germans. They begin to cry out, sometimes in elaborate books which have lawsuits manfully waged about them, "Oh, but we are so unlike the Germans. Our ways are quite different; our tastes are quite different; our heads, and therefore our hats, are of quite another shape." Now about the heads and the hats I shall have something to say in my last lecture; I wish now to speak about the name German, and some other names. Those whom we commonly mean by Germans are the *High-Dutch*, the people of Southern Germany, the people whose language we learn by the name of German—a language which is spreading itself, as the polite and classical language, over Northern Germany too, and which is driving our own Low-Dutch speech into holes and corners. Now, if by Germans we mean High-Dutchmen, we certainly are not Germans, and we have no very close connexion with the Germans. Our connexion with them is no closer than the connexion which there must be between any one Teutonic people and any other. But Low-Dutch we are, differing from the Low-Dutch of the Continent in the sort of way in which we could not fail to differ from them, considering that we have been parted asunder from them for thirteen or fourteen hundred years, and that, during all that time, we have been exposed to one set of influences, and they have been exposed to another.

But perhaps it may be needful that I should still go somewhat further back, and explain more fully what I mean by the Teutonic race and languages, by High-Dutch and by Low-Dutch. It would take too long to go through the whole story of the connexion which the languages of nearly all Europe, and of a great part of Asia, those which we call the Aryan languages, have with one another. It is enough for my present purpose to say that no scientific student of language now doubts that there was a time—a time, of course, ages before the beginning of recorded history—when

the forefathers of all the chief European nations, as also the forefathers of the Persians, Hindoos, and some other nations of Asia, were all one people, speaking one language. Gradually one tribe after another branched off from the parent stock, and they thus formed nations and languages of their own. But it is easy to see that, in some cases, the forefathers of two or more existing nations must have kept together for some while after they had parted from the parent stock, and must have parted off from one another at a later time. Thus the likeness between the Greek and the Latin languages is enough to show that the forefathers of the Greeks and the forefathers of the Italians parted off together, and remained for some time one nation. Other families of the same kind branched off in the same way, and again parted off from one another at a later time. Thus one family, probably the oldest Aryan family in North-Western Europe, is that of the Celts, who have branched off again into at least two divisions, the British or Welsh, and the Irish or Scotch. Other such families are the Slaves, the Lithuanians, and others of whom I need not now speak more fully. Those with whom we have to do are the Teutons or Dutch. Within the last two hundred years we have got into a strange way of using the word Dutch to mean only one particular class of Dutchmen, namely, our own Low-Dutch kinsmen in Holland and the other provinces which now make up the Kingdom of the Netherlands. But we formerly used the word in a much wider sense, and men use it so still in many parts of the United States. English travellers in America have sometimes been puzzled at hearing men whom they would have called *Germans* spoken of as *Dutchmen*. You will do well to bear this in mind; when you find the word *Dutch* in any English writer of the sixteenth century or of the first half of the seventeenth, it is pretty certain to mean, not Hollanders in particular, but Hollanders, Saxons, Swabians, Bavarians, and so forth, altogether. And I need hardly tell you that the Germans call themselves and their tongue *Deutsch* to this

day; only, a little confusion now and then arises from their using the word *Deutsch*, sometimes to express the Teutonic race in general, and sometimes to express their own particular nation and language. *Teuton* and *Dutch* are, in truth, only two forms of the same name. The word comes from *peod*, people or nation; each nation, of course, thinking itself *the* people or nation above all others. And the opposite to *Dutch* is *Welsh*—that is, *strange*, from *walsh*, a stranger. In our forefathers' way of speaking, whatever they could understand was *Dutch*, the tongue of the people; whatever they could not understand they called *Welsh*, the tongue of the strangers. "All lands, Dutch and Welsh," is a common phrase to express the whole world. This is the reason why, when our forefathers came into Britain, they called the people whom they found in the land the *Welsh*. For the same reason, the Teutons on the Continent have always called the Latin-speaking nations with whom they have had to do—Italian, Provençal, and French—*Welsh*. People who know only the modern use of the words might be puzzled if they turned to some of the old Swiss Chronicles, and found the war between the Swiss and Duke Charles of Burgundy always spoken of as a war between the *Dutch* and the *Welsh*. Any one who knows German will be at once ready with instances of this use of the word, sometimes meaning *strange* or *foreign* in the general sense, sometimes meaning particularly French or Italian. The last case which I know of the word being used in English in the wide sense is in Sir Thomas Smith's book on the Government of England, written in the time of Queen Elizabeth, where he speaks of "such as be *walsh* and foreign," not meaning Britons in particular, but any people whose tongue cannot be understood.

It may be worth noticing that this way of a nation speaking of itself as the nation, and of the rest of the world as strangers or such like, has many parallels among other people. The Jews, for instance, called all other people the *Gen-*



*ites*, the *nations*, using a different word to express them from the word which expressed themselves, the chosen people. So the old Greeks called all other nations *Barbarians*, a word which has gradually got another and a worse meaning, but which at first simply meant that their language could not be understood. But when Saint Paul says, "I shall be to him that speaketh a *barbarian*, and he that speaketh shall be a *barbarian* unto me," he uses the word in the older sense, and an Old-English translator might very well have rendered it, "I shall be unto him that speaketh a *Welshman*." So the ancient Egyptians spoke of all other nations by a word which answered to the Greek *barbarian*, and the modern Chinese seem to do the same. So the Slavonic people, who lie to the east of the Teutons,—the Wends, Poles, Bohemians, Russians, and others,—used to call all nations which did not speak their tongue by a word meaning *dumb*.

We thus get the Teutons or Dutch as one great division of the Aryan family, the division to which we ourselves belong. But here we must make a further division, and for my purpose it will be enough to make a very rough division, into *Low-Dutch* and *High*. If I were making a purely philological lecture, I might divide a little more minutely and scientifically, but the division which I make is enough to show the relations of the English people to other nations. Let me here point out a few things which those who do not understand German may learn for the first time, while those who do may not be sorry to be reminded of them. Any one who has learned German must have remarked that a vast number of the words which we are always using, the words which we cannot get on without in either language, are the same in both languages. But he must also have remarked that though the words are essentially the same, yet there is for the most part some difference in their spelling and pronunciation, that we systematically use certain letters where the Germans use certain others, so that

we may know beforehand what the German form of an English word—if there be one—must be, and what the English form of a German word—if there be one—must be. This may be carried out much further between English and Greek, or between any two Aryan languages that may be chosen; in all of them there are fixed rules according to which certain letters in one language answer to certain letters in another. But I am now concerned with these rules only so far as they apply to English and German. Let us take a few examples. Thus *D* in English answers to *T* in German. Thus *dip* is *taufen*, *duck* is *tauchen*, *deer* (a beast) is *Thier*, *dear* (an adjective) is *theuer*, *bed* is *Bet*, *God* is *Gott*, *good* is *gut*, and so on. So *T* in the middle of a word in English is in German either *S* or *Z*, while at the beginning or end it is *Z*. Thus *better* is *besser*, *kettle* is *Kessel*, *heart* is *Herz*, *smart* is *Schmerz*, *ten* is *zehn*, *tooth* is *Zahn*. You will find very few exceptions to this rule at the end of words, and I think none at the beginning, except in words beginning with *tr*; thus *true* is *treu*, because it would be almost impossible to say *zreu*. So again English *TH* (our old letter *þ* or *ư*) is in German *D*. Thus *think* is *denken*, *thing* is *Ding*, *brother* is *Bruder*; and if you ask why *father* and *mother* are *Vater* and *Mutter*, and not *Vader* and *Mudder*, I will tell you. *Father* and *mother* are comparatively modern forms in English. Down to the sixteenth century the words were always written *fader* and *moder*; and these, you will see, answer quite regularly to *Vater* and *Mutter*.

This then is the kind of difference which every one who learns German with any care must remark between the German language and his own. Putting aside words of later introduction or later formation, the most essential words in both languages, the words which have been in both languages from the beginning, are really the same, only with certain letters answering, according to a fixed rule, to certain other letters. But English and German, the classical lite-

rary German which we learn, do not between them make up the whole of the Teutonic languages. First of all, there is the oldest monument of Teutonic speech in the world, the translation of parts of the Bible into the old Gothic tongue, made by Ulfilas in the fourth century. Now this is one of the most wonderful books to read that I ever saw. Cast your eye carelessly over it, and it seems like an utterly strange language, in which you would have no chance of understanding a word besides the familiar proper names. Look a little more carefully, and you will gradually see that most of the words are the words which we use every day; only they have, so to speak, long tails to them. That is to say, the old Gothic was a highly inflected language, marking the cases, moods, and so forth, by a system of endings at least as elaborate as that used in Greek. In modern German many of these inflexions have been lost, and in modern English we have kept very few indeed. In the old Gothic they are there in all their fulness. But most of the roots are words which everybody knows in English, only they are disguised at first sight by their inflexions. Gothic, in short, is like a tree with all its branches spreading out and in full leaf, while English is like the same tree pollarded, with nothing but the trunk left. I need not say that this old Gothic tongue has not been spoken for ages; but it forms part of my story, not only as being the oldest existing specimen of any Teutonic language, but because it is a language in which we have a special interest. Secondly, we have all the Scandinavian languages ancient and modern, the speech of Denmark, Sweden, Norway, and, above all, Iceland, the speech of a highly important body of the settlers in our own island, the speech of the old Sagas in which their doings are recorded, the speech, I may say, at one time, of the part of England in which I find myself at this moment, the speech of those among the continental nations of Europe to whom Englishmen should always feel themselves bound by ties only less close

than the closest. Lastly, and to us more important than all, come the folk of the old Low-Dutch speech, our brethren of Northern-Germany. You in this town at least know something of them; ships sail to and fro between their havens and your own, and I can well believe that there may even be some kinsmen from the old brother-land among my hearers this evening. Every one who knows that part of the world knows that the German which we learn in our books and grammars, the polite, classical, literary German, is not the true native speech of the men who live at the mouths of the Trave, the Elbe, and the Weser. It is the book speech, the fashionable speech, but it is not the speech of the people. Even superficial observers, if they have any chance of coming across the true speech of the people, at once remark how close its likeness to English is. But the geographical range of this speech is far wider than what we should understand by Northern Germany. It takes in Northern Germany and something more. In one shape or another—for of course it has its local dialects like other tongues—it stretches from Flanders—we might once have said from lands even south of Flanders—to the Elbe and the Eyder. One wave of conquest pushing eastwards has carried it over the Slavonic, Lithuanian, and Finnish lands which fringe the whole southern coast of the Baltic. And another wave of conquest pushing westwards has carried it to the lands beyond the German Ocean, and has made it the true speech of this our Isle of Britain, from the shores of Thanet to the Usk, from Chichester harbour to the Firth of Forth.

Now, for my purpose, all these varieties of the Teutonic speech, the Old Gothic, the Scandinavian, and the Low-Dutch, all hang together as opposed to the German of our books. I drew out, a little time back, some of the essential differences between English and that kind of German; how certain letters in one systematically answer to certain letters in another. Now in most of the cases where English differs from German in these matters, the Gothic, the

Scandinavian, and the Low-Dutch, all agree with the English and differ from the German. The only important exception is rather apparent than real. Most of the existing forms of Scandinavian and Low-Dutch have lost the sound of *th*, which we have kept, and in modern Low-Dutch *d* has taken its place, just as in the German that we learn. But there can be no doubt that this is simply a case of losing a sound. The *th* was certainly sounded in Gothic, and we can trace it a good way down in Low-Dutch. In Iceland, where the old Scandinavian language has scarcely changed at all, it is still sounded, and I believe that it is still sounded in the local speech of some parts of Denmark. So this is a merely accidental difference; in the essential differences, all the Gothic, Scandinavian, and Low-Dutch dialects stand together with English as against German. If I were lecturing on philology to a scientific society, it would not be hard to draw out important points of difference between Gothic, Scandinavian, and Low-Dutch. But for my purpose they may all be lumped together. They all use their letters as we use them. The two most necessary of human actions are expressed in our German books by the roots—I do not here trouble myself with the inflexions—*ess* and *trink*. We call them, and all the other Teutonic languages call them, *eat* and *drink*.

We may thus, somewhat roughly it is true, but accurately enough for our purpose, divide the Teutonic languages into two classes, the *High-Dutch* and the *Low*. The former is the tongue of Southern or Upper Germany, the high lands away from the sea and near the sources of the rivers. The latter is the tongue of Northern, Lower, or Nether Germany, the lands near the sea and at the mouths of the rivers, the speech of what we specially call the Netherlands or Low Countries, and of the great plain stretching away eastward till we get out of the reach of Teutonic and Aryan languages altogether. Of the High-Dutch, the speech of Southern Germany, our book German, our classical polite German, is the type; but High-Dutch,

like other tongues, has its local dialects, and I cannot help cherishing a doubt whether the literary German, exactly as we have it, is really the native speech of any part of the country. Still the native speech of all Southern Germany is High-Dutch; only with any form of High-Dutch all that we have to do for our present purpose is carefully to distinguish it from Low-Dutch. But with Low-Dutch we have everything to do. Our relation to the other Aryan tongues is that of distant clanship; our relation to the High-Dutch is that of real kindred, of cousinhood; but our relation to the Low-Dutch is one of actual brotherhood. They are our bone and our flesh; their blood is our blood; their speech is our speech; modified only by the different influences which have, in the nature of things, affected the two severed branches of the race during a separation of fourteen hundred years.

Of the three forms of Teutonic which I classed along with our own as opposed to the High-Dutch, we may at once put the Gothic aside. Of all philological relics it is to an Englishman, to a Low-Dutchman of any kind, the most precious and the most venerable. It shows us what is essentially our own speech in its earliest and most perfect extant shape. But it has no direct historical connexion with us and our tongue. Gothic stands to modern English not in the relation of a grandmother, but in that of a great-aunt. We are not a colony of Goths, nor is there any other people who can call themselves so. The Goths settled within the limits of the Roman Empire, and founded kingdoms within it. But they were gradually lost among their Roman subjects, and gradually came to exchange their own tongue for such Latin as was spoken at the time. Gothic blood must form a certain element—probably not a very large element—in the population of Italy, of Aquitaine, and of Spain. But the Gothic language and the Goths as a nation have long vanished from the face of the earth.

It is not so with the nations and tongues which formed my second head, those of our still living kinsmen—in this



place I might almost say our neighbours—of Scandinavia. They still dwell in their old land, they still use their old speech, and, if their general European influence is less than it was two or three hundred years back, they hold a really higher position as among the foremost of those nations who can reconcile order and freedom, and can work reforms without plunging into revolutions. That their history had, a thousand years back, a most important bearing on our own I need tell no one in a part of England which was once reckoned as a Danish land. But they are not immediately concerned with the very beginnings of our nation. Their influence was later and secondary, and, after all, it extended only to a part of the English nation. The Danish element in England was an infusion, a kindred infusion, at a time when the English nation, if not yet fully formed, was already a long way gone in the work of forming. Still it is an infusion, and not an original element; it is something poured into a mass which was there already. But we cannot talk of a Low-Dutch infusion, or even of a Low-Dutch element, in the English nation, because the Low-Dutch part of us is not an element or an infusion, but the thing itself. Our nation is like some ancient building, a church or a castle, built in some given century, all whose essential portions, the main walls, the main pillars, the main arches, abide to this day as they were built. But here and there a later architect has put in a window in a later style; here and there he has added a parapet or a pinnacle; he may even have carried up a tower higher than was at first designed, or he may have added a chapel or two, a turret or two, which the first builders never thought of. In such a case we do not look on these later changes as elements in the building co-ordinate with the original work. They may be improvements or they may not, according to the skill and taste with which they are made; but they are at most additions and alterations, which do not touch what we may call the personal identity of the original building. So it is with our

English nation, with our laws, our language, our national being. It is a Teutonic fabric, and, in all that forms the personal identity of the fabric, it remains a Teutonic fabric to this day. But builders in other styles, in the French or Latin style above all, have wrought many important changes in detail; many of the ornaments and smaller portions of the building have changed their form, or are wholly new additions of the later architect. Still the old walls, the old pillars, the old arches, are there throughout, though even the walls and pillars may have here and there been new-cased and tricked out in some later form of art. That is, we are essentially Teutonic, and, among the various Teutonic branches, we are pre-eminently Low-Dutch; whatever comes from any other source is mere addition and modification in a pre-existing fabric. At the very utmost it is a foreign shoot, grafted in artificially upon the original and still abiding stock. To carry out our metaphor of a building, we may liken the Danish influence in England to an addition to the building, or even to a rebuilding of one of its parts, made not long after the first building, and in a style so closely resembling that of the original work that it needs minute and technical examination to distinguish between the two.

The Scandinavian influence then, as later in date and partial in its extent, I shall put by for a moment, and shall speak rather of what is the real essence and kernel of the English nation—the Low-Dutch part of us. Let us cast our eyes over that part of Europe where the blood and the popular speech is still that of our ancient kinsfolk. We must start within the boundaries of what is now France, in those parts of the old Flanders which French conquests have unluckily torn away from their natural brethren. Flemish is still the speech of the folk of the land in districts within the present French boundary; and there can be no doubt that, within historical times, it went much further to the south, over a large part of what is now Picardy.

Here, mark you, it is hemmed in by French, and I have no doubt that French is still gaining ground upon it. We cross the frontier into free Belgium. Here, in an independent state, French has in the course of ages made such progress as to become the polite and classical language, the language of books, the language of government, the language of the coin. But Flemish still abides as the true speech of the people, and I believe that of late Flemish is looking up a little in public estimation. We pass on into the Kingdom of the Netherlands, and there we find, what we shall find nowhere else on the Continent, a dialect of the Low-Dutch—that which we commonly speak of distinctively as *Dutch*—acknowledged as a public and literary speech. Here at least, as the language of an independent nation and government, the good old speech holds its own; and the most superficial tourist would allow that a man at Amsterdam has a right to speak the tongue of his fathers, while if a man at Hamburg dares to do the same, he is at once reproached with speaking “bad German.” But near as the whole of the Kingdom of the Netherlands is to us in blood and speech, there is one corner of it which is even nearer to us than the rest,—I mean the province of Friesland. Of all our continental kinsfolk, the Frisians—the people scattered along the coasts and islands from Holland up to Holstein and Sleswick—are the nearest kinsfolk of all. Their tongue is still nearer to ours than the other forms of the Low-Dutch. In short, it might not be too much to say that they are Englishmen who stayed at home, and did not cross into Britain. I have not myself been in the actual Frisian country, but I have heard that, in those parts of it which lie within the Kingdom of the Netherlands, the Frisians still form a people who are in some respects distinct from the Hollanders, and who are remarked as coming still nearer to the English in their speech and ways. And I believe that in the late wars in Sleswick and Holstein the Frisian population kept aloof from both

sides, as not deeming that they were concerned in the success either of the Danes or of the Germans. These Frisians, our nearest kinsmen, were always a free and bold people, and they kept on longer than any other people in Northern Germany the old free Teutonic constitution with its popular assemblies, such as now go on only in some of the oldest and smallest of the Swiss Cantons. Then, behind the Frisians, we have the great nation of the Saxons, stretching much further inland. When I speak of Saxons and Saxony, do not for a moment think of the modern Kingdom, or even the older Electorate, of Saxony. I believe that the modern Kingdom has not a rood of ground in common with the older Saxony that I am speaking of. The Old Saxony is all that part of Northwestern Germany, including Westphalia, the late Kingdom of Hannover, and other states, reaching as far as the Elbe, and taking in the Duchy of Holstein beyond it, up to the Eyder. All this country is naturally Low-Dutch. You are always told that the “best German,” that is, the highest of High-Dutch, is to be learned at Hannover. But why? Simply. I imagine, because it is a foreign tongue brought in comparatively lately, and which is therefore, no doubt, spoken with greater care than it is where it is really the national tongue. At Hamburg too High-Dutch is the fashionable language; but I know that, a generation back, people of the highest position and education spoke Low-Dutch in their own houses, though of course they could also speak High-Dutch when it was wanted. We have many old laws and chronicles remaining which were written in this part of Germany, and they are all in Low-Dutch. There are especially the old laws of the Saxons, called the *Sachsenspiegel*, which are naturally in Low-Dutch, while the old laws of the Swabians, the *Schwabenspiegel*, are as naturally in High.

In fact it is not easy to say for certain how far south the Low-Dutch tongue once went. It certainly went much further south than any one would think now. It is worth notice that, when-

ever we find a German tribe mentioned by Roman writers, the names take the Low form and not the High. Thus we find *Chatti* and *Suevi* for *Hessen* and *Schwarben*; and if you will think a moment, you will see that the Latin forms are really Low-Dutch. So of all the many towns whose names begin with *Z*—*Zürich*, *Zug*, and so forth—the Latin forms always begin with *T*—*Tugium*, *Turicum*, and the like. So *Schultheiss*, the name of a magistrate in many German towns, is in Latin *Scultetus*. Now this at any rate proves that the Low-Dutch tongue was once spoken, not only much further south than it is now, but much further south than we can prove it to have been spoken by any writings written in it. I am not sure that it does not prove still more. I may be wrong, and I do not much like guessing about a matter which, after all, is a matter rather of philological speculation than of recorded history; but these things certainly suggest to me that our form, the Low form, of the common Teutonic speech, is the elder of the two; that the High-Dutch must have parted off from it in comparatively late time.

We may here remark how everywhere on the Continent, except in Holland, the Low-Dutch is a struggling tongue. In one region, as we have seen, it has to struggle against French; but it has a harder struggle to wage against the High-Dutch in all the remaining extent of its territory. It has in this case to struggle against a far subtler influence. French is palpably a foreign language; there is no doubt about it; when French gains ground upon any Teutonic dialect, it gains ground by simply displacing it. Men give up speaking their own tongue, and take to speaking instead a tongue which is confessedly foreign. In this way English has displaced Welsh and Irish in those parts of the British Islands where English is spoken by men of Welsh or Irish blood. Such a process as this may well awaken a conscious patriotic resistance against it. But the process through which Low-Dutch is vanishing before High-Dutch is of a

different and a much subtler kind. High-Dutch represents itself to the speakers of Low-Dutch, not as a foreign speech, but as the best, the most polite, the most refined and classical and cultivated form of their own speech. One in short is "good German," the other is "bad." The process is exactly the same as that by which the ancient Provençal tongue of Southern Gaul, a tongue which was the speech of polished courts and of a refined literature at a time when hardly anybody at Paris could read and write, has been hunted down under pretence of its being "bad French." A language at this stage is doomed; it can survive only as a matter of languid curiosity. When I was in Southern Gaul, I heard somewhat of a Provençal poet or two whose verses were thought a good deal of, much as in the south of England something is thought of Mr. Barnes's verses in the Dorsetshire dialect, or as you probably have here some poet unknown to me who writes in his native Northumbrian. When I was in Northern Germany, the tales and poems of Fritz Reuter, written in the dialect of Low-Dutch spoken in Mecklenburg, were all the rage; but such a fashion as this is as little likely to stop the inroads of the High-Dutch as Mrs. Partington's mop was to stop the inroads of the ocean. The oddest case is undoubtedly to be found in the Duchy of Sleswick. That Duchy is a border-land of Low-Dutch and Danish, and the two may fairly fight for the supremacy. But, while they are fighting, a third champion, the High-Dutch, steps in, and under cover of the ambiguous word "German," displaces that one of the two contending elements which it professes to step in to defend. People whose native tongue really comes nearer to Danish than it does to High-Dutch, are bidden to take up High-Dutch as the ensign of "German" against Danish nationality. The very name of the country has been changed. It used to be "Sleswick," a Low-Dutch form. I doubt whether you would find it written in any other way in any English book or map forty years old.



But of later times we have been all taught to change the natural name of the country into the High-Dutch "Schleswig," just as, to keep the balance straight, we are taught in other parts of Europe to call real High-Dutch places by French names. To be sure, if we are committed to the Danish side, we may talk about "Slesvig;" but the real name of the country, the name whose use does not commit us to either side, is forbidden.

Now, of all Low-Dutch speaking lands, it is these very Duchies which must always have the closest interest for us Englishmen. I said that, besides our own England here in Britain, besides the New England beyond the ocean, there was yet another England older than all. It is in these Duchies that we find it. The name of *Angeln*, which seems in earlier times to have reached over a much larger region both north and south of the Eyder, is still borne by a small district in Southern Sleswick, forming a sort of corner between the Baltic and the river Slie. That land is the oldest England, the land which has always uninterruptedly borne the English name, no doubt from times older by many ages than the first English settlements in Britain. And I may add that there, in its oldest seats, the English name has been found open to the same sport of words for which it has supplied materials in its newer home. I need not tell for the ten thousandth time the tale of Pope Gregory and those who were "Non Angli, sed angeli." But it may be less widely known that an ancient German writer gravely discusses whether the English, alike in the older or the newer *Angeln*, were so called from their *angelic* faces, or because they dwelt in a corner or *angle* of the land.

Now in this *Angeln*, our oldest England, the struggle between contending races and tongues has gone on at least as fiercely as in any part of the disputed territory. Sometimes the Danish has had the upper hand, sometimes the Low-Dutch. We, kinsmen of both alike, are hardly called on to decide between them. But we must protest against either of

the rival tongues being made away with by distant cousins under false pretences. Danes, Saxons, Frisians, all alike *eat* and *drink*; we cannot tamely see any of them swallowed up by those who *essen* and *trinken*.

Here then, wherever we choose to fix it along a most disputed and fluctuating line, we find the northern limit of the Low-Dutch speech. That is, of Low-Dutch as distinguished from Scandinavian; if we choose, as for our purpose we fairly may, to count the Scandinavian tongues as forms of the Low-Dutch, we may spread it further over all Northern Europe, till we lose ourselves among non-Aryan Finns, Lapps, and such like. But, as I said, a wave of Teutonic conquest to the east carried the Low-Dutch speech over the whole southern coast of the Baltic, especially over the Wendish, that is the Slavonic, lands of Mecklenburg and Pomerania. In all that region Low-Dutch has displaced Slavonic, though there can be no doubt that the mass of the people are of Slavonic descent. In one part of the country, in the two Mecklenburg Duchies, the reigning princes are to this day sprung of the blood of the old Slavonic Kings. And, as usual, High-Dutch has come in the wake of Low-Dutch, and has become the polite, the classical, the literary speech of this region also.

This extension of Low-Dutch speech to the east is interesting in itself, and it is further interesting to us as presenting some analogies to phenomena in our own island of which I shall presently have to speak. But the extension of the Low-Dutch race and speech to the west, its great settlement beyond the sea, has been of far greater moment in the history of the world. For that great western migration of Low-Dutch tribes to the west, which takes up the greater part of the fifth and sixth centuries, gave birth to the English nation. Tribe after tribe—Angles, Saxons, Jutes, Frisians—pressed across the sea to seek new homes in the isle of Britain. Step by step, on many a field of battle, sometimes advancing, sometimes falling back, they won, inch by inch, the widest and richest

portion of the land from the men whom they found dwelling in it, men whose speech they understood not, and whom they therefore called the Welsh. A crowd of petty Teutonic states thus arose on British soil, each having for a long time to struggle for its being alike against the common British enemy and against its own Teutonic neighbours. Small states coalesced into greater ones; tribes grew into nations; Ealdormen grew into Kings. A vague feeling of unity gradually arose among settlers who had all come from different points of the same long line of coast, and who all spoke slightly varying dialects of one common wide-spread speech. The military predominance of this or that tribe, the personal eminence of this or that ruler, the necessity, ever and anon more keenly felt, of union against the common enemy, led to the acknowledgement, the fitful and temporary acknowledgement, of some one among the many Kings of the land to be, so long at least as he could hold his place, the common overlord of all. Thus out of scattered and often hostile tribes a nation was gradually formed. And a nation needed a name. Our Celtic neighbours had from the beginning called the Teutonic settlers in Britain without distinction by the name of the tribe which, though not the first to settle, had been the first to ravage, and whose might of destruction, alike in the west and the north, they had first learned to feel. From the beginning the Celts—the Welshman, the Irishman, the Highlander—spoke of us as they do now. In their eyes all Teutons were Saxons, and every Teutonic land was Saxony. But as the various Teutonic tribes in Britain gradually formed one nation, that nation came to be known, alike to itself and to the men of continental lands, by the name of the tribe which had won for itself the largest heritage of the conquered soil. The name of Angles or English became the name of the united people, a name which they have handed on to their children to this day. So universal became its use that English writers used it even in recording the deeds of the

first settlers of other tribes, so that the wars of the Jutish Hengest and Horsa appear in our national Chronicles as the wars of Englishmen. It is our true national name, which has been ours for a thousand years, a name which carries us back to the earliest days of our history in the Isle of Britain, and which carries us further back to the old home of Angles in the corner land between the Baltic and the Slie. The nation was known as English, and the nation gradually gave its name to the land in which it dwelt. So much of British soil as Englishmen had won and dwelt in, came to be known as *Englaland*, the land of Englishmen. And as in those far times men came from their old homes to turn Britain into England, so in later days their sons have again gone forth on the same errand. As fleets once sailed from the Eyder, the Elbe, and the Weser to plant the English stock in the isle which men deemed another world, so mightier fleets have sailed forth from the Thames, the Severn, and the Humber, to plant yet again new branches of the same English stock in lands of which Briton and Englishman and Rome's own Caesars had never heard.

Thus grew up the English nation, a nation formed by the union of various tribes of the same stock which passed over from the old Teutonic mainland to grow up as a new people in what their coming changed into a Teutonic island. The thing strongly to be insisted on and clearly to be understood, is that these Teutonic—these Low-Dutch—settlers in the fifth and sixth centuries are the true forefathers of the present English people; that they, and no one else, formed the English nation. In plain words, we are ourselves, and we are not somebody else. We, the English of the nineteenth century, are the same people as the English of the fifth and sixth centuries, and not some other people. That which is Teutonic, that which is Low-Dutch, in us, is not one element among others; it is the nation itself. We have had infusions from other quarters; we may have picked up something from the Welsh whom we conquered; we cer-

tainly picked up a great deal from the Normans who conquered us. Here, in this part of England, the Danish settlement of the ninth century has left its abiding traces. But the little that came to us from a Celtic, the much that came to us from a Norman—that is indirectly from a Roman—source, has all been assimilated to our original Teutonic essence. We did not become Welshmen or Normans, but the Welshman and the Norman became Englishmen. The Dane hardly needed assimilation; he was little more than another kindred tribe coming later than the others. And even the Norman was a disguised kinsman; he was a Dane who had gone into Gaul to get covered with a French varnish, and who came into England to be washed clean again. All these are perfectly plain facts, only from many minds they are disguised by the use of a confused and unhappy nomenclature. Only realize that from the beginning, from the fifth century, there have been in this island Englishmen speaking the English tongue, and the real relation between the Teutonic substance of our race and speech and the various foreign infusions which have been mingled with it becomes at once as clear as daylight.

Look for instance at our language. The superficial observer turns at once from the English of a thousand years back; he cannot at once understand it: so he calls it another language, and gives it another name, and calls it not English but Saxon. Now it is perfectly true that a piece of English a thousand years old is unintelligible, at first sight or first hearing, to those who have not made the English language and its history a matter of special study. But this is equally true of every other language. There is no part of Europe where the language used a thousand years back is not, at first sight or first hearing, unintelligible to those who have not made that language and its history a matter of special study. This or that word might be recognized; in some languages more words would be recognized than in others; it might even

be possible, with special care, to put together whole sentences which might be understood; but a composition of any length, not written with any such special object, would, as a whole, be unintelligible. This is true of ancient and modern English; it is true of the ancient and modern forms of any other speech. Our speech has greatly changed since the days of Ælfred; it has changed in two ways. It has lost nearly all its inflexions and it has received a large infusion of foreign words into its vocabulary. But so have other languages also. All the other Low-Dutch and Scandinavian languages have lost their inflexions almost as utterly as we have. The classical High-Dutch still keeps some of its inflexions; but it keeps only a few out of many, and what it does keep it keeps only by a sort of effort. The local speech of many parts at least of Upper Germany has for ages lost its inflexions pretty nearly as completely as any Low-Dutch or Scandinavian dialect. Now as to the foreign—that is mainly the French—infusion into our vocabulary. There is no language whose vocabulary is wholly pure. Every tongue has borrowed some words, generally a good many words, from other tongues. Look at French itself: it is essentially a Romance language; it is simply a Latin dialect whose inflexions have been very rudely treated indeed. But the actual vocabulary of the French language contains a large number of Teutonic words, a much larger number than we might be inclined to think at first sight. So the actual vocabulary of the English language contains a number of Romance, that is of Latin or French, words, far larger than the number of Teutonic words to be found in French. The presence of Teutonic words in French, the presence of Romance words in English, is of course mainly owing, in the one case to the Frankish conquest of Gaul, in the other to the Norman conquest of England. I allow that the foreign element in English is greater than it is in French; but I maintain that in each case it is exactly the same in kind. In each case alike it is not



an original element, but an infusion ; it is something foreign which has made its way at a later time into a mass which already existed. The Teutonic element in French is not co-ordinate with the original Romance substance ; it is a mere exotic. So the Romance element in English is not co-ordinate with the original Teutonic stock, but is a mere exotic also. That one forms a larger proportion of the existing vocabulary than the other makes no difference. The proof is this. Though many of the Romance words in English are useful, convenient, and in a certain sense necessary, yet we can do without them. We can make sentence after sentence of purely Teutonic words, without a single Romance intruder ; and though our language may thus become a little awkward and obsolete, it is still intelligible, because it is still English. And the more natural and the less artificial our speech is, the more purely Teutonic it is. Our language can, both in its highest and in its lowest flights, get rid almost wholly of Romance words. The language of prayer and worship, the language of the highest poetry and of the highest oratory, may be all but purely Teutonic. So may the speech of common life, the speech which we use at our firesides to our wives, children, and servants. It is only when we get into anything which at all approaches the nature of abstract discussion that any large use of Romance words becomes really unavoidable. For instance, I cannot discuss the Romance element in our tongue, I cannot argue at any length against its abuse by affected and ignorant writers, without myself using Romance words by the dozen. But take the other side. Try to talk English which shall consist of Romance words only, and the thing cannot be done. You will not be able to put together a single sentence. For all the commonest nouns and verbs, without which we cannot get on at all—all the commonest words of other kinds, all the articles, pronouns, conjunctions—all the words which are the real stuff, the real bones and flesh, of the language, are Teutonic to this day. I

speak mainly of the vocabulary as the aspect of a language best suited to be dealt with before a popular audience. But an examination of the grammatical forms gives the same result. Large as is the Romance infusion into our speech, it is still merely an infusion, merely an exotic, not co-ordinate with the original substance, not interfering with what we may call its personal identity. The English language, after all changes, remains now, as it was a thousand years back, an essentially Teutonic speech.

We then are Low-Dutch in speech. This is a presumption, but it is not absolute proof, that we are Low-Dutch in blood. I believe that we are so,—that is, that we are so in the only sense in which any nation can be said to be of any particular blood. Physical purity of blood, the sort of purity of descent which would be needed to make out a legal claim to an estate, can never be found in the case of any nation. Every nation has its blood more or less mingled with the blood of other nations. If I say that the English are of Low-Dutch descent, I do not mean that none of us ever had a great-grandmother of any other stock. I mean that, as in our speech, so in our blood, the Low-Dutch part of us is the essence, and that anything else is a mere infusion. I mean that it is the Low-Dutch part of us which gives us our national being, our national character, our national history. It is that which makes us to be Englishmen, and not to be something else. I mean that we English are English as truly as High-Dutchmen are High-Dutchmen, as truly as Welshmen are Welshmen, as truly as any nation is itself and not some other nation. I now state this broadly. In my next lecture I hope to bring forward the facts which will make the assertion good.

But I must end with a warning, or rather with a qualification. As I said at starting, we are Low-Dutch, but we are Low-Dutch with a difference. We are Low-Dutchmen who have been separated from the parent stock for thirteen hundred years. During that time,

though our intercourse with the old land has never wholly stopped, we have had, on the whole, more to do, both in war and in peace, with other nations than we have had to do with our nearest continental kinsfolk. They have, during all those ages, been exposed to one set of influences; we have been exposed to another. They have remained on the continent, forming part of the general system of continental Europe, forming especially part of the same great Teutonic Kingdom as their kinsfolk of the High-Dutch stock. We have settled on an island—an island which was long looked on as another world—an island which has had its own history, its own revolutions, its own continental friends and enemies, but which has always refused every sign of subjection or homage to the Kings and Caesars of the mainland. The mere fact of living on an island—on an island, that is, large enough to move in a sphere of its own, and not to be a mere appendage to any neighbouring part of the mainland—was of itself enough to stamp us with a special insular character, to make us for some purposes stand by ourselves in opposition even to the most closely allied of continental nations. Our history too has been widely different from that of our kinsfolk. The rudest shock which our nationality ever underwent took the form of open attack, of momentary conquest, at the hands of men of wholly alien speech, though not of wholly alien blood. Through such a process our nationality came out in the end only strengthened by the struggle. Something nearly akin to this

has been the case among one branch of our continental brethren, and among one branch only. Holland and her sister provinces won their freedom in the long struggle with their Spanish oppressors, and they remain to this day the one continental branch of the Low-Dutch race which has preserved its nationality in the face of Europe, and which has not lost the acknowledged right of speaking its native tongue. Our brethren elsewhere have had to withstand, not the open attacks of strangers, but the subtler proselytism of a nearly allied speech which has won for itself a higher place in the world's esteem. For fourteen hundred years, almost every circumstance of our position and history has been different from the position and history of the great mass of our kinsfolk on the mainland. What wonder then if there be differences between us and them? What wonder if in some points each of the severed families has drawn nearer to some foreign race than it has to its own distant brethren? The true wonder is that so much of likeness in speech and in feeling still remains—that our continental kinsfolk have not wholly forgotten us—that they are still so ready as they are to acknowledge the ancient kindred. There is still no land in the whole range of continental Europe where an Englishman finds himself so truly at home as he does in the old land of his fathers. Let him only believe himself as a friend and a brother, and he will still be welcomed wherever the old tongue of his fathers is spoken as a friend and a brother ought to be.

## A GRAVE BESIDE A STREAM.

REV. VII. 17.

How strange the union of the stream and grave!  
 Eternal motion and eternal rest;  
 Earth's billow fixed, beside the transient wave  
 Upon the water's breast.

The summer cloud upon the height distils  
 Each sunny ripple hurrying swiftly past;  
 And man's proud life, like fleeting vapour, fills  
 This wave of earth at last.

The streamlet, through the churchyard's solemn calm,  
 Sounds like an ancient prophet's voice of faith,  
 Chanting beside the grave a glorious psalm  
 Of life in midst of death.

The living water and the burial mound  
 Proclaim in parable, that through death's sleep  
 Flows on for aye, though none may hear its sound,  
 Life's river still and deep.

The grave like Laban's "heap of witness" seems,  
 Raised 'twixt the sleeper and the world's alarm,  
 O'er which no anxious cares or evil dreams  
 May pass to do him harm.

No more he wrestles by the brook of life;  
 The night is past—the Angel stands revealed;  
 He now enjoys the blessing wrung from strife,  
 And every wound is healed.

HUGH MACMILLAN.



## THE TEACHING OF POLITICS.

AN INAUGURAL LECTURE, DELIVERED AT CAMBRIDGE,

BY PROFESSOR SEELEY.

It is natural to me on this occasion to call to mind the Lectures on Modern History of Sir James Stephen, to which I listened in this place seventeen years ago. I recollect the Professor and his audience, the merit of his lectures, and the degree of attention with which they were heard. The recollection is discouraging. I do not hope to give better lectures than Sir James Stephen. I remember that he was master of his subject, skilful in the exposition of it, and not sparing of pains. Yet, of his audience, most were there by compulsion; few of them were what we called "reading men;" I myself only went because I was ill and had been recommended not to study too hard. It was—and I think the Professor felt it—a painful waste of power. There was teaching of the highest and rarest kind, and no demand for it, or only such artificial demand as can be created by a protective system.

I do not suppose that matters are quite the same now; I have heard that Professor Kingsley was able to command an audience worthy of his earnestness and eloquence. But the causes which were at work in Sir James Stephen's time to depress the study of modern history have not quite ceased to operate, though they may operate less powerfully; and, therefore, it is in no sanguine spirit that I commence my labours.

After this day, my words will only reach those who have already elected to study modern history; but it is possible that I have before me now many who have never fairly considered the claims of this subject upon their attention. For this reason, and also because, in my

opinion, the theory of education, apart from practical educational details, is too little discussed in Cambridge, I will propose the question of the value of modern history in education.

The reason why this subject is not taken up by most undergraduates in this University is not, I may take it for granted, to be found in any conviction of their own that other subjects in themselves deserve the preference. The question is settled for them, partly by the competitions and prizes of the place, which give an artificial value to classics and mathematics, partly by the advice of their elders and teachers. These two influences taken together are nearly overwhelming, but that of the two which deserves to have the least weight has, I fear, the most. I must always regard it as a misfortune that prizes and fellowships, which have been admitted into education under the notion of incentives to industry or aids to deserving poverty, should be practically used so as to produce other and more questionable effects, and should be converted into a protection of particular studies and a prohibition of others. The other influence—advice of elders and teachers—I certainly am not interested to discredit. The undergraduate who deviates from the ordinary course of study in this place may indeed deserve praise if he prefers his own intellectual progress to material rewards; but his conduct is much more questionable if he merely prefers his own opinion to that of wiser people. I can remember well the doubts that disturbed me when I was an undergraduate, as they must have disturbed many others, in considering the course of studies prescribed by usage

in the University. What should a student do who doubts whether this course of studies is really the best for him? Is he to sacrifice his own judgment to that of the men who have prescribed this course, or is he to try the hazardous experiment of chalking out a course for himself? I do not intend here to offer any hasty solution of this delicate question. But it seems to me that both teachers in advising particular studies, and students in receiving such advice, should carefully separate in their minds their educational value from their pecuniary value. Let not a subject, which is useful towards winning a fellowship, be confounded with a subject that is useful in developing the mind. The two things may chance to be different; nay, we have only to consider the process by which fellowships are awarded to perceive that they can only by accident be the same. Let the student by all means elect for himself which path he will follow. If he cannot secure at once distinction in the University and a good education, let him make his choice between these objects, or let him study, if he will, to reconcile them; but in any case let him not mistake one for the other.

I must venture to suggest to the student another reason for not sacrificing his own judgment too readily. To the unanimous opinion of good authorities it would certainly be presumptuous in him not to yield, but when those authorities differ he must, whether he will or not, make himself arbiter between them; and it is mere laziness, not modesty, to abandon himself to the guidance of those advisers who happen to be in a majority in his immediate neighbourhood. A few years ago no student here had any strong reason to think he could go far wrong in devoting himself to classics or mathematics. But the case is very different now. Let a man thumb his Thucydides to pieces and fill his *Poetæ Scenici* from the first page to the last with annotations; all this zeal and enthusiasm will not save him, when he goes out into the world, from being treated, and that by men

whose ability he cannot deny, as a mere ignoramus, as a man who has acquired no knowledge, though he may have gained some cultivation. The mathematician hardly fares better. He had always to endure some contempt from the scholar, as uncultivated; then philosophy fell upon him, represented by Sir William Hamilton, and attempted to prove that his studies were ruinous to the intellect; and now physical science includes him in the sweeping condemnation it passes upon all who do not make observations and try experiments.

Let me not exaggerate the difference of opinion that prevails. There is no school that does not hold both classical and mathematical studies in respect as far as they go. The student who has a pronounced taste for either is still safe in indulging his taste. Every student may feel convinced that, if he brings a sufficiently liberal spirit to either study, he will acquire at least something valuable, if not the most valuable thing. But beyond this, whether he will or not, he must decide for himself. Between those who attach a great value to the study of words and those who cast contempt on words in comparison with things; between those who value the abstract sciences and those who rate the sciences of experiment far higher; between those who would study man and those who would study nature; between those who would study the ancient world—whether in language, literature, or history—and those who would study the modern; the student must inevitably choose for himself. He does not escape the necessity by devolving the choice upon advisers, for those advisers themselves have to be chosen.

So long as education is in its transition state in this country, there must be some confusion and some perplexity in the minds of students. This is unavoidable; but if he frankly accepts the situation, the student may discover that it offers compensations. While so many studies are competing with each other the student's mental range will be widened;

the comparison of sciences will become familiar to him; the world of knowledge will be revealed to him as a whole; and each part of it will be better known when it is known as a part. This University, if it abandons its old simple routine of Classics and Mathematics, may perhaps seem to become for a time a scene of confusion—science struggling with science, and tripos elbowing tripos. The change has already advanced some way, and I cannot plead the cause of Modern History to-day with any effect without advancing it further. The old boast of Cambridge, a certain modest thoroughness, exactness within a narrow range, will perhaps suffer when we try, as we are beginning to do, to teach and to learn everything; but even during the transition there will be no small compensation in enlargement of ideas, and when the transition is complete it may be found possible to recover the old exactness within a wider range. Lastly, the new obligation which falls upon the student of deciding for himself between several courses of study calls him to make an effort which may certainly be very beneficial to him. The old uniformity which was so tranquillizing to the mind, when if a man would know it seemed as if he must apply himself to one of two sets of things—to Greeks and Romans on the one hand, or to magnitudes and numbers on the other—and no third department of knowledge anywhere existed, this uniformity deprived the student of one of the most wholesome mental exercises, the exercise of appraising or valuing knowledge. To know the value of a science, the relation it bears to life, the utility of it—I use the word utility in no sordid sense—is quite a different thing from knowing the science itself. It is not only a different but a very separable thing, and from this separation come two great evils—pedantry in the learned, and contempt for knowledge in the ignorant. If by the new variety of our studies and the new difficulty of choosing between several courses students should be led to a habit of intelligently comparing the different departments of knowledge,

a great gain would accrue from a temporary embarrassment.

I turn now to the question of the place of History in education. Why should History be studied? Mathematics may teach us precision in our thoughts, consecutiveness in our reasonings, and help us to raise general views into propositions accurately qualified and quantified. Classics may train in us the gift of speech, and at the same time they elevate our minds with the thoughts of great men and accustom us to exalted pleasures. Physical science may make us at home in nature, may educate the eye to observe, and reveal to us the excellent order of the universe we live in. Philosophy may make us acquainted with ourselves, may teach us to wonder in the difficult contemplation of that “dark fluxion, all unfixable by thought,” the personal subject, and to watch its varied activities of apprehending, doubting, believing, knowing, desiring, loving, praising, blaming. Such are the manifest claims of these great subjects. Does History recommend itself by less obvious uses? Are its claims upon our attention less urgent? Are its obscure, difficult to state or make good?

On the contrary, in discussing them I should feel embarrassed by the very easiness of my task, by the too glaring obviousness of the thesis I have to maintain, if I did not remember that after all the claims of History are practically very little admitted, not only in this University but in English education generally. Let me say then that History is the school of statesmanship. If I were not addressing the students of Cambridge, I might take lower ground. I should choose rather to say that as in a free country every citizen must be at least remotely interested in public affairs, it is desirable both for the public good and for the self-respect of each individual that great events and large interests should make part of the studies which are to prepare the future citizen for his duties, in order that he may follow with some intelligence the march of contemporary history, and may at least take an interest in the



great concerns of his generation, even though he may not be called to take any considerable part in them, or to exert any great influence upon them. This more modest view is well worthy of consideration even here. The mass of those that are educated here will work in after life in some very limited sphere. They will be compelled to concentrate themselves upon some humble task, to tread diligently some obscure routine. In these circumstances, their views are likely to become narrow, their thoughts paltry and sordid, if their education received here have not given their eyes to see whatever is largest and most elevating in life. Who has not met with some hard-working country curate, living remote from all intellectual society, and clinging with fondness to the remembrance of some college study which seems still to connect him with the world in which thinkers live? Who has not wished that he had some stouter rope to cling to than such reminiscences as college studies generally furnish, that he could remember something better, something more fruitful and suggestive, than scraps of Virgil or rules of gender and prosody? The most secluded man is living in the midst of momentous social changes, whether he can interpret them or not; the most humble task upon which any man is engaged makes part, even though he forgets it, of a total of human work by which a new age is evolved out of the old; the smallest individual life belongs to a national life which is great, to a universal life of the race which is illimitably great. There are studies which show a man the whole of which he is a part, and which throw light upon the great process of which his own life is a moment; the course along which the human race travels can be partially traced, and still more satisfactorily can the evolution of particular nations during limited periods be followed. Studies like this leave something more behind them than a refinement imparted to the mind, or even than faculties trained for future use; they furnish a theory of human affairs, a theory which is applicable to the phe-

nomena with which life has to deal, and which serves the purpose of a chart or a compass. The man that has even a glimpse of such a theory, if the theory be itself a hopeful one, cannot but feel tranquilized and reassured; his life, from being a wandering or a drifting, becomes a journey or a voyage to a definite port; the changes that go on around him cease to appear capricious, and he is more often able to refer them to laws: hence his hopes become more measurable, and his plans more reasonable, and it may be that where his own efforts fail he is supported by faith in a law of Good, of which he has traced the workings. Such a study—teaching each man his place in the republic of man, the post at which he is stationed, the function with which he is invested, the work that is required of him—such a study is History when comprehensively pursued.

History, then, I might well urge, is the school of public feeling and patriotism. Without at least a little knowledge of history no man can take a rational interest in politics, and no man can form a rational judgment about them without a good deal. There is no one here, however humble his prospects, who does not hope to do as much as this. There are, it is true, men who, without any knowledge of history, are hot politicians, but it would be better for them not to meddle with politics at all: there are men who, knowing something of history, are indifferentists in politics; it is because they do not know history enough. But what I choose rather to say here, is not that history is the school of public feeling, but that it is the school of statesmanship. If it is an important study to every citizen, it is the one important study to the legislator and ruler. There are many things, doubtless, which it is desirable for the politician to know. It is so much the better if he acquires the cultivation that characterized the older race of our statesmen, the literary and classical taste of Fox and Canning. In the same way a lawyer or a clergyman will be the better for being a man of letters and scholarship. But as the

indispensable thing for a lawyer is a knowledge of law, and for a clergyman the indispensable thing is a knowledge of divinity; so I will venture to say that the indispensable thing for a politician is a knowledge of political economy and of history. And, though perhaps we seldom think of it, our University is and must be a great seminary of politicians. Here are assembled to prepare themselves for life the young men from whom the legislators and statesmen of the next age must be taken. In this place they will begin to form the views and opinions which will determine their political career. During the years they spend here, and through influences that operate here—perhaps not in the lecture-room, but at any rate in the meetings of friends, or in the Union—their preparation for political life is made. It may seem a somewhat exaggerated view of my function, but I cannot help regarding myself as called to join with the Professor of Political Economy in presiding over this preparation. What will at any rate be learnt at the University it should be possible, I hold, to learn from the University, and I shall consider it to be in great part my own fault if this does not prove to be the case.

If Professor Smyth delivered his inaugural lecture in this hall, it is very possible that among his hearers sat the young Lord Palmerston. Nothing is more likely than that at this moment some one sits there who will occupy the position of Lord Palmerston in the last years of this century. In Professor Symond's lecture-room I dare say there may sometimes have been seen, wearing a Pembroke gown, an undergraduate named William Pitt. It would be hard certainly to trace in the career either of Lord Palmerston or Pitt the influence of any of my predecessors. The influence of Cambridge upon Pitt is discernible rather in the command of finished language which his classical studies gave him, and the strong precision of thought which he got from mathematics, than in any wide historical views. But history was not then the

practical study that it is now, and the kindred subject of political economy was not then taught in this University. The acquirement which more even than his eloquence or his mathematical knowledge raised Pitt above the other politicians of his time was one which, though it was not made here, might, had the University been in a more efficient state, have been made here, and could most certainly be made here now; it was his knowledge of Adam Smith.

But when I say that a knowledge of history is indispensable to the statesman, there will rise up in the minds of many a doubt which it is desirable to lay. Political economy is indispensable; yes! but is history so necessary? After all, how easy for a profound historian to be a very shallow politician! The light which is shed upon contemporary affairs by the experience of remote ages and quite different states of society is surely faint enough. How utterly inapplicable seem inferences drawn from ancient Rome or Athens to the disputed political questions of the present day! Even less connexion is there between mediæval barbarism and the complicated civilization we live in the midst of. Cannot high authorities be quoted to prove the uselessness of history in politics? No statesman ever towered above his contemporaries, not only in power, but in statesmanlike qualities, more decidedly than Sir Robert Walpole, who was a contemner of every kind of learning. On the other hand, Carteret, full of historical knowledge, makes but a poor figure. The most influential politician of the last age, Cobden, was never tired of sneering at the pedants who busied themselves with the affairs of other ages. Can we avoid suspecting him to have been in the right when we remark the evident superiority as a statesman of a man so unlearned and so moderately gifted as Cobden, to such a prodigy both of ability and historical acquirement as Macaulay? Outmatched in eloquence, in acuteness, in cultivation, and most of all in knowledge of history, how did Cobden succeed in winning the

race at last? Was it not evidently by occupying himself exclusively with the questions of the time and the place, by encumbering himself with no useless knowledge, by not obscuring plain matters by ambitious illustrations, curious parallels, and obsolete authorities?

There is a very simple answer to all this. It is an argument that presupposes that history refers only to what is long past. Now it is not unnatural to give this meaning to the word history. We often in common parlance use the word so. We say that a thing belongs to history when it is past and gone. The title of history is given to books which contain narratives of occurrences that are past, and in most instances long past; it would not be given to a simple account of existing institutions or communities. We must remember, however, that the language of common life is one thing, and scientific language another. I do not intend on this occasion to give an exact definition of history as I understand it. The attempt to do so would lead me too far. But, however we determine the province of history, it must be understood that I use the word, and shall throughout use it, without any thought of time past or present. There are multitudes of past occurrences which do not belong, in my view, to history, and there are multitudes of phenomena belonging to the present time which do. Phenomena are classed together in science according to resemblances in kind, not according to date. If history were taken to have for its subject-matter all that has happened in the world, it would not be a single science, but the inductive bases of all sciences whatever. Evidently it must be taken scientifically to deal only with occurrences and phenomena of a certain kind, and this being so it is evident that *vice versâ* phenomena of that particular kind must be reckoned as historical, to whatever period they belong. Now, whatever phenomena we exclude, it is evident that we must include political institutions within the limits of historical phenomena. Every one, therefore, who studies political in-

stitutions, whether in the past or in the present, studies history.

It is therefore a misconception to say of a politician that he disregards history because he disregards the remote past. It is misleading to call Macaulay a student of history and Cobden a contemner of history. Both men evidently were occupied with phenomena of the same kind; they laboured at perfectly similar problems. The power and weakness of states, their advance and decline, their chances of success in war, their political and social institutions, the stability or transience of their order, the state of civilization, the influences promoting it and the influences retarding it, the character and qualifications of public men—these and similar questions occupied both. However you describe the studies of the one, you must give the same name to the studies of the other. It cannot be just to rank them among the students of different sciences because the one examined the power of Louis XIV. and the other that of the Emperor Nicholas, the one studied the struggle of political freedom with despotism and the other the struggle of commercial freedom with aristocratic monopoly, or because the one was rather too much disposed to measure a country by its eminence in literature and the other by its activity in manufactures and trade.

But after this explanation you will perhaps be disposed to think me guilty of a truism; for it now appears that when I said that the study of history is indispensable to the politician, all I meant was that a politician must needs study politics. But is it a truism to say this? Is it a truism to say that a politician must study politics? I fear not. I fear that there is just as much unwillingness in this profession as in the other professions in England to acknowledge any general principles or build on any scientific basis. As in England your lawyer seldom knows jurisprudence, your clergyman is seldom a theologian, your medical man seldom a physiologist, so is it with the politician. He may know a great deal, but what he knows is not in the proper



sense politics. He has much knowledge that is useful for a politician, but little of the knowledge that is indispensable and fundamental. He stores his memory with information about persons—how So-and-so voted on this question or on that. He becomes acute in party-tactics, ready in popular arts, skilful in scaling the ladder of power. He watches perhaps the tides of opinion, knows what measure it is safe to propose or support, and what measure is inopportune, however salutary in itself. But for a politician who is serious in his profession, and who has higher ends than mere success or power for himself, all these things are secondary. What is primary is a solid knowledge of political and social wellbeing in its nature and its causes, and more particularly a strong apprehension of the place of government in human affairs, of its capacities and the limits of its capacities. Finesse, adroitness, eloquence, it may be desirable to have; but after all they are useful principally for those who have nothing better. A grain of real knowledge, of genuine uncontrollable conviction, will outweigh a bushel of adroitness, and to produce persuasion there is one golden principle of rhetoric not put down in the books,—to understand what you are talking about. Now any one who knows how much study it takes in the present complication of human affairs to arrive at solid political convictions, and how much taste for study there is in the ordinary Englishman, whether he belong to the class of politicians or not, will arrive at the conclusion that our politicians must be insufficiently educated, from the mere fact that political science is so little taught in schools and colleges. An Englishman often extends in after-life his knowledge of the subjects to which he has been introduced at school or college, but does not very often travel into quite new regions of knowledge; and perhaps a political career once begun is too absorbing to leave much leisure or tranquillity for abstract investigation. In these days, when we are all more alive than our fathers were to the diffi-

culty of the science of government, I may venture perhaps to make the assertion that we shall never have a supply of competent politicians until political science—that is, roughly, political economy and history together—are made a prominent part of the higher education.

But what are we to think of that difference of opinion among statesmen on the subject of history? For Walpole and Carteret, Cobden and Macaulay, though they do not really differ about the importance of history, do certainly differ about the proper way of studying it. What, then, is the exact point of difference between them, and to which of the two parties ought we to attach ourselves? Now, remembering the perpetual sneers of Cobden's school against classical studies, we may be inclined to answer the question by saying that they measure the importance of historical phenomena by their nearness to ourselves, while the opposite school measure them by their intrinsic greatness; so that the one school cares for nothing that is not modern, while the other, considering that some of the most memorable things happened in remote times, gives a great prominence in historical studies to antiquity. If this were really the difference, I for one should have little hesitation in siding against the modernists. Dr. Arnold maintained that we allow ourselves to be misled by the word ancient, and that much of what we call ancient history is, for all practical purposes, more modern than most of that which is commonly called modern history. I agree with him heartily. I think that we shall derive more useful lessons to guide us in politics from Thucydides than from Froissart; and even times much more modern than those chronicled by Froissart seem to me barren of instruction compared to some periods of the ancient world. I feel more at home at Rome in the times of Cicero, than at Paris in the disturbances of the Fronde. If, then, the school of Cobden maintain that historical phenomena deserve study in proportion to their nearness to the

present time, I have no agreement with them. Men and things and occurrences are not memorable in proportion to their chronological relation to ourselves; some which are very near to our own times we cannot too soon forget, and some few we ought always to remember, however far we drift away from them upon the stream of time.

But you will observe that Dr. Arnold's own argument tacitly assumes that there is a historical period more important than even the most memorable periods of ancient history. For why does he attach so much importance to the classical periods? Because of their likeness to our own time; because of the light they throw upon our own time. It is implied in this that contemporary history is, in Dr. Arnold's opinion, more important than either ancient or modern; and in fact superior to it by all the superiority of the end to the means. Now, if after making this observation we reconsider the language of the Cobden school, we shall see that it is of contemporary history, and not merely of modern history, that they are thinking; and that they are not advocates of modern times against ancient, but of the present against the past. In his famous sneer at Thucydides Cobden did not compare him with Froissart, or even with Clarendon, but with the *Times* newspaper. And in spite of all his contempt for Athens and the Ilissus, I think it very likely that he might have agreed with Arnold that Pericles and Demosthenes are better worth remembering and studying than Cœur de Lion or the Black Prince, and even than the Stuarts or Louis XIV. But then he would have added, and Arnold we have seen tacitly agrees, that time spent upon either period, upon the fifth century before Christ or the seventeenth century after Christ, would be equally wasted if it did not lead to a clearer comprehension of the age of Queen Victoria, the Emperor Napoleon III., the Czar Alexander II., and President Grant. Here, again, there is agreement. This is not the point of difference between

the two schools, for no school denies, or can deny, that the especial business of the politician is to understand, not some other age, but the age he himself lives in. It is necessary, therefore, to ask once more, What is the point of difference?

Evidently the difference is here, that the school of Cobden are for attacking the problem directly, while the other school approach it by a circuitous route. Cobden scarcely sees any difference between the proposition that the present time ought to be understood and the proposition that the knowledge of it ought to be imparted in schools and colleges. He would have the student buckle to at once, occupy himself without the least delay in collecting and classifying and analyzing the facts of the time. In his view other ages are of quite secondary importance, intrinsically indeed of no importance whatever, but not altogether to be despised on account of the illustrations that may occasionally be drawn from them. The opposite school, the school in possession, have precisely the same end in view, but approach it in quite a different way. To them the present time is like a fortified city, which must be attacked by opening trenches, working underground, and gradually stealing nearer and nearer. They think it necessary, before introducing the student to the phenomena which he is ultimately to consider, to set before him analogous phenomena drawn from other ages. He is to store up a mass of facts which he will afterwards find useful as illustrations. While he is acquiring them it is of course impossible for him to appreciate their illustrative value, because he has not yet been acquainted with the phenomena which they illustrate, but when this is done it is supposed that they will at once recur to his memory—that all the dead knowledge will suddenly become alive, the dry facts give up their kernel of philosophical truth. And such vast importance is attached to this preparatory process that absolutely the whole time at command is spent upon it, and the day never comes

in our course of education when the phenomena themselves, which it is the object of the whole process to explain and teach, are even in the most summary way stated to the student.

Here, then, are the two views. It is not necessary to accept either without qualification. Cobden, I think, greatly underrated the instruction to be derived from the past, and he had probably no idea of that philosophy of universal history which, if a number of great thinkers appearing in succession, from Vico and Herder to Comte and Buckle, are sufficient indications of the set of thought, will sooner or later be worked out. But, on the other hand, I earnestly urge that in preferring the direct method to the indirect in the teaching of political science or contemporary history he is right. I will give my reasons.

First let me point out that, though an indirect method may sometimes have its advantages, the presumption must always be against it. For it multiplies the number of things to be learnt, it increases the tax upon memory and time. The history of an age is composed of a vast mass of minute facts, which again are substantiated by other minute facts which we call evidence. To learn the history of an age is to commit to memory this whole mass and to weigh all the evidence. If, then, there is some age of which it is urgently important that the student should master the history—and such an age always is the age that is present—it is surely a serious matter to double or quadruple for him this already formidable task, by requiring him, as a mere preliminary exertion, to master the history of two or three other periods. It may not indeed be a great burden upon a man whose life is passed among books; to him the additional labour thus imposed may be merely delightful; but for the man whom an active life awaits—we are thinking principally of the politician—as soon as his education is over it is such a burden that the very object of imposing it is defeated. If we will look facts in the face, we shall confess that the student

commonly breaks off his historical course in the middle. He learns, more or less perfectly, those periods of remote history, whether ancient or modern, which are so rich in illustrations of our own time; but when the comparison between the present and the past comes to be traced, and the results of the whole complicated process to be obtained, the student is tired, or has not energy to enter upon the new task, or the business of life has come upon him and left him no more leisure.

This danger, however, may be unavoidable; and if so, it must, of course, be faced. If the knowledge of the political world around us cannot be come at by the direct route, we must, of course, make a circuit in spite of the risk that some of our pupils will grow weary before they reach the goal. But is it so? Is there any insuperable difficulty in the direct route? I do not believe it, and I think that we have here an example of the prevailing vice of English education, which is just this indirectness. Indirectness in education is a great evil. It is an evil, not merely because it wastes time and energy, but still more because it conceals from the student the end of his studies. The student's interest in his studies will always be very much in proportion to the progress he perceives himself to be making, while it is impossible for him to perceive his progress at all unless he has his goal in sight. It is, therefore, most desirable that studies should have an object not merely good, but visibly and plainly good. Compare in your minds the student who studies politics in the living time and him who studies them in the mirror of remote history. Think which of the two will bring the greater ardour or earnestness to the pursuit. There is indeed for drowsy imaginations a certain charm about the remote past which the present wants. It is so romantic, people say; that is to say, the characters are all in stage-costume, and speak in quaint language; the rhetoric and literary art of succeeding generations have given an artificial dignity to the persons



and incidents, and all the more prominent personages appear—as they never appeared to their contemporaries—with the halo round their heads of posthumous renown. No doubt, in that peaceful world of the past you escape all that is most uncomfortable in the present—the bustle, the petty detail, the slovenliness, the vulgarity, the hot discomfort, the bewildering hubbub, the humiliating spites and misconstructions, the ceaseless brawl of oburgation and recrimination, the painfulness of good men hating each other, the perplexingness of wise men flatly contradicting each other, the perpetual sight of failure, or of success soon regretted, of good things turning out to have a bad side, of new sores breaking out as fast as old ones are healed, the laboriousness and the littleness of all improvement, and in general the commonness and dulness and uneasiness of life. We escape from all this in the past, but after all we escape from it only by an illusion; and in truth he who desires pleasing and fascinating pictures for his imagination should have recourse to poetry, which expressly undertakes to furnish them, and not to history, where, if they are admitted, it is most commonly through the weakness of the historian. After all, it is another kind of interest that the present time has, in spite of all its discomfort; it is the interest of reality, the interest that our own private affairs have for us, an interest at least scarcely less keen and personal, and more ennobling, because connecting us with grander issues. Nay, to one who is to be a politician—and it is this case that I am principally considering—contemporary history not only resembles a personal affair, but actually is a personal affair. Can any one question the eagerness with which such a student would apply himself to this subject when introduced to him by his teachers; remembering that for him—in addition to its speculative interest which it shares with the rest of history; in addition to the interest which it must have for all people, because it concerns persons and things of which, as being contemporary,

they must needs know a good deal and have thought a good deal beforehand—it would have the close and special interest of being the subject of all subjects which it would be most useful and most advantageous to him in after-life to understand?

That the history of the past is useful the student takes upon trust; that contemporary history is useful must needs be palpably evident to him. It is useful, like past history, for the lessons it gives, the principles it illustrates; but, unlike past history, it is also indispensable to the politician for its own sake. He who studies contemporary history, therefore, at the same time masters the principles and becomes familiar with the age, while he who studies the past learns only the principles and remains a stranger to the age. The latter, therefore, at the end of the process has still a necessary stage to traverse which the former has left behind him. They may have acquired an equal amount of historical information, have stored up an equal number of facts; but the one is still unprepared for want of knowledge which is indispensable, while the other has all the knowledge which is necessary to start with. And this advantage being felt from the beginning cannot fail to give the student of contemporary history an ardour and an interest in his work which the student of the past must want. For he not only makes progress, but feels and knows that he makes progress. What he learns is not merely stored up for future use, but tells immediately upon his views and judgments of things around him. It sheds at once upon the political world, the world of states, nationalities, parliaments, armies, parties, and interests, an illumination like that which natural science sheds upon the world of physical and vital forces, of light and heat, the plant and the animal. Studied in the past, history is rather entertaining than stimulating, except to those who have a natural inclination for it, or who come to it specially prepared. Studied in the present, I doubt not that it would be among the most stimulating

and fascinating of studies. Like natural science, it is a study which a man may always carry about with him, and prosecute in almost all circumstances. "Pernoctat nobiscum, peregrinatur, rusticatur." If the botanist and geologist cannot walk across the fields or along the high road without being reminded of their favourite studies, neither can the man who studies his age ever be in want of stimulants to reflection. To him, too, the fields and the roads read lessons, though of a different kind—lessons about the division of property, about the progress of industry. Meanwhile the town is his almost exclusively. He has the clue to the whole human movement; he is at home in the world of purpose and utility; all human activities he watches with a curious eye, and sees laws where others may see only a dull and bewildered confusion. He finds sermons in streets and good in newspapers.

To turn history away from the past to the present is in fact to give it the interest of an experimental study. Our knowledge of both is necessarily imperfect. Of the past much is unrecorded, and many records have perished. The present has not yet been recorded perfectly, and the records have not been collected or made accessible. But in the present there is more room than in the past for the original and independent inquiries of the student. In ancient history, what can any student here do beyond reading intelligently his Grote and his Mommsen? To make new combinations is not to any important degree within his power. And in the past generally, though there remains much to be done for laborious investigators exploring archives and for great thinkers generalizing the newly-acquired facts, there is wanting a field in which the ordinary student, who has neither exceptional opportunities nor exceptional gifts, may without presumption make his own observations and venture upon original speculations. Yet no study which does not afford such a field can be in the highest degree stimulating or improving. Now contemporary history

affords such a field. 'Ακήρατος ἔστ' ἔτι λειμῶν. Any one may join the reapers in that harvest. The phenomena are not hidden away in libraries, but are before our eyes. To every one of us a certain proportion of them, a larger one perhaps than we sometimes think, are within the range of personal observation. Another large section lies scattered about the journals and magazines of Europe. Neither collected nor compared nor classified they lie, and there is no one who might not do for himself some work in sorting them—work which, though, like the collections of the private botanist or geologist, it may do nothing ultimately to advance the science, may yet do much towards improving the student's mind, and making his studies delightful to him.

Again, the past is a less stimulating contemplation than the present, because it is a thing complete and finished. It consists of controversies for good or for evil closed, questions answered whether rightly or wrongly, problems together with their solutions. But the present consists of problems which still await their solution, questions which the time is still struggling to answer, controversies in which we are called on to take a side. Now the mind is roused and stimulated by questions, not by answers. In education the essential thing is to offer problems of some kind to the student, and the solution must not be given along with them. The student's own solution is what it is important to get—some genuine exertion of his own faculty; and this it is barely possible to get when a solution is already before him. Every one can take an interest in divining what will happen next, for that is still unknown, and the issue will confirm or confound the prophecy; but it seems idle to stand guessing what might have happened next when the next page of the history tells you what did actually happen. We read in one sentence of the distress of the Roman peasantry, and of the agrarian law by which Tiberius Gracchus tried to relieve them; and few readers pause to consider what were the possible solutions out of

which Gracchus made his choice. Surely it is much more stimulating to the intellect to consider, as we have been doing for some months, the distress of the Irish peasantry, and to conjecture the provisions of that agrarian law by which Mr. Gladstone yesterday evening proposed to relieve it.

In short, past history is a dogmatist, furnishing for every doubt ready-made and hackneyed determinations. Present history is a Socrates, knowing nothing, but guiding others to knowledge by suggestive interrogations.

All this is said in no spirit of disparagement of the past. Though I have several times mentioned the name of Cobden, it is not because I have any sympathy with that contempt for the old learning which is generally, and for all I know justly, attributed to him. Let us reverence the past, say I; let us cherish the records of it; let us often revert to it. What I urge is not that it is less instructive than is commonly supposed; what I wish to see is not a neglect of past history, whether contemptuous or respectful. Would rather that we realized the past less drowsily, that something better prevailed among us than what I may call the Waverley view of other times! The past is in my eyes the best commentary on the present. What is it then that I urge? This, that the text should be put before the commentary and the present before the past. Illustrations are valuable, but only when there is something to be illustrated; the analogies of past and present are full of interest, but not to one who is ignorant of the present. It is for this reason that the taste for

history is commonly observed to come late. Not till people have seen the world a little, and have had some experience of affairs, are they able to realize, except in the theatrical spurious-poetical fashion, the order of phenomena with which historians are concerned. But this knowledge of the world, this experience of affairs, might be given earlier if the student were brought at once face to face with the living present, encouraged to follow the drama which is now being enacted on the stage which is all the world; accustomed, not in his hours of recreation, but as part of his education, to thread the maze of the world's affairs, to take the measure of public men before the world is unanimous about them, study tendencies before they have reached their limit, predict the growth of power not yet mature, or calculate the stages of its decline; accustomed, in fact, to work out for himself at his desk the very problems which are awaiting the solution of Time.

History the school of statesmanship! This was what I began with. It is a maxim which to many practical men sounds, I know, somewhat hollow. To give it another sound, to vindicate it as a sober maxim in this University, is a task to which I feel very unequal; nevertheless it is what I understand myself to be called upon to attempt. If I succeed in any measure, I hope to do so by the method I have now indicated, by giving due precedence in the teaching of history to the present over the past.



LEARNING TO READ.<sup>1</sup>

BY REV. F. W. FARRAR, F.R.S.

IN spite of the innumerable books which are written for the benefit of the young, in spite of the immense preponderance which is given to the subject of education in all our public discussions, it is extremely doubtful whether the children of the present day are to be congratulated upon the epoch in which their birth has fallen. It is no paradox to say that in the middle and upper classes they are increasingly brought up in a careless and haphazard manner. In the fashionable world they often see but little of either of their parents. The nursery of the London house, instead of being the largest, brightest, and pleasantest room that can be chosen, is often the smallest and the most remote; and, with a total disregard for the health of the little inmates, is not unfrequently thrust into those uppermost regions, hot in summer, cold in winter,

“*Molles ubi reddunt ova columbæ.*”

In this respect the middle classes are very apt to follow the lead of their fashionable neighbours, and, in an age which looks upon a large family as a serious misfortune, we are hardly surprised to find it a constant subject of congratulation among parents and visitors that the nurseries are “at such a *nice distance* from the rest of the house, so that the children are quite out of everybody’s way.” A father who is engaged in business, or in the severe competition of professional life, is often unable to see his little ones for more than a few moments in the day. I have heard a gentleman, who had a family of thirteen, complain that he rarely even *saw* any of them except when they were asleep, for

<sup>1</sup> “The English Method of Teaching to Read.” By A. Somerschein and J. M. D. Meiklejohn, M.A. Macmillan and Co. 1869.

he started to his office in the morning before they were awake, and did not return until they were gone to bed. Unless a family thus circumstanced enjoys the blessing of a mother who is wise enough, strong enough, and self-denying enough to sacrifice herself wholly to her children’s welfare, they must inevitably grow up “as the destinies decree.” And when the work of teaching begins—a work which is always difficult, and which is delightful to those only who possess alike the requisite gifts and the requisite devotion—how severe is the trial to the mother’s energy and self-control! We often hear of the skill, and tact, and experience which are necessary to a successful teacher; and although fortunately the lack of skill, and tact, and experience may all be supplied by the all-powerful instinct of a perfectly unselfish love, yet love so pure and unalloyed is perhaps as uncommon a gift as the most striking ability. An irritable temperament, an impatient manner, want of consideration for tenderness and ignorance, want of sympathy for wilfulness and stupidity, want of power to appreciate the feebleness of an infant’s mind, want of tact in averting its first symptoms of fretfulness and waywardness, want of that natural dignity and unruffled calm of justice which, if it cannot wholly supersede the necessity for occasional punishment, at least robs punishment of its acutest sting,—are all far more fatal in the training of a child than any original inaptitude to teach. The qualifications of a consummate teacher are extraordinarily rare, but yet they demand no special genius, being rather of a moral than an intellectual character. Any one who is gifted with that gentle and delicate consideration for the feelings

of others which is the basis of all Christian charity, and with that sense of the grandeur and awfulness of every human soul which is the prominent doctrine in all Christian truth, may by earnest effort acquire them all. Many a mother of the slenderest attainments and of the most ordinary capacity has yet, by the mere sweetness of her manner and elevation of her character, proved the most efficient of teachers, even to children who have been blessed with extraordinary genius.

“O'er wayward childhood wouldst thou hold  
firm rule,  
And sun thee in the light of happy faces,  
LOVE, HOPE, AND PATIENCE—these must  
be thy graces,  
And in thine own heart let them first keep  
school.  
For as old Atlas on his broad back places  
Heaven's starry globe, and there sustains  
it,—so  
Do these upbear the little world below  
Of education : Patience, Love, and Hope.”

But when we remember that the combination of these high virtues is only found in the very noblest hearts, it is perhaps hardly surprising that most mothers, if they can afford it, very early resign the intellectual, and with it necessarily much of the moral training also, of their children into the hands of governesses. And when a governess has once found a footing in any home, the mother's direct teaching is usually at an end. The girls of the family remain in the hands of the governess until they “come out,” or are entrusted for a year to a “finishing school.” The boys, often before they have attained the mature age of eight years, are despatched to a preparatory school, from which, at the age of twelve or thirteen, they are drifted into some great public school ; and after that momentous epoch of their lives has once commenced, they spend but a small proportion of their time under the parental roof. The unity of an English home, especially if it contains many sons, is soon broken ; and although few parents would admit that, when schooldays have once commenced, their sons are practically regarded in the light of unwelcome strangers in their

stay is at all prolonged, yet it is undeniably true in many cases. The constant succession of letters in the *Times*, complaining bitterly if school holidays are extended by a single week, is a sufficient proof that it is so. All these indignant *Patres familiarum* dwell on the trouble and discomfort caused by their boys' prolonged presence in the family circle. They do not seem to be capable of sympathising for a moment with their sons in the intense delight which makes of an “extra week” a happy memory for a lifetime. The climax of such complaints was, perhaps, attained by the “Father of Six Sons,” whom the *Times* very recently honoured with its largest type. He drew a melancholy picture of the idleness, insubordination, and disagreeable conduct which he seemed to consider invariable in boys at home for their vacation. He insinuated that the sole object of any extension of the holidays was to put money into the pockets of the masters. He did not seem to consider that his sons *were* his sons at all after their public school career had commenced, or that he had a single duty towards them in the way of providing for their amusement or furthering their progress, while they were away from school. His only marked idea seemed to be that he was fraudulently dealt with if his six sons were left on his hands even for a few days beyond the stipulated time, after he had once handed them over to a master's care ; and that thenceforward their education became a mere mercantile transaction with which he had no further concern beyond the grumbling payment of the quarterly or half-yearly bills. If this letter, which is but one of a number similar to it in tone and style, is to be regarded as an expression of the amount of educational interest taken in his offspring by the ordinary British father, it presents a picture which suggests some very melancholy considerations.

The education of the young is, as we have seen, but little conducted by their actual parents. Who, then, are the earliest educators of the children of our middle and upper classes? Generally

speaking, governesses often themselves but little beyond the age of girlhood, or ladies whose circumstances have driven them to find support by the establishment of private schools. It is not the *fault* but the *misfortune* of these ladies that, in the vast majority of cases, they enter on their work wholly without any preliminary training, and often without the slightest insight into the nature of education, or the philosophy of teaching,—in fact, without a conception of the knowledge which is best worth acquiring, or of the best methods for imparting it. They rely almost entirely on manuals, books, and compendiums of universal knowledge to be learned by rote in the form of question and answer. Called upon to teach geography they set children to learn a page a day of such questions as:—

Q. "What place is celebrated for the manufacture of lace? A. Valenciennes, Brussels, and Mechlin.

"Q. Where are the finest blankets made? A. At Witney in Oxfordshire, &c."

And so on *ad libitum*. Or, by way of conveying a knowledge of common things, they thrust into the little hands of their pupils books in which their curiosity is stimulated by inquiries as to "What is assafoetida? What is Goulard's extract? What is pearl-ash? What is shell-lac?" &c.; and their minds are expanded by the cut and dried answers, "A vegetable gum of a strong and nauseous odour, &c. A preparation of lead commonly called sugar of lead," &c., &c.<sup>1</sup> *Spectatum admissi* . . . ? What must be the value and consistency of knowledge which can be kept together by such sand-ropes as these?

While such is almost the sole stock-in-trade of so many teachers—while

<sup>1</sup> It is surprising that any sensible person should think that any good purpose is served by a child's committing to memory pages to this effect:—"What is the Koran? The Turkish Bible (!).—What is turmeric? The root of a plant.—What is allspice? The fruit of the pimento tree.—What is ham? The legs of large hogs or boars," &c. Perhaps the object aimed at is to inspire admiration for a laconic style.

babulum of this kind is administered in this very solid condition to the tender intellects of our children—while teaching is regarded as the most commonplace and vulgar of all the arts, so that anybody who knows *anything* is supposed to be qualified to instruct the rising generation even when qualified for nothing else—and while the day seems still remote when the requirements of a teacher shall be estimated with greater seriousness, we must at least hail with intense satisfaction any improvement in the books and printed methods which guide the efforts of so many untrained educators. And this is our reason for noticing the little books called "The English Method of Teaching to Read." Most of us may have happily forgotten the tears and failures which accompanied the earliest efforts of our volatile understandings to acquire the mystery which was to open for us the gates of all knowledge; but probably we may not have utterly forgotten the dreary, dog's-eared, inhuman spelling-books which, with remorseless accuracy and terrible impartiality, taught us how to spell all words from "dog" and "cat" up to "embarrassment" and "unintelligibility." Instead of this rigidly Chinese method, which seems to regard every word as an isolated phenomenon ungenerously contributed to an immeasurable heap of difficulties—and which is about as sensible as the plan of the missionary who set about learning Hindustani by daily committing to memory the pages of a dictionary—"The English Method of Teaching to Read" is eminently simple and eminently attractive. It "separates the perfectly regular "parts of the language from the irregular, and gives the regular parts to "the learner in the exact order of their "difficulty. The child begins with the "smallest possible element, and adds to "that element one letter, in only one of "its functions, at one time." Thus the first or A T course consists entirely of A, E, I, O, U, with the addition of one letter in each lesson, and an additional letter in each practice. The child learns the *functions* of the letters long before he is puzzled with their names and order.



The second, or ANT course, is the first over again, with the addition of a second consonant. The third, or ATE course, is the same again with the vowel lengthened by the addition of a final *e*; and when the child has thus learnt the symmetry and regularity of the English language, he proceeds to the fourth, or double vowel course, which contains all the double vowels, diphthongs, and so-called irregularities of the language. By this excellent system children may not only be taught to read pleasantly and rapidly, but also—almost without conscious, and certainly without any painful, effort—to spell accurately and to read articulately.

In the ordinary method, or rather no-method, employed by most teachers, both amateur and certificated, the double-barrelled difficulties of “great A” and “little a” are presented at a child’s understanding before he is permitted to arrive at “bouncing B;” and in the case of all the letters alike, he is from the very first confused with the entirely needless trouble of learning the *name* of the letter with its *sound*, and of distinguishing between the two. In this system the capitals are only introduced gradually and in the order of their difficulty, and the child does not formally “learn his alphabet” till the end of the first course. Again, in the ordinary system monosyllables seem to be heaped together entirely at hap-hazard, exceptional sounds and combinations being mixed up in a perplexing way with those that are regular: so that a child does not acquire the conception of there being any law of pronunciation, and only learns to pronounce rightly by a purely empirical process. In the “English Method” exceptions are at first entirely excluded, or only admitted sparingly for an express purpose; as, for instance, “put” side by side with “nut” with a view to the subsequent justification of “dull” and “push.” The notes which are here and there appended

show the extreme care and foresight with which the system has been elaborated. We do not remember any other elementary book which draws a child’s attention to the difference between the *th* in *that* and in *thin* (of which the first was represented by the old English  $\delta = dh$ , and the second by  $\psi = th$ ), or which furnished such excellent practice in the pronunciation of the soft and hard *g*. It is not, however, necessary to describe the system at length, as the books which contain it are small and easily procurable.

If Messrs. Sonnenschein and Meiklejohn succeed in breaking through the cactus-hedge of inveterate conservatism which seems to fence in our educational systems with its very densest growth, their method—which seems to me to be both pleasant, easy, rapid, and thorough—will prove a boon to thousands of parents and teachers. It should be welcomed as an effort in the most necessary direction. At the present time more knowledge is indispensable for the most ordinary requirements in life than at any previous period of the world’s history, and every one may claim to be a real benefactor who succeeds in making the acquisition of knowledge more easy and delightful, by rendering the method of imparting it more simple, and *therefore* more scientific. A child ought to go to his lessons as naturally and as happily as he goes to his play. We shall have done an immense service if we can discover the youthful association of learning with misery and tears. By making the earliest lessons of our children bright, and short, and happy, we may go far to inspire them with the conception that hereafter it will be, not only a part of their duty and necessary discipline in life, but also their highest privilege and their purest happiness to contemplate “the bright countenance of “truth in the mild and dewy air of “delightful studies.”

Adco in teneris insuescere multum est!

## RAPA-NUI, OR EASTER ISLAND, IN NOVEMBER 1868.

BY AN OFFICER OF H.M.S. "TOPAZE."

In October 1868, the *Topaze* being about to sail for Easter Island, we made particular inquiries of every one at Callao who was at all likely to be able to give us any information respecting that lonely spot. Our success was small, and we could ascertain nothing except that some Jesuit missionaries had been landed there five years ago, and might

now possibly, if alive, be anxious to leave the island, the character of the natives being excessively bad. The sailing directions told us it was 1,500 miles from any other inhabited land except Pitcairn's, and that the gigantic statues seen by Cook did not exist when Captain Beechey tried to land. Besides this, we had Cook's "Voyages."



We sighted the island on 31st Oct., and on the following day, having steamed round its dark southern cliffs, came to off the little beach where Cook had anchored in 1774. Above this beach, on some rising ground, there now appeared a low whitewashed house with a steep roof; close to the sea were two other buildings, and the space between was occupied by about one hundred light-brown oval huts, each with a small square hole in front; behind this settlement (Hanga-roa) rose two or three old volcanoes with flattened summits, and some rounded hills; to the north and south the ground sloped up gradually almost into mountains, which to the south terminated in the dark cliffs round

which we had steamed. Not a tree was to be seen, and except a few red patches on the hills, and a few spots green with sugar-cane or sweet potato, all was brown with tufted grass. On the lower part of the southern hill stood another house (Matavere), from which a whale-boat pulled out, and Monsieur Bornier, a Frenchman recently settled there, came on board. From him and from the missionaries who lived at Hanga-roa, we subsequently learned that the islanders had lived free from foreign interference until about 1859 or 1860, when six or seven ships from the "brutal" Republic of Peru made a descent, and carried off 1,200 or 1,500 people, of whom only three had ever

returned. Of these pirates three fell into the hands of the islanders, and with such provocation it is not surprising, and is scarcely displeasing, to hear they were killed and eaten. In 1864 the feeling was so bitter against all foreigners that a French missionary who landed was only saved to become the slave of the principal chief; and the courage of Père Roussel, the present superior, who a year later dared to land, would be easier to admire than imitate. Set on shore from a little vessel, against the will of the natives, he walked alone towards the chief, who, at his approach, took up a stone, intending, he afterwards said, to kill and eat him; but the good Père had not come for such a purpose. Raising his staff, he struck the chief, who fortunately fell stunned, and the Père passed on through the midst of the crowd unharmed. The result of such intrepid conduct is that of the 900 natives there is not one who is not a professed Christian. Captain Bornier took up his abode on the island as soon as order was established; and, during our short visit, both he and the missionaries most kindly aided us in our communications with the islanders, and gave us every information.

It being Sunday when we arrived, we did not land until after church service. A crowd of good-tempered men and boys welcomed us as we approached the rocks, and we had to shake hands till we were tired; the whole party then led us by a stony path to M. Bornier's house, and thence by a good road towards the settlement to visit the missionaries.

On the way our hosts surrounded us, offering for barter little wooden figures, and peculiar implements shaped like canoe paddles, but used only in their dances, and called "rapa." Occasion-



ally they would burst into a loud chant, in time to which they kept up a jumping dance, their arms working about,

and the "nua," a garment tied loosely across their shoulders, flying out from their naked bodies in the wind. The scene was sufficiently wild, and the eyes of some of them watched us with a droll expression, as if they thought they would rather surprise us.

The huts, shaped like an egg cut in two longways, were exactly as Cook described, except that the largest was not so much as thirty feet long; the thatch of reeds and cane was neatly laced on, and out of the doors, which were about two feet square, numerous bushy heads looked up at us and called out a welcome.

At the Mission House, which was built by Père Roussel, we were cordially received, and afterwards shown round the garden, which was planted with maize, beans, &c., and would have flourished better had it not been for the fierce trade-wind which swept down the hill, unchecked by a single bush; they then accompanied us to the low cliffs opposite the ship, to show us three statues (Moai), which appear to have been standing when Cook was there; we found them fallen face downwards, and broken in two, their huge red head-dresses, "hau," rolled to a distance. Between the broken parts of one of the Moai some handsome ferns<sup>1</sup> were growing; I gathered the root, and, when we walked back to the boat, our native friends followed us with arms full of the plants.

Early next day we landed, and, guided by several boys, set out to visit the Moai at Quinipu, on the eastern shore. On the way our guides introduced us to an ugly lump of stone, about four feet high, almost featureless; they called him Moai Hava, and he is now a passenger on board the ship. A short distance brought us to the eastern coast, and we were first led to a red pillar, at the foot of which were human bones, and under some matting a skeleton: facing the sea were two platforms; one, on which lay six broken Moai, was altogether in ruins, the monstrous red crowns, five

<sup>1</sup> *Asplenium obtusatum* of Forster, and *Polypodium Billardière* of R. Brown.



feet high by six feet in diameter, close by them. The second platform was perfect, and contained stones nine feet long and four feet wide; the Moai here were also fallen, and under their breasts was a vault, in which were human skulls and bones. The largest Moai was eighteen feet long without the crown.

It was still early, and having heard from Captain Bornier that the southern summit was a crater (*Te-rano-kau*) we mounted the hill, and in less than an hour reached the ridge. The magnificent spectacle took us quite by surprise. The crater is 1,500 yards across at the top, 1,200 yards at the bottom, and 400 to 500 feet deep, quite circular, the sides dark coloured, sprinkled with green plantains and cloth-tree bushes; the bottom flat and covered with reeds, except where the rain-water had collected into large ponds. Opposite to the place where we stood the wall of the crater was broken, and we could see the blue sunny ocean, with its white-topped waves dashing against the outlying rocks. The descent was very rough; the bottom a marsh, covered everywhere with ferns and moss, which, where it had been turned up, had dried into peat. Some of our party made their way to the ponds to bathe, and the rest waded across through the reeds to a winding path, which led by a garden belonging to Captain Bornier up the side of the crater. From the crater to the landing-place the way was easy, a good path leading by a gradual descent direct to the Captain's house, and to *Hanga-roa*.

In the course of our conversation with the missionaries and Captain Bornier we found that the statues were still to be seen erect in one part of the island. The distance seemed very uncertain, but we could not believe that any part of so small an island was more than four or five hours' walk, and the next morning we set out early to explore, having ascertained that the spot we were to visit was called *Te-rano Otu-iti* (Crater of the little hill), and that very large statues were standing both inside and outside the crater.

At the back of the settlement a pair of extinct volcanoes rise rather abruptly, and in the hollow between them some dark specks could be seen from the ship. The path led us to these specks, which proved to be a number of the red crowns of the Moai, which lay scattered about, as if they had been rolled down the hillside and left till wanted; the sizes were enormous, some of them nine feet in diameter and eight feet high, and all more or less marked by rude carvings of ships, birds, &c. The quarry itself we found in a little crater up the side of the hill, with a deep gap in the place where these monstrous stones had been rolled out; in the bottom of the crater were other crowns: one immense one was oval, eleven feet by ten feet, and nine feet high. We could not find the bed of rock out of which they had been hewn, and concluded that the chippings of the ancient carvers had filled up the holes, decomposed, and formed the grass-grown soil on which we stood.

Beyond this spot the ground was strewn with sharp lava stones, and we were compelled to walk in the crooked narrow paths, across which the stones encroached so much that if we ceased for one moment to watch our steps, or looked round without halting, our toes or ankles suffered. I had remarked the natives walked with a knock-kneed gait; and with such paths we must soon have done likewise; it was fatiguing, and one of the guides, the proud possessor of a pair of trousers which did not fit, gave in.

Here and there we crossed hollows, in which plants of sugar-cane grew at intervals, and in places were a few sweet potato plants in patches, marked off with little heaps of stones, the top one usually white. But the soil in general produced only tufted grass, and was everywhere strewn with the sharp loose stones. The sun shone bright, and the warm trade-wind blew strongly by us, causing great thirst, which we could only alleviate by sucking sugar-cane, after the manner of our guides.

We passed numerous Moai, some of

great size, all prostrate, and, all but one, on their faces; and at length came in sight of Otu-iti, in the interior of which, and at its foot, we could distinguish several Moai standing erect. The crater itself looked like a gigantic circular earthwork, except that for one-third of its circumference a wall of rock towered abruptly to a height of 200 or 300 feet. The rounded edges of the crater were dotted with little heaps at regular distances, and in spite of the rock, it looked so artificial that I quite expected to find a ditch as a part of the defences at the base. The ascent was very steep, and a large Moai lay in the path, which was worn into a deep hollow, as if here, too, large masses had been formerly hauled down; and the gap by which we entered the crater confirmed us in this idea.

From the ridge we looked into a basin, with a flat, reed-grown bottom, 200 or 300 yards in diameter, 100 feet below; a ring of green sugar-cane fringed the reeds; the walls of the crater, clothed in the dried grass, sloped regularly to the bottom. The regularity was broken by the rock opposite, which served as a background to a number of Moai, standing erect in an irregular line. One, facing us, gazed across, its compressed lips expressing surprise, or perhaps anger, at our intrusion.

But there was more to see, and we walked past the Moai and climbed the rock to look down on the plain outside, where the statues stood or lay in numbers. But our attention was soon entirely engrossed by those within the crater.

Close below us, lying on their backs, parallel, but with heads in opposite directions, were two Moai, one thirty feet long, nine feet wide, and fourteen feet from the crown of the head to the chin; the other, compared with his bulky neighbour, a pigmy, of seventeen feet. They had both apparently been carved out of one block of stone, and the smaller one had been shortened by several feet; the block divided from his bust still lay in its original position. Like all the statues, they consist of bust only; the arms are merely indicated

along the sides, and the ears, elongated by the insertion of an ornament in the lobes, are placed far too high to appear in their natural place.

Numbers of these gigantic statues lay scattered about, their colour the same as the rock, and their features so huge that they were not easily distinguished until we were close upon them. Our party dispersed along the quarry, each making his own discoveries, and on all sides there were constant cries of "Here is another! here is another!" Some were lying head down the slope, some feet down, some sideways; the longest which we measured was thirty-three feet, but the biggest was a monster fourteen feet wide, twenty-two long, and eight or nine feet thick. In a great many the eyes had not been carved, but the shadow of the overhanging brow made this quite imperceptible at a distance; the noses were generally perfect, the mouth broad, the lips compressed, and it seemed to me the latter were always unnaturally close to the nostrils. At first I could see no likeness to the present race, but one of the guides sat down before me. His ears, as in all the young natives, lacked the slit in the lobe and the elongating ornament, but his nose, low at the bridge, with broad fleshy nostrils, was exactly that of the Moai (the Moai's was seventy-five inches long and thirty-seven wide). While I was comparing them the guide called out "A-a" ("Yes"), in answer to some question, and his upper lip curled as close to his nostrils as that of the Moai was carved. A remark which immediately followed appeared to displease him, when, drawing up the lower lip, he compressed it on the upper, in the way of the ancient model, but instead of its firm straight lines, the corners of his mouth dropped, with an expression of deep disgust.

There were no crowns in or near Otu-iti, and many of the Moai, which were erect, were too narrow from front to back ever to have supported such circular masses. These flatter statues generally stood erect, planted firmly in the earth; while the more bulky ones, which are prostrate all over the island,

had merely been placed standing on the ground, or on a slab of stone. I judged the flatter ones the most ancient. In both kinds the crown of the head was cut flat; and the flatter kind, though unable to support the circular red crowns, may originally have been fitted with head-dresses of some perishable material. We afterwards found paintings of diadems with red ornaments, and all Polynesians appear to have valued that colour the most; while as to the shape, some black head-dresses, which we procured, were exactly similar to those of the statues.

We counted in the crater sixteen Moai erect, and thirty-two on their backs as the carvers had left them; some were quite finished, others but just commenced, and numerous blocks were merely marked by cuttings in the rock fourteen or fifteen inches wide, ready for the sculptors to commence their labours. Outside the crater the statues were at least as numerous and as interesting, but we had not time to inspect them minutely—the total number that we saw was about 150 (estimated by some at 200), including some on large platforms between Ouinipu and Otu-iti, and the majority probably exceeded twenty feet in height. The missionaries possessed a stone chisel, which the islanders called a “tingi-tingi,” and stated to be one of the implements with which the Moai were carved. The Moai and the little wooden images which they sold to us, all had individual names.

The legend is, that many years ago King Tukuihu set out from Rapa-iti (Little Rapa, where the New Zealand mail-steamers now have a depôt) in a canoe, and at last arrived at Rapa-nui (Great Rapa, or Easter Island), where he settled, and carved the Moai in the crater, whence in the night they removed themselves to their present positions on the different points of the island. Tukuihu was also the first who carved the wooden images. When he became old he did not die, but changed into a butterfly; and children, chasing these insects, still call out, “Tukuihu! Tukuihu!”

On the following day we again visited Te-rano-kau, to explore a number of stone-dwellings, said to have been built by King Tukuihu, on the ridge of the crater where the cliff overhangs the sea.

As we approached the cliff we observed a number of low mounds overgrown with ferns and grass, and hardly distinguishable from the hill itself. On closer inspection they appeared to resemble the oyster grottoes of the London boys, being built of dark flat stones and earth; each of them had two doors eighteen or twenty inches square; and in the ground, outside the doors, were holes, partly covered with stones, and long enough and large enough to hold the body of a man. Creeping on hands and knees, we entered one of the doors, and passing through the wall, six or seven feet thick, reached the interior in utter darkness, and found it the shape and size of a modern hut, thirty feet long, ten or twelve feet wide, and high enough in the middle to stand upright in. When our eyes became accustomed to the want of light, we found paintings in red and white, on flat slabs, fixed into the walls opposite the doors; on one slab the “rapa” was represented, the upper part marked with eyes, nose, and mouth. On the other was a full-rigged ship, the sailors dancing jigs (a rare accomplishment now), and from the main-royal yard-arm one of them was waving a flag; the worsted work, in which sailors even in these times delight, often represents similar scenes.

Finding two or three of these huts exactly alike, I walked on to look at some rocks, on which faces, hands, ovals, &c. were rudely scraped, and sat down in the sunshine and breeze. To the left lay the dark crater, with its flat reedy bottom; to the right, more than a thousand feet below me, the sea. The cliffs were perpendicular, and covered with ferns, among which little white specks of sea-birds flew in and out. The sea was deep blue, raised into a swell by the breeze, and the tops of the waves were mottled white with foam. The beach



lay at my feet, but so far below that the noise of the surf could not be heard.

All at once some one shouted my name, and I was told there was something to see in one of the houses. Crawling into the dark hole, a gruff voice saluted me with some jargon, but I recognised the voice, and found its owner engaged in sketching carvings of birds and rapas on the back of the head of a Moai, which was buried to its shoulders in the ground opposite one of the doors. The face, as far as we could feel with our hands in the dark, seemed perfect. The remainder of the afternoon was occupied with our discovery, the sketch was duly exhibited on board, and the Moai, in consequence, on the following morning left the house in which he had so long dwelt, and two days after was floated off to the ship, amidst the cheers of the islanders. Though a dwarf—only eight feet long—his name is eight-syllabled—Hoa-haka-nana-ia, and the house was called Tau-ra-renga. He is well preserved; an exact model of the gigantic statues which we saw the day before, and we met with no other instance of carving on the back. His weight is said to be three tons.

The legend is that King Tukuilhu dwelt in these houses in the month when the sea-birds nested, and excelled in searching for eggs in the face of the cliff. When he quitted the human shape and became a butterfly, the chiefs who were candidates for the office he had vacated assembled on the same spot, and he who first obtained an egg, or a certain number of eggs, became king. This mode of election was continued to a late date, the missionaries having known a son of Ro-to-Pito, the last king. The figures of birds on the

back of the Moai may have some reference to this legend, and Tau-ra-renga may possibly have been the palace of Tukuilhu and of his successors.

Like other Polynesians, the Easter Islanders are fast dying out. In appearance they are regular Kanakas, but a young Tahitian in the service of Captain Bornier was a fine-looking fellow compared with them. As to their character, we found them *perfectly* honest, though they are very fond of bartering, and all our old clothes went to them in exchange for wooden images, rapas, &c.; and small black lines made of women's hair came on board in such quantities that all our crew, have since been occupied in the manufacture of watch-guards and bracelets, as memorials of our visit.

Captain Cook supposed they drank salt water, as he could find no fresh water on the island; and though the craters contain an abundant supply, our guides drank little, contenting themselves with the juice of the sugar-cane and raw sweet potato. Captain Bornier said they eat their only meal of cooked potato in the evening, and with this they still drink salt water at times.

The missionaries told us that since our visit they had introduced a new word, "man-war," to express anything great and wonderful; and their feelings towards us were so friendly that on the day we sailed, a number entreated to be allowed to go with us. When the last boat shoved off, it was hardly possible to get them to leave her, and their manners were so engaging we did not leave them without regret.

Immediately after Hoa-haka-nana-ia had been hoisted on board, we made sail and left the island. R. S.

VALPARAISO, 3 Dec. 1868.

## "OUR RELATIONS WITH ENGLAND."

BY GENERAL BADEAU.

THE following paper has been forwarded by General Badeau to the Editor of *Macmillan* for publication on this side of the Atlantic. The contents of the article, no less than the well-known high position of the writer, will naturally give to a declaration at once so authoritative and so conciliatory, upon a subject of such vital importance to both nations, unusual weight with the English public.

"I hope that the time may soon arrive when the two Governments can approach a solution of this momentous question with an appreciation of what is due to the rights, dignity, and honour of each, and with the determination not only to remove the causes of complaint in the past, but to lay the foundation of a broad principle of public law, which will prevent future differences, and tend to firm and continuous peace and friendship."—*President Grant's Message*.

THE writer of these pages has had some opportunity of knowing not only how sincerely these sentiments are entertained by the President and his Cabinet, but also how cordially they are reciprocated by the present English Government. If only the *people* on both sides of the water could understand more thoroughly the temper and sentiments of each, could look a little more clearly into each other's hearts, could know a little more absolutely what have been the acts and what are now the thoughts each of the other, the end which is so much to be desired might be nearer accomplishment. But, hitherto, the fact that the people on neither side have fully appreciated the situation or the sentiments of the other has prevented any real approach to a settlement of the questions at issue. It is the object of the present paper to state what fell beneath the writer's observation during a recent three or four months' stay in England, and, by proving to Americans what is really the state of feeling there, to do some little, perhaps, toward fostering those relations on both sides which only can conduce to the prosperity of each and of mankind.

The rejection of the Johnson-Clarendon Treaty, the speech of Mr. Sumner in the Senate on the 13th of April last, and the able despatch of Mr. Fish to Mr. Motley on the 25th of September, as well as the language of the President's Message, have at last presented to the people and Government of England not only a full exposition of the views of the present Administration in the matter of our international relations, but also a statement of the feelings almost universally entertained on this side of the Atlantic toward England. The arguments have been put so ably that it is not likely any American will utter them with more force, and the expression of feeling is so unmistakably and almost unanimously approved by the country, that the English probably now understand perfectly well what America regards as her side of the case. They seem, indeed, by the tone of the utterances since the publication of the Message, to appreciate not only the sense of injury entertained by Americans, but the hearty desire for accommodation and harmony which all the authoritative expositions from American sources have contained. I say all, for even Mr. Sumner, whose speech has been in England the subject of so much bitter comment, but of so little careful examination, says: "Be the claims more  
" or less, they are honestly presented,  
" with the conviction that they are just,  
" and they should be considered can-  
" didly, so that they shall no longer lour  
" like a cloud ready to burst upon the  
" two nations, which, according to their

"inclinations, can do each other such infinite injury or *infinite good*. I know it is sometimes said that war between us must come sooner or later. *I do not believe it*. But if it must come, *let it come later, and then I am sure it will never come*. Meanwhile, good men *must unite to make it impossible*."

In Mr. Motley's original letter of instructions, recently published, will be found the following paragraph: "Upon one point the President and the Senate, and the overwhelming mass of the people, are convinced—namely, that the convention, from its character and terms, or from the time of its negotiation, or from the circumstances attending its negotiation, would not have removed the sense of existing grievance, would not have afforded real substantial satisfaction to the people, would not have proved a *heartly, cordial settlement* of the pending questions, but would have left a feeling of dissatisfaction inconsistent with the relations which the President desires to have firmly established between two great nations of common origin, common language, and common objects in the advancement of the civilization of the age. The President believes the rejection of the treaty to have been *in the interest of peace and in the direction of a more perfect and cordial friendship* between the two countries, and *in this belief* he fully approved the action of the Senate."

So again, in Mr. Fish's despatch to Mr. Motley of the 25th of September last, these words occur: "All these are subjects for future consideration, which, when the time for action shall arrive, the President will consider, with sincere and earnest desire that all the differences between the two nations may be adjusted amicably and compatibly with the honour of each, and to the promotion of future concord between them, *to which end he will spare no efforts* within the range of his supreme duty to the rights and interests of the United States."

I think, then, it may fairly be taken

for granted that the English now understand, not only that America feels that she has sustained a great wrong, but that she is extremely anxious to have all difficulties amicably settled, and to preserve hereafter a closer harmony with that country with which, after all, we have more in common than with any other people on the globe.

The Johnson-Clerendon Treaty was rejected almost unanimously by the Senate on the 13th day of April last, and on the same day a successor to Mr. Johnson was confirmed. The speech made by Mr. Sumner on this occasion reached England a few weeks before Mr. Motley's arrival, and produced an immense sensation there. Mr. Sumner himself had been familiar with the most distinguished circles in London, and had enjoyed peculiar intimacies with all the leading liberal and radical Englishmen. But almost without exception these disapproved his speech, and the position which they imagined it to assume. The censure was severe; the newspaper press was especially indignant, and the tone of society unanimous; while members of the Government alluded to the speech in tones of reprehension from their places in Parliament. Mr. Motley was known to be the intimate friend of Mr. Sumner, and to have been urged by him upon the President for the post of Minister to London; to have been confirmed by the Senate immediately after the utterance of Mr. Sumner's speech, and on his motion; and there were not wanting surmises that the new Minister might meet with a less pleasant reception than could be desired. These surmises, however, were speedily shown to be unfounded.

Mr. Motley arrived at Liverpool on the 29th of May, and was met at the landing by the Mayor of the town, who proffered his state carriage to convey the Minister to his lodgings. Mr. Motley had been previously notified that the Liverpool Chambers of Commerce wished to present him addresses of welcome before he left for London, and, accordingly, he remained a day to receive them. The addresses were of the most cordial



character, expressing great respect for the new Administration in America (whose first action towards England had been to endorse the rejection of the Claims Treaty), and also signifying complete satisfaction at President Grant's selection of a representative. Mr. Motley replied in courteous language, giving utterance to equally fervid desires for the amicable settlement of all difficulties, upon a basis consistent with the honour, dignity, and rights of each nation. His action in receiving these addresses, as well as the text of his replies, was promptly reported to his Government, and as promptly commended. The civilities shown him, however, were popular as well as official, for a large crowd was present at the station, and loudly cheered him as he was leaving Liverpool.

Compliments of every sort poured in on his arrival in London. The Queen herself signified her gratification at his appointment, and deviated from court etiquette to pay a civility to the new Minister and his family. The same disposition was apparent everywhere in society, although the comments so freely made in the American press upon the object and results of the hospitalities offered to Mr. Motley's predecessor might not unnaturally have inclined unofficial personages to be less lavish of compliments. Nothing of the sort, however, was noticeable. Every circumstance showed that, despite the rejection of the treaty, there was a disposition to be in every way cordial to the new representative of the United States.

Nevertheless public and private opinion in regard to Mr. Sumner remained unmodified. It seemed to be even more excited because of his speech than because of the rejection of the treaty. The speech itself, however, was very little read. A few extracts, some garbled, others misquoted, and perhaps, here and there, one given correctly, were bandied around in the press, and the entire tone and object of it misapprehended. I was often asked by influential persons if the speech was representative of American sentiment, to which I invariably replied,

that the idea of it current in England was not representative; that I had not met two Englishmen who would say that they had read it; that I had never seen a copy of it in England, except those which I carried thither; but that the real speech, as a statement of the grievance which the whole loyal American people felt they had sustained at English hands, was eminently representative.

This, however, did not seem to be satisfactory. The Liberals, especially, were sore on the subject. They seemed to me to feel as if they had been unjustly treated, as if in his arraignment of England the Senator should have especially exempted them. They complained that they who had been staunch friends of America during the war, were coupled with the men and charged with the acts of those who had been our bitterest enemies. How mistaken they were is proved by Mr. Sumner's remarks in his speech at Worcester, in September last: “It is said, Why not consider our ‘good friends in England, and especially ‘those noble working-men who stood ‘by us so bravely? *We do consider ‘them always, and give them gratitude ‘for their generous alliance.* They belong to what our own poet has called “the long nobility of toil.” But they “are not England. We trace no damage “to them, *nor to any class, high or low,* “but to England, corporate England, “through whose Government we suffered.” His earlier speech, however, it seems to me, could never be fairly construed to include John Bright with Earl Russell, or to confound the Lancashire weavers with the Lairds and Roebucks.

Indeed, I was assured again and again, and most positively, by Liberals and Conservatives, by men of all shades of opinion, by members of the Government, members of both Houses of Parliament, by dissenting ministers and men of letters, clergymen of the Church and Irish barristers, that the English people were by no means such a unit in hostility to the Union during the war as is commonly supposed in America. If I

understand the current opinion here, among those generally believed to be best informed, it is that the whole mass of the English nation were delighted when our troubles began, hoped to see the American people permanently broken up and the republic divided; that this arose, on the part of the aristocracy, from a not unnatural hatred of our institutions, which they thought a standing reproach to their own; and, on the part of the middle and working classes, from a dislike to the growing strength of a nation already a rival, and which they feared might possibly become a superior. It is not believed that the English had any particular liking for the South, and their abhorrence of slavery had long been notorious; but it is believed that they were willing to subordinate their dislike of slavery to their desire for the downfall of the Union; and when this should be accomplished, they would be as willing to see the South destroyed as the North. It is believed that this sentiment was at the bottom of all that was done in England of which we now complain. Whether right or wrong, this belief is almost universal in America. This the English have only lately seemed to discover; and some of their writers now affect to sneer at it as the sentimental grievance.

But great wars have ere now arisen out of sentimental grievances, and it is not beneath the province nor the dignity of statesmen to notice, and, if possible, remove such causes of discord. However, the statesmen will doubtless determine for themselves whether or not to discuss these matters; but it may be well for those who are anxious for the peace of the world, and the advancement of the best interests of humanity, to consider whether such a sentiment as undoubtedly exists cannot be corrected, if it is ill-founded; or, if otherwise, allayed by action contrary to that which was its cause.

But, without exception, Englishmen said to me that there was no such unanimity of hostility toward the Union, during the war, as Ameri-

cans believe. They acknowledged, of course, that the current of feeling among the upper classes was strongly in favour of the rebels; very many admitted that the action of their Government had been unfair; and some even declared that the recognition of rebel belligerency had been inspired by a hostile spirit (though I never found an Englishman who did not maintain that every "nation is its own judge when to accord "the right of belligerency"); but they declared that the mass of the Liberal party and of the working-people of England were strongly in favour of the Union. Liberal men have even asserted to me that nothing but a knowledge of this fact withheld Lord Palmerston from open war—either by acknowledging the independence of the South, or by proceedings even more abrupt than those at the time of the *Trent* difficulty; while Conservative peers, who openly admitted that they themselves had sympathised with what they delicately styled "the weaker side," declared that the mass of the common people had not been with them. This is certainly the opinion of English writers and politicians. No one denies that Palmerston and Russell, and Gladstone and Lowe, were against us; no one denies that you can count on your fingers the members of the House of Peers who, like the Duke of Argyll and Lord Houghton, were our friends; that the aristocracy, as a body, thought that the downfall of the democracy would be a good thing; nor that the merchants, as a body, whose interests would have been subserved by the destruction of a commercial rival, were decidedly opposed to the Union. But they point to Bright and Forster, and Mill and Cobden, and Milner Gibson, and other radicals—men who led a party strong enough to force its way into the actual government, and who openly and constantly and forcibly avowed their sympathies with the North; they point to the suffering and starving, but still staunch Manchester men; they point to meetings of sympathy held all over England for the North, and to the fact that no popular

assemblage to express sympathy with the South could succeed.

This view was new to me, and I urged strongly, upon those who maintained it, that it should be authoritatively presented from English sources, and facts stated in number and force sufficient to prove its correctness. I did not pretend to be convinced, but assured them that if the public mind of America could be convinced of the accuracy of their statements, much would be done to allay or change the tone of feeling there. A London letter in the *New York Tribune*, of December 25, signed “T. H.,” and doubtless written by the author of “Tom Brown,” sets forth very forcibly what I mean :

“From the very first the United States had the staunch advocacy of the soundest portion of our press. Of the two leading and most influential weeklies, the *Speeclator* fought for you at the risk of absolute ruin ; for its circulation is chiefly among the very class which was most unfriendly, and whose prejudices were faithfully represented by the *Saturday Review* and the *Times*. In the same way the *Daily News* and the *Morning Star* never faltered for a moment ; and a great number of the best provincial journals took up and steadily maintained your cause, especially after the appearance of President Lincoln’s proclamation. If, again, you like to appeal from the press and from anonymous writers to those who wrote and spoke in their own names, the case in our favour is at least as strong. Carlyle and Ruskin may be quoted, perhaps, as strong sympathisers with the rebellion ; but they never wrote deliberately and seriously on the subject ; and no other authors of note, so far as I remember, openly took the same side. Surely Mill and Sir Charles Lyell and Goldwin Smith ought to neutralize these two names ; and Cairns’ admirable volume, published in the first year of the war, and putting your case as strongly as you could wish, was never answered, and remains the most effective English publication touching the great struggle. Or look at Parliament. Not only was no vote hostile to you ever given, but the friends of the rebellion never dared even to take a division ; and Mr. Gregory, the member for Galway, a comparatively unknown man, was the most weighty politician who openly advocated interference. . . . I have been at many public meetings in London in the last twenty years, but I have never seen one approaching in numbers or enthusiasm that which flooded Exeter Hall, filling not only the great concert room and every other public room in the building, but the neighbouring streets. . . . In all that vast crowd, broken up as it was into six

or seven public meetings, there was but one feeling of hearty and thorough sympathy with you, and confidence that the union would be saved and slavery abolished. It did the business once for all for the metropolis. . . . Those who malign you most among us say that the sympathy you long for is that of our fine ladies and gentlemen, flunkeyism being as rampant with you as with us. We don’t believe them ; but shall never silence them till we can show that you appreciate the fact that nearly all the brains and heart of England were on your side.”

It is, however, only fair to say that the loyal Americans who were in England during the war, almost without exception, reject this view. They believe that the friends of the Union, even among the Liberals or in the working-classes, were as two grains of wheat in two bushels of chaff. They remind you of Liberals like Lowe and Gladstone and Vernon Harcourt ; and they can remember little sympathy that was extended to them to set off against the undisguised support everywhere afforded to the rebellion.

The Court, however, was always the friend of the North. The opinions of the Prince Consort are well known, and his royal widow never swerved from them. The Prince of Wales, also, never forgot the hospitalities he had received in America, and recently took the opportunity of the unveiling of Mr. Peabody’s statue to say, that the nine years which have elapsed since he was the object of those hospitalities have not obliterated their memory. Whatever influence the royal family of England could exert during the rebellion was thrown into the scale of the Union. This is admitted on all sides.

But whatever may once have been the feeling, there is no doubt that now, among all classes, a profound desire exists to cultivate the closest relations of amity with the United States. It is not improbable that something of this desire originates in motives of policy. The success of our arms, the assured unity and prosperity of our country, have made us a power whose friendship or enmity is a matter of indifference to none ; and Englishmen see plainly enough that the precedent they have set



in international law is one from which no people can suffer so greatly as they. It is all very well, too, to say, "Let us be friends!" when one party has injured the other, and retaliation, it is apparent, may at any time be attempted. Of course there can be no absolute friendship while one retains the sense of wrong, and the other momentarily anticipates retaliation.

But the English are willing to do much more than Americans give them credit for. I speak not now of any mere official willingness. All the world can read what the present Government of England has said for itself; but I mean that the English people are sincerely anxious to be in perfect accord with the United States; that, if I can judge of their temper, they are aware that they did us a wrong, and are willing to make us a reparation. Many persons whose words are very significant assured me that there was no doubt that the *Alabama* should not have been allowed to leave Liverpool; there was no doubt that England was answerable for the damages caused by her ravages; there was no doubt of the entire willingness of the English people to pay any fair amount that might be adjudged. These gentlemen may have been mistaken in their opinion of the present tone of sentiment in England; but they were men accustomed to feel the political pulse; they were not confined to one party nor to one position in life. And what experience I had of English society confirmed the impression. The English would be glad to have the question settled, and are willing to do a good deal to have it settled. Lord Clarendon has said, in so many official words, that the present Government is anxious to co-operate with us in establishing a definite principle in international law; which, in itself, is an acknowledgment of the insufficiency of that principle according to which England has thus far been acting.

But no Englishman is willing that his Government or his people should be humiliated; and this feeling is the secret of the really causeless indignation at

Mr. Sumner's unread speech. By some extraordinary course of reasoning, or rather, perhaps, because of the failure to study that speech, the notion got abroad that Mr. Sumner had demanded an abject apology. The words were given hundreds of times in the newspapers within quotation marks, as if extracted from the speech; whereas they had never been used by Mr. Sumner, and as certainly never intended. The question of the recognition of belligerency by some means became entangled with this idea. It was supposed that the United States meant to demand of England an "abject apology" for having recognised the belligerent rights of the rebels, and all good Englishmen were naturally indignant at the idea. They ought by this time to be disabused of it. The express language of Mr. Motley's instructions, of Mr. Fish's despatch of September 25, and of the President's Message, leaves no doubt of the position of our Government on that subject. Every "nation has a right to judge when to accord the right of belligerency," but of course taking all the responsibility of its act. The abstract right of England is acknowledged to recognize the belligerency of the rebels when she did; but if by so doing she encouraged the Lords and their fellows to acts from which we afterward received damage, it is a fair question whether, between peoples who desire to be friends, this should not induce a greater anxiety to atone for the consequences that we endured. It is not said that these considerations should necessarily increase the amount of reparation England might offer, but that they might fairly and honourably increase her desire to offer such reparation as would be proper from one great and powerful country to another. This may be called a demand for consequential or sentimental damages; it may not be exactly the technical reasoning of a mere lawyer; but those who deal with individuals, who know men, can say how often sentiments or influences like these affect men's actions; and nations are only conglomerations of individuals; their acts also depend far

more on their passions than on their arguments, or even their interests.

I have not noticed any unwillingness in the English mind to accept these ideas. With, so far as I have seen, one exception, in the English press (the *Saturday Review*), the tone of comment on the President's Message has been respectful and amicable.

The London *Telegraph* of December 8 says :

"General Grant speaks as the representative citizen who has quietly and patiently treasured up the results of current opinion, and takes care that he shall be fairly *en rapport* with public sentiment before he opens his mouth . . . he accepts, in the most literal sense of the words, the function of public servant ; he is the official voice as well as the executive right hand of the republic. It may then, as we think, be assumed that in the Message we have a careful transcript of the ruling sentiments now entertained by the American people. *Regarded in that light, it is impossible to help feeling satisfied with the general tenor of the document . . .* When, leaving the past, President Grant refers to the future, he uses language very far indeed from indicating either prejudice, resentment, or greed. He insinuates no menace, repudiates no suggestions of compromise, sets up as arbiter no imperious dictate of national self-will ; he only hopes that by and by both Governments will attain a solution in harmony with the rights, the dignity, and honour of each country . . . *It is impossible to believe that the Alabama question, treated in the tone which he adopts, can have any issues that will disturb the friendly relations of the two countries.*"

The *Standard*, the ultra Tory organ, of the same date, remarks :

"It would ill become Englishmen to refrain from a prompt acknowledgment of the dignified and statesmanlike tone which, so far as can be judged from the summaries received by telegraph, distinguishes President Grant's Message to Congress . . . Even the rejection of the treaty would have failed to create the excitement which it actually produced, if it had been accompanied at the time by language like that in which it is now described. The reference, therefore, which the President makes to the *Alabama* controversy, even though he does us injustice, *would excite no irritation in any case . . .* In reference to the rights as well as the duties of neutrals, the American Government shows itself animated with feelings so closely resembling our own, that it seems only reasonable to hope we may agree some day, not alone in our view of future obligations, but in our estimation of past events."

The *Times* misapprehends entirely the President's utterances, and the position of the Government in regard to the recognition of belligerency, but says : "Every one in England will heartily reciprocate the language of General Grant, 'that the time may soon arrive, 'when the two Governments shall 'approach,' " &c. The *Daily News* falls partly into the error of the *Times*, supposing that the President did not intend to apply to the difficulty between ourselves and England the same principle which he announces in the Cuban case ; yet the *Daily News* also says : "We can but hope with President Grant 'that the time is coming 'when the 'two Governments,' &c. In this spirit 'we believe that a general willingness 'to attempt a final settlement exists on 'this side.'"

The *Pall Mall Gazette*, never very friendly to America, makes the same mistake as its contemporaries, but it too declares :

"President Grant's own Message is friendly, in spite of the grievance it reiterates : and we shall all rejoice if in the new negotiations at which he hints he shall be able to lay with us 'the foundations of broad principles of public law, which would prevent future differences, and secure firm, continuous peace and friendship.' A discussion of principles of future conduct will, perhaps, supply on both sides the best unconscious test of how far past conduct, in its official records, has been at variance with any possible principle."

The *Spectator*, "whose circulation is "among the class which was most unfriendly to America during the war, "and whose prejudices were faithfully "represented by the London *Times* and "the *Saturday Review*," seems better to comprehend the President's meaning, which one would suppose was clearly enough expressed, and says :

"To imagine, as some of our contemporaries seem to do, that the President, while asserting this principle on behalf of America, would reject it on behalf of England, is to forget the 'legality,' the habit of deference to precedent and law, which is so strong a feature in all American diplomacy. The omission must have been intentional" (of course it was intentional) ; "and if it is, *the greatest obstacle to renewed negotiation will have been removed.* We are no longer asked to apologize for having

been in the right, as we were, in our acknowledgment of Southern belligerency, but for having been in the wrong, *as we were*, in our unfriendliness toward a cause which, whatever the motives of its defenders, was the cause of freedom. We may not be able to apologize even for this second offence, because it is one which, as an independent nation, we had a right to commit; but the withdrawal of a demand to which it would have been dishonourable to accede at least clears the way for the settlement which is to result in permanent good-will. We believe that in this withdrawal also the President represents his people; . . . and that, *without giving up their grievance*, they are prepared to place it upon grounds with which it is, at all events, possible for Government to deal. This is an immense gain to both nations."

Again :

"They cannot get over a resentment which, although undignified in a nation now almost at the head of the world, is neither unnatural nor without justification. The President expresses all that."

The British Government itself manifests apparently no hostile feeling in consequence of the utterances of our own. Lord Clarendon's reply to Mr. Fish's note of September was most friendly. Mr. Gladstone's remark at the Lord Mayor's dinner (after Mr. Fish's note had been received) was not without its significance: "My Lord Mayor, with the country of Mr. Peabody we are not likely to quarrel." When in July last it was proposed to bring on a discussion of the *Alabama* claims in the British Parliament, the Prime Minister, in his place, requested a postponement of the debate, because he thought the time unfavourable to a calm consideration of the points at issue, and thus evinced his readiness to comply with the wish expressed in Mr. Motley's letter of instructions for "a subsidence of any excitement growing out of the negotiation or rejection of the Treaty." It was a well-known fact in London at the time, that if the debate had occurred, prominent members of the House of Commons were prepared to take advanced ground in favour of the accountability of England for the damages done by the *Alabama*.

This desire for concord, however, is not confined to statesmen or diploma-

tists. In a sermon by the Rev. Newman Hall, preached on the occasion of Mr. Peabody's death, that clergyman, who was well known as one of our staunchest friends when we had fewest, declared: "All that is really noble and good yonder is in alliance with all that is noble and good here. There is hearty goodwill subsisting between us, whatever may be sometimes said by individuals or in the columns of some of our journals. . . . Never have I heard more hearty cheers ring forth for Britain and for Britain's Queen than I heard from assembled thousands on Bunker Hill. Never have I heard more fervent prayers offered for the Government and people of England than were presented by the Chaplain in the House of Representatives at Washington, before the assembled legislators of the land."

And I who write these lines have witnessed similar exhibitions in England. On the 4th of July last, in England's greatest religious edifice—that grand old abbey where her sovereigns are crowned, and so many generations of kings and statesmen, and soldiers, and poets, lie entombed in the national mausoleum; where monument, and bust, and statue, and crumbling banner, and painted window looking down, and over all the fretted roof and lofty arch, attest and celebrate the glories of English history: there, on the anniversary of the day on which America declared her independence of England—on the day when, if ever, an Englishman might cherish bitter sentiments against America—the Dean of Westminster, the recognised ruler of the edifice, who ranks next to a bishop in the English hierarchy, the eloquent divine whose contributions to general literature are known to all scholars of the English tongue—Dean Stanley—preached a sermon inculcating the importance of maintaining amicable relations between the two nations; urging upon all in power, and all who influence opinion in either land, to take every occasion to allay asperities, to cement good feeling, to reunite the



broken ties of brotherhood. A fitting lesson to be taught on that historic day, and in that sacred place, by one having authority.

Nor was he singular. The best men in England are sincerely anxious to create such a sentiment as shall make it impossible for serious difficulty to occur between the two countries; they lose no opportunity with pen or tongue, in public or in private, to evince this desire. It is right that the fact should be recognised in America; because America, having received a wrong, should know that many English are anxious to wipe away the recollection of the wrong; not only by kind words, but by acts such as America can receive as fitting reparation. Read what Thomas Hughes says in the published letter already quoted:—

“That we might have stopped at *Alabama* and didn’t, we have admitted for all practical purposes; for no serious statesman or writer has maintained the contrary since the excitement of the war has cooled down. We formally agreed to pay whatever damages may be awarded on this account, or any other that you like to bring into question, and it was no doing of ours that the agreement was set aside. Your whole case is conceded so far as pecuniary compensation goes, for you don’t seriously ask us to pay without a reference to arbitration.”

And the *London Daily News* of December 8 says:—

“During the late summer and autumn a large number of English travellers have visited the United States, and they have all returned with a deep sense of the real friendliness of the American people, and with a new understanding of their meaning. They one and all assure us that, whenever the subject was mentioned, the sentimental grievance was always first, and the pecuniary damage second, in popular esteem; and that the *amende* the American people really wish is rather one to injured feelings than to injured trade, or injured honour, or injured pockets. *Would it not be possible without any indignity to grant them this satisfaction?* Is such a task beyond the power of diplomacy? Is not such an oiling of our international friction one of its functions? We can do nothing inconsistent

with our honour, can make no concessions which infringe any of our rights; but if some form of concession to American feeling may be found, if it be only a few careful words in a despatch, which will satisfy them without injuring us, and remove the grievance of sentiment without making admissions which in any way compromise our interests or lower our self-respect, *we think the public would wish it to be employed for the settlement of this protracted dispute.*”

What better feeling can be asked than is manifest in these sentences?

At this time, too, there are peculiar reasons why America and England should not quarrel. They stand in the van of modern progress. In America the great obstacle and reproach to freedom is removed, after a fierce struggle, and the nation is once more looked to as the day-star by all in foreign lands who are interested in liberty or the advancement of human rights. In England the ceaseless but silent revolution still proceeds which has made her all she is. Every day the poor are elevated, their condition ameliorated, their privileges extended; the distinctions of class are less apparent; the nation becomes more really democratic. The governing classes, even those who cling most tenaciously to the institutions of the past, have yet the wisdom to know when to be no longer conservative. The political events of the last year are full of significance. The franchise has just been extended; a working-man now sits in the House of Commons; the connexion between Church and State has been dissolved in one important portion of the empire; the abolition of primogeniture was proposed at the last session of Parliament; the whole question of land tenure must soon be thrown open for discussion. Changes may not be rapid, but reforms are not slow. The Liberal party is in power; the very men who were our friends control the government. In the present Cabinet the Duke of Argyll, Earl Granville, Earl Kimberley, John Bright, William E. Forster were staunch advocates of the Union during the war; and other subordinate members of the Government

were equally earnest and outspoken in our behalf; while those who opposed us have admitted their mistake. The Prime Minister, the most powerful man in England for at least a quarter of a century, has been proud enough and great enough to acknowledge his error.

It is then a positive duty for us to uphold the hands of those who are struggling for reform in England. One who knows writes that, besides the Irish land bill, there will be brought forward at the next session of Parliament "a general education bill, great measures of law reform and of army reform, a trades-union bill, and an abolition of tests bill, backed by the whole power of the Government." Whether he approves it or not, every sensible Englishman can see the irresistible current that sweeps away every obstacle there. What a fearful responsibility to interrupt this onward movement of a nation by such an event as a war between England and America!

No. This is not the time to select for serious difficulties between us. With two liberal parties in power, with every prospect of the continuance of each, with the people in one country becoming more prosperous, and in the other more powerful every day—the friends of the whole race, in either land, should do all in their power to foster the most friendly

feelings. The two nations should strike hands, and with their liberal ideas, their advancing Christianity, their increasing education, their material wealth, they can not only present a front that no physical power will attack, but which no great moral evil that they may wish to remove can long withstand.

They need only to look each other steadily in the face, and learn how much good feeling each cherishes for the other. Neither Government can possibly have a desire to quarrel. Each will gladly follow the current of popular feeling if this sets toward such a reparation as England can honourably offer and America honourably accept. When once this difficulty that now separates them shall be removed, the nations that speak the English tongue will constitute an empire, divided by seas and separate in institutions, indeed, but as powerful, and vastly more beneficial to the world than that of Rome. Their unity in laws, language, literature, and religion will be paralleled by their harmony in feeling, their accord in progress, their generous rivalry in liberty, and in all the works that bring peace on earth and goodwill to men.

ADAM BADEAU, *Brigadier-General.*

WASHINGTON,  
January 26, 1870.

# MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

APRIL, 1870.

SIR GEORGE CORNEWALL LEWIS.

BY J. H. FYFE.

HEREAFTER, perhaps, it may be a cause of wonder that a man so remarkable as Sir George Cornwall Lewis, both for the range and depth of his attainments and the variety of work in which he distinguished himself, should have made so faint an impression on the public mind of his own day. It is not as if he had been a mere scholar, buried in the recesses of his library. For nearly a quarter of a century he discharged important duties in the public service. During the last eight years of his life he was a member of the Cabinet, and filled three of the most prominent offices of state. At the time of his death he seemed to be marked out as the successor of Lord Palmerston in the leadership of the House of Commons. At the same time his literary labours would alone have made a great reputation for any man. He was one of the most profound scholars of his day. He was not only an eminent statesman, but might, as Dean Milman said, "have done honour as Professor of Greek to the most learned university in Europe." In hours snatched from public business he performed "feats of scholarship which might try the erudition and research of the most recluse student." His "Babrius" is the perfection of classical editing. He wrote notable books on Roman history, ancient astronomy, international law, methods of political reasoning and forms of government. His essays

on the administration of Great Britain from 1783 to 1830 are an important historical contribution, modestly put forth in the form of reviews. Looking back on all this variety of work, and work of such a high order, it certainly strikes one at first sight as strange that it should have attracted so little attention from his contemporaries. They took it all very much as a matter of course, like any common incident of nature—daylight or the flowing of the tide—very wonderful when one thinks of it, but which one doesn't think about at all. The reason of this is not, however, far to seek. It is to be sought partly in Cornwall Lewis's personal character, and partly in the method of work which he appointed for himself while yet a youth at college. He worked with the coldness and precision of machinery, and to casual observers seemed rather a system or intellectual process than a man. The letters which have been published by his brother, Sir Gilbert, contain no vivid pictures of society or startling political disclosures, but they are interesting as illustrations of a very remarkable character, and as helping us to individualize a statesman who was, even in his own day, as regards the bulk of his countrymen, little more than *nominis umbra*. The broad outlines of his life are sufficiently familiar, but it may be worth while to retrace them here for the sake of filling in a few touches



of detail from this correspondence and other sources, as light and shade to the picture.

George Cornwall, the eldest son of Thomas Frankland Lewis, of Harpton Court, in Radnorshire, and Harriet, daughter of Sir George Cornwall, Bart., of Moccas Court, Herefordshire, was born in London, on April 21st, 1806. His first school was at a Frenchman's in Chelsea; when twelve years of age he was sent to Eton. The recollection of him there is, that he was a quiet, studious boy; shy, but apt at lessons, who wrote very correct and graceful Latin verses, and was often sent up "for good" and play. His love of reading amounted to a passion. Even at a country house, in the holidays, when all the other young people of his own age were out riding, or engaged in sport, George Lewis was pretty sure to be found in the library buried among books, or, if out of doors, always with a volume in his hand or pocket. His favourite books were the "Arabian Nights," "Amadis of Gaul," and "Palmeron of England." In after years he still retained his affection for the first of these, declaring that it was "the only book in the whole circle of Oriental literature which seemed to him worth reading." Except in his bookishness, Lewis was very much like other boys of his age. He had a strong frame, and very good health, except a liability to headache. Though more at home at his desk than in the playing fields, he took a genuine interest in the sports and social incidents of the school. His letters to his mother show that he did not disdain either the slang or the prepossessions of his companions. In one of these letters he describes the drowning of a schoolfellow in a very simple yet graphic manner, with boyish candour deploring the consequent interruption of the school amusements:—

"It is a horrid thing, and has completely stopped the boats for this half, which Keate could not have done with all his slang. I do not believe that a single Eton fellow has been out on the water since. I am very glad the holidays are so near, for this has been the most stupid time I ever passed;

the only thing that it is possible to do is to play at fives, but that is entirely prevented by the rain—there are hardly even two hours together but what some falls. My cousin, Fitzharris, had a most dreadful battle the other day with Buedleugh: I do not believe that either of them were the worse for it, as the only claret that was spilled was by one of them slipping and falling on his nose, which made it bleed. Our subject last week for verses was *Avare*, which of all subjects is the worst. Yonge does not think proper to ascend from tolerable to good, but makes a grand bathos, and goes from middling to horribly bad. It is a miserable, narrow, cramped, and confined subject; it admits of no poetical idea, and the verses are consequently as nigardly as the subject."

After a run through Switzerland and the north of Italy, he began his residence at Christ Church. Although he had rubbed off much of his constitutional shyness, his studious habits still kept him very much apart from society. He retained his passion for books. He was, as Sydney Smith said of him, "Omnivorous of books;" one signal proof of which is, that he had read completely through Grenwell's "Fasti of Universal Chronology." But reading was only one of the exercises by which he schooled and disciplined his mind. He could not endure to be idle for a moment: "he thought that to be doing nothing amounted to a crime." He had already conceived that abhorrence of "duty gaieties" which he afterwards expressed in his saying that "life would be tolerable but for its amusements." His rule for himself and frequent advice to his brother Gilbert was, "*Read* when "you have plenty of time at command; "*write* in the shorter spaces, when "your time is broken up: this is the "way to employ yourself to the best "advantage: you will forget what "you read in fragments of time, what "you write then will not be lost." As a further security, he was in the habit of learning by heart passages which interested him, and reciting them to himself or a companion at any spare moment. Once, in Italy, when travelling with his father after dark, he recited a great part of the third book of the *Æneid*. Another time, when waiting with his brother in the ante-room

of a physician, he took a Virgil from his pocket, and gave it to Gilbert to hear him repeat a portion of the contents by heart.

At Oxford he gained a first class in classics and a studentship, and ill-health alone threw him into the second class in mathematics. The rupture of a blood-vessel in the lungs not only affected his studies, but had a grave influence on his future career. He was obliged for some time to lead an invalid kind of life, confining himself to vegetable diet, and spending the winter abroad in the south of France or Italy. His health also compelled him to relinquish the law, which was his choice as a profession. He had entered and been called at the Middle Temple, had read with a conveyancer and special pleader, gone the Northern circuit as marshal to Baron Vaughan, his father's friend, and settled down for regular practice on the Oxford circuit. But a very short experience of the bar warned him that his health was quite unequal to the strain of so laborious a profession. He had sufficient means for his modest wants, and his own inclinations drew him towards scholarship and letters. His accomplishments were already considerable. Before he was twenty-five years of age he was an advanced classical scholar. He could speak and read French, German, and Italian. He had studied Provençal, and had also made considerable progress in Spanish and Anglo-Saxon. A few years later he thought of attacking Sanscrit, but business prevented him. He was a frequent contributor to the *Classical Museum*, *Museum Criticum*, and *Black and Young's Foreign Quarterly Review*. In 1832 he published "Remarks on the Use and Abuse of some Political Terms," in every way a characteristic production. He had written it at college as a private exercise to assist him in his study of politics, and give precision to his thoughts; and it is a very good illustration of the thoroughness of the method of investigation which he had prescribed for himself, and which he continued to apply to all matters of

controversy. The influence of Bentham is very obvious in these "Remarks." Lewis had all Bentham's suspicion of current phrases, knowing well the equivocal circumstances under which they are often sent forth, and, even when sound and true, the tendency of fiction and fallacy to crystallize around them in the course of time. His first step in the examination of an argument was a searching analysis of the language in which it was propounded. Nothing was taken on trust. Every word was challenged and put upon its trial; the more familiar the word the more jealous the scrutiny. Philology thus became an essential branch of political science. Lewis's researches and philosophy had always an historical basis; and to get at the history of ideas he tracked them through all the forms of language.

In the autumn of 1832, George Lewis was again abroad. His letters about this time disclose a spirit of painstaking inquiry in regard to everything brought under his notice, but his own bias is evidently towards philology and letters. From his father he derived a deep interest in the Poor-laws, then becoming a question of a very serious and exciting character. The Poor-law system was still administered under the Act of Elizabeth, which, however well adapted for the period when it was passed, naturally fell far short of what was required to meet the exigencies of a large and rapidly-increasing population, and the altered relations of the land-owners to the classes below them. A Royal Commission was appointed to inquire into the subject; and among other subsidiary investigations, was one in regard to the condition of the Irish poor resident in England and Scotland, which was entrusted to George Lewis. From one of his letters to his father about this time it would appear that very serious apprehensions were entertained of the danger to Great Britain from Irish immigrants, who would breed rapidly and swamp the native English and Scotch population. It seems to have been suspected that the priests had planned a great scheme of this kind, and were

systematically carrying it out, for the purpose of making Great Britain at once Celtic and Catholic. Even Mr. T. F. Lewis himself was not quite easy in his own mind on this point, but his son demolishes the fancy. Writing from Manchester, he shows that on this side of the water most of the priests are English, not Irish; that in the contests between masters and workmen they have sided with the former against the latter, and consequently against the majority of their flocks; and that the separation between Irish and English is not because the Irish hold aloof, but because the English shun them as a despised race, like the Jews a separate and rejected caste; "*despectissima pars servientium*," as Tacitus says of the Jews in Rome. A second appointment followed close upon the first. In 1834, George Lewis was included in the Commission on the Irish Church. While in Ireland on this mission, he continued his inquiries as to the poor, industriously collecting information on the subject, and personally visiting the Terry Alt country where the people had just before dug up meadow-land at night in order to get the ground for potatoes. In the same way, taking a holiday at Berlin, in the autumn, he busied himself in ascertaining the bearings of the Prussian ecclesiastical system upon Church difficulties in Ireland. The result of his investigations into the general condition of the sister island was published in a couple of pamphlets in 1836, and it is a significant commentary on British legislation that his lucid and impartial observations should still be so little out of date. It is also a proof of his foresight that these pamphlets would have been considered tolerably advanced if delivered as speeches in our recent debates.

Unhappily his lungs were still in a very weak state, and various symptoms warned him of the necessity of seeking a more genial climate for a time. Partly on this account, but partly also for the sake of the companionship offered, he accepted at the close of 1836 a joint commission with Mr. John Austin,

the eminent writer on jurisprudence, to inquire into the local government of Malta. The two main evils of the island, as he soon found, were for the native upper classes practical seclusion from office, and brutal treatment by the English in society, and for the lower classes over-population, encouraged, as in Ireland, by the priests. To counteract the first, the Commissioners proposed certain reforms in the law and administration of Malta, with a view to the formation of a more healthy public opinion, and, among other things, freedom of the press. It was this last proposition which drew forth one of the Duke of Wellington's characteristic tirades in the House of Lords. "What," exclaimed his Grace, "a free press in Malta! The very idea is contemptible. We might as well talk of putting a free press on board the admiral's ship. They do not want a free press to watch the manner in which the English soldiers and sailors perform their duty." The Commissioners themselves seem to have been not without their doubts on the subject. The key to their recommendation is doubtless to be found in a pregnant sentence from one of Lewis's letters, which has an important application at the present day, when the colonial question is again under discussion:—

"It is curious to observe how invariably governors fall out among themselves when there is not a strong public opinion to keep them in awe. The history of Indo-English administration is a history of disputes between members of the same governing body. I question whether the Colonial Office are sufficiently aware of the unquestionable truth. If it was merely for their own sake, they ought to seek to raise up a sound and powerful opinion in the colonies."

In May 1838 Lewis returned home, having been absent for a year and a half. He was now thirty-three years of age, his health was in a great measure restored, and he felt himself strong enough to enter regularly into the harness of official life from which he was destined never to be released, except for a few brief intervals, until his death. The result of the inquiry into the working



of the Poor-laws in 1833-34 had been the passing of an Act very much in accordance with the report of the Commissioners, by which the local authorities were placed under the supervision of a Commission in London. Of this central body Mr. T. Frankland Lewis was the principal commissioner, and on his retirement in 1839 his son George succeeded to the vacancy in the Board, entering as a junior commissioner, but soon after becoming chairman. This position George Lewis held for the next eight years. A more difficult and thankless office can hardly be imagined. The experiment of the new Poor-laws was still comparatively new. The local authorities, especially where they were also landowners, had not yet become reconciled to the restraint of the Central Board, and the consequent diminution of their own powers, which they had been used to regard as a kind of right divine. The roots of the old system had struck very deep into the social constitution, and the disorders to which they had given rise were only to be cured by a gradual and tedious process. Throughout the country the Poor-law Commissioners had to struggle against a dead-weight both of active and passive resistance.

The local authorities protested that the Commissioners interfered too much, the philanthropists that they did too little; but both agreed in denouncing the unhappy Board. The chorus of complaint was presently swelled by a third body—the ratepayers. At first the new Poor-law had produced considerable savings, but after a time the balance turned the other way, in a great degree owing to the increase of population and rise of prices and other causes for which the Poor-law Board could not be held responsible. But people were not in a mood to reason calmly. Trade was depressed; the rising political excitement abroad was not without a mild counterpart at home; Ireland was already under the shadow of the approaching famine. Pauperism is one of those morbid spots in the social system to which any *malaise* is sure to be directed, and the public

in such a case is apt to assume that the local inflammation is the seat, instead of being merely a symptom, of the general disorder. Thus it happened that in 1846 and 1847, the Poor-law system was supposed to be the source of a variety of evils of which it was, in fact, only an indication. There was, as old Jarmdyce would have said, an east wind blowing through the land. The country was in an irritable, discontented mood, and the Poor-law Commissioners suffered more than anybody else from the popular ill-humour. In one of his letters to Head, Lewis tells a little story which he had picked up at Wildbad, and in which we may perhaps trace some reference to himself:—

“I hope you will appreciate the following story. When Voltaire was in Germany he was one day talking against the Jews of the Old Testament, and was particularly severe in his condemnation of Habakkuk, against whom he brought various specific charges. On a subsequent day, a person who had been present at the former conversation returned to the subject of Habakkuk, and offered to prove, by reference to passages in Scripture, that Voltaire had wholly mistaken his history and character. Voltaire listened to this proposal with considerable impatience; at last he cut it short by saying, ‘C’est égal; Habakkuk était capable de tout.’”

This was certainly very much the line taken by the opponents of the Poor-law Board after every refutation and exposure of their criticisms.

Yet, while attacked on every side, and in no very gentle fashion, the Commissioners' own lips were sealed. They had no representative in Parliament. They had, indeed, a mouthpiece in the Home Secretary, who had little time to spare for the defence of the Poor-law Board, and who, moreover, did not speak with the interest which a man feels in vindicating a cause with which he is himself personally associated. Nor was even this the worst; the Commission was divided against itself. The Commissioners pulled one way, the Secretary another. Such were the conditions under which Lewis had to discharge official duties which at the best

would have been sufficiently onerous and troublesome.

His temper and fortitude of character were never more strikingly displayed than during those trying years at the Poor-law Board. Under the most bitter personal attacks in Parliament and in the press he was never seen to wince. Those who were with him daily wondered that he could be so cold and hard under such assaults. His serenity was derived not from any want of feeling, but from moral courage of the highest kind. It was not till afterwards that even his friends knew all he had suffered. His letters exhibit the most philosophical calm. He discusses Greek politics and literature in his correspondence with Grote, Anglo-Saxon with Head. Once or twice only there is a contemptuous reference to the "brawlers," on one of whom, a well-known cotton spinner, he bestows the nickname of "self-acting mule." Then he has long talks with Mill and Austin; there are his articles for the *Edinburgh*, his proofs of Boeckh, a glossary of Herefordshire words to occupy what leisure he can snatch from public duties; and under these soothing influences the troubles and vexations of office fade away. Beneath this calm demeanour there was, however, the keenest sensitiveness. That he did feel attacks, and feel them deeply, is shown by a letter he wrote to Mr. Grote when the ordeal was almost over, and the new organization of the office nearly settled:—

"It has been my great object to prevent the attacks of the last session from being used as a means of destroying the central office, and subverting the existing administration of the law. For my own part nothing but the consciousness of the impossibility of resigning would have induced me to hold my office even up to the present time. To be exposed to the insults of all the refuse of the House of Commons without the power of defending oneself, and to have one's chief opponent as the Secretary of the Board of which one is a member without the power of dismissing him, is a position which nothing but necessity can render tolerable, and which I only submit to for the present because I have no alternative."

As to his own personal share of the

work at the Poor-law Board, the manner in which he performed it left a deep impression on those who were associated with him. His knowledge on all matters coming before him has been described to us as simply marvellous. "He seemed to know every thing; whatever turned up, he could always point to some report or book in which information relating to it would be found." As regards the business of the Board, it might be said of him, as was said of Pitt at school, that he did not so much learn as seem to recollect. Any one who wishes to form an idea of the depth and breadth of his knowledge, and the firm grasp he took of everything he studied, should turn to his evidence in 1850 before the Lords' Committee on Parochial Assessments. It is a complete manual of local government and taxation. This was three years after he had left the Poor-law Board, and since then he had been deeply engaged in other business; but all the details of Poor-law administration were as fresh as ever in his mind, and he took the Committee quite by storm by the amplitude and minute exactness of his information.

In 1847 the Poor-law Board was remodelled on its present footing, with direct representation in Parliament. Mr. George Lewis resigned the chief commissionership, and in the general election which took place that summer he was returned for Herefordshire, his desire being to have an opportunity of personally defending his Poor-law administration in the House of Commons, if attacked. He had not been elected many weeks before Lord John Russell offered him the Secretaryship of the Board of Control. From this comparatively easy berth he was, six months after, removed to the more troublesome and arduous post of Under-Secretary at the Home Office. In 1850 he became Secretary to the Treasury. During the five years he filled these posts he worked behind Sir George Grey and Sir Charles Wood, and confined himself modestly to office work. His appearances as a speaker were not of an

important character, nor very frequent. Thus it happened that when at the general election of 1852, following the change of government, he lost his seat in Herefordshire, and failing also at Peterborough, was thus for two years out of Parliament, he returned there on his father's death in 1855 a comparatively unknown man. He succeeded both to his father's baronetcy—created in 1846—and to his seat for the Radnor boroughs. During the interval of his exclusion from Parliament he had returned gladly to literature, succeeding Empson as editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, and resisting even the offer of an Indian governorship rather than resign his editorial functions, which as he discharged them were laborious enough, being, as he used to say, the work of an office without the clerks. It was only an imperative call of duty that induced him to re-enter not only Parliament but office. He now re-appeared in public life as Chancellor of the Exchequer, in succession to Mr. Gladstone, who declined to rejoin the Liberal administration reconstructed by Lord Palmerston. Sir G. Lewis's acceptance of this position was another proof of his high courage and personal disinterestedness. In assuming it he had almost every conceivable difficulty to contend with. No one was better aware of this than himself. In a letter to Sir E. Head he says:—

“I had just returned from the country, and had had no time to look into my private affairs since my father's death. I had not even proved his will. I had the *Edinburgh Review* for April on my hands; and the last part of my vols. on Roman History. I had been out of Parliament for two years, and I did not know the present House of Commons. I was to follow Gladstone, whose ability had dazzled the world; and to produce a war budget, with large additional taxation, in a few weeks. All these circumstances together inspired me with the strongest disinclination to accept the offer. I felt, however, that in the peculiar position of the Government, the office having been already refused by Cardwell and F. Baring, refusal was scarcely honourable, and would be attributed to cowardice; and I therefore most reluctantly made up my mind to accept. I remembered the Pope put into hell by Dante, ‘Che fece per viltade il gran rifiuto!’ My re-election passed off without difficulty. Since my return to London, I

have been engrossed with the business of my office, and have hardly had a moment to spare. There is an awkward question about the newspaper stamps which I must plunge into. There are also all the preparations to be made for the impending budget, and measures to be taken for providing sufficient sums to meet the extraordinary expenditure which the war in the Crimea is causing. Gladstone has been very friendly to me, and has given me all the assistance in his power.”

It was characteristic of Sir G. Lewis's caution and thoroughness of work that in arranging for the war-loan he was not content with any secondhand information from minutes or reports, but endeavoured to get at some one who had been personally concerned in a similar business in former days.

Lewis was certainly not the man to take the House of Commons by storm, but he gradually strengthened his position there. What at first had been deemed his defects helped to strengthen his position. He spoke with a certain slowness and appearance of hesitation, not from any want either of words or ideas, but from a conscientious determination to choose, from among all those presented to his mind, only such as were adapted to his purpose. A similar peculiarity, due to a similar cause, was apparent in Lord Palmerston's style of speaking; in his case it was derived from his old habit of dictating despatches. A Chancellor of the Exchequer who said what he had to say in the simplest and shortest way, with the sole object of making people understand what he meant, charmed the City; and the confidence thus inspired greatly facilitated the progress of the budget measures. This was in fact the secret of the hold which he afterwards gained upon the House of Commons, and which at the time of his death probably exceeded that of any other minister. He was believed off-hand, without the slightest hesitation or suspicion. What the Duke of Wellington said of Sir R. Peel, that he never stated anything which he did not believe to be the fact, might be applied to Sir G. C. Lewis in a broader and less equivocal sense. His hearers felt assured, not only that he was incapable of saying anything



he did not implicitly believe, but that his belief was guaranteed by the most thorough and clear-sighted inquiry into facts, and that his statement of it was perfectly free from any ambiguities of language. In one of his review-articles, Lewis, paraphrasing the saying of Demosthenes about the qualifications of an orator, remarks that if he were asked what was the first, second, and third qualification of an English statesman, he would answer "intelligibility," and this was undoubtedly one of his own pre-eminent characteristics. Again, his frigid manner, although at first perhaps a drawback, proved in the end an advantage. He was destitute of that peculiar fervour which electrifies an audience. He could not, in Macaulay's phrase, excite the minds of five hundred gentlemen at midnight. But on the other hand the very coldness and dispassionate character of his speeches tended to disarm opponents. In the present House of Commons there is no one who approaches so nearly to Sir G. C. Lewis's type of mind as Mr. Lowe. The methods of inquiry pursued by the two statesmen are much the same, but Mr. Lowe in demolishing a fallacy exhibits the personal zest of a man who is out hunting or shooting; whereas Lewis performed the task with the professional calmness of a surgeon to whom a "subject" is brought for dissection, who does not stab, but makes his cuts with scientific *sang-froid*.

On Lord Palmerston's return to power in 1857, after the brief interval of Lord Derby's second government, Sir G. C. Lewis was again to have been Chancellor of the Exchequer. He had indeed been offered and had accepted the office. But Mr. Gladstone desiring strongly to have it, Sir George gave way with his usual disinterestedness, and went to the Home Office instead. With the details of his new duties he was perfectly acquainted, through his apprenticeship as Under-Secretary, and, with the exception perhaps of Lord Palmerston, he was the most successful Home Secretary of our time. On Sidney Herbert's death, he removed to the War Office—an appointment, as he confessed,

in the highest degree distasteful to him. "They must have put me here," he said, "because it is almost the only department of the business of which I am absolutely ignorant." It was, however, one of the advantages of the method of reasoning which he was in the habit of applying to all questions that came before him, that it was equally adapted to every kind of subject. It would be going too far to say that the head of a department like the War Office or Admiralty is all the better for a complete ignorance of the technical features of the business, but it is a mistaken view of the functions of a parliamentary minister to assume that technical knowledge is indispensable. His functions are, in fact, akin to those of an Equity judge in a patent case, whose business it is not to decide according to his own direct personal knowledge, but to weigh the relative authority of experts. The whole *rationale* of the parliamentary system is simply this—that Parliament determines the line of policy to be pursued, and that the ministers of the day direct the operations of the subordinate executive officers in accordance with the policy so determined. As was to be expected, Sir G. C. Lewis had a clear perception of this principle. Although very far from given to the worship of parliamentary wisdom, and being indeed personally distrustful of the discretion of popular opinion as expressed by majorities, he steadfastly set his face against the phantasy of government by head clerks, advocated by Mr. W. R. Greg, and more recently by a writer in the *Quarterly Review*. In a letter to the former, he demonstrates the utter incompatibility of such a system with constitutional government:—

"Now, in the first place, it seems to me that your system would render meetings of the Cabinet useless or mischievous. Ministers would meet to dispute, and part to differ. Besides, how would it be safe to read confidential despatches before persons who were in communication with men of an opposite party, and would immediately go and disclose the information? However, I will suppose that no Cabinets were held, and that each Minister acted for himself, according to the

best of his judgment. What I do not understand is, how a war could be conducted by a warlike Foreign Minister if the Chancellor of the Exchequer was peaceful. He would say, I am against war, I think it impolitic and mischievous, and I shall prepare a peace budget. When the Estimates came in from the War Departments to the Treasury for approbation, he would withhold it, unless they were reduced to a peace scale. The same argument might be extended to every other department in succession. Nearly all new measures involve some question of expenditure — new salaries, new pecuniary arrangements of some kind. Suppose that the Colonial Secretary wished to give 20 millions for emancipating the negroes, but the Chancellor of the Exchequer opposed him: he could not stir. It is the power of the purse which has made the First Lord of the Treasury the Prime Minister and Head of the Administration."

His own experience at the Poor-law Board, no doubt, helped to sharpen his perception of the necessity for a direct connexion between Parliament and the public offices. "Parliament," as he wrote in 1847 to Mr. Grote, "is supreme, and we cannot be better governed than Parliament is willing to govern us. It is vain for a body of subordinate functionaries to attempt to enforce, on such a subject as Poor-laws, opinions which are repudiated by the majority of the sovereign Legislature."

While in the Cabinet, as formerly when at the Poor-law Board and in subordinate ministerial situations, Sir G. Lewis still turned to literature for relaxation and relief. His brother tells how after a troublesome day of canvassing, or defeat on the hustings, he would take out his proofs and papers and forget all his cares. He resorted to the same consolation for the worries of office. Besides his works on Roman history, the astronomy of the ancients, and forms of government, he found time to write pretty regularly for the *Edinburgh*, and also to compose a little squib burlesquing the vagaries of some German interpreters of ancient inscriptions. His book on astronomy, by the way, originated in his desire to know enough of the science to qualify him to appoint a professor at a Scottish University. This intermingling of lite-

ature and politics, different as the nature of the efforts seemed to be, was really the exercise of very much the same faculties. Although Sir G. Lewis distinguished himself in a great variety of work, yet he was not, as has been observed by one who knew him well, a really versatile man. He had trained his mind to something very near perfection in a particular intellectual process which he applied to all matters brought before him. He introduced into the political world a scientific precision and uniformity of method, and Brougham's description of Newton might almost stand for Lewis without the alteration of a word; all his investigations were "the easy and natural work of one great simple mind, versatile in the direction of its efforts, but uniform in its mode of operation; not the attempts of an ordinary intellect straining at universality by ambitious mimicry of different talents."

Perhaps there was nothing more remarkable about Sir G. Lewis than the apparent ease with which he got through labours which would have overwhelmed anyone else. He was at once a hard-working statesman and a hard-working man of letters. Yet no one ever saw him under any stress or pressure of work. Those who only looked in upon him might have mistaken him for an extremely leisurely, not to say idle man. His deliberation was often mistaken for slowness, though measured by the results his mode of working was anything but slow, since it carried him safely and surely to the end he had in view, and that no time was lost in false scents and wrong turnings. This slowness was part of his system; he distrusted hasty judgments and quick expedients. It was also, however, part of his nature. A curious contrast was presented when he and John Wilson were together at the Treasury. The latter, a sharp, quick-witted, and somewhat per-fervid Scot, was always urging plans upon his chief, and pressing for their immediate adoption. But Lewis would never allow himself to be thus taken by storm. He must have full time for study and reflection

before he would commit himself. His usual answer to all Wilson's arguments came to be a joke between them. "No," he would say, "you might do it, perhaps; you are an animal, but I am a vegetable." In one sense this was very true. Both the slowness and stillness of Lewis's work had affinity with the vegetable kingdom; it showed no signs of struggling human effort. He was at once both the most persistent and most imperturbable of men.

Sir G. C. Lewis's letters are interesting as a continuous review of passing events, but do not take us much behind the scenes of political life. On one or two points he gives us authentic statements which settle doubts. Thus it appears that Lord Palmerston's sudden resignation in 1854 was due solely to the Reform Bill, which he disliked, and he was rather surprised to be taken at his word. He went back for an odd reason: "he was so much courted by the Derbyites that he could not avoid becoming their leader in the House of Commons in the next session." To escape from this he made friends with his former colleagues. Palmerston's defeat on the Conspiracy Bill was altogether a surprise: the Ministers had no anticipation of it even when they went down to the House. Sir G. C. Lewis declares that Kinglake's attempt to throw all the responsibility of the Sebastopol expedition on the Duke of Newcastle is a complete delusion. His story about the sleepy Cabinet may be partially true, but the plan of the expedition had been discussed by the Cabinet at repeated sittings, and the despatch in question only embodied a foregone conclusion. In one of Lewis's letters we have a very discriminating notice of Sir R. Peel. He did not prize Peel's judgment very highly:—

"He did not see far before him; he was not ready in applying theory to practice; he did not foresee the coming storm. But when it did come, there was no man who dealt with it so well as he did. For conceiving, producing, explaining, and defending measures he had no equal, or anything like an equal. When a thing had to be done, he did it better than anybody. The misfortune was, that he saw the right thing too late."

Lord George Bentinck he did not esteem an able man, "but he was proud, bold, determined, and honest, and thoroughly wrong-headed on all economical questions, which gave him an influence during the Free-trade struggle." There is not much difficulty in filling up the name in the following passage:—

"The only man of genuine talent among the Protectionists is —, and his talent consists mainly in good comedy. He is a sort of Brummagem Sheridan."

Lewis's literary judgments as contained in his correspondence are somewhat disappointing in their scragginess, but some of them are highly characteristic of the writer. He is very severe, for example, on Hallam's "Literature," —the secondhand information of it disgusted him:—

"So far from understanding any *subject* well, he does not seem to understand any book well. His text is a mere digest of compilations and biographical dictionaries. I believe that he knows a little German, for a governess who lived in his family went afterwards to Lady —, who told me that Hallam had learnt of her."

He is equally hard on Macaulay's "puerile and almost girlish affectation of tinsel ornament." Of Carlyle's lectures he says:—

"He is interesting and instructive to hear; though he belongs to a class whose business it is to deny all accurate knowledge, and all processes for arriving at accurate knowledge, and to induce mankind to accept blindly certain mysterious dicta of their own."

Of Dickens he apparently knew no more than "Pickwick," the broad farce of which bewildered him. It is here we come upon Lewis's principal defect. He had undoubted humour, but lacked that sympathetic imagination which is indispensable to the proper understanding of men, and consequently to the highest order of statesmanship. With all his gifts he never quite knew what simple human nature was. An occasional ride in an omnibus has been prescribed as wholesome training for a minister; he should certainly be able to comprehend and make allowance for the Wellers and Winkles of everyday life.



## A BRAVE LADY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

## THE EPILOGUE.

—WHICH perhaps none will listen to. They may say, "The curtain has fallen; the play is played out. No more!"

But the play was not played out. Who dare say, "My work is done," till the breath fails wherewith to say it? Thus, if after her sad and stormy life it pleased Heaven to give a sunshiny sunset to my dear Lady de Bougainville, why should I not tell it? even though the telling involves more than people may care to hear of this insignificant life of mine—which only became of value after I fell in love with her. But there was once a little mouse who gnawed the net-meshes of an imprisoned lion; and though the creature never pretended to be anything but a mouse, I think it must have been a very happy-minded mouse ever afterwards.

Where shall I take up my story? From the day when she turned the key of the little hair-trunk, thereby silently locking up—as, child almost as I was, I felt that I myself would have locked up—the treasure-house of the past?—I asked her no questions, and she gave me no explanations; but from that hour there arose an unspoken tenderness and a sympathy stronger even than that which not seldom draws together the old and the young, in spite of—nay, rather on account of—the great difference between them. Contrast without contrariety is one of the great laws of harmonious Nature; and two people, however unlike, who have the same ideal, will probably suit one another better than many who seem more akin. It was just as when, on reading some great poet—so great, yet so simple—I used to be astonished and yet pleased that I could comprehend him. So, I grew worthier and better in my own sight to

find I could in a dim, feeble way understand Lady de Bougainville.

Are no love-vows registered except by lovers? I think there are. I could tell of a certain little maid who lay awake half the night, thinking of caliphs and viziers, and old trunks with dead children's clothes; and of what King David said about the term of mortal life being threescore years and ten, "and if by reason of strength we attain unto fourscore years." Ten years more, then. Ten years to try and fill up a blank life; to make a dull life cheerful, perhaps even happy. Ten years for a motherless child to give passionate, adoring filial duty to the mother of six dead children; receiving—well, perhaps, nothing; but it mattered not. The delight was in the duty, not its reward: in the vow and its fulfilment rather than in the way it might be accepted by its object. This, time would show. Meanwhile, in the dead of night, with the last flicker of flame lighting up the wax figure of John the Baptist, and the white owl—which had brought up her young, I heard, year after year in the ivied courtyard below—hoating mournfully under the window, the vow was made. And, thank God! I have kept it to this day.

When I came down at eight o'clock, it was to an every-day breakfast-table, where sat—no, *not* an every-day old lady, talking to an old woman, as broad as she was long, with a kind, good, ugly face, who stood behind her chair. Mistress and servant were, I believe, nearly the same age, but the former looked much the older. They were talking together with that respectful tenderness on one side, and friendly confidence on the other, which marks at once two people who in this relation have spent together nearly all their lives.

Lady de Bougainville looked up as I

entered, and turned upon me—a little suddenly, as if she had momentarily forgotten me—her beautiful smile.

I began this book by a picture of her, as near as I could draw it, as she first appeared to me. Now, when I have since tried to paint her in different shape, will the likeness be recognizable? Will any one trace in the stately lady of seventy, sitting placidly at her lonely breakfast-table, the passionate Josephine Scanlan of Wren's Nest? Still less will there be read in the sweet old face—the cheeks of which were pink and fresh as a child's, for she had been out in her garden, she told me, since seven in the morning—those years of anguish and trial, ending in the total desolation of the widowed wife and childless mother, from whom God had taken everything—everything! leaving her alive, and that was all?

Strange—inconceivably strange!—and yet most true. Sometimes—as she showed me that day in one of her favourite laurels—when a healthy tree has been blighted by frost, if it still retains a fragment of vitality it will shoot up again, not in its old shape, but in a different one, and thus live on. So did she.

“Bridget,” said Lady de Bongainville, “this is Miss Weston, who has been so very ill, and is come to us to be made well again. Bridget will look after you and take care of you, my dear. She is wonderful at nursing, and rather likes having somebody to make a fuss over.”

Bridget curtsied, with a fond look at her lady; and then, softening a little, I suppose, at my white face—for I was very weak still—hoped with true Irish politeness that I should soon get better; everybody must feel the better for coming to Brierley Hall. In which sentiment I cordially agreed with her. And perhaps she was sharp enough to see my heart in my eyes, for she gradually became mild towards me, and we grew capital friends, Bridget and I.

And Bridget's mistress?

I have a distinct recollection of every hour of that day, the first whole day that I spent with her, and which was

the type of many other days; for they were all alike. Existence went on like clockwork in that great, lonely, peaceful, beautiful house. At seven—winter and summer—the mistress was in her garden, where she had a personal acquaintance with every flower and bush and tree, and with every living thing that inhabited them.

“I think,” she said to me one day, “I am fonder of my garden than even of my house, because, you see, it is alive. And it is always busy—always growing. Even at my time of life I like to see things busy and growing.”

She was always busy, certainly. To my surprise, directly after breakfast she sat down to her “work;” and very hard work it was, too. First, the management of her household, into the details of which she entered with the minutest accuracy: liberal, but allowing no waste; trustful, but keeping a careful observation of everything. Next, the “stewardship,” as she called it, of her large fortune, which entailed much correspondence; for her public and private charities seemed endless. She was the best woman of business I ever knew. She answered her letters every day, and paid her bills every week: “For,” she said, “I wish those that come after me to have, when I die, as little trouble as possible.”

This solitary living—solitary dying—which she referred to so continually and so calmly—at first seemed to me very terrible. Yet beautiful too; for it was a life utterly out of herself. Sitting at her little writing-table, in her corner by the fire, she seemed for ever planning how, by purse or influence or kindly thoughtfulness, she could help others. “I have nothing else to do,” she said, when I noticed this; and then, as if shrinking from having said too much, or betrayed too much by the sigh which accompanied the words, she began hastily to tell me the history of a letter she was then writing to a certain Priscilla Nunn, for whom she had just bought an annuity.

“I paid it myself for several years, and then I began to think, suppose I were to die first, what would become

of Priscilla? So I have made all safe to-day; I am so glad."

She looked glad, with the pure joy that has nothing personal in it; and then, in that pretty garrulousness which was almost the only sign of age about her, began to tell me over of this Priscilla Nunn, and how she, Lady de Bougainville, had once sewed for her.

"For money, Winifred. For, as I told you last night, I was once very poor."

"But you are not sorry to be rich? Not sorry to be able to do such things as you have just now been doing. Oh, it must be grand—grand! To sit in your quiet corner here, and stretch invisible comforting hands half over the world, just like Providence itself. How I envy you! What it must be to have power, unlimited power, to make people happy!"

"God only can do that," she said, gravely.

"Yes; but He uses you to do it for Him."

I know not how the words came into my mouth, but they did come, and they seemed to please Lady de Bougainville. She laid her hand upon mine, very kindly.

"You speak 'wiser than you are ware of,' and even an old woman is not too old to learn wisdom from the lips of a child."

Then she rose, and saying, her work was done for to-day, took me with her into the library.

That library, what a world of wealth it was!—an ancient and modern literature, down to last month's reviews and magazines.

"I took to reading, twenty years ago, to keep myself from thinking," said Lady de Bougainville; "and in my long evenings I have taught myself a little of modern languages. But I never was an educated woman. No doubt," she added, with a smile, "you, a modern young lady, know a great deal more than I."

Perhaps I did, having swallowed an enormous quantity of unassimilated mental food; but I was a starved

young pedant still, and I had not lived three days with Lady de Bougainville before she taught me the wholesomest lesson a girl of my age could learn—my own enormous ignorance.

Taught it me quite unconsciously, in daylight walks and fireside talks; when, after her long lack of any companionship, even mine, such as it was, proved not unwelcome to that strong, clear brain, which had come to the rescue of the empty heart and saved it from breaking.

Yet there was a good deal of eccentricity about her too, and about her way of life, which had long fallen into such a mechanical round that she disliked the slightest change therein. To press one hour's duties into the next one, to delay or alter a meal, to rise later or go to bed earlier than usual, was to her an actual pain. But these were only the little spots in my sun. She shone still, the centre of her peaceful world; from her radiated all the light it had, and, in its harmony and regularity, I, poor little wandering star that I was! first learnt, in great things and small, the comfort, the beauty, the actual divineness of heaven's first law—Order.

Yet when I lived longer with her, and, my visit over, found some excuse, often so shallow that she actually smiled, for coming to see her nearly every day, it was impossible not to allow that Brierley was right in calling Lady de Bougainville "peculiar." She had some crotchets, absolute crotchets, which one would have smiled at but for the causes which had originated them, too sad for any smile. She never would enter a single house in Brierley—that is, a well-to-do house, though she often crossed the thresholds of the poor. Nor would she have any visitors of her own rank; she shut her doors, as I once told her, laughing, upon all "respectable" people. Even my father, except for his formal clerical visits, was not admitted there any more than the old rector had been. She seemed to shrink from all association with the outside world—that is, personal association—though she knew all that was going on



therein, and liked to hear of events and people, near and remote, in which I tried to interest her. But though she listened, it was always with a gentle indifference, as if that long frozen-up heart, which was kind to all living things, was capable only of kindness, nothing more; the warm throb of responsive human affection being stilled in it for ever.

I often thought so. And when I, in my impetuous youth, used day after day to spring up the entrance-steps, guarded by their two huge stone vases, and, with an expectation eager as any of the "fellows" (as Lady G. in "Sir Charles Grandison" calls them) that used to come a-courting to the young gentlewomen in hoops and farthingales who once inhabited Brierley Hall, went in search of my beautiful old lady, my silly heart often sank down like lead. For, though she always paused in whatever she was doing, to give me the gentle "Is that you, my dear? how kind of you to come and see me," I felt, by her very use of the word, that her heart towards me was only "kind"—that was all.

Well! how could it be otherwise? What a foolish girl was I to expect it to be otherwise! And yet it sometimes made me a little sad to think I had only the stubble-end of her life, while she reaped the whole rich harvest of mine. "Ridiculous!" most people would say; "Contemptible!" I think she would have said, who of all women most understood what that love is which loves freely, hoping for nothing again. Yet I fretted a good deal about it, until chance brought my trouble to a climax, and me to my right senses for evermore.

Somebody hinted to my father that I was going too much to Brierley Hall; that people would say I had designs upon the old lady, who had a large fortune and no heirs. So he, being a proud man, dear heart! and a sorrowful, hard life had made him prouder still, when my next invitation came, forbade my going thither.

I rebelled. For the first time in our lives my father and I had words—and bitter words, too. I was not a child

now; I was past seventeen, with a strong will of my own; and it was not only my own pleasure that I grieved to lose. Summer had gone by, that long, bright summer when I had been made so happy at Brierley Hall, and grown familiar with every nook within and without it. Now, the bare trees stretched empty arms up to the leaden winter sky, and within the house—the large, chilly, gloomy house—where the Christmas holly smiled forlornly upon the vacant rooms, sat one lonely old woman, who, rich as she was, sweet and loveable as every day I found her more and more to be, was still only a woman, lonely and old.

"I will go to her, whatever you say!" cried I, in a passion of tears, and rushed from my father, hardly knowing what I was doing, or what I meant to do—rushed through the stormy afternoon, to Brierley Hall.

Lady de Bougainville was sitting in the cedar parlour, the smallest and least dreary of all the rooms. For a wonder she was doing nothing, only looking into the fire, which had dropped into hollow blackness, as if long unstirred.

"How good of you, Winny, to come all through the rain! I am quite idle, you see, though I have plenty of work to do. Perhaps it is the fault of my eyes, and not the dark day, but I cannot manage to thread my needle."

She spoke a little sadly. I knew, if she had a dread in this world, it was of her sight failing her, of growing "dark," as Bridget called it, which to one so independent in her ways and disliking dependence more even than old people usually do, would have been darkness indeed.

"Still, if it comes," added she, sighing again (I knew what "it" meant), "I hope I shall be able to bear it."

"It will not come, and if it did, you would bear it," said I passionately, as I sat down on the footstool beside her, and took possession of her dear old hand, playing ostensibly with the emeralds and diamonds which covered it. But it was the hand I loved, soft and warm, strong and delicate, lovely to

look at, lovely to feel ; as I can see and feel it still, though—. No, I will have none of these tears. We may weep over the blasted, withered corn, the grain trodden under foot, or scattered unreaped to the winds of heaven ; but when the ripe sheaf is gathered into the garner, then who grieves ?

Let me remember her as she sat in her easy-chair and I sat at her feet, trying to amuse her all I could ; with tales of the village, of the neighbours, of various Christmas treats in the school-rooms and the almshouses, and so on. To all of which she listened with her usual smile ; and I kept up mine too as well as I could. But I was not good at deception, I suppose, for she said, suddenly—

“Winifred, there is something on your mind ; tell me what it is. I should be sorry if any trouble were to come near my merry little Mouse.” (Mouse was a name she had for me from my smallness, my bright eyes—yes, I fancy they were bright, being like my father’s—and the brown of my hair.)

The kind words—so unexpected—touched me to the quick. Bursting into tears, I poured out to her my grievous woe and wrong.

“Is that all ? What mountains of molehills we do make at seventeen ! To be in such despair from a lost visit ! My silly little girl !”

I drew back in sensitive pain. Evidently, the real cause of my grief, the dread I had of being separated from her, and the fact that the chief happiness of my life consisted in being with her, had never occurred to my dear old lady.

It was hard : even now I recognise that it was hard. And I do not hate poor Winny Weston, that the bitterness and anguish of her heart found vent in exaggerated words.

“Silly am I ! I know that, and no wonder you think so. It is no matter to you how seldom I see you, or if I am never allowed to see you again. I am nothing to you, while you are everything to me.”

A declaration as impetuous as that of

any young man in love—nay, I have taunted one young man with its being more so ! No wonder Lady de Bougainville was a little astonished by it—until perceiving how real my emotion was, she, with a curious sort of look—

“Half smiling, half sorry,  
Gazed down, like the angels in separate  
glory,”

upon poor, foolish, miserable me.

Then she spoke seriously, even sadly : “Winny, I had no idea you cared for me so much ; I thought no one ever would care for me again in this world.”

While she spoke a quiver ran across her features, and a dimness—I could hardly believe it tears, for I had never seen her shed one—gathered in her eyes.

“You are very good,” she said again, —“very good to an old woman like me ; and I am grateful.”

Grateful ! Lady de Bougainville grateful to me ! And telling me so with that sweet dignity which made me more than ever ashamed of myself ; for had I not heard her say more than once, that the love which worries its object with jealous exactions, is not love, but the merest selfishness.

I hung my head. I begged her pardon. “But,” I said, “this is hard for me—harder than you think. What chance have I of learning to be good, and sensible, and womanly, excepting through you ? I thought you would have ‘grown’ me, as you do your young servants and your cabbages.”

I had made her smile, which was what I wanted ; also, perhaps, to wipe out with a sillier jest the remembrance of my romantic folly.

“And then, as you told me once, no sooner do they get hearts in them, than some young man of Brierley finds it out and carries them off. It would be just the same with you, Winny !”

“Never !” I cried, indignantly ; “I wish for nothing better than to spend my whole life beside you.”

“Ah, that is what children often say to their parents, yet they marry for all that.”

"I never would, if I were a child of yours."

"A child of mine!" The words seemed to pierce her like sharp steel. "You forget I have no children—that is, all my children are in heaven. No one on earth can ever replace them to me."

I had gone too far; I recognised it now. Recognised, too, with a passionate sympathy that almost took away the personal pain, what tenacity of faithfulness was in this strong heart of hers, which admitted no substitutes! Other interests might cluster round it outside, but its inner, empty niches would remain empty for ever.

"No," I said gently—not even attempting to repossess myself of her dear hand, which had slid from mine somehow—"neither I nor any one could ever dream of replacing to you your children. But you will let me be your little servant? I love you so."

She was touched, I saw. Even through the frost of age, and of those many desolate years, she felt the warmth of this warm young love of mine. Stooping down, she kissed me affectionately; and giving me one of her hands, sat, with the other shading her face, for ever so long. We made no mutual protestations—indeed I think we hardly exchanged another word on the subject—but from that hour our relations seemed to rest on quite a different footing, and we understood tacitly that they were to last for life.

I could have sat for ever at her feet, catching glimpses of her face in the fire-light, and wondering how it felt to have had everything and lost everything, and to come to sit at seventy years of age by a vacant hearth, with all one's treasures in heaven; and, as the Bible says, "where one's treasure is, there will one's heart be also." Wondering, too, whether it was that which caused the peace that I saw gradually growing in her face, as at last removing her hand, she left it for me to gaze at. It was quite bright now.

"I have made up my little plans, Winny," said she cheerfully, "and you

shall hear from me to-morrow—that is, your father shall. Now go home to him, for it is growing dark, and he will be anxious. Happy you to have a father who is anxious over you! We must not vex him. Parents first, always."

"Yes," I answered, but it might have been a little dolefully, and more lingeringly even than usual I might have taken my departure; for just at the door Lady de Bougainville called me back.

"Child"—and the hand she laid on my shoulder was firm as that of youth, and her eyes blazed as they might have done thirty or forty years ago. "Child, be wise! Before you sleep, make friends with your father, and be thankful that he is such a father—a prudent, tender, honourable man. All men are not so. Sometimes it is the will of God to tie together, by relationship or marriage, people who are so unlike that, if not thus tied, they would fly from one another to the world's end. And sometimes"—her voice sank lower—"it is right so to fly. They have to choose between good and evil, between God and man. Pity them, but let no one dare to judge them—no one can—except the Judge of all!"

She stopped, trembling violently. Why, I knew not then; I do now. But very soon she recovered herself—the sooner, I think, because she saw that I understood nothing below the mere words she was saying. All I did was to stand shame-faced before her—she, who was so wise, so good; so infinitely wiser and better than I could ever hope to be. I said so.

"No," she answered, sadly; "neither good nor wise. Only one cannot live seventy years, and learn nothing. Therefore, Winifred, listen to me. Never say to any one what you said to me to-day—that you wished you could leave your father. Some have to do it, as I said: children from parents, wives from husbands, must turn and depart. And if it has to be done"—and she drew herself erect, and her eyes flashed, almost fiercely, till I could understand what a fierce woman she must have been in her youth—"if it must be done, I say, Do



it! unflinchingly, without remorse. Cut off the rotten branch, fly from the plague-stricken house. Save your soul, and fly. But, oh! not till the last extremity, not till all hope is gone—if it ever is quite gone: we cannot tell. Child, those whom God has given you, have patience with them; *He* has. Hold fast by them, if it be possible, to the end.”

And as she looked at me, I saw all her fierceness ebb away, and a tenderness, deeper than even its usual peaceful look, grow on her dear face.

“Now go, my dear. I have said enough, perhaps too much, but I want you to be friends again with your father. I think,” she added—(was it with a natural fear at having betrayed anything, which I understood not then, but do now?)—“I think I am sensitive on the subject of fathers—mine was very dear to me. He died—let me see—full fifty years ago; yet I remember him, and all about that time, more clearly than I remember many nearer things. We were very happy together, my father and I.”

She spoke calmly and cheerfully, as it seems people do learn to speak of their dead, after fifty years; and, kissing me, sat down again once more in her quiet arm-chair by her solitary fire.

Next day, my father showed me a letter which he had just received from Lady de Bougainville, asking his permission for me to be her reader and amanuensis for two hours every forenoon. She needed such help, she said, because of her failing eyesight, and preferred mine, because she was used to me, and “loved” me.

“Not that I wish to monopolize your daughter.” (I smiled to see how boldly her noble candour cut the knot that would have perplexed a feebler hand.) “Still less do I intend, as I hear is reported in Brierley, to leave her my fortune. It has been left, for many years, to a charity. But I wish to make her independent, to put in her hand what every woman ought to have—a weapon wherewith, if necessary, to fight the world.”

She therefore proposed, instead of salary, to give me first-rate masters of every kind, and that I should take my lessons of afternoons, at Brierley Hall. This would make all easy, she said, during my father’s frequent absence from home all day long. “And you may trust me to take care of your child,” she added. “I was a mother once.”

This last touch went to my father’s heart—a tender heart, for all its pride.

“Poor lady—poor lady!” said he. And after reading the letter over once again, with the comment, “She is a wise old woman, this grand friend of yours,” consented to it without reserve.

Thus my life was made plain to me—plain and clear—busy and bright; nay, brighter than I ever expected. For my father himself, on his own account, began to admire Lady de Bougainville.

Hitherto they had held aloof, for they differed widely theologically. She listened to his sermons—never commenting, never criticising—and that was all. But, as she slowly found out, whether or not he preached it, he lived “the Gospel.” “Winnie,” said she to me one day, when she had watched him into one of those miserable cottages which were the disgrace of our parish, where, like most increasing parishes, the new-built palatial residences of our rich neighbours drove our poor neighbours to herd together like pigs in a sty—“Winnie, some of these days I should like to see a little more of your father. Once I believed in the Church in spite of the minister; now I believe in the Church—and the minister.”

And when I told him this, again he said, “Poor lady!” For my father, like the late Reverend Sir Edward de Bougainville—of which he had chanced to hear a good deal, since he came here, from an Irish dean he knew—was a Low Church clergyman.

Low Church, High Church, Broad Church—what insane distinctions! Oh that I could obliterate them all! Oh that I could make every one who serves at the altar like this dear father of mine—whom I do not paint here, for he is

mine, and he lives still, thank God! He and I do not agree entirely; like many another child, I fancy Heaven has granted to me clearer light and purer air than to my father; but I love him! I love him! and I believe God loves us both.

And we both of us lived and grew together in love more and more, under the shadow of that beautiful and benign old age of Lady de Bougainville. I cannot picture it—who could?—but it was most like one of those November days which always remind me of her; when the whole world seems spiritualized into a sunshiny tranquillity, so that we notice neither sodden leaves nor withered flowers, nor silent gardens empty of birds, but delight ourselves in the celestial beauty of the departing year, as if it were to remain with us for ever.

On just such a day, the 18th of November (for though I did not note the date, others did), something happened which was the first break in the heavenly monotony of our lives, and which therefore, I suppose, I ought to set down, though to me then, and long afterwards, it seemed a matter of little moment.

We had been sitting, Lady de Bougainville and I, in the summer-house by the lake, where we still spent every fine afternoon. She had two "crotchets," she called them, being quite aware of every weakness she had, and now and then half apologetizing for some of them: she liked to live like a bird in the open air, and every day to see the last of the sun. He was setting now, gorgeously, as he often does in November, in front of us, and making a second sunset glow in the yellowing elm-leaves which still hung on the boughs of the wood behind. For the park round Brierley Hall was full of magnificent trees—the relics of the old chace—and its mistress barricaded herself with them against those horrible villas which were rising up, like red and yellow fungi, on every side. It was her weak point, that and the new railway, now crawling like a snake every day nearer and nearer, till as we sat here we

could hear the navvies hammering in the cutting below.

It vexed her—even in her calm old age, it vexed her. She saw no beauty in these modern improvements, which were making our pretty village like a London suburb; and she hated, with an almost amusing wrath—which I rather delighted in, since it brought her down to the level of common mortals—every new-built house that lifted up its ugly head, chimney-laden, to stare into her green domain.

"There is another, I declare!" she cried, catching a sight which I had noticed days before, but kept to myself. Now the thinned trees discovered it all too plain. "Look, Winifred, your eyes are better than mine. Is there not building a great, yellow-brick house, with a turret to it, which will overlook us where we sit? Horrible! I never infringe on my neighbours' rights, but I must preserve my own. This must be seen to immediately."

I encouraged her wrath, I fear, for it did my heart good to see it—to find her so much "of the earth earthy:" since, these three days, she had been kept indoors with one of the slight illnesses which sometimes came—even to her healthy old age, and which she called, with the quaint phraseology she often used, "her messages from home."

So I followed her, smiling to myself, as with a firm, indignant step she walked home, fast as any young woman, and sent a message to the owner, builder, foreman, or whoever was in charge of the obnoxious house, that Lady de Bougainville wished to speak to him immediately.

I smiled then. I smile now, with a strange, half-sad content, to think how little we know what is before us, and upon what merest trifles hang all the momentous things of our lives.

Immediately, as she had requested—indeed so soon that we had hardly time to recover our equilibrium, since even such a small thing as this was an event in our quiet days—appeared a gentleman—yes; Bridget, who saw him waiting in the hall, was certain he was

a gentleman—who sent up his card, saying he was the architect of the house opposite.

“Mr. Edward Donelly! An Irish name,” said Lady de Bougainville, shrinking back with vainly-suppressed repugnance. “I think I would rather not see him. I have not seen a stranger for so many years. Winifred, will you speak to him?”

I might have reasoned, but had long ceased to reason against those dear, pathetic “peculiarities” of hers—may others have patience with mine when I am seventy years old! So, unhesitatingly—thinking only to save her from any annoyance, and furious against house, owner, architect, any one who should presume to annoy her—her, before whom I would have laid myself down as a mat for her feet to walk over—I marched into the cedar parlour.

There stood a—yes, he was a gentleman, though not an elderly one, as I had expected. He seemed about five or six and twenty, tall—six feet and more—which gave him a most unpleasant advantage over me, poor furious pigmy that I was! A worse advantage was his look of exceeding good humour, his apparent unconsciousness of having offended me or anybody else in the world. Such a bright, honest, cheerful face, such a pleasant manner! It was irritating to the last degree.

“Lady de Bougainville, I presume? No—I beg your pardon,” and he actually smiled, the wretch! “She is, I hear, an elderly lady. What does she want with me? Is there anything—something about this new house, her messenger thought—in which I can oblige her?”

“Only by pulling it down—every brick of it,” cried I, throwing down the gauntlet and rushing into battle at once. “You ought to do this, for it overlooks her property and annoys her excessively. And nobody ought to annoy her, at her age, and so good as she is. Nobody ever should, if I could help it.”

“Are you her daughter, or niece?” said Mr. Donelly, looking at me in a

curious way; no doubt my anger amused him excessively, but he was too polite to show it. And then—without waiting for the answer to his question, which perhaps he felt he had no right to put—he went on to explain to me, very quietly and courteously, that his employer, having bought the ground, had a perfect right to build upon it any house he chose, provided it was not obnoxious to his neighbours.

“Which is indeed the last thing he would desire; for, though only a plebeian, as you call him—in fact a retired tradesman—he is a very worthy fellow. I feel with him, for I also am a self-made man; my father was a mechanic.” Mr. Donelly said this with a composure that quite startled me. “But I can feel, too, for Lady de Bougainville, who, I suppose, belongs to the aristocratic class, and is well on in years besides. It must be very trying to her prejudices—I beg your pardon, her opinions—to have to put up with many things of our modern time, which are nevertheless quite inevitable, as they form part of the necessary progress of the world.”

“Thank you,” said I, “but I did not wish a sermon.”—Certainly not from a mechanic’s son, I was just on the point of adding, with that bitter little tongue of mine; but when I looked at the young man, something in his frank honesty, combined with a way he had of putting unpleasant truths in the least unpleasant manner, and of never saying a rough word where a smooth one would do, disarmed me. Ay, even though he was an Irishman, had an Irish accent, and an Irish way with him, not exactly “blarney,” but that faculty which both French and Irish have of turning towards you the sunshiny side of the plum—oiling the wheels of life so as to make them run easily and without grating. And when the plum is thoroughly ripe, and the machinery sound and good, what harm? As Lady de Bougainville once said to me, “You English are very, very good; would it cost you much to be a little more what we French call *agréable*?”



He was decidedly agreeable, both in the French and English sense, this Mr. Donnelly; and before we parted he made me a promise—very earnestly, too—that he would use his best endeavours with his principal to avoid all annoyance to Lady de Bougainville.

When I told her this, she shook her head. “Was he an Irishman, my dear?”

“I think so.”

“Then trust him not,” and she grew a shade paler, and set her lips together in their hardest line. “I say nothing against Irishwomen—look at my Bridget, for instance,—but I believe it to be almost impossible for an Irishman either to speak the truth or keep a promise.”

Is that quite just? thought I, and should have said so—for I never was afraid of speaking my mind to her now; she liked me all the better for it—but by this time I had heard a good deal, and guessed more, of her history, and knew from what a bitter soil this rank growth had sprung, so I held my tongue. Was it for me to begin to lesson Lady de Bougainville?

Only, with my strong resistance to injustice, even though it were hers, I took some precaution against the fulfilment of her prophecy, and also against her being troubled in any way by the intrusive house. I got my father to go and speak to the owner himself, who was of course his parishioner, about it. And this resulted in more than I intended, for in the great dearth of educated and companionable men in Brierley, my father and the architect, who was lodging in the village, struck up an acquaintance; and one day Mr. Donnelly was actually invited to tea, entirely without my knowledge—indeed I was much annoyed at it at the time, and complained bitterly to Lady de Bougainville at having to entertain a mere mechanic’s son.

“You terrible little Tory,” said she; “but you will grow wiser in time. Is he an honest man’s son? For that is the real question always: and yet not always; good fruit sometimes springs from a worthless tree. Still it is a great

mystery, my dear, a great mystery,” continued she, falling into that tone of gentle moralizing which was not unnatural at her age, when life’s doing is all done, and its placid thinking alone remains. But she seemed to dislike both thinking and speaking of this Mr. Donnelly; I well knew why, and so I ceased to refer to him any more.

Of which, by and by, I was only too glad. Let me, without either sentiment or egotism, get over as fast as I can the next event in my quiet life—a life which, looked back on now, seems so perfect, that a whole year was but as one long sunshiny day.

Mr. Donnelly came to our house very often, and—just as I used to come to Brierley Hall—on every excuse he could. My father liked him. So, in degree, did I. That is, I thought him very honest, kind, and intelligent, and was grateful to him for taking such pains to gratify and amuse my father. That was all. As to his thinking of me, in any way but the merest civility, I never suspected it for a moment. Otherwise, I should have kept out of his way, and thereby saved myself many a conscience-smite—the innocent pangs that any girl must feel when she has unwittingly made a man miserable. One day, meeting me in the soft August twilight, as I was walking home from the Hall, having stayed later than my wont—for she was not well, my dear old lady; I was very sad about her—he joined me, and told me he was summoned away that night, probably to go abroad, on some work he had long been seeking, and would I “remember” him until he came back? I was so little aware of his meaning that I only laughed and said, “Yes, that I will, and recommend you too, as the very best architect I know.” And this unhappy speech brought about what, he said, he had not otherwise meant to tell me until he had a home to offer “worthy of me,”—that he wished me to share it.

I suppose men mostly say the same things: thank God, I never had but one man’s wooing, and that was sad enough to hear; because of course, as I did

not love him, I could only tell him so ; and refuse him point-blank, which now I fear was done ungently and with some disdainful words, for I was taken by surprise. Marriage was not much in my plan of life at all ; my own home experience did not incline me in its favour : while at the Hall, Bridget inveighed perpetually against the whole race of men ; and her mistress kept on the subject a total silence. If I ever did think of being married, it was to some imaginary personage like the *preux chevaliers* of old ; though, I was forced to confess, no mediæval knight could have behaved himself more knightly, with more true courtesy, consideration, and respect, than did this builder of houses, this overseer of bricklayers and carpenters, who perhaps had been one of them himself not so many years ago. Ay, even when I said my last decisive word, looking firmly in his face, for I wished him to make no possible mistake. He was excessively pale, but he pleaded no more, and took his pain with such manly courage that I felt almost sorry for him, and in some roundabout way begged his pardon.

"You need not," he answered, holding our wicket gate open for me to pass in. "A woman's love is quite free, but so is a man's. You are not to blame for having refused me, any more than I am for having asked you. I shall never ask you again, but I shall love you to the day of my death."

So we parted : and I saw and heard no more of him. I never told anybody what had happened ; it was only my own affair, and it was better forgotten. Nor, after the first week or so, did I think much about it, except that when I was tired or sorrowful, or the troubles of life came upon me, as they did just then, thick and fast—though, as they only concerned my father and me, and not this history, I need not specify them—Mr. Donnelly's voice used to come back to me, almost like a voice in a dream, saying his farewell words, "I shall love you to the day of my death." And sometimes, looking in her calm aged face, far, far

beyond all youth's passions and turmoils and cares, I wondered whether anybody -- that Irish husband, for instance, who, Bridget hinted, had made her so miserable—had ever said the same words, with the same determination and sincerity of tone, to Lady de Bongainville.

Those years, which changed me from a girl into a woman, made in her the change natural at her time of life. She had none of Mrs. Thrale's "three warnings;" her "messages from home" came still, but softly, tenderly, as such messages should come to one whose life was so valuable to everybody about her, so inexpressibly precious, as she saw, to me. Also, my love seemed to develop in her another quality, which Bridget said had not been shown since she was a girl—wife and mother, but girl still—in Merriion Square ; that charming *gaieté de cœur*, essentially French, which made her conversation and her company like that of a woman of thirty rather than seventy. And when I was with her I often forgot entirely how old she was, and reckoned on her future and my own as if they had been one and the same.

For we were now permanently settled, my father being no longer curate, but rector of Brierley. One of Lady de Bongainville's old acquaintances, belonging to the Turberville family, an Honourable somebody, who wrote her sometimes the most cordial and even affectionate letters, happened to be in the Ministry, and the living was a Crown living ; so we always suspected her of having some hand in its disposal. But she never owned this, nor any other kind act that it was possible to do in secret.

This change made mine, as well as my father's, the busiest life possible. Nay, in our large and growing parish, with my youth and his delicate health, we might both have broken down under our work, save for our neighbour at the Hall. Oh, the blessing of riches, guided by a heart as warm as youth, and a judgment wide and clear with the wisdom and experience of age !

"And are you not happy in all this?"

I once said to her. "Is it not well to have lived on to such a blessed, and blessing old age?"

She answered, "Yes."

She was a little less active now than she used to be; had to give up one by one, sometimes with a slight touch of restlessness and regret, some of her own peculiar pleasures, such as the walk before breakfast, and the habit of doing everything for herself, not asking, nay, often disliking, either help or the appearance of help, from those about her. But she let me help her now a little. And sometimes, when I fetched her her bonnet or fastened her shawl, she would say to me smiling, "My dear, I think I am something like the Apostle Peter: when I was young, I girded myself and walked whither I would; now I am old, another girds me and leads me whither I would not. No, nobody could do that;" and, half laughing, she drew herself up erect. "I am afraid I shall have a pretty strong will to the last."

Now and then people said to me—those who saw her at church, and the poor folk who came about the Hall—that "my lady" was looking much older. But I could not, and I would not see it. Whatever change came, was so gradual, so beautiful, like the fading of that Virginian creeper which we admired every autumn upon the walls of her house, that it seemed only change, not decay. And every feebleness of hers was as dear to me as the helplessness of a child is to its young mother, who, the more she has to do for it, loves it the better.

Oh, why is it not always thus? Why cannot we all so live—I think we could if we tried—that we may be as much missed at eighty as at eighteen?

Though her bodily activity was circumscribed, Lady de Bougainville's mental energy was as keen as ever. She and my father laid their heads together over all the remediable evils in the parish, and some which had hitherto been thought irremediable: one I must name, for it brought about another event, which I had good need to remember.

One day my father came to the Hall in perfect despair upon an old grievance of his, the want of house accommodation for his poor.

"What chance have I?" said he, half in anger, half in grief. "How can I take care of my people's souls when nobody looks after their bodies? What use is it to preach to them in the pulpit and leave tracts at their doors, and expect them to be clean and tidy, honest and virtuous, when they are packed together like herrings in a barrel, in dwellings ill-drained, ill-ventilated, with the damp running in streams down the walls, and the rain dropping through the holes in the roof? For the old houses go unrepaired, and the new-built ones, few as they are, are almost worse than the old. I declare to you I would not put an old horse or even a dog of mine into some I have seen to-day."

"Will nobody build?" asked quietly Lady de Bougainville.

"I have put that question to every landowner in the place, and they all say, 'No; it would increase the poor-rates. Besides, cottage property is sunk capital; it never pays.' Yet they go on living in their 'elegant mansions' and their 'commodious villa residences.' Oh you rich! you rich! how you do grind the faces of the poor!"

"Hush, father," I whispered, for in his excitement he had quite forgotten himself. But Lady de Bougainville only smiled.

"You are right, Mr. Weston: that is, right in the main, though there may be something to be said on the opposite side—there usually is. But I thank you for speaking so plainly; tell me a little more."

"There is nothing to be told. It is a hopeless matter. Oh that I had an acre of ground, or a thousand pounds in my pocket, that I might build, if only three cottages, where decent working men might live and work! For charity begins in small things, and, to my thinking, it generally begins at home."

Again she said, "You are right," and sat for some minutes thinking; then



called me. "Winny, how much was that money you put into the bank for me yesterday? I forget: I am afraid I often do forget things now."

I told her the sum, a good large one, which had given her much pleasure at the time, for it was a debt unexpectedly repaid. I had entreated her to spend it on building a new conservatory, for the old one was too far from the house in wintry weather, and she was so fond of her flowers. But she had pertinaciously refused. "What, build at my age, and for my own pleasure? Let us think of something else to do. Opportunity will soon come." And it did.

"Mr. Weston, I thank you for putting this into my mind—for showing me what I ought to do. I wonder I never thought of it before. But," and she sighed, "I have been thinking too much and doing too little, this many a year. Well, one lives and learns—lives and learns. If you like, you shall have that two-acre field behind my stable-yard, and Winny will pay you that money; she knows all about it;—so that you may build your cottages at once."

I knew better than my father how costly the gift was, to her who was so tenacious of her privacy, who liked to hide behind her park and trees, keeping the whole world at bay: but having once decided, the thing was over and done. She entered into the scheme with all the energy of her nature; and wished to set about it immediately, "for," she said, "at my age I have no time to lose." Lengthy was the discussion between her and my delighted father how best to carry out their plans, doing most good and avoiding most evil.

"For the greatest evil in this sort of scheme," she said, "is making it a matter of charity. Remember, Mr. Weston, my tenants must pay me their rent. I shall exact it punctually, or I shall turn them out. I am, or I have sometimes been called, a hard woman: that is, I help only those who help themselves, or those whom Providence forbids to help themselves. The intermediate class, who can help themselves and will not, the idle

spendthrift, the willing borrower, the debtor who is as bad as a thief, against these I set my face as a flint. For them expect of me no mercy; I have none."

As she spoke, the fierce flash, so seldom seen now, came again into her eyes. She was much agitated: more so than the matter in question required, and my father regarded her in some surprise. Then he seemed all at once to remember, and said gently, "No, you will not be tried. There is justice in what you say. 'He that will not work neither shall he eat,' for he would only take the bread out of the mouths of those that do work. It is God alone who is so perfect that He can send His sun to shine upon both the evil and the good."

Lady de Bougainville was silent, but a slight blush, so pretty in an old lady, grew upon her cheek, and she looked at my father with that tenderness with which she often regarded him, even when doctrinally she differed from him most.

They went on planning, and I reading; though my mind often wandered away, as young folks' will. I do not know if the mention of building houses carried it away in any particular direction, but I was considerably startled when I heard from my father's lips a certain name which had been unuttered among us for more than two years.

"Winny, have you any idea what has become of that young man—Donnell, wasn't his name? no, Donnelly—who built Mr. Jones's house?"

"No," I said, feeling hot all over, and thankful it was twilight.

"Because, Lady de Bougainville, he would be the very man to design your cottages. He was full of the subject. Sprung from the people, he knew all about them. And he was so clever, so honest, so conscientious. Winny, do try to think how we could get at him."

"He went abroad," I said.

"But he may be back by this time, and Jones might know his address. In any case I should like to hear of him again—such a fine young fellow. And a rising, not a risen man, which you know you would like best, Lady de Bougainville."

Here was a predicament! To explain the whole truth, and hinder a young man's obtaining employment because he had once dared to make love to me; the thing was ridiculous! And yet to have him coming here, to meet him again, as I must, for I was Lady de Bougainville's right hand in everything; what should I do? While I sat considering, whether for half a minute or half an hour, I knew not, being so painfully confused, the decision was taken out of my hands. Lady de Bougainville, in her quick mode of settling things—she never "let grass grow under her feet"—rang the bell.

"Take my card across to Mr. Jones, and say I should be much obliged if he would write on it the address of his architect, Mr. Donnelly."

Well! it was she who did it, she and Fate; I had no hand in the matter, and whether I was glad or sorry for it I did not quite know.

Nor did I, when two days after Lady de Bougainville told me she had had a letter from him.

"A capital, sensible, practical letter; you can read it, my dear. And he loses no time too, which I like. He says he will be down here in an hour from now. I suppose I must see him myself—and yet——"

She was visibly nervous—had been so all the morning, Bridget said; and no wonder. "My lady has not had a stranger in the house for twenty—no, it's five-and-twenty years."

A stranger and an Irishman; which latter fact seemed to recur to Lady de Bougainville, and haunt her uncomfortably till the minute Mr. Donnelly was announced. Then, repeating to herself, "This is unjust—unjust," she rose from her chair, and taking my arm ("You will come too," she had said; "I dislike strangers,") she crossed with feebler steps than usual the hall, and ascended the beautiful staircase to the tapestry-chamber. There, looking greyer and more shadowy than ever in the dimness of the rainy morning, the painted knights and ladies reined in their faded steeds, and the spectral

Columbus pointed out for ever, to an equally ghostly Queen Isabella, his discovery of the New World.

Standing beneath it—investigating it apparently with the keenness of a young man to whom the whole world was new, with everything in it to win—stood Edward Donnelly.

He was a good deal altered—older, graver, browner; but it was the same face—pleasant, honest, kind. I did not like to look at it much, but merely bowed—as he did likewise, without offering to shake hands with me—and then I crept away into the farthest window-seat I could find.

Thence I watched him and Lady de Bougainville as they stood talking together, for they fell into conversation almost immediately. At first it was about the tapestry, which he excessively admired, and which she took him round to examine, piece by piece, before she entered into business talk at all. Then they sat down opposite to one another, and launched into the great cottage question at once.

She liked him, I could see, even though the Irish accent seemed now and then to make her wince, and bring a grave, sad, absent look to her dear face; until some word of his, wise and generous, honest and manly—and the subject in hand called out a good many of the like—made her turn back to him, inquisitively, but not unkindly, and listen once more. He had a good deal to say, and he said it well: earnestly too, as if his whole heart were in it. His energy and enthusiasm seemed not to displease her, but rather to arouse in her a certain sympathy, reminding her of something which had once been in herself, but was no longer.

They talked, I think, for nearly two hours; by that time the matter was quite settled; and he departed.

"Yes, I like him," she said, when he was gone; and he lingered not a minute after their business talk was ended. "Your father was right; I will trust Mr. Donnelly, though he is an Irishman."

So he came, all that spring, whenever

sent for, and oftener when necessary, to Brierley Hall. Never to Brierley Rectory. My father's cordially given invitations were as cordially but invariably declined. When he and I chanced to meet, his manner was distant, courteous, yet so self-possessed that I began to doubt whether he had not forgotten all about that painful little episode, and whether it was necessary for me to keep so carefully out of his way. He seemed to be absorbingly full of his work—perhaps also he was married. Should I have been glad to hear he was married? I dare not tell. Nay, had she, who was my visible conscience, and before whom I often now felt a sad hypocrite—had Lady de Bougainville herself asked me the question, I could not have told.

But she asked me no questions at all; apparently never thought about me, being so engrossed in her cottages. They grew day by day under our eyes, as fast as a child or any other living thing, and she took as much pleasure in them. For they were, as she sometimes said, not dull dead bricks and mortar, but tangible blessings, and would be so to many after she was gone. To make them such, she entered, in concert with Mr. Donnelly, into the driest details—saw that windows would open and doors shut—that walls were solid and roofs substantial—that the poor man should have, according to his needs, as many comforts as the rich.

“I don't expect to gain much by my investment,” she said to her architect one day, “but I hope not to lose. For I mean, as you say, to do nothing for mere charity. The honest, steady, deserving, who pay me their rent regularly, shall be made as happy as I can make them; the drunken, idle, and reckless may go. Mercy to them is injustice to the rest.”

“I know that,” he answered. “And yet,” turning to her as she stood, and looking right in her face with his honest eyes, “if things came to the worst, in you, of all others, I think would be found that charity which ‘suffereth long, and is kind.’”

They often talked on this wise, on other than mere business topics; and I stood listening; quite apart, perhaps even a little jealous, yet not altogether miserable. One likes to feel that a man who has once cared for one, is not, at any rate, a man to be ashamed of.

It was on this day, if I remember right—when they had talked until he had missed his train—that Lady de Bougainville first invited Mr. Donnelly to lunch. What made her do it I cannot guess, for it was twenty years and more since any guest, save myself, had taken a meal at her table. He accepted, though with hesitation; and we found ourselves sitting all three in the cedar parlour, and doing our best to talk unconstrainedly. She, most; though I saw by her face—the expression of which I knew so well—that every word was painful to her, and that she would have rescinded the invitation if she could.

Nevertheless, when lunch was announced, she, with a smile of half apology to me, took the arm of her guest, and proceeded to the dining-room.

I like to remember these little things, and how I followed those two as they walked slowly across the hall between the green seagliola pillars. A goodly pair they were—for she was, proportionately, almost as tall as he, and as upright. They might have been mother and son, or grandmother and grandson; had her elder children lived, she would probably have had a grandson just his age. I wondered, did she think of this? Or, when she took the head of her long table—with him and me on either side, for the seat at the foot was never filled—did she recall the days when the empty board was full, the great silent room noisy with laughter? But whatever she felt, she showed nothing. I can see her this minute, sitting grave and sweet in her place—which it had pleased Heaven she should occupy so long—leaning over from one to the other of us two, so lately strangers, and talking—as she



might have leaned and talked to us out of the other world, to which it often seemed as if she already half belonged.

Mr. Donelly had the most of her talk, of course; and it ranged over all subjects—except “shop”—which for the nonce she delicately ignored. Close as they were to her heart, she never once referred to her cottages. Her conversation with him was simply that of a lady with a gentleman, who, however differing from her in opinion—and he held amazingly fast to his own—was a gentleman, and should be treated as such. And he treated her—well, I doubt if any of the old De Bougainvilles could have shown more chivalric deference, more tender respect, than Mr. Donelly always paid to my dear old lady.

But they fought a good deal, these two candid people; and at last, in their lively battles, they got upon a topic which half frightened me. It was about Mr. Jones, the retired tradesman, from whom, of all the inhabitants of the obnoxious villa-residences, Lady de Bougainville seemed most to shrink.

“Nor do I wonder at it,” said Mr. Donelly. “He is a rough, coarse, illiterate man, who tries to hide his deficiencies under great show of wealth. But he is an honest-meaning man for all that, and carefully gives to his children the advantages he misses in himself. The girls are well-educated; the boys will all be sent to college. A generation hence the Joneses may be a notable family: they will certainly be an accomplished and refined one.”

“Do you think so?”

“I think it because I feel it. You will see.”

“I shall not see,” said Lady de Bougainville, gently; “but I am glad to believe it. In my old age I believe many things which I doubted when I was young. And I will believe this,” with one of her slight bends of old-fashioned compliment, “just because Mr. Donelly says it.”

The pretty civility was lost upon him. Alas! he was too much in earnest.

“Do not mistake me, Lady de Bougainville. Do not suppose I undervalue birth or breeding. To be well-born, and gently nurtured, must be”—here he sighed—“one of the greatest blessings that can happen to a man. But it is only a chance blessing; and he to whose lot it does not fall must learn to do without it. I think he can. Perhaps—or, at least, I used to dream so when a boy—perhaps the next best thing to being the descendant of an ancient and honourable family is to be the founder of one.”

“A better thing, it seems to me,” said Lady de Bougainville.

We had risen from table, and were standing in the doorway. He, as he spoke, had drawn himself up to every inch of his excellent height, throwing his shoulders back—a trick he had—and looking out half sadly, yet quite fearlessly, as if right into the unknown future, with those clear good eyes of his. She paused a minute, met them, and then for the first time (they had hitherto only bowed, French fashion) she extended to him her hand. It was taken—reverently, gratefully, almost tenderly; and they again passed on before me arm-in-arm down the long hall.

As they went I overheard—I hardly know how, for it was evidently not meant for me to hear, only I was so painfully alive to all their words—the following conversation.

She said to him—apologizing slightly for the curiosity which an old lady may show, not ungracefully, in a young man’s affairs—“You speak of founding a family: are you married?”

“No.”

“But, perhaps, you expect to be?”

“I do not.” He hesitated a little, then added, “Since the matter concerns no one but myself, I will be candid with you. I once asked a lady, and she refused me. I shall never ask again. My profession must be to me in the stead of a wife.”

“That is a pity. The lady has had a loss; you would have made a good husband.”

"Thank you."

They said no more, and she respected his confidence; for in discussing him afterwards with me, freely as was her habit, this was the only part of Mr. Donnelly's conversation which she omitted to speak of. But she spoke very kindly of him; and next time he came her manner was sweet and gracious as it had never been before: "Because," she said, "young as he is, I respect him. He has taught me another of my lessons. Child, as I once told you, I think we have never done learning."

Was I learning, too? I know not. I seemed to live week after week in a curious sort of dream—sometimes happy, sometimes unhappy—in which I was always expecting or dreading something, and not knowing one day what might happen the next.

At last something did happen, though I was ignorant of it at the time.

Mr. Donnelly was again invited to lunch and spend the day—indeed, I had to write the note of invitation, Lady de Bougainville just signing it, as was her way with much of her correspondence now. For the first time, he failed in an appointment, but next day sent her a letter, a rather long letter, which, instead of showing to me, she put in her pocket, saying she would tell me about it another time. That time never arrived, though I remained with her till evening.

All day she was *distracted* and anxious-looking, falling into her old moods of absence and silence. Nay, the slight "peculiarities"—little restlessnesses, obstinacies, and irritabilities, which she had had when first I knew her, and which had since been smothered down into the exceeding serenity of her lovely old age—revived again. That new, vivid interest of her life—her pet cottages, seemed almost forgotten, and she kept dwelling continually upon things long gone by.

It was that day she told me, for the first time, the story of her seven years' secret, and how much the keeping of it had cost her.

"Not that I regret anything, my dear, or doubt that I was right in keeping it. But even a righteous secret is a heavy burthen, and I am sorry for all who have to bear it."

She looked at me and looked away, then referred to herself again, and began speaking of her early poverty, and of other portions of her life at Ditchley, after a fashion that she had never done before, half accounting for this by saying that I was not a child now, and that she liked to talk of the past to me, if I did not mind.

"I had no youth myself, you know, I married so early. Early marriages are not always safe things; nay, as Bridget would tell you—a thorough misogamist is poor Bridget!—all marriages are a great risk. My wonder is, not that they are sometimes unhappy, but that they are ever happy at all. I should counsel no young girl to change her state unless she thoroughly knows, and deeply loves, the man she marries; and"—patting my cheek—"I should be so sorry to see any trouble come to my little Winifred, that I am glad she cares for no man, and will not marry just yet, perhaps never at all."

"Never at all!" I cried, with the utmost sincerity, believing I could love no man alive as I loved her who bent over me, her dear face grown peaceful again, and tender, with the tenderness that only strong natures know. She smiled, and went on talking in a desultory way; chiefly about herself, betraying rather than confessing how bright her girlish dreams had been, and how they had melted away like morning clouds; and she had to take up the fragments of her broken life, and carry it on through rain and storm, heat and frost, till she came, a lonely old woman, to the evening grey.

"No, not grey," I said, "but a rosy sunset, like that one"—and I pointed westward, whence, through all the six windows of the tapestry-chamber, streamed a flood of yellow light, in which the dim figures looked almost alive. "You are like Columbus, sailing towards the sunset, and seeing it before you—oh, so bright!"

“Yes, and when he had sailed far, far west—do you remember?—and he and his crew were almost exhausted, they perceived, a long way off, across the sea, the scent of the yet invisible spice-grounds. And they took courage, for they knew they were not far from land.”

She spoke half to herself, with that wistful look, not of this world at all, in her eyes. Frightened, I clung to her, and begged her “not to talk like that, for I almost saw her wings growing.” And for days after then, in the anxiety of watching her—for something had vexed her, Bridget said, and brought on one of her brief attacks of illness—I forgot all about Mr. Donelly and the letter.

Nor for some weeks did anything revive the subject. He came but little to the Hall, and never when I was there; though, as I discovered accidentally, he and Lady de Bougainville met frequently at the now nearly-finished cottages, and were the best friends in the world. “I never thought my lady would have taken so to any young man,” commented Bridget, “and he an Irishman too. Well, wonders will never cease.” But as my dear old lady never said a word to me about him, of course I held my tongue.

Gradually, a queer sort of jealousy came over me. Jealousy of whom, or why? I could not clearly tell—only it made me thoroughly miserable. Something, or some one, seemed to have come between me and her, whom I had been used to engross entirely, and I could not bear it. I never complained, being too proud for that; but all the brightness seemed taken out of my life. I moped about; even my father noticed how ill I was looking; and then I tried an unnatural cheerfulness. For I felt not only ill but wicked, hating everybody about me, and most of all myself. And I suffered—oh, how we do suffer when we are young!

Did Lady de Bougainville notice it? or did she, in her calm old age, think nothing of it, concluding my troubles would soon pass away? Hers were all over now. At times I fancied so, and almost envied her, and those whose

life is completed, whose story is told; for whom no more sorrow is possible any more.

“No,” she said one day, when I had crept to her footstool, and laid her hand on my hot head, “it is quite true; nothing does grieve me now; not very much. In old age one sees farther and clearer than younger people do. It is like living on a hill-top, from whence the ups and downs of life appear in their just proportions, and every way one looks, one beholds, as it were, ‘the crooked straight, and the rough places plain.’”

A good deal more she said, to the same effect, which made me weep a little, but not so as to trouble her. And we sat a long time together, feeling nearer than we had done for some time,—when our talk was broken in upon by a sudden visitor—Mr. Donelly.

Evidently Lady de Bougainville had not expected him, for she started, almost as much as he did at the sight of her and me together; and both—nay, we all three—looked extremely uncomfortable.

He apologized hurriedly for his intrusion, saying it was inevitable. “I have got that work abroad I told you of, and ought to be off to India in four days; if you will allow me to transfer to a friend the completion of your cottages. They are nearly done now. It is a serious matter, this engagement; it would last ten years. Will you set me free to accept it?”

“Certainly,” she replied. “Come with me into the cedar parlour, and explain all.”

The explanation took very long, or it seemed so. I scarcely stirred from my seat, I remember, but stupidly watched the light fade, and the merry spring-birds drop into silence,—until Lady de Bougainville came back and told me he was gone; and I recognised that, in all human probability, I should never see him again in this world. Never! since he had only left a formal message of farewell to my father and to me. Lady de Bougainville delivered it, and then sat down, silent and sorry.



"Yes, I am sorry he is gone," she owned. "I like him. Latterly, I have taken great pains to make friends with him, so as to know him well, and I like him. He has the true, warm Irish heart, and a conscience besides; the winning Irish pleasantness, and sincerity underneath it. I tested him, and he has not disappointed me. Nay, he has taught me a lesson which, old as I am, I had need to learn."

What it was I did not ask; it was, indeed, impossible to speak, for I began crying. She drew my head against her shoulder. "Poor little girl!"—then breathed rather than whispered in my ear, "You need tell me nothing. He told me all."

"Did he? How dared he?" I cried, in hot indignation. For I was not myself, and knew not how I felt or what I was doing. "He has told you, and you think——"

"I think my little girl did exactly what was right, and so does he. How could he expect my Winifred to drop into a man's mouth all in a minute, like a ripe peach from a wall? He was a very foolish fellow, and I told him so."

I was silent.

"But I also think," she continued, gently, "that he is a very good fellow, generous and faithful, honest and true. I have found out all about him, from his birth upwards, and found out nothing ill. If you really knew him, possibly you might love him: I don't say you would, but you might. For he is a man you could trust—which is the beginning and end of all-real love."

She sighed, and tried to look into my face, but I hid it carefully.

"What is your objection against him? His being a working man's son?"

"No, that would not matter," said I, with an earnestness that surprised myself. But I had grown wiser since I had left my teens behind.

"You are right, Winny: his birth could not matter, and ought not, of itself; for he is thoroughly well-educated and refined; though, I own, having not quite got over my class prejudices, it might

matter if he had a tribe of unpleasant relations belonging to him. But he has none. He is quite alone in the world—too much alone for such a warm heart. And he has set it irretrievably upon a certain little girl I know. I will not urge you, Winifred: love must come freely or it is worthless; and if you do not love him, let him go. He will bear it somehow; busy men seldom break their hearts. Only, if he does not marry you, I think he will never marry anybody."

She ceased. The gentle, slow speech, the soft, cold touch of the little hand, what a contrast to the whirl that was going on in my poor heart and head, making me feel as if the room were turning round and round!

"Do I wound or vex you, my dear, by speaking of this? Forgive me: it was only because you have no mother to speak to; a mother, when she can be trusted, is the best friend always. I remember, my own daughter"—she stopped suddenly: a sort of convulsion passed over her face, as if, even now, the remembrance was too bitter to bear. "I had rather not tell you of that. My daughter is long since with God."

Yet no mother could be more tender, more sympathising than she was with me, another woman's child, with not the slightest claim upon her—of blood, at least; as, putting aside entirely her own past, she tried to help me to unravel my passionate, troubled present. For even then, I hardly knew my own heart—was cruelly uncertain as to what I had best do, or what I wished to do, except to do right. One thing only I was clear about—my intense anxiety never to be parted from her.

"But you must be parted some time," said she, softly; "and before I go, it would be a comfort to me to give my little girl into safe keeping—to some one who will take care of her, without tyrannizing over her; who is a gentle and good man, without being a weak man. Child! if you knew what it is to have the mere sham of a husband—the mockery of a protector, against whom one has to protect oneself, and more

than oneself; above all, the misery of bearing and bringing up children, in whom one's utmost terror is to see any likeness to their father! Yet,"—here she broke off in an altogether changed tone;—"Yet, my dear, many women have borne this. I have seen several instances of it in my long life, and I should like to be quite certain before I die that no such lot will befall my little Winifred—as it never will, if she marries Edward Donelly."

And then she said a good deal more for him (I find myself always writing "him" and "her," as if they were the only two people in the world). All her words were true, and I knew it.

"Suppose," she whispered, at last, in the playful manner which sat so prettily upon her, "that instead of an old woman making love to you by proxy in this fashion, the young man were to come back and do it himself?"

"He cannot," I said, half amused and yet dolefully; "it is quite too late. He has gone away for ever."

"No—not exactly," and her smile broadened into actual mischievousness. "I told him to take a good hour's walk across country, and come here again, after I had sent you away, you obnoxious little person, whom he has been so afraid of offending, that I have seen not half enough of him—to have a quiet cup of tea and a farewell chat with an old lady whom I think he is rather fond of, and who is never likely to see him again in this world. Hark!"—

For we heard a step on the gravel below—a step which could be only a man's, and a young man's—firm and strong like himself, and yet a little uncertain too. I don't know how or why, but every footfall went into my heart.

"Shall I tell him to go away? or shall I send him in here? Choose. Just one word, my little Winny! Yes, or No?"

I did not say either, but I clung to her, sobbing. She kissed and blessed me, not very far from sobbing herself, and went away.

That evening, two young people, instead of one, took tea with Lady de

Bougainville; but I cannot be expected to remember much that passed at that memorable meal. I am afraid the conversation was very desultory, and not in the least improving. I can only recall the image of her who sat there at the head of her dining-table, for she made it a composite repast—a "hungry" tea—out of compliment to a gentleman who could not be supposed to live entirely upon love. She sat, in her pretty old lady's dress—black silk and pure white cambrie; her sweet old lady's face beaming down upon us, with the happy look that people wear who have helped to create happiness, long after their own has slipped away.

My Ned—we agreed between us that I should call him Ned, instead of Edward, which name seemed to grate upon ears that we would not have wounded for the world—my Ned was, as Lady de Bougainville well knew, the most acceptable son-in-law my father could have found: especially as, not to part me from the two dear ones who said they could not possibly do without me, we agreed, for the first year or two, to come and live at the Rectory. Not without a struggle, I think, on Ned's part, and the uncomfortable feeling of a man who comes and hangs up his hat in his wife's father's house; but still my father was such an exceptional person, that it was not really a humiliation or vexation; and Edward Donelly was too honest a man to care for the mere appearance of things. He says, if he ever adopts a crest or a motto, it shall be this: "Never mind the outside."

Of course he did not go to India. Putting aside all other considerations, there happened to be a little girl at hand who would rather have been a poor man's wife all her days, than allowed him to risk health, life, and everything that makes life dear and valuable, in the struggle after fortune that he would have had out there. He declined the appointment, and has never regretted doing so.

Our courtship-days were not long; and we spent a good many of them at Brierley Hall, often close beside its dear

mistress. She said she did not mind our love-making: indeed, rather enjoyed it, as all the time she had two people making love to herself! For indeed, Ned did it, in his chivalric way, quite as much as I.

He used to come to Brierley every Saturday and stay till Monday, the only time he could spare from his active busy life. Oh those heavenly Sundays! a peaceful church-going morning, a long afternoon strolling about under the cool green shadow of the trees, or sitting in the summer-house by the lake; whence we used to catch peeps of the house he had built, which he declared was the best bit of architecture he ever planned in his life! Above all, those still twilights in the tapestry-room; for we never left her alone of evenings, but sat with her, and listened to her talk—charming as ever, fresh and youthful and bright. She was more clever and amusing by far than I, and Ned once actually acknowledged this.

Soon—sooner than I liked—but she insisted upon it, saying she wished to see it with her own eyes, came our quiet, simple wedding, at which the only festivities were a dinner to my poor people and a tea-party to my school-children in the grounds of the Hall. My father married us; and, seeing that it is not defined in the Prayer-book whether a man or a woman should give the bride away, Lady de Bougainville undertook that office herself. I see her now, in her long sweeping dress of grey silk—worn for the first and only time—her black velvet cloak, and close white crape bonnet, under which the faded face looked beautiful still. And I feel the touch of the soft aged hand that put mine into the young and strong one, which will hold it safe through life. Afterwards, as my husband and I walked down the church together, I noticed—and wondered if she did, too—the sun shining on the white tablet over the Brierley Hall pew, where, after that long list of names, came the brief line, “They all rest here.”

All—all! Every one of her own flesh and blood, upon whom she had built

her hope and joy. Yet she had lived on, and God had given her rest, too; rest and peace, even in this world. Ay, and blessedness, poor childless mother, in blessing other people’s children.

It was her earnest wish that she might live to hold on her knees a child of mine, but we were a year and a half without one; and that year and a half drew thinner and thinner the slender thread of life which Time was now winding up so fast. She was past eighty—how much we could not tell, nor could she, for she said she had long lost count of her birthdays; and that we should have to guess at her age when it required to be noted down—she did not say where, having quite given up the habit she once had of constantly referring to her own decease. And life, even yet, was not only tolerable, but even pleasant to her: her few bodily infirmities she bore so sweetly, and her mind was so exceedingly youthful still. Only at times, when recurring with a memory wonderfully vivid to events and persons of her youth, now become historical, she would suddenly recognise how long she had lived, and how she stood, a solitary landmark of gone-by years, in the midst of this busy, bustling world.

“I scarcely belong to this age,” she would say. “It is almost time we were away, I and Bridget, before we give anybody trouble.”

And poor Bridget, who had far more of the weaknesses of age—mental and bodily—than her mistress, was often tended and soothed by her in a half-pathetic, half-humorous way, and laughed at, not unkindly, as a “dear, grumbling old woman,” which made Bridget laugh too, and, recovering all her Irish good-humour, strive to bear more patiently the inevitable burthen of old age, saying, as she watched the beloved figure moving about—graceful even yet, though active no longer—“Sure enough, my lady isn’t young herself, and has a deal to put up with without being bothered by me. But she always did take care of everybody, except herself.”

And when the time came that I was rather helpless too, Lady de Bougain-



ville turned the tables, and insisted upon taking care of me. She arranged my whole paraphernalia of little clothes, cutting out most of them with her own clever hands, which had once fabricated so many. And her latest skill and latest eyesight were expended upon a wonderfully-embroidered christening-robe for little "Josephine," as we were determined to call her from the very first, resolutely ignoring the possibility of her being "Joseph." We used to sit and talk of her for hours, until she grew to us an actual existence.

"I never was a godmother in my life," Lady de Bougainville said one day, when we sat together with our basket of work between us. "I mean to be quite proud of my god-daughter and name-child. But I shall not leave her a fortune, you know that—neither her nor her mother; I shall only leave you enough always to keep the wolf from the door," and she smiled. "The rest your husband must earn; he can, and he will. It does a man good, too—makes twice a man of him—to feel he is working for wife and child, and that upon him rests the future of both. Mr. Donelly said so to me only yesterday."

"Did he?" cried I, with my heart in my eyes—the heart so hard to win; but Ned had it wholly now. "I don't very much care for his making a great fortune, but I know he will earn a great name, some of these days. And he is so good, so good! Oh, it's a grand thing to be every day more and more proud of one's husband!"

I had forgotten to whom I was speaking—forgotten the painted face over the fireplace behind me—the poor, weak, handsome face, with its self-satisfied smirk, which, wherever she sat, *she* never looked at, though sometimes it haunted me dreadfully still.

"Yes," she answered, in a grave, calm tone, neither glancing at it—though it was just opposite to her—nor away from it. "Yes; it is a good thing to be proud—as you are justly proud—of your husband."

I was silent: but I recognised—I, a wife, and nearly a mother—as I had

never done before, how terrible must have been the burthen—the heaviest that can be laid upon any woman—which this woman had had to take up and bear all her life. Ay, and had borne, unshrinkingly, to the end.

It was this day, I remember—for I seem now to remember vividly every day of these last weeks—that a strange thing happened, which I am glad now did happen, and in time for me to know of it, because it proved that, though she was, as she said, "a hard woman"—and all the honest tenants of her cottages and the faithful servants in her house blessed her hardness, for they declared it saved them from being victims to the drunken, the idle, and the dissolute—still, Lady de Bougainville was not pitiless, even to those she most abhorred.

The afternoon post brought her a letter, the sight of which made her start and turn it over and over again incredulously. I, in passing it on to her, had just noticed that it was a hand unknown to me; a large, remarkable hand, though careless and enfeebled-looking, like an old man's writing. As she opened it, an expression came across her face that, in all the years I had known her now, I had never seen before. Anger, defiance, contempt, repugnance, all were there. With hands violently trembling, she put on her spectacles and went to the window to read it alone. Then she came back and touched Bridget on the shoulder.

"He is alive yet: I thought he was dead long ago—did not you? But he is alive yet. All my own dead, and he only alive! He has written to me."

"Who, my lady?"

"Mr. Summerhayes."

Bridget's half-stupid old age seemed suddenly roused into fury. She snatched the letter from the table, dashed it down and trampled upon it.

"Never heed him, my lady. Don't vex yourself, he isn't worth it. How dare he trouble you? What does he want?"

"What he always wanted—money," and a slight sneer moved her lips. "I

have refused it to him, you know, more than once: but now he is dying, he writes, dying in a workhouse. And he is old, just my age. Who would have thought that we two, he and I, should have lived so long? Well, he begs me, for the love of God and for the sake of old times, *not* to let him die in a workhouse. Must I, Bridget?"

But Bridget, frightened at her mistress's looks, made no answer.

"I should have done it, a few years ago; I know I should; but now——"

She hesitated; and then, turning to me, said more quietly, "I cannot judge the thing myself. Winifred, you are a good woman; you may. This man has been the curse of my life. He helped to ruin my husband—he blasted the happiness of my daughter. He was a liar, a profligate, a swindler—everything I most hated, and hate still! Why he has been left to cumber the earth these eighty years—a blessing to no human being, and a torment to whosoever had to do with him—God knows! I have thought sometimes, were I Providence, he should have died long ago, or better, never been born."

She spoke passionately—ay, in spite of her years and her feebleness—and her faded eyes glowed with all the indignation of youth; only hers was no personal anger, or desire of vengeance, but that righteous wrath against evil and the doers of it, which we believe to be one of the attributes of Divinity itself.

"What do you say, Winifred? Tell me—for I dare not judge the matter myself—shall I leave him where he is, to die the death of the wicked, or have pity upon him? Justice or mercy, which shall it be?"

I could not tell: I was utterly bewildered. One only thing came into my mind to say, and I said it: "Was anybody fond of him? Was *she* fond of him?"

Oh, the look of her—dead Adrienne's mother! I shall never forget it. Agony—bitterness—tender remembrance—the struggle to be just, but not unmerciful;—in all these I could trace the faint  
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reflection of what that terrible grief, buried so long, must once have been.

At length she said calmly, "You are right: I see it now. Yes, I will own the truth; she was fond of him. And that decides the question."

It was decided in a very few minutes more, for she evidently could not brook much discussion of the matter. We arranged that my husband should take upon himself the whole trouble of discovering how far Mr. Summerhayes' letter was true—"He may not be telling the truth even yet," Lady de Bougainville said bitterly—and then put him into some decent lodging where he might be taken care of till he died.

"Think, Winifred," she said, reading his letter over again before she gave it to me to give to my husband, "think what it must be to have reached the bridge and shrink in terror from crossing it; to have come to the end of life, and be afraid of dying. That is his case. Poor soul! I ought, perhaps, even to be sorry for him; and I am."

She said no more, and I believe this was the last time—except in one or two brief business communications with Mr. Donnelly—that she ever mentioned the name of Owen Summerhayes. He lived a pensioner on her charity for some weeks; then he died and was buried. That is all.

The rest of the afternoon, I remember, we spent very peacefully. Her agitation seemed to have entirely passed away, leaving her more gentle, even more cheerful than usual. She talked no more about the past, but wholly of the future—my future, and that of the little one that was coming to me. Many wise and good words she said—as from a mother to a mother—about the bringing up, for God's glory and its parents' blessing, of that best gift of Heaven, and best teacher under heaven, a little, white-souled, innocent child.

Then she insisted on walking with me to the park-gates, her first walk for many days. It had been an inclement winter, and for weeks she had been unable to cross the threshold, even to go to church. But to-day was so mild

and bright that she thought she would venture.

"Only don't tell Bridget; for I can walk back quite well alone, with the help of my capital stick," without which she never walked a step now. At first she had disliked using it very much, but now she called it "her good friend."

On it she leaned, gently declining my arm, saying I was the invalid and she must rather take care of me; and so we walked together, slowly and contentedly, down the elm avenue. It was quite bare of leaves, but beautiful still: the fine tracery of the branches outlined sharp against the sky—that special loveliness of winter trees which summer never shows. She noticed it: noticed, too, with her quick eye for all these things, the first beginning of spring—a little February daisy peeping up through the grass. And then she stood and listened to a vociferous robin-redbreast, opening his mouth and singing loud, as winter robins always seem to do, from the elm-bough overhead.

"I like a robin," she said. "He is such a brave bird."

When we reached the park-gates she turned a little paler, and leant heavier on her stick. I was afraid she was very tired, and said so.

"My dear, I am always tired now." Then, patting my hand with a bright smile—nay, more than bright, actually radiant—she added, "Never mind, I shall be all right soon."

I watched her, after we had parted—just as we always parted—with a tender kiss, and a warning to "take great care of myself." watched her, I knew not why, except that I so loved to do it, until she was out of sight, and then went satisfied home; ignorant—oh, how ignorant!—that it was my last sight of her, consciously, in this world.

That night my trouble came upon me unawares. We had a sore struggle for our lives, my baby and I. I remember nothing about her birth—poor little lamb!—nor for weeks after it. My head went wrong; and I had rather not think any more than I can help, even now, of that dreadful time.

During my delirium, among all the horrible figures that filled my room, I recall one—not horrible, but sweet—which came and stood at my bedside, looking at me with the saddest, tenderest eyes. I took it, they tell me, for the Virgin Mary, of whom I had just read some Catholic legend that the Mother of Christ comes herself to fetch the souls of all women who die in childbirth. I thought she had come for mine. Only she was not the young Madonna, fair and calm; she was Mary grown old, inured to many sorrows, heart-pierced with many swords, yet living still; Mary, mother of the Lord, human and full of frailty, yet, like her Son, "made perfect through suffering," as, please God! we all may be made. And when the vision departed, they tell me, I missed it, and mourned for it, and raved for days about "my Virgin Mary;" but she never came again.

When I woke up from my illness I was not at home, but in a quiet lodging by the sea, with kind though strange faces about me, and my husband constantly at my side. He had never left me, indeed, but I did not know him; I hardly did, even in my right mind. He had grown so much older, and some of his pretty curly locks—little Josephine's are just like them—had turned quite grey.

It was he who told me, cautiously and by slow degrees, how ill I had been, and how I had still, by the mercy of God, a little Josephine—a healthy, living daughter—waiting for me at home at Brierley.

"But who has taken charge of her all this while?" I asked. And gradually, as the interests and needs of life came back upon me again, I became excessively anxious and unhappy, until a new thought struck me: "Oh, her godmother; she would send for baby and take care of her. Then she would be quite safe, I know."

My husband was silent.

"Has her godmother seen her?"

"Once."

"Only once!"—a little disappointed, till I remembered how feeble Lady de



Bougainville was. "She has not got my little lamb with her, then. But she has seen her. When will she see her again—when?"

"Some day," Edward said gently, tightening his hold of my hand. "Some day, my wife. But her godmother does not want her now. She has her own children again."

And so I learnt, as tenderly as my husband could break it to me, that Lady de Bougainville had, according to the word she used of her own dear ones, "gone away;" and that when I went home to my little Josephine I should find *her* place vacant; that on this side the grave I should see the face I loved no more.

It seemed that my vision of the Virgin Mary was reality: that, hearing of my extreme danger, Lady de Bougainville had risen from her bed, in the middle of the night—a wild, stormy winter's night—and come to me; had sat by me, tended me, and with her indomitable hope and courage kept from sinking into utter despair my poor husband and my father, until the trial was over, and mine and baby's life were safe. Then she went home, troubling no one, complaining to no one, and lay down on her bed, to rise up no more.

She was ill a few days—only a few; and every one thought she would be better very soon, until she was actually dying. It was just about midnight, and all her faithful and attached servants hastily gathered round her, but too late. She knew no one, and said not a single word to any one, but just lay, sleeping into death, as it were, as quiet as an

hour old child. Only once, a few minutes before her departure, catching suddenly at the hand which held hers, and opening her eyes wide, she fixed them steadily upon the empty space at the foot of her bed.

"Look, Bridget!" she said in a joyful voice, "Look! the children—the children!"

It might have been;—God knows!

\* \* \* \* \*

It was spring—full, bright, cheerful May—when, carrying our little daughter in his arms, my husband took me for the first time to see the new grave which had risen up beside the others in Brierley churchyard. I sat down by it; put its pretty primroses, already so numerous, into my baby's hands, and talked to her unheeding ears about her godmother.

But all the while I had no feeling whatever, and I never have had since, that it was really *herself* who lay sleeping there: she, who to the last day of her long term of years was such a brave lady; so full of energy, activity, courage, and strength—whose whole thoughts were not for herself, but for others—who was for ever busy doing good. She was doing the same somewhere else, I was certain; carrying out the same heroic life, loving with the same warm heart, rejoicing with a keener and more perfect joy.

And so I think of her still; and I *will* think of her, and I will not grieve. But I know that on earth I shall never again behold the like of my dear Lady de Bougainville.

THE END.

## CONSULTATIVE COMMITTEES IN MATTERS ECCLESIASTICAL.

IN the retrospect and the prospect of the various litigations which have been or which may be set on foot in the Church, it occurred to me that there might be an advantage in submitting to the public the following paper, which was committed to my keeping some time ago by a learned clergyman in the south-east corner of England, of singularly impartial judgment, and singularly well versed in the by-paths of theology.

I do not profess to agree in all its details. But the principle of the recommendation appears to me well worth considering.

That the final appeal should be to such a supreme tribunal as that at present instituted in the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council is indispensable to the security of freedom and independence in the Church; and that this is a fact acknowledged by all parties in the Church is evident from the failure of every attempt to substitute another in its place. When the agitation against it reached its climax in the debates of Convocation in 1865, the opposition broke to pieces from the impossibility of agreeing on an improvement. Each set or school had its own favourite scheme. But the Judicial Committee occupied the same place in the judgment of all—it was Themistocles; and Themistocles prevailed, and will always prevail.

But this acknowledgment does not in the least prevent—in fact, greatly facilitates—such an intermediate institution as that suggested in the paper of my learned friend. There is no question that, on the whole, the decrees of the Judicial Committee have tended to widen rather than to narrow the basis of the Church. But, nevertheless, they have been always procured at the

risk of much agitation and heartburning; there is always the chance of even their judgments being shaken by the popular feeling of the moment; there have been judgments delivered, and there may be yet again, of which the avowed purpose was not to include, but to exclude unpopular persons or opinions; there is the certainty of their being called upon to decide questions which in point of fact were not intended to be brought before them.

It so happens that at the present moment two questions are in the process of trial, which are so nearly similar in character that they have, in fact, been confounded by a well-informed contributor to a foreign journal. The English correspondent of the *Univers* of Jan. 29th thus writes:—“Ainsi M. Charles Voysey, suspendu par son Évêque, condamné plus tard par la *Cour des Arches* pour *cérémonies ritualistes*, a interjeté appel devant le Conseil Privé.” It is evident that the writer has inextricably blended together the cases of Mr. Voysey and Mr. Bennett. And what he has done by inadvertence, we may, for practical purposes, do by design, to illustrate the necessity of some such consultative body as is proposed below.

(1.) No one can for a moment suppose that the prelates who sanctioned or instituted the proceedings against Mr. V. and Mr. B. had the intention of procuring from the Supreme Court a definition in the one case of the theories permissible on Justification, or on Biblical Interpretation; or, in the the other case, on the Real Presence in the Eucharist. Had this been their intention, they would have selected some person who had broached theories analogous or similar to these, in a form cal-

culated to draw out the desired definition in the most lucid and unambiguous form.

But it is notorious that in neither of the causes now in question can this be done. The statement of the theories that are to be defined is in each case involved in an atmosphere, which tends to foster stormy passions, obscure the vision, and perplex the public. In short, in each case, it is not the doctrine, but the mode of propounding the doctrine, which has been the cause of the litigation; and yet in each case it will be, not the mode of propounding the doctrine, but the doctrine itself, that will be or can be judged by the Supreme Court of Appeal. The prosecutors have set on foot the prosecution in order to procure the settlement of one question, and that a question which never was before the Supreme Court at all. The Supreme Court has to decide on another question, and that a question which in the first instance never entered into the minds of the prosecutors. The same may be said of all the cases on which, in latter years, adjudication has been pronounced. The late Bishop of Exeter did not intend to procure a definition of Baptismal regeneration; all that he desired was to repress Mr. Gorham. But the Privy Council could neither repress nor refute Mr. Gorham without deciding the question of Baptismal Regeneration. Hence, in every case, there is a contrariety between the means employed and the end produced. The end may be good or evil, but it is not the end intended by those who have brought it about.

It is surely conceivable that if, in any one of these cases, the accuser and the accused could have met face to face, with friends chosen by each on each side, there is the greatest probability that the litigation would have been stopped. The Bishop of Exeter would have found out at the time what he found out after Mr. Gorham had settled in his diocese, that they could perfectly agree together to minister in the same Church. The incumbents of St. Alban's and of St. George's in the East would have come

to terms with their congregations before their open war, as they did afterwards, if once they could have met in a fair court of arbitration. The late Bishop of Salisbury might easily have discovered before his prosecution of the late Vicar of Broadchalk what he discovered afterwards, and what we trust he has discovered in a still deeper and truer sense now, that there was no impediment to his living in the same communion with one whose theological crime consisted in adhering with too partial enthusiasm to the opinions of the two distinguished friends of Bishop Hamilton's earlier years, Arnold and Bunsen. The Archbishop of York and Mr. Voysey would have found, in the "Aids to Faith" and in the "Bampton Lectures" on one side, and the "Sling and Stone" on the other, numerous points of convergence, of which so prudent a prelate and so outspoken a presbyter would gladly have taken advantage. Mr. Bennett and his opponents would have found, on reading together the recent charge of the Bishop of St. David's, that the points in dispute crumbled away between their fingers as soon as each began to handle it. There would of course, in any case, have been left a residuum of disagreement. But it would have become a serious question whether, on that residuum, it was worth while to continue the litigation; and at any rate, if it was, they could have agreed between them as to the exact points which they wished to refer for the decision of the Supreme Tribunal. If it be urged that such pacific conferences would, in the present inflamed state of the theological mind, be impracticable—I venture to doubt the fact. I cannot bring myself to think so meanly of our prelates or our clergy, as to believe that they would not fairly try to look each other's difficulties in the face,—and that is all that is needed. Or, if it be said that such a consultative body would, in fact, always press hard on the accused party, and deprive him of the advantage which he now possesses of bringing into the field greater interest,



and therefore greater support, than his own unassisted case could furnish,—I grant that this might be so. But in any scheme proposed he would always, in the last resort,<sup>1</sup> have the same appeal that he has now.

(2.) There is another use to which such a consultative body might be turned, and that is with respect to rites and ceremonies. As with regard to the Supreme Court in matters of litigation, so in respect to the Supreme Legislature in matters of legislation,—it is an inestimable guarantee of justice, freedom, and enlightenment, that all changes in the doctrine and Ritual of the Church should in the last resort be determined by the voice of the whole nation as expressed in Parliament. But here again there are innumerable smaller matters which are constantly needing to be accommodated to the exigencies of the time, which ought not to be left simply to the discretion of individual clergy or bishops, and which yet are too trivial to be brought before the Legislature. In the Elizabethan Act of Uniformity there is an express provision for some such intermediate body to take counsel on matters of this kind. In that Act the statutable regulations for ornaments of the Church and of the ministers thereof are to be retained and to be in use “*until other order shall be therein taken by the authority of the Queen’s Majesty, with the advice of her commissioners, appointed and authorized under the Great Seal of England for causes ecclesiastical, or of the Metropolitan of this realm. And also that if there should happen any contempt or irreverence to be used in the ceremonies or rites of the Church by the misusing of the orders appointed in this book, the Queen’s Majesty may, by the like advice of the said Commissioners or Metropolitan, ordain and publish such further ceremonies or rites as may be most needed for the advancement of God’s glory, the edifying of His Church, and the due reverence of Christ’s holy mysteries*”

<sup>1</sup> On this point I venture to differ from the proposal of my learned friend.

“and sacraments.”—1 Eliz. c. 2, §§ 25, 26.

The machinery contemplated by this provision of the Act may be antiquated, but its principle is excellent, and entirely accords with the recommendation of the following paper.

With these remarks, I submit to the reader the peace-offering which follows, in the hope that it may indicate some means of rescuing these delicate questions from the cumbrous machinery of law, and (to use the words of its author) from the corrosive process of litigation.

A. P. S.

#### SUGGESTIONS, ETC.

I. It seems to be unreasonable that while every other kind of association should be assisted and encouraged by the Legislature in the endeavour to settle the differences which may arise among its members by amicable methods, and tribunals of an arbitrativ and consultative character, the Church should alone be deprived of so great a benefit and forced to resort in every case to the corrosive remedy of a legal contention. It would be easy, and assuredly would be most desirable, to establish some preliminary consultative board or committee in every diocese, archdeaconry, or deanery, to which the treatment of controversies of doctrine and rite might be in the first instance referred, and whose function it should be to devise some plan of conciliation by means of friendly conferences, consultations, and advice. A mediation of this kind, conducted by a judiciously selected body of clergy and laity, might have sufficient influence to compose a doctrinal difference in its earliest stage, and before it had become aggravated and embittered by a course of protracted litigation.

II. Should this first attempt at reconciliation fail, a reference might be provided to a more authoritative body, so constituted as to command the respect and obtain the acquiescence of all the parties which now divide the Church. In this body the consultative form might still be preserved, in the same manner in

which it is so successfully carried out by the "Congregation of the Council," and the "Congregation of Rites,"<sup>1</sup>—one of the most admirable and effective institutions of the Church of Rome. Nothing has so largely contributed to preserve unity of teaching and uniformity of ritual practice as these standing Congregations, which provide for the most difficult and distant requirements of the Roman communion, in all its branches, by a system of interrogatories responded to in the simplest and briefest form. The advantage which this method presents is this: that whereas every legal judgment has the effect of limiting or enlarging doctrine, and of placing what had before been open questions in the number of things decided and defined,—thus adding in a certain sense to the terms of communion and indirectly to the articles of our creed,—a consultative declaration would rather explain and reconcile than rigidly limit or define. Sir Edward Northey (Attorney-General in the time of Queen Anne) affirmed, in regard to the condemnation of books, "That the doctrine of the Church might be altered by condemning explanations of one sort and allowing those of another." The results of a succession of judicial definitions would still more seriously affect the liberty of teaching possessed by the Church.

III. In the court thus constituted there might be so full a representation of the different elements of the Church as to obviate the necessity of a Court

<sup>1</sup> On the former devolves the sole authority for interpreting the decrees of the Council of Trent; on the latter, the decision of questions of ceremonial and rite. The "Congregation of the Council" was first appointed by Pius IV. for the "execution" of the decrees of the Council of Trent, to which Sixtus V. (who gave the standing congregations their present form) added the "interpretation." Benedict XIV. (*De Synodo Diocesana*, l. ii. c. iii.) shows that the practical results of the congregations are so effective, as to render the convocation of Diocesan Synods in Rome unnecessary. "Quidquid pro reformandis populis et cleri moribus difficilius et tardius obtineretur a Synodo facilius et celerius præstatur aut immediatè a summo Pontifice aut a Cardinalium Congregationibus."

of Appeal in doctrinal and ritual cases, and to justify the Legislature in determining its decision to be final. For while appeal is a necessary remedy of the errors and imperfect information which impair the judgments of a civil tribunal, in matters of doctrine and rite which depend upon the interpretation of Articles and Rubrics (having here a purely legal construction, and forming a mere schedule of the Act of Uniformity) to grant an appeal is to expose the most sacred truths of religion to the most fatal and inevitable dangers. Religious truth can neither endure a perpetual agitation nor a state of continued suspension. Truth thus (as it were) in solution loses its savour and efficacy. The most vital doctrines must inevitably fall, in the public estimation, into the rank of things indifferent, if they are left too long in the position of things undecided. Even the short suspense in which the decrees of the Council of Trent were held, until their confirmation from Rome, led to the just complaint of Vargas, the Spanish Envoy: "That which the Holy Spirit has dictated ought not to remain in suspense. *Quod semel est verum perpetuo est verum.*"<sup>1</sup> The desire to cut off appeals led the Nicene Council to adopt the rule of the civil law that "suits should terminate where they arose;"<sup>2</sup> a wise provision which, had it been insisted on in later times, would have secured a far greater degree of union than we now enjoy.

IV. If the Consultative Court should be so divided on the question before it as not to show a majority of two-thirds, or should consider it to be one which ought to be left to the discretion of the bishop, it might be empowered to send

<sup>1</sup> *Lettres et Mémoires de Vargas* (Amst. 1699, p. 29).

<sup>2</sup> "Et antiqua docet hoc patrum regula, in qua et imperialia pariter statuta concinunt."—(*S. Damasi ad Ep. Africæ*, Ep. viii.) "Prudentissimè viderunt quæcumque negotia in suis locis ubi orta sunt finienda, nec univocè providentibus gratiani S. Spiritus defuturam."—(*Cod. Cann. Eccl. Africæ*, ed. Justelli, page 374.) It is evident that this local termination of a cause would, in most cases, preclude the remedy of an appeal.

back the cause to him in order that he may decide it *pro hinc et nunc*, leaving it, in its general bearing on the Church, in the rank of those *things indifferent* in which "truth may be on this side or "on the other without being unlike "herself."<sup>1</sup>

V. In this consultative body there should be representatives of the Crown, the two Houses of Convocation, the Universities, and the laity, who might be nominated from year to year, and form a standing committee for the interpretation of the Articles and Rubrics.

VI. The separation which would be thus effected between cases of doctrinal

error and cases of moral delinquency would be not the least of the benefits arising from the establishment of a tribunal thus constituted. For the confusion of questions of so obviously different a character is the most fatal of the many errors which the system of the old Canon Law has imported into our own. The idea of *hæretica pravitas* has branded with moral depravity even conscientious errors of teaching and ritual practice, and forced the adoption of a forensic treatment even of those subjects which the ancient practice of the Church dealt with synodically, and by deliberative and consultative methods.

<sup>1</sup> Milton, *Areopagitica*.



## IL PLEUT.

QUAND il tombe de la pluie,  
 Je m'ennuie,  
 Je ne suis plus bon à rien,  
 Sur mon bureau je m'accoude,  
 Et je boude,  
 Et je dis :—Quel temps de chien !

Le vent hurle comme quatre,  
 Il fait battre  
 Un maudit volet bruyant,  
 Il souffle, il siffle, et la tuile  
 Trop mobile  
 Tombe à terre en tournoyant.

Les yeux fixés sur mon livre,  
 J'en veux suivre  
 Le sens—efforts superflus !—  
 Français, Latin, c'est tout comme,  
 Ça m'assomme,  
 Le Grec m'assomme encor plus.

Alors, envoyant tout paître,  
 Non peut-être  
 Sans quelque innocent juron,  
 Je plante là Démosthène  
 Dans Athènes,  
 Et dans Rome Cicéron.

La plume en main, je gribouille,  
 Je barbouille  
 Les marges de mon cahier ;  
 Des dessins très-romantiques,  
 Fantastiques,  
 Éclosent sur le papier.

Arbres des plus pittoresques,  
 Arabesques,  
 Gens très-maigres, gens très-gras,  
 Bourgeois comme on n'en voit guères,  
 Militaires,  
 Maisons comme on n'en voit pas ;

J'exécute un air de danse  
 En cadence,  
 Frappant du doigt mon bureau ;  
 J'écoute l'eau qui résonne  
 Monotone,  
 Fouettant, fouettant le carreau ;

Je regarde le ciel morne,  
 Où sans borne  
 Et de l'un à l'autre bout  
 On ne voit qu'un voile énorme,  
 Uniforme,  
 Partout gris, triste partout ;

Je rêve à trente-six choses  
 Si moroses  
 Que je m'endors à moitié ;  
 Je m'étale, je m'étire,  
 Je soupire,  
 Je bâille à faire pitié ;—

Puis je reviens à ma tâche  
 Et je tâche  
 De travailler un moment . . . .  
 Quand il tombe de la pluie  
 Je m'ennuie  
 INCOMMENSURABLEMENT !

## BEAU TEMPS.

IL fait un temps délectable.  
 A ma table  
 Impossible de m'asseoir ;  
 Doctes cahiers, gros volumes,  
 Papier, plumes,  
 Jusqu'au mauvais temps, bonsoir !

Dans un océan de joie  
 Tout se noie,  
 L'air est doux, le ciel est pur ;  
 Le soleil, que rien ne cache,  
 Se détache  
 Éblouissant dans l'azur.

Ta douce chaleur caresse  
 Ma paresse,  
 Riant soleil du printemps !  
 Dès que je te vois paraître,  
 Ma fenêtre  
 Pour toi s'ouvre à deux battants.

Le nez au vent, je m'escrime  
 A la rime . . . .  
 Oh ! qu'on est bien pour cela,  
 Le coude sur sa fenêtre !  
 Peut-on être  
 Peut-on être mieux que là ?

Je regarde à la croisée  
 Opposée  
 Briller rapide un œil noir,  
 Lorsque la mine gentille  
 D'une fille  
 Paraît, s'en va, revient voir . . . .

Un orgue de barbarie  
 En bas crie,  
 Accompagnant la chanson  
 De l'ouvrière rieuse  
 Qui, joyeuse,  
 Chante en haut comme un pinson.



Je contemple les carrosses,  
Et les rosses,  
Et les pantalons collants,  
Les crinolines gonflées,  
Boursoufflées,  
Et les robes à volants ;

Le fat qui fume un cigarre,  
Et se carre,  
Ciré, doré, canne en main ;  
Le rêveur à longue mine,  
Qui rumine,  
Cherchant un vers en chemin.

Je vois jouant sur la marche . . .  
. . . . Mais qui marche  
Dans la rue à si grands pas ?  
C'est mon pédagogue blême,  
C'est lui-même,  
Chapeau râpé, cheveux gras !

J'ai des vers latins à faire,  
Mais préfère  
Ne me point exténuier.  
J'ai, du haut de ma fenêtre,  
Très-cher maître,  
L'honneur de vous saluer !

## THE ORIGIN OF THE ENGLISH NATION.

## THREE LECTURES

BY EDWARD A. FREEMAN.

## LECTURE II.

I HAVE thus, in my former lecture, shown who we, the English people, are and whence we came. I have spoken of our old land and of our kinsfolk who still dwell in our old land. As we are not Romans or Britons, so neither are we Germans in the sense which that word commonly conveys to English ears. That is, we are not of High-Dutch blood and speech, but of Low. But we are members of the great Teutonic family; we speak a form of the great Teutonic language, a form essentially the same as that which we find in the earliest monument of Teutonic speech. We are the brethren of the men who covered the Ocean and the Baltic with the fleets of the Hanseatic League; we are the brethren of the men who won the free soil of Holland and Zealand, first from the sea and then from the Spaniard. We are the kinsfolk one degree less near of the men who spread the name of Dane and Northman from the shores of Greenland to the shores of Africa—the men whose axes guarded the New Rome alike against Eastern and Western invaders—the men who fought at Stikkelstad and who fought at Lützen—the men whose lands, fallen indeed from their ancient power, still flourish under a freedom of native growth, and who, like ourselves, can reform without destroying. Such is our origin, such is our pedigree; an origin and a pedigree which we will not exchange for any share in the fabled antiquity of the Briton, for any share in the conquests or the bondage of Imperial Rome.

But, as I said before, if we are Low-Dutchmen, we are Low-Dutchmen with

a difference. We are Low-Dutchmen severed from the old stock, planted in a new land, and that land the island which the men of the mainland so long loved to speak of as another world. In a word, we are Englishmen, but we are Englishmen dwelling in Britain. My business now is to show the real nature of that great settlement—the settlement which was of so vast a moment alike to the conquering men and to the conquered land—the settlement which, while it changed Britain into England, impressed also on Englishmen all those peculiar characters which mark us as the dwellers in an island realm.

At the time when our forefathers crossed the German Ocean, the whole of Europe was heaving to and fro in the agonies of the greatest convulsion of European history. It was the time when the old world was beginning to pass into the new, when, in every corner of Europe, new elements were being poured into the old mass. It was the time when the Teuton and the Slave were finding themselves lasting homes within the borders of the Roman Empire—the time when Teuton, Slave, and Roman alike had all to struggle for the freedom and the being of Europe against the wasting inroads of Attila and his Turanian hordes. It was, in a word, the time of the Wandering of the Nations. It was the time when our fathers and kinsmen of every branch of the Teutonic race were marching from land to land, winning lands and homes for themselves at the hands of the Roman Cæsars, lands and homes sometimes wrung from them at the point of the sword, sometimes received as the reward of services rendered by Teutonic warriors to the Imperial armies. Every-

where, in short, in Western Europe, the Teuton was settling himself on Roman soil. Of this general migration, this general settlement, the English Conquest of Britain is in a certain sense a part. But the English Conquest of Britain is distinguished by some most marked characteristics from every other Teutonic occupation of Roman soil. Without contrasting our settlement in Britain with the Teutonic settlements on the Continent, the real nature of our settlement and of our whole position and history in this island can never be understood. It is mainly from not contrasting the two that so many utterly mistaken theories as to our early history have got abroad. I must therefore attempt to draw a rough picture of the state of things in other parts of Europe in that age before I come to describe another state of things in what the events of that age made our own island.

At the end of the fourth century, then, the Roman Empire still kept, in name at least, its old position as the mistress of all the nations surrounding the Mediterranean Sea. Egypt was a Roman province at one end; Britain was a Roman province at the other. The Roman power in Britain had been confirmed and extended by the victories of Theodosius, and the dominion of Cæsar reached from the Ocean to the Euphrates, from the wall of Antoninus to the cataracts of Syêné. Within that range all subjects of the Empire were Romans, entitled to all the rights and honours, if any rights and honours were left, of the Roman name. Latin was everywhere the official language; in the lands west of the Hadriatic it was, save here and there in some out-of-the-way corners, the language of common life. But from the Hadriatic to Mount Taurus, Greek was the mother tongue—the mother tongue both of the lands originally Greek and of the lands which had been more or less thoroughly hellenized, whether by Greek colonization or by Macedonian conquest. Thus far, from the Ocean to Mount Taurus, we may truly say that the whole land had be-

come politically Roman; that it had become intellectually Roman in the western, and Greek in the eastern half. It was only in the lands of the further East, in Syria and in Egypt, that a real nationality survived, and that the dominion, political and intellectual, of Greece and Rome was little more than a varnish on the surface. But with these lands we have now nothing to do; it was not by the Teuton or the Slave, but by the Saracen of a later day, that they were finally torn away from the dominion of Cæsar. As yet the whole Mediterranean world was to all appearance Roman, and it was not only Roman, but it was fast becoming Christian. The struggle between the old and the new faith was still going on; but Christianity was already the dominant, and it was plain that it would soon be the exclusive, religion. It was the living, the growing, the advancing faith; paganism remained the creed only of a few speculative philosophers at one end of society and of a few untaught peasants at the other. But it might seem as if the old civilization of the Roman world had received the seeds of Christianity into its bosom only to plant them again in a new stock; it might seem that the mission of Christian Rome was simply to hand on the torch to a race of Christian proselytes whose civilization should be Christian from the beginning. To all outward sight the world was still Roman, ruled by princes who were still Roman Cæsars, Roman Augusti, who still assumed the titles of the old Roman Commonwealth, and bore the names of Consul and Tribune and Father of their Country. But the local Rome had long ceased to be the centre of the Roman world; and though the Empire was still in theory one, yet the wielders of Imperial power were many. Sometimes the Eastern and Western provinces were peacefully divided between real or adopted brothers; sometimes a daring adventurer, the popular commander of some distant province, seized on as large a portion of the Empire as he could grasp, and constrained the earlier



and more lawful holders of power to acknowledge him as an Imperial colleague. One Cæsar might reign at Milan, another at Constantinople, a third at Paris, a fourth at Antioch. And of all provinces of the Empire none was more fertile than Britain in adventurers of this kind; the Imperial ensigns were often seen in York and London no less than in Milan and Ravenna. And in all this Roman world there was no true nationality anywhere. The Roman Empire was, through all the ages of its being, among all its changes and all its dwelling-places, not a nation, but only a power. It had no real nationality of its own, and it had wiped out well-nigh all signs of earlier nationality in its provinces. The inhabitant of Gaul or Spain called himself a Roman, and gloried in the Roman name. But he had not the old Roman patriotism of the men who first made Gaul and Spain Roman. Neither had he the old Gaulish or Spanish patriotism of the men who strove in vain to hinder Gaul and Spain from becoming Roman. Through the whole length and breadth of the Empire there was a deep feeling of attachment to the Empire as the representative of law and civilization, the bulwark against barbarian invasion. But there was no trace of the burning patriotism which kindled the hearts of the Romans of old when Brennus and Pyrrhus and Hannibal threatened Rome herself. There was, in short, as there always will be where no true national feeling exists, much of passive but little of active loyalty. No province thought of setting up for itself, of forswearing its Roman allegiance, of asserting its earlier nationality, of founding a national commonwealth, or choosing a national King. If a province or several provinces submitted to the separate sway of a successful rebel, it was always needful that he should legalize his power by assuming the titles of Roman sovereignty. The local Emperors—Tyrants as they were called—who reigned in Gaul and Britain, are not national Kings of Gaul or Britain, but sharers in the common sovereignty of the Roman world. But if no pro-

vince thought of revolting against the Roman dominion, no province was ready to offer any steady patriotic resistance to any invaders of the Roman dominion. The vast field of the Roman Empire stood open for younger and more energetic nations to march in and take possession. And in the course of the fifth century, in all the Latin provinces of the Empire, in Gaul, in Spain, in Africa, in Italy itself, the Teutonic nations did march in and take possession. So they did nearly at the same time in Britain also. But the process by which the English occupied Britain, and the process by which the other Teutonic nations occupied the continental provinces of the Empire, were processes that were poles asunder.

In all the continental provinces of Europe, the Teutonic settlers entered the dominions of the Empire in a twofold character. They were half conquerors, but they were also half disciples. They had long been familiar with Rome and her civilization. They had long dwelt along the frontiers of the Empire; and, if they sometimes crossed those frontiers as enemies, they also often crossed them as soldiers in the Roman service or as colonists settling with the leave of the Roman authorities. The vast fabric of Roman power and Roman society had a deep influence—one might almost say a sort of fascination—over their minds. Teutonic chiefs, who were for every practical purpose independent Kings, who indeed bore the royal title among their own countrymen, were content to profess themselves subjects of the Empire, and to legalize what was really conquest of Roman territory by receiving some Roman title—Consul perhaps or Patrician—at the hands of the reigning Emperor. The change in their position was gradual; it is hard to say at what moment in each particular case the Roman general or magistrate, bearing rule in a Roman province by a commission—however unwillingly granted by the Roman Emperor—changed into the independent King, reigning over a kingdom which had become altogether severed from

the Roman dominion. For instance, it is commonly said that Odoacer and Theodoric called themselves Kings of Italy; but there is absolutely no authority for the statement. Theodoric was a King, because he was King of his own people, the East-Goths; but he was not King of Italy. His rule in Italy was practically that of an independent monarch; in form he was something between a subject and a colleague of the Roman Emperor who still reigned at Constantinople. The whole fabric of Roman government and Roman society went on. There was still a Roman Senate, a Roman People, Roman Consuls, Roman Patricians. In his state-papers, a vast mass of which are extant, Theodoric—or rather Cassiodorus in his name—carefully abstains from any language which could remind his Italian subjects that their ruler was either a King or a conqueror. And I ought perhaps to add that no vulgar error is more utterly groundless than that which looks on the Goths and other Teutonic settlers as wilful destroyers of Roman buildings or of other works of Roman skill. Far from so doing, they admired, they preserved, and, as far as the decaying art of the time allowed, they imitated them. Theodoric, above all, was the great preserver of the buildings of Rome and Italy, which had begun to fall into decay under the weak administration of the later Emperors.

In Theodoric we no doubt see the fairest aspect of the Teutonic King settled on Roman ground. We are not justified in supposing, indeed our evidence will not allow us to suppose, that the government of every Teutonic prince who settled in Gaul or Spain was equally beneficent, or was carried on with a like regard to the habits, feelings, and prejudices of his Roman subjects. But nowhere was the Teutonic rule a rule of pure destruction. Everywhere, in Europe at least, the conquerors were brought, in a greater or less degree, under the charm of Roman influences. A seizure of lands, greater or smaller, but carried on commonly according to a fixed and regular proportion, accom-

panied the first settlement; but, after this, the Roman inhabitants were not disturbed. They retained their own laws, while the Teutons, or, as they thought it no scorn to call themselves, the Barbarians, retained theirs. Two separate societies, Roman and Teutonic, sat for a while side by side in the same land; gradually the two intermingled, each of course influencing the other in many ways, but with the balance of real and abiding influence decidedly in favour of the Roman.

In the three countries of which I am mainly speaking—Italy, Spain, and Gaul—the proportion between the Roman and Teutonic elements in the formation of the modern nations of those countries naturally differs. The Teutonic element is naturally weakest in Italy and strongest in Gaul. And we must here, as ever, make the needful distinction between the two parts of Gaul, a forgetfulness of which has so often plunged men's historical ideas into utter confusion. In Northern Gaul—Gaul north of the Loire, France strictly so called—the Franks really settled, and became, not indeed the people, but the ruling class. But in Southern Gaul—in Gaul south of the Loire, in Aquitaine and Burgundy as distinguished from France—the sway of the Franks was at most a lax political dominion, a dominion which was often thrown off altogether. In these provinces, the Teutonic element, such as it is, is not Frankish, but Gothic and Burgundian. It is also far less in degree than it is in Gaul north of the Loire; in truth Aquitaine, and above all Provence, are as really Roman as Spain or Northern Italy.

But allowing for differences in proportion, the elements, Roman and Teutonic, in all these countries are the same, and the respective spheres of the influence of the two elements are the same. I speak of the two elements, Roman and Teutonic. The native elements in Gaul and Spain, the Iberian and Celtic elements which prevailed before the Roman Conquest, are indeed in their own way of great importance. The blood of the people in Gaul and

Spain is, beyond doubt, mainly Celtic and Iberian to this day. And there is no doubt that, as the blood remains, so the national character remains also. The Frenchman is still essentially a Celt; the Spaniard is still essentially an Iberian. But long before the Teutonic invasions, the native elements in any outward guise, the use above all of the native languages, had shrunk up into out-of-the-way corners, as in out-of-the-way corners they abide still. The land was throughout Romanized, and it was far more than superficially Romanized. Government, language, laws, religion, literature, all intellectual life of any kind, all became Roman. The native element survived, but it survived unconsciously: the Celt or the Iberian had come to look upon himself as a Roman and nothing else. Now these great branches of human life, which before the Teutonic invasions were wholly Roman, were after the Teutonic invasions partitioned, as it were, between the Roman and the Teutonic elements. The Teutons had on their side physical force, the power of government, the power of the sword. The political and military institutions of these countries became far more Teutonic than Roman. The chief real exception to this rule is when cities either uninterruptedly retained their Roman municipal constitutions or framed for themselves constitutions of the same kind in after-times. It is an artificial exception when, at a later time, the heritage of the Roman Empire passed to a Teutonic King, and when the new Cæsars strove to step as nearly as might be into the position and authority of their Roman predecessors. It is another artificial exception when the ingenuity of French lawyers disinterred the precepts of the Civil Law, and strove to clothe the Kings of the French, if not with the titles, yet at least with the attributes of Roman Emperors. Setting aside exceptions of this kind, there can be no doubt that the political and military institutions of Spain and Gaul are far more Teutonic than they are Roman. In Italy the case is different;

but the strength of the Roman element there is due wholly to the predominant importance of the cities, whose great development however did not begin till ages after the Gothic, and even after the Lombard, conquest. But when we turn to other branches of man's life, which are certainly not less important than those of government and warfare, we shall find that the Roman altogether led captive his Teutonic conqueror. What is the language of Italy, Spain, Aquitaine, and France? I say Aquitaine and France; for in all these inquiries Gaul north and south of the Loire must be looked on as two countries as distinct as either of them is from Spain and Italy. What is the still living speech of all these lands? It is simply Latin. As it is not Celtic or Iberian, so neither is it Teutonic. The Roman taught his speech alike to the earlier inhabitants whom he conquered and to the later invaders who conquered him. The Italian, Spanish, Provençal, and French languages, with other less important tongues of the same family on which I need not now dwell, are all simply dialects, varieties, corruptions if we please, of the old speech of Rome. Even French, which has changed more than any of the others, is essentially Latin and nothing else. The Celtic element in the French vocabulary is wonderfully small; the Teutonic element is considerably larger. But both are mere infusions; a few Celtic and a few more Teutonic words have crept into a tongue whose whole life and soul, and a vast majority of its actual vocabulary, is essentially Latin. And many of the usages in which French and the sister tongues depart most widely from the classical Latin can easily be shown to be real Latin usages, but usages which were chiefly confined to the colloquial, rustic, vulgar speech, and which are rarely found in the book-Latin of classical times. These languages are, on account of their Roman origin, known to philologists as the Romance languages. They are simply Latin, subject to the changes which a language cannot fail to go through in the space of four-



teen hundred years, especially when it becomes the speech of whole nations of whom it is not the mother-tongue. The Romans in the provinces went on speaking such Latin as they had been used to speak; that is, not exactly such Latin as Cicero wrote, or indeed such as they wrote themselves. In Gaul, and still more in Italy, wave after wave of Teutonic immigrants pressed it, but, one after another, all gradually cast away their Teutonic speech, and learned to use instead such forms or corruptions of the speech of Rome as they found in use in the conquered land. Spain and a small part of Southern Gaul had to struggle against another enemy. No new Teutons came after the first settlements, but the Saracen came instead, with a language, a creed, a whole social system, utterly different from anything before known to Celt, Roman, or Teuton. The Saracen came; his sway was long and brilliant; but he is gone, and though he has left his traces on Spanish soil alike in language and in other matters, still he is gone, and Spain remains a Latin-speaking land to this day.

But there is another point, not less important than that of language, and whose history was closely connected with that of language. I mean religion. The Roman inhabitants of the provinces into which the Teutonic conquerors pressed not only taught their conquerors their language; they also taught them their creed. The Teutonic conquests seem indeed to have given the final stroke to the old Roman heathendom, and it is certain that the new immigrants nowhere established their own Teutonic heathendom in any Romanized land. Indeed, with the exception of the Franks who settled in Northern Gaul, it would not seem that any of the Teutonic nations were still heathen at the time of their settlement within the Empire. Most of them, the Goths pre-eminently, had already embraced Christianity in the days of their wanderings; the Goths, as we should ever remember, had been converted by that Wulfila whose version of the Scriptures I have already spoken of as the oldest

monument of Teutonic speech. But this work of conversion was wholly a Roman work; the Teutons were converted by Roman or Romanized captives and missionaries; it was as the religion of Rome, Old and New, that Christianity presented itself to the eyes of those who were the conquerors and at the same time the disciples of Rome. In fact, if we cast our eye over the world and scan the religious history of each part of it, we shall find that Christianity is to this day, in very truth, the religion of the Roman Empire and of those nations which were brought within the range of the influence of Rome. But, as if to make it yet more clear that the conquerors were in every case to adopt the religion of the conquered, it so happened that all or most of the Teutonic nations had embraced Christianity in a shape which did not obtain final acceptance at the hands either of the Old or of the New Rome. It was during the theological controversies of the fourth century that Christianity first became known to the Teutonic nations, and to most of them it first became known in its Arian form. Within the Empire, on the other hand, alike in the East and in the West, the final result of those controversies was the general establishment of the Catholic creed. Thus, in nearly every case where a Teutonic State arose within the borders of the Empire, it happened that religious differences for a while divided the conquerors from the conquered. The Teuton differed from the Roman, not as heathen from Christian, but as heretic from Catholic. The results of this difference were not the same in every land. The great Theodoric was the first of recorded rulers to establish a wise toleration which allowed Catholics, heretics, and even Jews, to worship each one as they would. In Africa, on the other hand, the dominion of the Arian Vandals became a cruel tyranny, a reign of bitter persecution for the Catholic provincials. The Goths in Italy and the Vandals in Africa were, at least as distinct nations with a creed and language of their own, swept away during the wars of Justinian; whatever rem-

nants of them survived must have been lost in the general mass of orthodox Romans. Elsewhere the invaders, whether heathens or heretics, gradually received the religion of their subjects at the hands of their subjects. In the case of the heathen Franks the process was not even gradual; the first prince who finally established the Frankish power on Gaulish soil was also the first to learn to burn what he had worshipped and to worship what he had burned, the first to bend his flowing locks to receive the unction of the converting and consecrating oil of Rheims. The Arian Goths in Spain, the Lombards, the second Arian conquerors of Italy, came, by a process slower but equally sure, to embrace the orthodox creed of their Roman subjects. As for Southern Gaul, that was the prize which the orthodox Frank, fresh from baptism and still eager for conquest, won from its heretic lords in the first of the crusades that Paris has waged against Toulouse. Thus everywhere in the continental provinces of Rome did the Teutonic conquerors become Christian and Catholic. And they became Christian and Catholic, not at the hands of missionaries from other lands, but at the hands of their own subjects, of the men whom their own swords or the swords of their fathers had overcome. Thus in Italy, Spain, and Gaul the old Roman ecclesiastical traditions went on without interruption. The succession of Bishops remained unbroken; their thrones still remained placed in the Roman cities where they had been placed from the beginning; the limits of their dioceses were still the same as the limits of the Roman civil divisions at the time when the ecclesiastical organization was first traced out. The old worship went on without change or interruption on the old altars, where priests of Roman birth and speech ministered in the Roman tongue to the Teutonic King and his Teutonic nobles. The clergy retained their power, their wealth, and the influence which sprang alike from their power and wealth and from the higher intellectual culture of the race to which

they belonged. Long after the conquest the clergy still remained a Roman body: it is not till a much later time that we find men of barbarian birth and name among the Prelates of the Romanized lands.

Thus, great as was the shock, fearful as must have been the immediate blow, when the Teutons settled in the Roman provinces, yet the older Roman and Christian society lived through it. The Church, Roman and Christian, its creed, its worship, its hierarchy, its geographical divisions, all went on under the Frankish or Gothic King, as if Rheims and Toledo had still been parts of the dominions of Theodosius or Justinian. The Roman speech still survived; the old names of places, Roman and older than Roman, still remained in use. The vague reverence for the name of Rome, for the sanction of her laws and for the majesty of her Emperors, was never utterly wiped out. There is no gap, no chasm, no break of historical continuity, utterly severing the days of Roman dominion from the days of Teutonic dominion which followed them. There is no intervening period of darkness between two periods of light; there is no time during which contemporary records fail, and for which we have to look to legend and tradition for such help as they can give us. Let us go to one of the old cities of Gaul; let us stand, for instance, on the steep of Le Mans, and behold the traces of well-nigh every age since a time earlier than recorded history. There shall we see circuit within circuit, wall within wall; we shall see the highest point crowned by the Gaulish hill-fort swelling into the earliest Roman enclosure which still bears the name of the *Old Rome*. We see the Roman city outgrowing its earliest boundaries, and girded lower down the hill with a rampart of the days of Constantine or of Cæsars later still. We see the palace of the ancient Counts, growing, as it were, out of the Roman wall, and the fragment which is all that the policy of Richelieu has left of the tower of our own Conqueror. We see the mediæval

walls embracing yet a wider circuit, and the modern city spreading itself again far beyond even this wider enclosure. We see the houses, great and small, of every form of architecture from the eleventh century to our own day. And, above all, we see the vast cathedral, the noble though incongruous work of so many ages, the portal which opened to receive the Conqueror, the ruins of the tower which was levelled at the bidding of his son, the soaring apse to make room for which the Roman pomœrium itself has had to yield. Thus, on that wondrous group of so many ages, we see, written in letters legible enough, that here is a city whose continuous life has never been interrupted, which has gone on as a dwelling-place of man, as a seat of local dominion, from the days of Cæsar, and from the old time before him. Every age save one has left its impress on that ancient city; the works of one period alone are wanting. Older and newer monuments are there in abundance, but no church, no wall, no castle, dates from the days immediately following the Frankish conquest. And why? Because the Frank came not as a destroyer to overthrow the monuments of earlier times, nor yet, like some later conquerors, did he come to leave behind him a marked change in art as one of the visible memorials of his coming. He was contented with what he found in the city of his conquest, and he sought neither to destroy nor to improve. He dwelt in the Roman house; he prayed in the Roman church; his city needed no defence beyond its Roman rampart. It was not till a later age that art struck out new forms for itself, and the works of Roman times gave way to buildings of another style. And even those buildings were for a long time only developments of Roman forms, whose history shows us that the mighty works of the Empire were still the models of their founders. On a site like this, where there is no breach, no gap, where a city has been simply extending its borders during a space of nineteen hundred years, the lack of living monuments of the very age of the

conquest simply shows that the conquest was not a conquest of destruction, but that the Roman city, its buildings and its inhabitants alike, lived on unhurt and undisturbed, though its lord was now the Frankish King and not the Roman Cæsar.

I have drawn out this picture at length, because it is only by thoroughly grasping the nature of the Teutonic conquests on the Continent that we can rightly understand the utterly different nature of the Teutonic conquest of our own island. Before I go any further, let me ask you one question, the most obvious, yet the most important, of all. The language of Italy, Gaul, and Spain is, as we have seen, Roman to this day. The speech of those whom the Romans conquered lingers only in obscure corners; the speech of those who conquered the Romans has vanished altogether. But how stands the case in our own island? There is no corner of it in which Latin, or any tongue of Latin origin, is the speech of the people. Every man, from one end of Great Britain to the other, who understands Latin or any tongue derived from Latin, has learned it as a lesson. His mother-tongue is either the speech which was in the land before the Romans came into it, or else the speech which did not come into the land till the Romans had ceased to rule in it. The dominant speech, the speech of the vast majority of the inhabitants of Great Britain, is that very speech which is nowhere the living speech of Italy, Spain, Aquitaine, or France. The dominant speech of Britain is a speech which is still essentially the same as the Teutonic speech which was brought into the land by its first Teutonic conquerors. That is to say, the speech of the vast majority of the people of Great Britain is English. And wherever English is not spoken, or where it is spoken only as a foreign tongue, the speech of the land is one variety or another of the old Celtic tongue which was here before the Roman Conquest. Welshmen and Highlanders together make up but a small minority of the people of



Great Britain. But they make up a minority very much larger in proportion than that minority of the inhabitants of modern France who still cleave to the old Basque and Breton tongues. And if we add Cornwall and those parts of Scotland whence Gaelic has vanished in comparatively modern times, the Celtic portion of Britain becomes by no means inconsiderable. Remember, I speak only of Britain—of England, Wales, and Scotland; with Ireland, which the Romans never occupied, we have nothing to do. In short, the phenomena of Britain with regard to language are exactly the opposite to those of the continental countries. In Britain the predominant language is Teutonic; the exceptional language is Celtic; Latin has no place at all. In Gaul, Spain, and Italy the all but universal language is Latin; the exceptional Celtic and Iberian is of far smaller extent than the exceptional Celtic of Britain; Teutonic has no place at all. Where the phenomena of language are so utterly different, we may fairly expect to find that the nature and circumstances of the Teutonic Conquest of Britain were utterly different from those of any of the Teutonic conquests on the Continent. And the evidences of history will not disappoint us in this expectation.

The fact on which I insisted so strongly in my former lecture, that the English are of Low-Dutch and not of High Dutch origin, is only indirectly connected with the differences which I am about to point out. Many of the Teutonic occupants of the continental lands were also of Low-Dutch origin. First and foremost come the Goths; the Lombards too were probably of Low-Dutch speech, and they were accompanied in their invasion of Italy by a body of Saxons. The way in which the difference between High and Low affects the matter is this. Our conquest was made by sea directly from our old homes in North Germany; the other conquests were made by land by tribes which, at the moment of their conquest, could hardly be said to have any settled homes at all. These two points of difference involved

the whole difference between the two kinds of conquest. The Goths, Franks, Lombards, and the rest, wandering hither and thither on the frontiers of the Empire, sometimes the enemies of Cæsar, sometimes his soldiers, had before their actual settlement gained no small familiarity with the laws, religion, and manners of the Empire. They had learnt to appreciate and respect its political, religious, and social system. The position of our own forefathers was altogether different. They knew nothing of Rome, and Rome knew nothing of them, till they actually landed on British soil. Their land had never been occupied by a Roman legion, or received the law at the hands of a Roman Proconsul. It had never so much as seen the passage of the Roman eagles, save possibly, ages before, in the momentary incursion of Drusus. They had never served in a Roman army; they had never trembled at the rod of the centurion, or received lands at the hands of Cæsar as the reward of faithful services to the Roman commonwealth. Their brethren, entering the Empire by land, advancing step by step, changing from enemies into allies and from allies into conquerors, had learned to respect the civilization of Rome and to feel themselves raised even by its empty honours and titles. Our forefathers, coming straight by sea from their old land, had none of these feelings. They had no respect for a civilization of which they knew nothing. They set no store by titles which, so far as they understood their meaning, would seem to them badges of slavery. They knew nothing of the religion of the Empire; no Christian missionary had reached the Elbe or the Weser; no Christian captive had carried the tidings of salvation to the house of his bondage. In short, while our kinsfolk who occupied the continental provinces were half Romanized before they settled within the borders of the Empire, our own forefathers entered Britain in all the untamed and unsoftened barbarism of the old Teutonic life. They came as simple destroyers. In the course of the fourth century

the Saxon pirates became as fearful a scourge to the shores of Roman Britain as their descendants in the sixteenth century became to the Spanish colonists in America. These incursions of the Saxons in the fourth century were the first undoubted appearance of independent Teutons in the Isle of Britain. I see no good ground for believing that any of the inhabitants of Britain before the Roman occupation were of Teutonic origin. But, if it were so, it seems to me that the fact is far from having all the importance which has sometimes been attached to it. If Boadicea and her Iceni were of Teutonic blood, the traces of their original Teutonism could hardly have been very strong in their descendants in the latter half of the fourth century. They must, long before that time, have been merged in the general mass of the Roman provincials of the island, and they would seem as *Welsh* to the first Saxon buccaneers as the purest Celt among the subjects of Caradoc. That, among the various legions from all parts of the Empire which were quartered in Britain, some consisted of troops levied among men of Teutonic birth, there is no kind of doubt. But it is not easy to see what the fact proves. A few drops of Teutonic blood may in the same way have crept into the veins of the provincials of any other part of the Empire no less than in Britain. And the presence in Britain of legions levied in other quarters may have caused slight infusions of blood from other sources just as readily as from that of the Teuton. The fact at most proves, what nobody ever doubted, that no nation, English, Welsh, or any other, can claim any strict physical and genealogical purity of blood. But the Saxons of the fourth century were undoubtedly the first Teutons who appeared in Britain, not as the subjects or the soldiers, but as the enemies of Rome. They were the vanguard of that later Teutonic occupation of Britain of which our own presence here is the result. You will mark that, at this stage of my story, I say the *Saxons*. I do so, because, in the accounts which we have of these

early Teutonic incursions, the Saxons are the only people mentioned. As in every other case of the kind, this mention of a particular tribe by no means proves that no other tribes besides the tribe specially mentioned took part in these incursions. In almost every case of the kind the leading nation brings with it a following of motley origin, a mixed multitude of kindred allies and subjects, and even of mere adventurers who have no special tie of any kind to the leaders of the host. When we read of a Saxon invasion, we need not suppose that every one man in the invading fleet was, strictly speaking, a Saxon. Many may have belonged to Teutonic tribes other than the Saxon; some even may not have been of Teutonic birth at all. What is proved is that the expedition was an expedition in which the life and soul was Saxon, an expedition planned and led by Saxon leaders, and in which at least the great majority of those who followed them were Saxons also. The prominence of the Saxons in these early expeditions is also shown by the fact that the parts of Britain which lay specially open to their incursions, the eastern and south-eastern coasts of the island, were known as the Saxon Shore. A special Roman officer, bearing the title of the Count of the Saxon Shore, was entrusted with its defence against the invaders. Now this Saxon Shore, this shore which Saxons were in the habit of invading, has often been mistaken for a Saxon shore in the sense of a shore inhabited by Saxons. But this is an exploded error, which, like so many other errors, has been cast to the winds by Dr. Guest. The name itself is the only thing which could have suggested the notion of an earlier Saxon settlement, a notion for which there is no other evidence of any kind. And the name just as naturally bears another meaning. The Saxon Shore is just like the Welsh March, the Breton March, the Spanish March, the march or border of England, France, or any other country against such and such neighbours. The Count of the Saxon Shore held an office exactly analogous to our own Lords

Marchers, or to those German Margraves, planted to defend Germany against the Slave and the Magyar, whose offices have so strangely grown up into the great Prussian and Austrian monarchies. An island cannot in strictness have marches or borders, but practically the Saxon Shore was the Saxon March, the frontier where Saxon irruptions were to be feared, and where special preparations had to be made for defence against them.

These early Saxon invasions led to no permanent Saxon or other Teutonic settlement in the Isle of Britain. Whether permanent settlement was intended by the Saxon ravagers of Britain in the fourth century we have no direct means of knowing. But the analogy of other invasions of the like sort, especially the analogy of the Danish invasions of England four hundred years later, would lead us to believe that, in the earliest stage of these invasions, plunder alone was thought of, and that the notion of permanent settlement did not arise till afterwards. At all events, if permanent settlement in Britain was designed by any Teutonic tribe in the fourth century, any such designs were effectually baffled. In the whole history of the Roman power, Eastern and Western, nothing is more remarkable than the constant revivals of vigour and of success, which happen often at moments when the Empire seems to lie open to the free entrance of any invader, and when its utter wiping out seems to be at most an affair of a few years sooner or later. So it was in the fourth century. Earlier in that century than the time of which we are now speaking, nearly the whole of Gaul was overrun by Teutonic invaders. The Roman power north of the Alps seemed to be at its last gasp. But the invaders were driven back by the sword of Julian; the Roman power in Gaul was again firmly established for a couple of generations, and traces of it were enabled to linger on for a couple of generations more. So in Britain, the Picts were pressing in by land, the Saxons were pressing in by sea, the Scots—at once the Scots of Ireland and

their colonists in northern Britain—were pressing into the province by land and sea alike. But the destiny of Rome and Cæsar was still too strong for them; the Roman *Terminus* was not yet fated finally to give way. The strong arm of Theodosius and Stilicho drove back alike Picts, Scots, and Saxons; the Roman province in Britain was again extended from the wall of Hadrian to the wall of Antoninus; and the hope of any successful Teutonic invasion of Britain was put off till the next age. And it is characteristic of the Imperial rule that the two heroes who wrought this great salvation for the decaying Empire were both doomed to pay with their lives the penalty of the greatest of crimes under a despotic government, the crime of being wiser and braver than their sovereign.

The first Teutonic invasions of Britain were thus mere incursions for plunder and havoc, or, if settlement was intended, the design was thwarted by the still abiding strength of the Roman power. But the Saxon inroads of the fourth century were not without their lasting result. They caused the Saxon name to become familiar to the Celtic inhabitants of Britain earlier than the name of any other Teutonic people. By a natural and familiar process the name of the part was applied to the whole, and the Welsh and the Scots both of Ireland and of Britain learned to apply the Saxon name to all Teutons without distinction. The habit was strengthened by the fact, which we shall presently come across, that the first Teutonic invaders both of the present Wales and of the present Cornwall actually were Saxons. From that day to this, though, as soon as the Teutons in Britain had any common name among themselves, that name was Angles or English, they have been, in the mouth of Welshmen, Irishmen, and Highlanders, always spoken of as Saxons. The habit is a curious trace of an almost forgotten piece of history; in Celtic mouths there is not a word to be said against it; but when Englishmen follow the same practice, it only leads to confusion. For



when we talk of "Saxons" as a chronological term, we are following no usage at all, not even that of the Celts. The Welshman calls an Englishman a Saxon now, just as he did a thousand or thirteen hundred years back. The refined confusion of calling a nation Saxon up to a certain date, and English after it, has not occurred to him.

Thus in the fourth century the Roman power in Britain was still strong enough to beat back the earliest Teutonic invaders of the island. In the next century all was changed. Within its first years the Teutons were pouring into the Empire on every side. Alaric and his Goths marched to and fro through the unresisting provinces, Eastern and Western; and if even they felt the edge of the sword of Stilicho, yet, when he was gone, they could do what Pyrrhus and Hannibal had failed to do, and renewed the exploit of Brennus in an occupation of the Eternal City itself. Remember—it is not well that we should forget—that the first men who entered as conquerors within the gates of Imperial Rome were men of our bone and our flesh, men of which it is but a slight exaggeration to say that they spoke the tongue which we are speaking now. Elsewhere the Empire was breaking up in the like sort. When Alaric was dead, his successor Athaulf led his followers into Spain, and there, with all the due formalities of an Imperial commission, founded the independent monarchy of the Spanish Goths. The allegiance even of Gaul became nominal; a small portion only of the country retained any practical allegiance to Rome; the Gothic Kings of Spain ruled over Aquitaine, and the Franks and Burgundians began to establish themselves in the eastern parts of the country. Armorica for a moment actually fell away, the only spot within the Roman dominion which seems ever to have willingly thrown off the honours or the burthens of the Roman name. How then should Britain still cleave to an Empire from which its nearer provinces were daily being lopped away? The Roman legions were recalled by Hono-

rius for the defence of nearer interests, and Britain, after more than four hundred years of Roman dominion, was left to shift for itself as it might. Now comes that great gap in the history of the island which has no parallel in the history of Italy or Spain or Gaul, the gap which divides Celtic and Roman Britain from our own Teutonic England. Now comes the time of historic darkness through which we have to grope our way by the flickering light of legend and tradition, helped only by the light one degree less dim of the single chronicler of the vanquished race. No time in European annals opens a wider field of conjecture, no time gives us less of safe historic ground to walk upon, than the years when Britain had ceased to be Roman and had not yet begun to be English. There is no time that we should be better pleased to know in minute detail, there is no time when the recovery of a single detail is so thoroughly hopeless. And yet our very lack of knowledge is instructive; the thicker the darkness, the clearer is the light that it gives us. It is this very darkness, this very want of knowledge, which shows us more plainly than anything else how wide was the difference between the English Conquest of Britain and any other Teutonic occupation of a Romanized land. By the light of our darkness, by the teaching of our ignorance, we are enabled to see that, while the dweller in Gaul is still a Romanized Celt, while the dweller in Spain is still a Romanized Iberian, the dweller in the widest and richest part of the Isle of Britain is not a Celt or a Roman, but an Englishman.

At the state of Britain during this time of darkness we can do no more than guess. The fact that the Latin language nowhere survives, that whatever in Britain is not English is still Celtic, the fact that this same state of things can be traced as far back as we can trace anything at all, may possibly show that Britain was less thoroughly Romanized than Gaul and Spain. Wales is at this moment no more Latin than England is, and there is nothing to show that a thousand years

back it was any more Latin than it is now. And Wales, I would again remark, even in the later and narrower use of the word, is a much larger and more important part of southern Britain than the Breton and Basque-speaking districts are of France and Spain. Wales has a far better claim to be looked on as a sample of Britain before the coming of the English than Brittany has to be looked on as a sample of Gaul before the coming of the Franks. Still, though Britain was probably less thoroughly Romanized than the continental provinces, it cannot have been so little Romanized as we might be led to think by the present state of Wales. Latin was undoubtedly the speech of the cities, the speech of government, literature, and polite life. Welsh was under a cloud, just as English was, ages after, in the days of Norman rule. But the present prevalence of Welsh shows that it must have been much more extensively spoken, that it must have been much more truly the speech of the people at large, during the days of Roman dominion in Britain, than the Celtic and Iberian tongues were during the days of Roman dominion in Gaul and Spain. And, after the withdrawal of the Roman legions, everything would tend to weaken the Roman and to strengthen the Celtic element in the country. The cities, the greatest of all Roman elements, would remain Roman still; but with their connexion with the Imperial centre they lost their connexion with one another; they would remain, no longer municipalities of a vast Empire, but weak and isolated commonwealths in a disorganized and often hostile land. The powers, military and civil, of the Roman magistracy ceased, and there was no established Celtic system on which men could fall back for government and protection. The sad picture which Gildas draws, the picture of utter confusion and anarchy, is no more than was natural in the case. But it is a picture of a Roman province falling in pieces after the central Roman power had been withdrawn. The language is still Roman; Roman not, as in mediæval writers, by imitation or affecta-

tion, but by genuine retention. Vortigern, in the later story a King, is still in Gildas a Roman Duke. But in such a state of things society must have been pretty well brought back to its first elements. The power which for four hundred years had been the only representative of law and government had suddenly vanished. Every city, every district, almost every man, must have had to fight for his own land. The land stood open for any enterprising invader to seize upon, and our fathers were not slow to take advantage of the opportunity which was set before them.

And now, about the middle of the fifth century, began the English conquest of Britain. From the whole coast from Lake Flevo to the Baltic the tribes of Low-Dutch speech began to pour into the land which seemed almost to call for conquerors. Jutes, Angles, Saxons, Frisians, other tribes no doubt whose names have vanished, pressed on to have their share in the work. They came not now for mere momentary plunder, for the hope of gain or for the excitement of warfare; they came to make the land of Britain their own. The keels of Hengest and Horsa led the way; and as Kent had been the first land to feel the tread of the Roman invader, as Kent was to be the first land to welcome the Roman missionary, so Kent was now the first spot in the Isle of Britain where the Teutonic conqueror found himself an abiding home. Let us go back to that day, the day of the birth of our nation, when the first Englishman set foot on the shores of Britain. Our fathers came, it may well be, according to the well-known legend, as mercenaries in the pay of a native prince. Duke Vortigern may, like many a Roman Cæsar, have thought it policy to arm one set of barbarian enemies against another. But whether they entered Kent as mercenaries or as avowed pirates, with or without the consent of the British ruler of the province, when they had once made their way into the land, they abode in it, and they abode in it as its masters. With their landing the history of Eng-

land begins. It is indeed not till long after that the name of *Englaland* was established as the geographical name of all Teutonic Britain. But the first settlers themselves, though we read distinctly that their proper tribe-name was Jutes, are called English from the beginning, and the name *Angel-cyn* is used from the beginning as the common name of all the Teutonic settlers. From that small settlement grew up the English dominion in Britain, and the dominion of Englishmen throughout the world. The Jutes of Kent became comparatively insignificant in later history: while the Angle gave his name to the people and their land, while the Saxon gave his royal dynasty to the united nation, the only boast remaining to the Jute was that the mother church of England stood on his soil. But it was Hengest and his Jutes who began the work; Angles and Saxons did but follow in their wake. There was a time when Kent was England; there was a still earlier time when England reached no further than so much of Kentish soil as the crews of the invading keels had already made their own. And it is well to mark what constant struggles were needed, how many years of warfare passed, before the English invaders had full possession even of that one corner of Britain. Legend carries Hengest into nearly every quarter of the island; in more trustworthy tradition his exploits do not reach beyond the bounds of his own Kentish peninsula. Here again is another marked difference between the English Conquest of Britain and the other Teutonic conquests in Gaul and Spain. On the Continent the Teutons, when they finally came, came in like a flood; they settled where they would; the provincials hardly struck a blow against them, and no wonder, when the invader in many cases came in the guise of a Roman general, with a lawful commission from the Roman Emperor. In Britain every inch of the land had to be won by hard fighting. Two causes combined to bring about this difference, the different position of the Teutonic invaders and the different position of those

whom they invaded. In the continental provinces, as we have seen, there was no room for any strictly national patriotism, and loyalty to the central power was passive rather than active. Men had no wish to revolt against Cæsar, but they had no very urgent motive to fight on his behalf. But in Britain, the very withdrawal of the central power, the very break-up of all order and government, must have called forth the most intense patriotism, if not of a national at least of a local kind. Men who might not have cared to fight for Rome or even for Britain would wage war to the knife to defend each inch of his own immediate territory against a heathen and barbarous invader. For we must never forget how essentially our own settlement in Britain, differing from all the other Teutonic settlements, was a settlement of heathen and barbarian destroyers. The Briton had not, like the provincial of Gaul or Spain, the chance of retaining his life, his personal freedom, the protection of his national law, the possession of a certain fixed share of his landed property. He was not overcome by a conqueror of the same religious faith as himself, who respected the political and social order of the land which he invaded. Before the invasion of our own forefathers all went down. The worshippers of Woden and Thunder felt not that reverence which even the Arian Goth felt for the Christian churches and their ministers. Things were now exactly as they were when the heathen Danes came four hundred years later. Christianity, and all that belonged to it, was a special object of hatred to conquerors who had unlearned nothing of heathenism and heathen ferocity. Our one nearly contemporary picture sets before us the overthrow of churches, the slaughter of clergy, as one of the special horrors of the conquest. Our forefathers had none of the reverence of a Goth or a Burgundian for the laws and speech of Rome; they had no sympathy with the municipal organization which Rome had spread over her provinces. They cared nothing for a speech which they did not under-



stand and for laws which to them were meaningless. To them a city was simply a prison; freedom in their eyes was lost within the boundary of a stone wall; in their eyes the place for an assembly of freemen was not the temple or the council-house, but the open moor unfettered by barriers, and with no roof but the roof of heaven. All went down; art, religion, law, all perished; a Roman town with its walls and towers was, in the first stage of conquest, not a coveted possession, but an obstacle which blocked the path of invasion, which needed more time and labour to overcome than the land around it, and which, when it at last was won, was left, forsaken and dismantled, as a witness of the utter havoc which our fathers knew how to work. I have asked you to stand with me on the steep of Le Mans; I will ask you to stand with me on the shingly shore of Pevensey. At Pevensey, no less than at Le Mans, we see before us the works of many ages, from the days of Roman dominion to our own time. But in how different a state are they set before us. At Le Mans we have a continuous occupation, a continuous history. The Gaulish hill-fort has grown, step by step, into the Roman, the mediæval, and the modern city. There is no break in its continuous life; no period of interruption, no period of destruction. But look at Pevensey. There stand the walls of Anderida, once a Roman city, a mighty haven, a seat of dominion which gave its name to the surrounding land. In many parts of their circuit, those walls stand well-nigh as perfect as when the Roman engineer looked with joy on the newly-finished bulwark. But they stand empty and desolate; and they stood as empty and desolate as they are now when the ships of the Norman invader put to shore beneath the walls of the forsaken city. The Roman walls of Anderida are more perfect than the Roman walls of Le Mans, but they do not surround, like those of Le Mans, the oldest portions of a city which has far outstripped their limits. Within their circuit there is not a single dwelling of man; there

was not a single dwelling of man there when William landed. The Briton and the Roman have vanished; they have left behind them only those gigantic works which defied any power of destruction at the command of our fathers. But east and west of those forsaken ruins stand English villages, with purely English names, each with its church, ancient as we deem antiquity, but which seems a work of yesterday in the presence of the relics of the older time. History tells us that, when William landed, one of those villages was a thriving borough, a flourishing haven, which, like so many other havens of the Kentish and South-Saxon shore, has been ruined by the physical changes of the coast. At Pevensey, as at Romney and Winchelsea, the sea has fallen back, and has left what once were busy merchant towns stranded like the fragments which the ebbing tide leaves upon the sand. Thus, while at Le Mans the Roman city lived on, at Anderida it utterly perished. We know the history of its fall. Second among the recorded English settlements, next after the Jutish conquest of Kent, came that Saxon settlement which grew into the Kingdom of Sussex. Ælle and Cissa landed in the harbour of Chichester, a city which drew its English name from Cissa himself. The open country no doubt was easily won. But for fourteen years the bulwarks of Anderida were proof against all attack. Most likely no attack was attempted till the whole land around was conquered and the city stood isolated and helpless. The siege was long; the defence was valiant. The besiegers were annoyed by constant sallies, and it would seem that helpers from other parts of the island came to defend their last outpost in south-eastern Britain. As the English attacked their walls, they were not only beaten back by the defenders of the walls, but were attacked in the rear by countless bands of archers to which the great neighbouring forest, the great Andredesweald, afforded shelter whenever the besiegers turned upon them. The English had at last to divide their forces: one

division kept up the ceaseless blockade of the wall, while the other warred against the Welsh who came to help their beleaguered countrymen. At last hunger did its work; resistance could no longer be kept up; the gates were stormed or opened; and not a soul of the defenders, man, woman, or child, escaped the swords of the English. Not a Briton was left alive in the city, and no English settlement took their place within the prison of the Roman walls. It was only in later times, when the work of conquest was now over, when the new lords of the soil had begun to turn their thoughts to other objects than rapine and slaughter, that the English borough of Pevensey, the English village of West-Ham, arose, not within the ancient circuit, although in its near neighbourhood. It was only in later times still, when the brother of the Norman Conqueror had become lord of the English town, that a small portion of the Roman site was once more occupied, and a feudal castle arose within one corner of the Roman city. That feudal castle is now as utterly forsaken, and far more utterly shattered and broken down, than the Roman walls themselves. Fit emblems these of our national history. The Roman and the Norman have vanished, but the Englishman still abides. The English village, the English church, are there, still living, while the works of earlier and later conquerors stand as mere relics of past time. The blood, the laws, the speech, which Ælle and Cissa first planted on the South-Saxon shore, are still the blood, the laws, and the speech of Englishmen. And nowhere are they more at home than in the shire which beheld English freedom sink for a moment in the twilight of Senlac, and rise again to more abiding life in the full brightness of the summer day of Lewes.

The two pictures are typical. The history of *Lé Mans* and the history of *Anderida* show us with all plainness how different a thing the settlement of our own forefathers was, even from the settlement of the Franks, the most

barbarous, the least Romanized, among the continental conquerors. I have no doubt that the warfare waged by our forefathers, as long as they claved to their heathen worship, was strictly a war of extermination, so far as there can be such a thing as a war of extermination at all. I do not mean that every Briton was actually swept from the face of the earth by the English of those times, as the English of our times have swept away the natives of Tasmania, or as they may one day sweep away the natives of New Zealand. One thing is certain, that fourteen hundred years have not taken away or lessened either our will or our capacity for destruction. There is, however, one difference between the two cases. The Britons, aliens in blood, language, and religion, were at least men of our own colour. The two races therefore could mingle, and they could mingle without leaving any sensible trace of the mixture. And to some extent no doubt they did mingle; the pedigree of no nation is absolutely pure. The women, it is obvious, would often be spared, and Celtic mothers might hand on some drops of Celtic blood to English sons. So too some of the conquered would doubtless be allowed to live as slaves of their conquerors. This sort of thing happens in every conquest; it must have happened when the Welsh settled in Britain, just as much as when the English did. But does this sort of chance intermingling hinder us from being at least as near an approach to pure-blooded Teutons as the Welsh are to pure-blooded Celts? Does it show that the English settlement in Britain was a settlement which made no greater change than the Frankish settlement in Gaul? I trow not. The results down to our own day witness to the fact of the difference; all that we know of the history explains the circumstances of the difference. I believe that, speaking in the rough way which is the only way in which we can speak of such matters, the Welsh vanished from the land and the English took their places. Some of my special reasons for thinking so will come most fittingly in the

last stage of my argument, the stage of answering objections. But it is easy to see that the way in which the land was won, bit by bit, by hard fighting, the invaders being victorious in one battle and beaten back in the next, would give the war the full character of a war of extermination. Many would fall in battle, in battles where we may be sure that no quarter was given, and those who escaped the sword would have unusual means of flight into the wide regions of unconquered country which lay behind them. I believe that, as long as the English still worshipped the gods of their fathers, their warfare was one in which the rule was, as at Anderrida, not to leave a Briton alive. But I beg you to remember that I confine this description to the days of heathendom and to those parts of England which were won during the days of heathendom. I simply make the distinction now; its full meaning I shall explain more at large in one of my answers to objections in my last lecture.

After all, there is no point in which the English Conquest of Britain stands more completely by itself than in its religious aspect. What made it so specially fearful in the eyes of the conquered was that it was a heathen conquest. No Anglian or Saxon invader dreamed of bowing himself to the faith of the conquered; no Remigius stood ready to lead Hengest or Cerdic to the waters of regeneration. Our forefathers were converted in the end, and there is no country in the world where the manner of conversion was more honourable alike to the missionaries and to the converts. But they were not converted, like their brethren on the Continent, by those whom they subdued. All speculations as to the ancient British Church, its origin or its doctrines, concern us, as Englishmen, as little as speculations about the Churches of Armenia or Æthiopia. It was not from the Briton that our enlightenment came. The Briton never strove—under his circumstances it was not likely that he should strive—to offer the message of salvation to his destroyer. I do not forget, least

of all in this portion of the Kingdom, how great a debt Northern and Central England owe to the teaching of the independent Scots. But the independent Scots are not the conquered Welsh, and it does not appear that any English soul was won even by a Scottish missionary till the work of conversion had been begun by men who brought the word of life from the common centre of religion, government, and civilization. There is no other nation in Europe which has had so little to look to Rome as a political mistress; there is no nation in Europe which has had so truly to look to Rome as an ecclesiastical mother. Rome converted England; England converted such of our Teutonic brethren as still remained strangers to the fold of Christ. Here, even more than in anything else, we see the gap which separates Teutonic England from Celtic and Roman Britain. Elsewhere Christianity and its hierarchy are continuous. Since the earliest days of the Christian Church, the ancient cities of Italy, Spain, and Gaul have never failed in the unbroken succession of their Bishops. Save where modern legislation has wrought a change, their sees still remain where they were fixed in the days of Constantine; the limits of their ecclesiastical jurisdiction still represent the Roman civil divisions of the fourth century. In England there is not a Bishoprick which can trace its succession further backward than the last days of the sixth century. Here in this Northern Province, we cannot doubt that Eboracum, so often the capital of the Cæsars, had its Prelates in Roman times, no less than any metropolis in Gaul or Spain. But while the ecclesiastical history of Rouen and Toledo loses itself in the legends of the first days of persecution, the existing Church of York can claim no earlier founder than the Bretwalda Eadwine; its line of Prelates goes no further back than Paullinus, the missionary from Kent and Rome. As in everything else, so in religion, we are cut off by an impassable gulf from the days before the English Conquest. For in adopting the same faith as the con-



quered, we adopted it at such a time, in such a manner, and in such a form, as to cut us off from all communion with them. We were a new people in a new land, a land which men had begun to look upon as another world, a world whose conversion was the noblest spiritual conquest of which the spiritual centre of the elder world could boast.

Such, then, was our settlement in Britain; such are the points of contrast between that settlement and the Teutonic settlements which took place in the continental provinces of Rome. Elsewhere the conquerors and the conquered mingled; the fabric of Roman society was not wholly overthrown; the laws, the speech, the religion of the elder time went on, modified doubtless, but never utterly destroyed. The conqueror became in all these points the pupil of his subjects. In Britain a great gulf divides us from everything before our own coming. We kept our own laws, our own tongue, our own heathen creed, and, so far as they have been thrown aside or modified, it has not been through mingling with the conquered, but through later and independent influences. We changed our faith, but not at the hands of the Briton; the Roman sowed the seed of truth and the Scot watered it. Our laws and lan-

guage have in later times been greatly modified; but they were modified, not at the hands of the conquered Britons, but at the hands of the conquering Normans. Elsewhere the conqueror was gradually absorbed in the mass of the conquered; here, if any of the conquered survived, they were absorbed in the mass of the conquerors. Elsewhere, in a word, the old heritage, the old traditions, of Rome still survive; here they are things of the dead past, objects only of antiquarian curiosity. Of all that is most truly living among us, all that most truly forms our national being, we brought in the rude germ from our old home beyond the sea, and it has grown up to an independent life in our new home in the conquered island. As it is by the walls of Anderida, so it is throughout the land. The Briton has vanished utterly; the Roman and the Norman have left their ruins; but the Englishman still abides. He has passed from the mouths of the Weser and the Elbe to the Thames, the Severn, and the Humber. And thence he has passed to wider lands in other hemispheres, and has carried the old Teutonic speech, the old Teutonic freedom, to the mighty continent beyond the Ocean and to the far islands beneath the Southern Cross.

## SMOLLETT AT NICE.

BY W. J. PROWSE.

WITH Nice, as it now exists, most travelling Englishmen who have wandered a little apart from the beaten path of Mr. Cook's excursions are tolerably familiar. The British colony holds its own with characteristic vigour; chops and steaks are valiantly consumed on the shores of the Mediterranean; and amidst the olives and the vines you may hear the pleasant chatter of picnic-parties, whose liking for champagne does not render them altogether faithless to Allsopp and Bass. No visitor need trouble himself about his French; for it has been said, by a cynical observer, that "everybody in Nice speaks English, except some of the Americans." Nor is it likely that the town will ever go entirely out of fashion. As a health-resort it may have been preposterously over-praised; but it is, after all, one of the very few stations of the kind where you can get the comforts and conveniences of city-life. Even should the doctors cease to send those patients there who are in an advanced state of illness, there will always be a sufficient number of valetudinarians, of hypochondriacs, and of persons in the earlier stages of consumption, to form a sort of nucleus round which society can gather. Few persons come to Nice alone; the invalid has usually some relation or friend with him; and even a relation or a friend stands in need of a little occasional amusement. Hence, whilst a place like Mentone frightens many people away by the mournful and depressing spectacle it exhibits—the melancholy daily march up and down the Parade of persons in whose faces you cannot fail to read Death—death certain, and speedy—the comparative gaiety of Nice has a strong attraction for all whose case is not yet absolutely hopeless. At Nice there is always something to see, something to do, and—which is of no slight importance, after all—something to eat. At

most of the other resorts along the western Riviera, there is an utter absence of amusement, in the ordinary sense of that word, and the dietary cannot be compared to that of Nice.

To say, however, that the English are familiar with the place is a statement which still requires a little correction and qualification. They are familiar with their own part of it—with that section which has been constructed for their own special benefit and behoof. They are in their full glory on the Promenade des Anglais; they outnumber any other nation when the band plays in the Jardin Public; and as you walk along through the wide, white streets of the new town, you meet them by hundreds. Cross the bridges, walk past the Corso, venture into the sombre little alleys that are clustered together at the foot of the Château, and you find yourself in a totally different region. You are in old Nice, the Nice that existed before the tide of fashion set steadily this way, the Nice that still requires a little Haussmannization to make it, if not comely to the eye, at any rate inoffensive to the nose. Comparatively few of our countrymen care to penetrate into this uninviting quarter; nor indeed can it be fairly said that the explorer finds much to repay him for his trouble. One thing, however, the journey does; it gives you a notion, which you cannot get by any other means, of the old Nice—of the city as it existed a century ago: and it is with this old-fashioned Nice that we are now more especially concerned.

On the left shore of that wonderful "river" or "torrent," on which you may see an occasional goat browsing on scanty tufts of herbage, whilst the greater part of the linen of the town is spread out to dry on the very bed of the stream—on the unfashionable bank, in fact, for

even the Paillon has a Surrey side!—there stands a street, and a comparatively new one to boot, which bears a name that is tolerably familiar to the novel-reading public. It is perfectly true that the people of Nice have not managed to spell it correctly, but they have rather a genius for orthographical mistakes. Whether the occasional inscriptions in the Russian language that one meets with are accurately rendered is a point which only a few scholars are in a position to determine; but the most casual observation will convince anyone that the Niçois do not spell English one jot worse than they spell French, and that their French is not a whit less accurate than their Italian. These things being considered, it is on the whole rather a surprise as well as a satisfaction to find that, for once, they have got tolerably near the mark, and that the street which they have named in honour of the author of “Humphry Clinker,” is inscribed in legible letters, “RUE SMOLET.” And how was this honour gained? Who was “Smolet,” from the foreign point of view? In the words of M. Emile Négrin, who has written a most *spirituel* guide-book, he was “un écrivain anglais, qui a publié sur Nice des lettres assez acerbes.” Thus has Nice returned good for evil!

A wholesome respect for the great men of the city, the commune, and the parish, is still in existence amongst some of the municipal authorities of France; and their street-nomenclature is infinitely more human, more dignified, and more appropriate than that of England or America. We have no Shakespeare Street; there is no Dryden Street in Soho, though the name still remains of the alley in which the master of “the long resounding march and energy divine” was condignly beaten by lacqueys and knaves. Only within the last year or two has there been an attempt to indicate the houses in London where famous men have dwelt; and the scheme has, so far, told us nothing about such trivial cockneys as Milton and Defoe—it has simply erected commemorative tablets to the late Lord Byron and

the present Emperor of the French. New York has to wait for its heroes, and cannot be blamed if, in the meanwhile, it falls back upon the simple principles of numeration. History is one of the few things that cannot be improvised. In France itself, the old and honest reverence for the past has suffered a mournful eclipse. Nine modern Frenchmen out of ten date their historical reading from 1789. The France of Villehardouin, of Joinville, of Bayard, of Crillon, is forgotten for the France of the Revolution; and the “heroes” whom the French delight to worship are the rough-and-ready marshals springing from the ranks, the men like Murat—Murat, born an ostler, promoted to be a King, but remaining all his life a showy postilion *plus* a sabre and a crown. It is, no doubt, an excellent thing that the conscript should carry a marshal’s *bâton* in his knapsack; but you may easily make a man a marshal without making him a gentleman. It has been done in France, over and over again, from the man who shot down the Spaniards at Madrid on the 2d of May, to the man who suffocated the Arabs in the caves of Dahra.

Nice, at any rate, makes the best use it can of the celebrities it has produced. One name, indeed, there is, which is never mentioned in official circles or to ears polite—the name of an elderly Nizzard who was once well known in the neighbourhood of Buenos Ayres and Monte Video, who subsequently distinguished himself at Rome, about the Italian lakes, in Sicily, and at Naples—who, after many bewildering aberrations, is now living at an island called Caprera. So many falsehoods have been told concerning this remarkable man, and especially by his warmest admirer, the elder Dumas, that it seems quite worth while to reproduce his authentic *acte de naissance*. Thus it runs:—“Nice, paroisse de Saint-Martin. L’an 1807, le jour 19<sup>e</sup> du mois de juillet, a été baptisé Joseph Marie, né le 4 du courant, fils du sieur Jean Dominique Garibaldi, marin, et de dame Rose Raymondo. Parrain, Joseph Gari-



'baldi, négociant; marraine, Julie "Marie Garibaldi, sa sœur." It is rather a blow to gentlemen of a sentimental turn of mind, but it is nevertheless a fact, that Garibaldi was born a French subject; and that Nice was under French rule from 1792 to 1814, long before Magenta or Solferino, and the price at which those two battles were paid for. However, Garibaldi is the only "illustration" of whom official Nice is not ostensibly proud. There is a Rue Papon, so named in honour of a local, a dreadfully local, historian. There is a Rue Vanloo, christened after one of the painters of that name. There is a Rue Papacin, to commemorate an artillery officer so called. And the one great man whom Nice *did* give to France, the defender of Genoa, the victor of Zurich, the "spoiled child of victory," who never failed until he led his columns against an English army within the lines of Torres Vedras, *he* is commemorated by a Rue Masséna, a Quai Masséna, and a Place Masséna—not to speak of a fashionable club which likewise adopts his name.

Few books have ever been more heartily abused than Smollett's "Travels," and of late years few have been less read. The faults of the book lie very plainly on the surface. It is written in a bad temper, to begin with, and with a decided wilfulness that rather enjoys giving offence. On all matters appertaining to art, it is invariably provoking and usually wrong. The coarseness of the novels is in it, with comparatively little of that boisterous humour which in the novels redeems the coarseness. To use the slang of the day—for slang is by no means confined to the vulgar—it is essentially the work of a Philistine—ay, and of a man who decidedly glories in his Philistinism. All this may readily be granted. Squeamish people will find the book unsavoury, connoisseurs will declare it heretical, and the lovers of "the picturesque" had much better give it a wide berth. To sum up its defects, it was written by a man whose life had been comparatively a failure, who had just been beaten down by a heavy domestic sorrow, and whose

health had failed him—a man who had all the prejudices of his contemporaries and many of his own; who was irritable, violent, and coarse. Sentimentally journeying, Sterne could have fallen in with no volume more offensive. When one walks through life in a genteel way, with an embroidered handkerchief at one's eyes, it is positively distressing to run against such a "rough" as Smollett—such a lump of mere raw manhood, and choleric bravery, and cynical kindness, and—worst of all—"bad taste." Hence, the mellifluous wanderer starts aside, distinctly declines to journey with such an objectionable fellow-traveller, and, leaving Dr. Smollett to complain of being badly fed by an avaricious inn-keeper, turns politely away to have a good cry over the famous dead donkey. Smollett shall figure, henceforward, as "Smellfungus;" all the complaints which he tells to the world "he had better have told to his physician!" There was a great deal of truth in Sterne's dictum; the defects of the book have already been confessed; but it seems quite worth while to call a witness on the other side, a bigger man than either Sterne or Smollett, Sir Walter Scott. "Yet be "it said," cries Sir Walter, "without "offence to the memory of the witty "and elegant Sterne, it is more easy to "assume, in composition, an air of "alternate gaiety and sensibility, than "to practise the virtues of generosity "and benevolence, which Smollett exercised during his whole life, though "often, like his own Matthew Bramble, "under the disguise of peevishness "and irritability. Sterne's writings "show much flourish concerning virtues "of which his life is understood to "have produced little fruit; the temper "of Smollett was like a lusty winter, "frosty but kindly." Perhaps "Smellfungus" may be considered as sufficiently avenged?

The faults of the book admitted, it is quite time to assert—which I do with considerable confidence—that it has merits equally conspicuous. The absolute frankness and sincerity with which Smollett speaks his mind may lead him

into many outrages upon good breeding, but assuredly must be considered well worth having, even at that heavy price. There is not a more truthful book in the language. I make no attempt to defend its criticisms on art; but I may perhaps venture to hint that some of the notions which were considered almost blasphemous by the dilettante of the last century would pass for very pardonable heresies in 1869. Out and away, however, from the debateable land of art, Smollett's admirable keenness and precision of observation impress themselves more and more forcibly upon you the more you read him. He may not know how to look at a statue or a picture; he may be culpably indifferent to the Correggiosity of Correggio; but for the actual incidents of life and aspects of nature he has as keen an eye as any traveller of his day. "Of his day," observe, because it would be absurd to look in Smollett for that appreciation of external nature—I should say for the *expression* of it—which was then as rare as it has since become familiar. He lived at a time when it was not usual to rhapsodize about landscapes, sunsets, and the like. And yet, even on this score, there is still something to be said for him. We have no right to judge him by any other standard than that of his contemporaries. Thus tried, how does he stand the test? Admitting that he says little about that love for natural beauty which we may safely take it for granted he possessed, does Fielding, the great master, say more? Does he even say as much? Smollett's "Ode to Leven Water" is *rococo*, now-a-days; but if you read it amongst other verses of the same time, it will strike you as comparatively modern by its *definiteness* of expression. Smollett does not talk merely about silver margins of the lake; he shows you the "white, round, polished pebbles." He speaks, as in duty bound, about "the scaly brood," and, as a poet of the period was expected to do, he rhymes it with "the crystal flood;" but he likewise "condescends to particulars," and he gives you "the *springing* trout," "the *mottled* par." There is a due reference to "the Arcadian plain;" but out

comes the Scotchman who knew the scenery he was writing about, and who loved it, when he talks of "bowers of birch, and groves of pine." Let us concede—for argument's sake merely—that it is unfair to quote verse as against Fielding, who wisely refrained from that luxury; let us look to the novels alone; and it will perhaps be found difficult to produce from Fielding a picture so pathetic and in the highest sense so poetical as that in which Smollett shows us the Scottish Jacobites at Boulogne gazing mournfully at the white cliffs of the land from which they were exiled by their loyalty to a beaten cause. What I claim for his descriptions is that, without being in any way sentimental, they testify to his real love for nature, and that they are, above all things, pre-eminently truthful. After reading all that has been written by very clever people about Nice in modern times, one would probably find that for exact precision of statement, Smollett was still the most trustworthy guide. The book is Hogarthian, alike in its excellences and its faults; Hogarthian in humour, in whimsicality, in graphic strength, in downright force and sledge-hammer emphasis; Hogarthian, also, in coarseness, prejudice, and "Philistinism." Let any one who loves Hogarth read such a passage as this, amongst a hundred others: "There is not a dog to be seen in tolerable case, and the cats are so many emblems of famine, frightfully thin and dangerously rapacious. *I wonder the dogs and they do not devour young children.*" Surely we remember how Hogarth loved to draw his Frenchmen? how he insisted on those two facts, intensely shocking to any man who is decently corpulent and moderately well-to-do, that "they are frightfully thin and dangerously rapacious." The same kind of vehemence marks Smollett throughout. He cannot quarrel with an extortionate innkeeper, but he must call him "this execrable villain." A boatman overcharges him; down goes the boatman in Dr. Smollett's note-book, "this hang-dog rascal." After a little while, you come to put a proper value on these flowers of

speech, so that they really end by adding to your enjoyment of the book.

Smollett arrived at Nice towards the end of November 1763, and did not finally quit it, though he travelled about a good deal in the interval, until the last week of April 1765. It is scarcely necessary to say that Nice had not yet been discovered by the English—at any rate, that there was as yet no English colony. A few hardy explorers had found it out, and liked it well enough to stop there, but there was no regular autumnal migration of invalids from England, America, Russia, Germany; and the neighbouring Frenchman, as a rule, did what your Frenchman generally does—he stayed at home, keeping steadily on the other side of the frontier-river, the Var. Tedious enough was the Doctor's journey, and yet many of us might now-a-days prefer his style of travelling. If you have a tolerable amount of energy at command, or if you are really forced to run for your life, you can be whirled away from London to Nice so rapidly that the whole thing seems like a dream; but dreams are not invariably agreeable, and, even when they are, there is sometimes an unpleasant waking. You get up on a morning at the end of October, and find that you have to face a premature November fog; you have, if an invalid, the cheerful and exhilarating sensation of bidding farewell to your friends at a railway station, with very indistinct prospects of ever meeting them again; and when, after savagely violating bye-laws all along the line, you find yourself viciously smoking at Dover, you are admirably prepared for the nice little run across. Looking back, you may, if you like, think about Smollett's Jacobites, and deplore for a moment your own loyalty to the physicians; but the white cliffs—the white cliffs—get faint and dim—other white cliffs rise up—and you are at Calais. Then begins a long, long ride; you get away from the dunes, and are still in the poplar-region as the dusk deepens into darkness and the night closes in; it rains as you drive from one station to the other across Paris—that peculiarly delightful part of

Paris which reminds you of a drive from King's Cross *via* the City Road to the Elephant and Castle. Off again through the darkness; you pass from the poplar-land into the wine-country; a close, hot, muggy night, with a fat Frenchman on one side of you, and a fat Frenchman on the other side of you. Lyons! Lyons means that there will be daybreak in an hour or so, and that there is already coffee. From the wine-region you rush due south, and by noon you see stunted little bushes, representing what the French consider to be olives. Marseilles! Marseilles means that you are dreadfully weary, but had better go through with it whilst any strength still remains to you: and you do. You pass through some of the most exquisite coast-scenery in the world, and through a noble range of historical hills; but you are jaded, and beaten, and fagged. Again the dusk closes round you, but for the last twenty miles the sound of the sea, and its keen, salt breath, revive your strength, and give you an almost extravagant gaiety—and then, Nice. You have “done it,”—you have come a thousand miles without resting. Next day, if you feel a little tired, you had better send for a doctor; for in plain English, you have done too much. Lucky is it for you that, as you wake, you look out upon a sea whose glorious colour, and upon hills whose lovely forms, awake you from your dreams, to remind you that you have escaped from the November of fog into the November of warmth—the November of light and of beauty.

Smollett, for sufficiently obvious reasons, took more time about his journey, and met, as might have been reasonably expected, with adventures on the road. Best of all his quarrels is that with a celebrated physician whom he consults at Montpellier, then a place of some repute as a winter-station for invalids. Smollett writes an elaborate description of his “case” in Latin, and sends it with the accustomed fee to the celebrated professor. Celebrated Professor, calmly setting aside about five-sixths of Smollett's symptoms, sends a prescription which it would be tolerably



easy to translate, but totally impossible to publish, and sends it in French. Smollett, to begin with, is a little proud of his Latinity, and dubs the man an *ignoramus* for answering him in the vulgar tongue. But he does more. He systematically abstains from following the French doctor's advice, and to that abstinence, in all human probability, he owed his life.

For at Nice, as at Montpellier—at Montpellier as in England—Smollett and the fashionable physicians could never get on well together. The old "surgeon's mate," who had served before Carthage, and had seen his fair allowance of actual bloodshed and fever, seems to have had a certain disdain for the refined practitioners who dealt with megrims and vapours. We are bound to assume, of course, that Smollett, since he failed to make money as a doctor, was wrong; but again, it is quite worth while to point out that one of his doctrines, which was then abominably heretical, is now sufficiently orthodox. Both by precept and example, Dr. Smollett steadily insisted on the advantages of cold bathing. Bathe in the sea if you can, bathe in a tub if you can't—but bathe. At Nice, accordingly, the intrepid Tobias starts out in the morning early, and commits his body to the Mediterranean, though he deplures, with an unctious positively delicious in a man who has written certain passages in certain novels, that the arrangements for bathing are anything but—decent.

The same amount of independence and of trenchant common sense is to be seen in the remarks concerning the climate of Nice. The excellent books of Dr. Bennett and of Dr. C. T. Williams are, of course, superior as authorities; they speak of the whole Riviera as it is at present: but Smollett, a century ago, gives many of the same admirable hints with regard to the care of health, and fully recognises the peculiar dangers of the climate. Frankly, there is nothing to be seen which he does *not* recognise. Go into the country to-day, a mile or so out of Nice, and you will see precisely the same state of agriculture as that which he describes, the same simple old methods of culture and tillage. Now,

as then, the land is loaded with all that it can carry; long, narrow belts of rye, fringes of beans and pease, lines of artichokes, all crowded together, with little railings of reeds, round which the tendrils of the vine are curling. It seems a mere chaos, but the sun ripens everything. "One day," says Alphonse Karr, "I happened to leave my walking-stick in the mould; I came back next week, and I found it covered with rose-buds!" Alphonse is fond of his joke.

"After having stewed a week in a paltry inn, I have taken a ground-floor for ten months, at the rate of four hundred livres a year." It may be as well to caution the innocent reader that such a transaction would be ludicrously impossible in 1869. And thenceforth Dr. Smollett begins to take an interest in affairs, beseeming a quasi-householder, who is also a Briton of good birth and liberal culture. As we turn the leaves of the old book, the ancient Nice seems to rise up—the Nice under the shadow of the *château*, and within the shelter of the ramparts. It is a homely life, with singularly little of pretension or luxury. Rough fare, for the most part, is all that can be got, and of intellectual pabulum there is a still greater deficiency, but, after all, a sort of rather amiable animal's existence seems to be what the people prefer. There is little or no wrangling. There are few excited or excitable politicians. In the fine season, the nobles come out of their houses and sit down upon chairs in the public places of the town, nobody insulting them, nobody thinking it strange that a gentleman should come among his neighbours. There are *festa* days—a good many, in point of fact—and the *noblesse* are not in the least ashamed to join the peasants. The "sports" are extremely simple. A few wooden booths are run up, in front of a monastery, for choice; loaves of bread, bottles of wine—from the comparatively ambitious Bellet down to the simplest little anonymous vintage of the nearest vineyard—are in stock; the peasants flock to the muster, decently clad, with their wives, daughters, and sweethearts, women with a fine erect poise of the head,

and with deep dark eyes flashing out under coloured kerchiefs, worn instead of the detestable bonnets; there is a pleasant hum of neighbourly gossip under the olives, and under certain tall Italian oaks. At the first note of the organ they troop into church, as into a place which they are accustomed to visit on other days than Sundays; service over, they are out again, laughing gaily, chatting loudly, with fine, broad, open vowels. "When are they going to amuse themselves?" you ask. They are amusing themselves already—and the constituents of their enjoyment are simply sunlight and sympathy, *plus* a little wine. The wildest part of the orgie will be simply a dance; and one can fancy Smollett turning away from such a scene—substantially the same as many still visible in the neighbourhood of Nice—with a sort of whimsical astonishment that he had seen the *noblesse* looking on at the sports of the people, and that amongst the populace itself there was not so much as a solitary black eye.

Wherever I have been able to test Smollett's accuracy, I have found him so invariably exact and truthful, that I should be inclined to take a good deal for granted on his mere assertion. It is beside my purpose—which is simply that of recalling attention to a book that has been extravagantly abused by some, and unreasonably neglected or forgotten by others—to follow the author through all his various wanderings by sea and land. I must even refrain, though I am sorely tempted, from quoting his description of Cimiès; for at Cimiès I have lived for the greater part of two years, and it was a pleasant thing to remember, at times, that the spot was in some sort English ground by its association with an illustrious English man of letters; that the old Roman amphitheatre, through which I strolled every day, the remains of Roman baths and of Roman buildings within sight of my windows, had first been described to English readers by the great humorist who created, in such a widely different walk of art, the ever-memorable Comodore Trunnion and the immortal

Lismahago. Nice, indeed, since Smollett's day has altered strangely, but Cimiès is scarcely changed. The old house of the amiable and accomplished nobleman Count Garin, to whom the property belongs, is now a *Pension*—and, according to French criticism, a *Pension* where you meet with "la vie anglaise dans toute sa rigueur." The "rigour of English life" at Cimiès—happy would Smollett have been had he foreseen the day!—consists of such dull trifles as cleanliness and comfort, and is compatible with such fanatical folly as attendance at Protestant places of worship. Those who object to such things will find themselves in pleasanter quarters if they go to Monaco.

Often, wandering slowly up and down the garden-walks of Cimiès on those days when the sunshine tempts even the feeblest out into the open air, I encounter two olive-coloured urchins, known to me as Jeannot and François, who pull off their caps as to an old friend, mindful possibly of certain transactions that have taken place between us at fair-time. A step further, and I come within hail of their esteemed papa, busily at work amongst the vines. Harder at work still, and apparently healthy enough to last for another twenty years, I next salute my very particular and excellent friend the peasant-farmer, their grandpapa, who brings his best roses to me when I am ill, and gives me clusters of his own home-dried raisins, and has, I am quite sure, a much larger balance in his teapot and stockings than I have at my bank. A kind of dim, patriarchal family-feeling seems to come over me, as immediately afterwards I come upon another and an older man, still hale and hearty, who is grandpapa's elder brother! To what purpose have I mentioned these little domesticities? Because this worthy family have been peasant-farmers here for generations, and because in 1869 it seems, somehow, to link one to the past by a pleasantly human chain, when one remembers that grandpapa's papa was possibly running about like Jeannot and François, when *his* papa showed Tobias Smollett over these same grounds in 1763.

## BLANCHE TRÉGUIER.

THE first time I saw her she was cleaning a window. She was dressed in black, and had a little white cap tied under her chin. The frills of it stood round her face like a halo, and underneath the frills peeped some stray locks of hair ; hair that was neither red nor sandy, nor what we call golden, but the colour of the silk wound from the pale yellow cocoons that one sees sometimes in the silk markets in Italy. She came and went, answering somebody who was calling from below, while I, who had just arrived at St. Aignan by the night diligence, sat disconsolate on top of my boxes in the red-tiled *salon* on Madame Landerneau's first-floor, in No. 49, Rue du Chat qui file, waiting till Madame got my room ready, and brought me some hot coffee. "*Tiens!*" she had said coolly, when remonstrated with for not having been prepared to receive me when I had written to warn her ; "*tiens!* Mademoiselle did write, it is true, and I don't deny it. But I said to myself, I dare say she will change her mind now the weather has turned chilly. You will not have long to wait, however, Mademoiselle ; your rooms are perfectly clean, only a little dusty."

I sat still, looking, I dare say, very tired and cross, staring absently across from my open window on one side of the court to the window that was being cleaned by the girl with the blond hair on the other side of the court. Presently she shot a glance across to me with a pair of beautiful, mischievous, unfathomable brown eyes ; a glance that took in all the situation, as they say, of the *salon* of No. 49 in an instant : thus—middle-aged lady, new lodger, plenty of boxes ; wanting bath, bed, breakfast, everything ; Madame Landerneau behindhand as usual, puffing and blowing, screaming at Marthe in the kitchen, looking high and low for her keys, which

are in her outside pocket, banging everything about, and wondering why people will come when she has made up her mind not to expect them. "Yes, yes ; I know all about it," said the brown eyes, as plainly as possible. Then with a parting flick of her blue duster, a parting glance up at the six window-panes shining without a speck in the morning sun, and a look of mingled pity and amusement across the court to me, she shut the window, and vanished.

Before the end of the week I had persuaded Madame Landerneau to dust my rooms thoroughly. I had placed rugs here and there on the red-tiled floor, and scarlet hangings round the chimney-piece to keep my fire warm. I had silenced two of the three antiquated clocks of which my landlady was so proud, and I had made her understand that whenever I went upon any of the short excursions on account of which I had made St. Aignan my head-quarters, she was to expect me back at the time I fixed for my return, and not have any opinion of her own on the point.

Sitting in the dusk after my solitary dinner, on my return from one of these excursions, I could see into my neighbour's room across the court. Her lamp was lit, and she was ironing busily. A row of ugly, old woman's night-caps hung before the fire, crisp and steaming. Three little white embroidered caps lay on the faded red sofa by the fireside. She had just finished ironing a fourth, and was in the act of trying it on, when I looked up. Thought I, "Some coquettish little bourgeoisie, no doubt. She will stick pink bows into her cap, and be very fine at High Mass tomorrow."

On Sunday afternoon, as I looked out of window debating whether it were best to take umbrella or parasol, I saw two ladies descend a staircase that belonged to a separate block of buildings



on the other side of the court. They had Prayer-books in their hands, and wore bonnets. They crossed the court and entered Rue du Chat qui file by the long narrow passage belonging to Madame Landerneau's house. I did not see the face of the elder lady: the face of the younger was that of my ironing woman, my window-cleaner, the bourgeoisie with the brown eyes and the blond hair. But the bonnet on her head this afternoon told me in language not to be mistaken that she was no bourgeoisie, but a daughter of a good house, as they say at St. Aignan. I believe that at that time, had a bourgeoisie ventured into the street with a bonnet on, her neighbours would have mobbed her, and torn her head-dress into shreds. St. Aignan has the railway now, and gas, and flagged pavements, and many other innovations, and the bourgeois have left off observing their old sumptuary laws; indeed, I believe all the young ones wear bonnets and kid gloves on Sundays; but it was far [otherwise at the time of which I write.

One winter's day, when the snow fell thick, and the white glare from the roofs filled and chilled my sitting-room beyond endurance, in spite of my scarlet curtains and my log fire, a timid, uncertain knock came to my outer door. Madame Landerneau and I had had a "difference" that morning about answering the door. She was paid for attendance, which she supposed to include getting my coffee of a morning, making my bed in time for me to get into at night, and stopping to have a chat whenever she brought me a letter or a newspaper. She had no objection to answer the door either, if she were in the way. If not—if she happened to be upstairs in her apple-room, or downstairs among her wine-casks, or nodding, or gossiping with a neighbour out of window—why, then any reasonable lodger would get up and answer the door herself. I had been roused that morning from a delicious sleep and a dream about a chime of bells, by a pedlar who had entered my

room after knocking and ringing in vain at the outer door, and who insisted on selling me lithographs, and soap, and hair-pins, and brushes. After that it was necessary to come to an understanding with Madame Landerneau. "Oh, of course, since Mademoiselle insists upon it," she said, and as she went away I heard her muttering to herself and grunting, "Ugh! as obstinate as a Bretonne!" Madame Landerneau was a Normandy woman, and believed no good thing could come out of Brittany.

I sat still, wondering whether the door would be opened or not. After the third appeal to the bell I owned that Madame Landerneau had proved the stronger, and got up meekly to open the door myself. I was rewarded by seeing a princess in disguise—the girl with the brown eyes and the blond hair, hair that looked as if all the hair-dressers in St. Aignan had been spending the morning over it. She stood and curtsied low, with mingled grace and pride, a princess if ever there was one. I curtsied too, and bid her enter.

"Mademoiselle," she said, as she dropped into the seat of honour, my biggest arm-chair, "a letter was brought to us this morning which was directed to me—or rather to a person with a name much resembling mine. The postman, seeing no street marked, concluded it must be for me. I am Blanche Tréguier, and I did not know there was another person of the same name in St. Aignan or out of it. We did not know the handwriting, and, hearing there was a strange lady lodging in this house, my mother thought I had better show her the letter, as she might be its owner."

The letter was mine; my correspondent, a woman who never remembers street or number, and keeps no address-book. It is a wonder how any of her letters get to their owners. It was a wonder I got mine, then.

"My name is Blanche Tregaye," I said, "and I, too, did not know that there was another of the name in St. Aignan or out of it. I am Cornish,

Mademoiselle; you should be Bretonne, I think."

"Yes, I am Bretonne," said the girl, with proud humility. "But—I have very few relations."

Was she afraid I was going to claim relationship? Had she been Cornish, I should certainly have called her "cousin." But I had not even Cornish cousins. I was without a relation in the world. I told her so.

"That must be rather dull," she said, gazing away I know not where with her unfathomable brown eyes. "I should not like that. On the mother's side I have a few relations, and—I have Mamma."

"If it is agreeable to Madame Tréguier, I will do myself the honour to make her acquaintance," I said, feeling curious to know what the mother of my princess in disguise was like.

Blanche Tréguier answered that her mother would be enchanted; but there was a want of alacrity in the tone in which she said the words which warned me it was possible Madame Tréguier would be anything but enchanted.

Madame Tréguier, my landlady informed me, was a widow lady who kept the *bureau de tabac*—tobacconist's shop,—tobacco being a Government monopoly, the places in which it is sold are not styled shops, but *bureaux*—in Rue de l'Épéron. She was as poor as a rat, but would take nothing from anybody, friends or relations; she preferred keeping her bureau and being independent, like a bourgeoisie. The girl was well enough, she always had a smile for you as she passed. But the mother was a regular Bretonne, proud down to the end of her skinny fingers.

I found Madame Tréguier, indeed, very proud. Had it not been that Blanche, with all her pride, had a certain winsome way about her, I think I should have not repeated my visit. I believe Madame Tréguier considered me a doubtful character. I was a woman who lived alone, who had arrived at St. Aignan by the diligence; with plenty of boxes, it was true, but no maid. She did not know that I

had only travelled in the diligence because I wanted to know what it was like, that I never intended to trust myself to it a second time, and that I had no maid because I had broken loose from my English Sarah after bearing her tyranny for fifteen years. Everybody was getting emancipated, and why not I?

But I found the way to Madame Tréguier's heart at last. One day I put on a wonderful cashmere shawl sixty years old, and paid Madame a visit in her bureau, where she sat in a cloud of smoke. She rose up quite flurried and distressed.

"You here, Mademoiselle? This is no place for you. The duties of my position keep me here, but I have a drawing-room for my friends upstairs. You will find Blanche there."

But I sat down resolutely in spite of the horrible smoke, saying that I was in the mood for an hour's chat with her, and had sought her where I knew she was to be found. That hour's sitting, and my ancient shawl, won Madame Tréguier's poor proud heart. "I like those old patterns so much better than the modern ones," said the poor woman, taking up one end of the faded garment. "This reminds me of the shawl my grandmother—she was a Plouergast—had given to her on her wedding-day. She often told me about it."

I said I loved old things, and would like to see it. "Alas, I have it not," she said, with a blush and a sigh. Some time afterwards I learnt that the shawl, along with other heirlooms of still greater value and antiquity, had been sold to her cousin, a Plouergast, and wife of the Préfet of Clermont, to enable her to send Blanche to the Sacré Cœur for a year. That year of schooling, just at the time of her first communion, was all the regular instruction the child had ever had. It was a comfort to poor Madame Tréguier to think that her property had not passed out of the family; and it was a comfort too to think that Blanche had for a short time been associated with girls of her own

rank. The first communion was, naturally, an epoch in girls' lives. They dated later events from it, and remembered in after-life who had been their companions on the first communion-day.

"If Blanche is ever able to mix in society," said Madame Tréguier, "she has the nucleus of a set of acquaintances. My position can never be humbler, and I *may* rise. I do not see how, but I like to think it possible, for Blanche's sake."

Meanwhile, Blanche's existence was dull and colourless enough. Her young companions of the *Sacré Cœur* had forgotten her. Now and then a friend of her mother's, neither so poor nor so proud, nor perhaps her equal in birth, would spend a dull half-hour in the little sitting-room. Once a month Madame allowed herself a Sunday evening out, and then Blanche accompanied her to a whist-party at Madame la Présidente's. But the poor child confided to me that she hated whist, and would stay at home, only that then her mother would have to carry the lantern herself. Poor things! their energies were all bent to the solving of the sad and difficult problem: How to look like gentlewomen on a thousand francs a year!

"I sometimes think," said Blanche one day, "that it is a great pity I was ever born. If I were out of the way, my mother would be able to spend twice as much upon herself. I shall be glad when I am twenty-five, because then I shall be able to go to market alone, since it is only round the corner of the next street. When I think of all the money that old Filomène Batz has had for going to market with me ever since I was a child of eleven, I feel quite angry; and really, when I pay the old creature every month, though 'tis but a trifle, I feel as if it were my heart's blood. If I had all the money in a box that Mamma has paid her these years, how happy I should be!"

"And what would you do with it, my pet?"

"I should put it by, and add to it little by little," she said in an eager whisper. "And in some years from

this I should have enough, adding what I get by embroidery, to buy Mamma a shawl to wear when she goes to church every morning. I can't bear her to go to the five o'clock mass, the servants' mass, as she does all the year round," said Blanche impatiently. "If she had not me to maintain, she would be able to have a real cashmere, and pay some one to take care of the bureau while she went to High Mass, like all the St. Aignan ladies. Oh, I know, I have calculated it many times. When I think of all poor Mamma has endured," she continued, "it makes me so sad, that I can't say my prayers properly. And of course Mamma must feel her position much more than I do mine, for I am only a baron's daughter, but she is the daughter of a marquis."

We were in Madame Tréguier's kitchen and Blanche was at her wash-tub when she made this speech. So these were all Blanche's aspirations at eighteen!

One spring morning, Blanche, who had been busy with her household work since five o'clock, came hastily into my sitting-room, exclaiming, "It is too detestable!" with a little angry stamp of her foot, as she stopped in front of me.

"What is too detestable?" I asked coolly, rather amused at the proud little thing's babyish petulance.

"Everything! My cap!"—she tore it off her head—"the pitcher! He—yes, he is a most detestable, forward, presuming young man!"

Was it possible any one could have been rude to Blanche? I began in my turn to feel angry, and begged her to tell me all.

Blanche, instead, began to cry bitterly. "It was not meant for an insult, perhaps," she sobbed, as soon as she could speak; "but it is quite as bad as if it were. I feel insulted whether he meant it or not."

By degrees I got her to tell me what it was. She had forgotten to fetch water from the well in the court the night before, and had been obliged therefore to go down that morning. She had waited till seven o'clock, because the



servants belonging to the four families who took their water from that well would have got their supplies by that time, and if no one saw Blanche drawing water, no one would be reminded of Madame Tréguier's want of a servant.

"Of course," said Blanche, drying her eyes for a minute, "I know they know we keep no servant, but if they don't see me doing menial work, I don't care."

"My poor little ostrich! And this time a servant did see you—a man-servant, was it?"

"No, ah no, it was a great deal worse than that," Blanche sobbed, leaning her head on my lap. "It was a gentleman who saw me! I had stopped to take breath, for the pitcher was heavy. And he was running downstairs, and then he said something—I don't know what—and seized hold of the pitcher. I never gave him leave. He actually carried it up to our door. I was struck dumb; I didn't even say 'Thank you;' and I am very glad I didn't. The impertinence of those young men!"

I tried to persuade Blanche that the young man had only been moved by a proper feeling of compassion at seeing a young woman toiling upstairs with a heavy pitcher. But Blanche did not choose to take that view of the matter.

"If he had supposed me to be a young lady he would have waited till I had given him leave, before venturing to touch anything belonging to me. I will take care never to be mistaken for a bourgeoisie again. I will wear a hideous woollen thing on my head instead of a cap, and I will fetch water before any one in the house is stirring, or else go without."

"And deprive your mother of her morning coffee, proud, selfish child?"

"I can't help it," said Blanche defiantly. "If I were rich, oh then I'd be humble enough! But my pride is all I've got, and I mean to keep it."

One day, about a month after this, Madame Tréguier sent me a message to beg I would come to her in her bureau. I went down, wondering what could be her need of me; for, though by going there once I had in a manner established

a claim on her friendship, I had never ventured there again, except to buy postage-stamps.

She told me in little disjointed hurried sentences, while people were going in and out,—for it was market-day, and all the country people were getting their snuff-boxes and tobacco-pouches filled for the week,—that she had had an offer of marriage for Blanche, and that she was in a puzzle, and wanted to talk it all over. I knew well enough the comfort of being able to talk a thing over, so I ensconced myself behind the counter, and actually sold two sous' worth of tobacco for Madame, while she told me what lay on her mind.

The name of the young man was Tristan de Kermartin; he was a sous-lieutenant in a regiment of the line. He was as noble and as proud as the Tréguiers, "but, thank Heaven!" said poor Madame with a sigh, "not in such narrow circumstances." But yet he was far from rich, and if Blanche married him, she would be obliged to be a careful housekeeper. M. de Kermartin had been most explicit as to his family and circumstances. The great hitch—that of Blanche's want of money—he did not choose to consider a hitch at all. As for the caution-money required by Government before an officer is allowed to marry, he had offered to supply it all himself.

"It shows that he really wishes to marry Blanche," said Madame Tréguier, with a mixture of pride and pleasure and sadness. "But oh! to think that I have not even a dowry of three thousand five hundred francs for my poor child!"

When Madame Tréguier had said all she wished to say, I left her, promising to run in again in a day or two. She was going to see her confessor about it, she said, and should probably abide by his decision. I believe M. de Kermartin's genealogy made her more inclined to him than anything else. When I went to Madame Tréguier's two days after, I found the confessor there, and a young man, a good-looking fellow, who was M. de Kermartin. Then it was all settled! I thought Blanche had

made up her mind easily enough, but of course it was no affair of mine. I felt glad I had heard all Madame's talk without offering a single word of advice. I would not for any consideration have accepted the responsibility of that young creature's weal or woe, in ever so small a degree.

"Mademoiselle," said Blanche, when the two gentlemen were gone; "do you know who he is? He is the detestable young man!"

Madame Tréguier looked mystified. "Blanche," she said, reproachfully; "M. le Curé told you you had but to say a word, and——"

"Oh, Maman, I am well content," laughed Blanche; "I daresay I may get used to him in time."

The wooing went smoothly enough, I believe, but I saw little of Blanche for some time. One day, when I was accusing her to myself of being fickle, and debating whether I would go and see her or stand upon my dignity and wait for her to come and see me, she came in suddenly, announcing that she had something very particular to ask me about.

"Mademoiselle, I want to earn some money! I've wanted to before, but now I really must. M. Tristan has been talking to Mamma about the caution-money. He wants—that is—he doesn't want to wait. But I—the more I think, the more I dislike the idea of his giving it. He would be buying me—and I'll be bought by nobody," said Blanche, scornfully. "If three thousand five hundred francs are necessary for me to marry, they shall come from my hand—and I'll be beholden to nobody for them."

"If you really wish to earn money," I said, "I would advise your setting up a shop, close to your mother's. You might set up a wool shop, or something of that sort, and get on very well, I daresay."

"But the capital?"

"I would supply that. I have the means."

"Dear, kind, good Mademoiselle! But no, I should be in your debt, and I could not bear that. It seems to me

I should not love you as I do if I owed you money."

"That would be unjust to me, Blanche."

"Perhaps. But I can't help myself, you know I can't. If I knew I could pay you back instantly, I'd take the money without hesitation. But there! what is the good of talking? I know Mamma would die rather than see me keep a shop. Try to think of something else, Mademoiselle, pray."

I did think of something else, to which Madame Tréguier was brought with some difficulty to give her consent. I found for Blanche a place as nursery-governess in an English family, where she would have forty pounds a year. Poor child! she danced for joy when I told her the situation was hers if she would accept it. I warned her that she would be homesick and worried, and vexed in a thousand ways; that she must make up her mind to endure without complaining.

"I'll care for nothing, so long as I earn this money for myself," was her resolute answer.

Four years after this, I went to St. Aignan to see the Tréguiers. Blanche was at home. Her employer's children had grown beyond her teaching, and she was going to look for another situation. M. de Kermartin was there too; he had come to beg that there might be no further delay. War had been declared with Austria; his regiment might be ordered to Italy at any moment. Of the three thousand five hundred francs Blanche had set herself to earn, nine hundred were still wanting. He entreated Blanche to accept the nine hundred and make him happy. If the regiment once received orders to march, it would be too late.

Blanche was immovable. "I will never be bought for nine hundred francs!" she said, scornfully, when M. de Kermartin was gone, and I, feeling drawn towards him, began to plead his cause.

"He is good, he is faithful, as you say," she cried; "but I cannot do it. Alas! do not ask me, Mademoiselle."

Would she take the money from me ? Call it a loan or a gift, as she pleased. I was ready and anxious to give it.

"What! Begin my married life in debt? Never!"

All our arguments were thrown away, and I believe both M. de Kermartin and I left St. Aignan with our hearts feeling sore towards Blanche. He was ordered off with his regiment to Italy.

My anger vanished, however, when Madame Tréguier wrote telling me that her daughter was wearing herself out with anxiety; and when Blanche wrote, confessing that she had been too proud, and that she wished, now it was too late, that she had taken my money. In August, I went again to St. Aignan. Then followed the days of Magenta and Solferino; days of illumination and speechifying and horrible carnage. Proclamations were made by the Maire. The army had performed prodigies of valour. The inhabitants were invited to decorate their house-fronts and light up their windows; and "*Vive l'Empereur!*" cried the tambour and his following of ragamuffins.

On one of these sad lit-up nights, when Blanche, after putting three wax candles in each window, had gone into her room to cry by herself, Madame Tréguier got a letter from the colonel of M. Tristan's regiment. He had got his captaincy, he had got the cross of the Legion of Honour; for he, too, had performed prodigies of valour. And now, with a broken arm and a head cut open, the poor fellow had begged his colonel to write and ask Madame Tréguier and her daughter to meet him at Toulon. The invalids were being sent home, and he would be among them.

"He must be out of his mind to ask such a thing," said Madame Tréguier to me. "He does not reflect on the expense. And even had I the money, how could I leave the bureau? He ought to know, that if I could afford to pay an assistant I should not sit behind the counter myself."

She would have written to excuse herself from coming, but I prevented her. I made her understand that I

wished to do something to show my regard for M. de Kermartin, and that my taking her place as her daughter's travelling companion would show it sufficiently. There was a moment's hesitation, but the request was put so as to shield her pride—it was not herself I was anxious to oblige—and she consented.

That night Blanche and I set off; poor Blanche made no objection to taking my money now.

"Had I but listened to you," she said to me, as the diligence rolled and jolted along in the darkness, "I might have been on my way to nurse my husband."

I did what I could to cheer her up. The best thing was the travelling as fast as express trains and posthorses could take us to Toulon. Leaving Blanche at the hotel, I went to the Ministère de la Guerre to find out whether the invalids of M. de Kermartin's regiment had arrived, and was told that a thousand, of which his company formed a part, would enter to-morrow.

"Will the invalids walk, Monsieur?" I inquired in surprise.

"Those that have legs will walk, those that have none will ride," was the answer.

Blanche's spirits rose when I told her that M. de Kermartin would probably march with his company.

"I ought to be thankful his legs are all right, at least," she said.

Early on the morrow we drove outside the Porte d'Italie, intending to wait there for the arrival of the soldiers. But we were told that no carriages would be allowed to stand till they had marched past. We had no alternative but to send the carriage back and stand waiting under a broiling sun in the midst of the filthy, noisy crowd that collected outside the Porte as the morning went by. Blanche made no complaint, but stood looking for the cloud of dust in the distance. At last they appeared, ragged, haggard, limping, the brave, victorious thousand. Every now and then, some one would rush forward from the crowd and clasp a poor fellow round



the neck and drag him back into a group of people, more than half women; and there would be vociferations and embraces and words of tenderness intermingled with vile swearing. Blanche looked at one group. "I envy those creatures; nothing restrains them," she said bitterly, and turned away. The ragged victors marched past, Blanche with strained eyes looking from one to the other. When the last rank had entered the Porte d'Italie, she turned to me with a cry: "He is not here, he is dead!"

The crowd had receded; she and I were left alone. I took her inside the archway, and begged a corporal on duty to let us sit for a moment on the bench. He was civil, and ordered a soldier to fetch Blanche a cup of water. The man brought it in a tin cup. Blanche took it weeping: "Has my poor Tristan always had water to drink, even out of a tin cup, I wonder?" she said. I left her on the bench, and peeped out into the hot, glaring road. I saw a few poor stragglers on crutches. I went up to one of them and stopped him. "Tell me, *mon brave*," said I, putting a gold piece into his hand, "do you know anything of M. le Capitaine de Kermartin?"

The poor fellow stared dully at the money; he was past being thankful. "M. le Capitaine is coming in waggon number three, if he is alive," he said in a hoarse faint voice, and hobbled on after his comrades. We sat till the waggons appeared, and then we followed number three—Blanche giving a little gasp whenever a jolt or a roll occurred—on to the gate of the military hospital.

I took Blanche back to the hotel, and went out to find the chaplain of the regiment. He helped me to inquire of the right people, and also made inquiries himself; and we were told that M. de Kermartin had gone into hospital with fever, and that friends and relations would be admitted the next morning at ten o'clock. "If M. de Kermartin's illness takes an unfavourable turn, I shall be sent for to administer the last sacraments," said the chaplain. "Is there any message you would like me

to give, in case there happens to be a lucid interval before the last agony?"

I asked him to come with me to the hotel where Blanche was. I explained to her what his errand was, and left them together; for I felt that such a last message was not for me to hear.

We waited long next morning at the hospital gate before the clock struck ten. It was at any rate better for Blanche to wait there than in our room at the hotel, fancying that my watch and the hotel clocks were wrong, and that she would be defrauded of one minute of the short interview allowed. We were conducted to a ward upstairs, and were just entering when a bell was heard ringing at the end of the corridor and our conductor bid us stand aside; the Host was coming. From every door in the corridor appeared figures, infirmiry attendants, convalescents, Sisters of Charity, who all knelt as it passed. Our conductor followed, and signed to us to follow. "Who is it for?" I whispered. "Some officer who only came yesterday," was the answer. The little procession stopped half-way down the ward, the Sisters of Charity knelt round a bed, we knelt too; such of the invalids as could move turned themselves on their narrow beds, and signed themselves reverently.

"Thank God! it is not Tristan," Blanche whispered, stealing her hand into mine. She remained on her knees till the little service was over and the priest had quitted the ward. "Let us go on now," she said, as she rose comforted.

The Sister who had been kneeling near us now came up and asked whom we sought.

"M. de Kermartin."

"Behold him!" she answered, indicating with her hand the bed on which the dying person lay to whom the last sacraments had just been administered.

"Are you sure? Oh, *ma sœur*, it is impossible, M. de Kermartin is quite a young man," we whispered both together.

The Sister went to the head of the bed and looked at the man's face. She

signed to Blanche to come nearer. "He has got a silk chain with a little medal attached to it, round his neck. Come, and see whether you recognise it. He won't know you ; don't be afraid."

Blanche stepped forward, dragging me by the hand. She went close, then gave a cry and started back. "Hush, no noise !" warned the Sister.

"My hair, my medal, my Tristan ! O Tristan, Tristan !" the poor child cried, flinging herself down by the bed.

"Hush, Mademoiselle, you disturb a dying man," said the Sister. "You must leave the ward."

But Blanche had got hold of a poor maimed hand that lay on the coverlet, and was kissing it and weeping over it. Instead of making her leave the ward the Sister turned away her head. "Poor thing," she said. "This is a sad case. His sister, doubtless. Madame, you will be able to tell the family that everything was done that could be done. But he came in too late. What with the fatigue and the heat, gangrene set in, and amputation of the broken arm did no good. He sank immediately. It will be all over in an hour or two. You had better take Mademoiselle away. She has been here quite long enough."

Just then there came a change over the face of the sufferer. He opened his eyes, and seemed partly to recognise Blanche.

"Poor Blanche, cruel Blanche ! *Vive l'Emp—*"

"The ward is to be cleared instantly. Mesdames, you must go. Not one instant longer," said the Sister, peremptorily, as Blanche prayed to be allowed to remain. As she took us out by one door, the surgeons entered by another.

That evening we two attended poor Tristan's funeral. I had thought of one thing which had not yet occurred to Blanche. I had made arrangements by which the grave became her private property for ever. For a fair sum of money one may have the certainty that the grave of a departed friend will rest inviolate. If this is considered a privilege not worth securing, the plot of ground is liable to be used for a new tenant after a limited number of years. I took Blanche home to her mother. There was only one little outburst from her, as we looked our last at Toulon from the carriage windows. "Ah ! he never knew how much I loved him ! I never knew myself till now. Henceforth my whole life shall be one prayer for him. That wretched money I was so proud to earn all alone, shall be spent in masses for his soul."

Ten years after Tristan's death I went to St. Aignan and saw Blanche, and we went together to the commemorative service in the church on All Souls' day. "I think he must be happy," she said, as we walked home. "I think ten years of praying must be worth something. But if it has been worth something, it will still be worth something. So I shall go on."

## HYMN ON THE TRANSFIGURATION.

BY THE DEAN OF WESTMINSTER.

It was remarked to me by a friend that he knew of no modern English Hymn on the Transfiguration—an incident of the Gospel narrative so remarkable in itself, so full of manifold instruction, and so frequently read in our Church Services, and which perhaps more fully than any other single scene contains the concentration of the main lessons of our Lord's Life on Earth.

There is none other which brings together so many characteristic points: the contrast and contact with the miseries of the world, the connexion with the choicest spirits of the Old and of the New Dispensation, the Ideal of human life, the near prospect of the Death and Passion, and the revelation of the Divine Will as the main purpose of the Advent.

It is certainly curious that no Hymn bearing on this subject is to be found in Sir Roundell Palmer's "Book of Praise," nor in the "Christian Year." It is a remarkable instance of the tendency of Christian devotion to avoid the lessons to be derived from the general scenes of the Gospel narrative, just as the Mediæval pilgrimages omitted Capernaum and the Plain of Gennesareth.

In accordance with this suggestion, I have endeavoured (as in a Hymn written some years ago on the Ascension) to combine, as far as was possible, the various thoughts connected with the scene.

## I.

"Master, it is good to be  
High on the mountain here with Thee:"  
Here, in an ampler, purer air,  
Above the stir of toil and care,  
Of hearts<sup>1</sup> distraught with doubt and grief,  
Believing in their unbelief,  
Calling Thy servants, all in vain,  
To ease them of their bitter pain.

## II.

"Master, it is good to be  
Where rest the souls that talk with Thee:"  
Where stand reveal'd to mortal gaze  
The<sup>2</sup> great old saints of other days;  
Who once receiv'd on Horeb's height  
The<sup>3</sup> eternal laws of truth and right;  
Or<sup>4</sup> caught the still small whisper, higher  
Than storm, than earthquake, or than fire.

<sup>1</sup> Mark ix. 16-29.<sup>3</sup> Deut. v. 5.<sup>2</sup> Mark ix. 4.<sup>4</sup> 1 Kings xix. 12.



## III.

“Master, it is good to be  
 With Thee, and with Thy faithful Three.”  
 Here,<sup>1</sup> where the Apostle's heart of rock  
 Is nerv'd against temptation's shock ;  
 Here, where the Son of Thunder learns  
 'The thought that breathes, and word that burns ;'  
 Here, where on eagle's wings we move  
 With him whose last best creed is Love.

## IV.

“Master, it is good to be  
 Entranc'd, enwrapt, alone with Thee ;”  
 Watching the glistening raiment glow,  
 Whiter<sup>2</sup> than Hermon's whitest snow ;  
 The human lineaments that shine  
 Irradiant<sup>3</sup> with a light Divine :  
 Till we too change from grace to grace<sup>4</sup>  
 Gazing on that transfigur'd Face.

## V.

“Master, it is good to be  
 In life's worst anguish close to Thee.”  
 Within<sup>5</sup> the overshadowing cloud  
 Which wraps us in its awful shroud,  
 We<sup>6</sup> wist not what to think or say,  
 Our spirits sink in sore dismay ;  
 They tell us<sup>7</sup> of the dread “Decease”—  
 But yet to linger here is peace.

## VI.

“Master, it is good to be  
 Here<sup>8</sup> on the Holy Mount with Thee :”  
 When darkling in the depths of night,  
 When dazzled with excess of light,  
 We bow before the heavenly Voice  
 That bids bewilder'd souls rejoice,  
 Though love wax cold, and faith be dim—  
 “This<sup>9</sup> is my Son—O hear ye Him.”

<sup>1</sup> Mark ix. 2.<sup>4</sup> 2 Cor. iii. 18.<sup>7</sup> Luke ix. 31.<sup>2</sup> Mark ix. 13.<sup>5</sup> Luke ix. 34.<sup>8</sup> 2 Pet. i. 17.<sup>3</sup> Matt. xvii. 2.<sup>6</sup> Mark ix. 6.<sup>9</sup> Matt. xvii. 5.

I have subsequently fallen in with another Hymn on the same subject, but from another point of view. I venture, with its gifted author's permission, to insert it, as supplying a phase of the wonderful scene which the plan of the Hymn, given above, could hardly admit.

“Stay, Master, stay, upon this heavenly hill;  
A little longer let us linger still;  
With these two mighty ones of old beside,  
Near to the Awful Presence still abide:  
Before the throne of light we trembling stand,  
And catch a glimpse into the spirit-land.

“Stay, Master, stay! we breathe a purer air;  
This life is not the life that waits us there:  
Thoughts, feelings, flashes, glimpses, come and go;  
We cannot speak them—nay, we do not know:  
Wrapt in this cloud of light, we seem to be  
The thing we fain would grow—eternally.”

“No!” saith the Lord, “the hour is past; we go:  
Our home, our life, our duties lie below.  
While here we kneel upon the mount of prayer,  
The plough lies waiting in the furrow there:  
Here we sought God that we might know His will:  
There we must do it—serve Him—seek Him still.”

If man aspires to reach the throne of God,  
O'er the dull plains of earth must lie the road.  
He who best does his lowly duty here,  
Shall mount the highest in a nobler sphere:  
At God's own feet our spirits seek their rest,  
And he is nearest Him who serves Him best.<sup>1</sup>

There is yet one other Hymn of earlier days—which has its basis in the Transfiguration, but which is in fact only another form of the “Elegy in a Country Churchyard.” It is the “Lines written” by Herbert Knowles “in Richmond Churchyard, Yorkshire;”—the beautiful cemetery which hangs on the slope of the hill under the parish church, overlooking the Swale. I give the first and last stanzas.

Methinks it is good to be here;  
If Thou wilt, let us build—but for whom?  
Nor Elias nor Moses appear,  
But the shadows of eve that encompass the gloom,  
The abode of the dead, and the place of the tomb.

<sup>1</sup> “Scenes from the Life of Jesus,” by S. Greg, p. 194.

*Hymn on the Transfiguration.*

The first Tabernacle to Hope we will build  
And look for the sleepers around us to rise ;  
The second to Faith which ensures it fulfilled,  
And the third to the Lamb of the great sacrifice,  
Who bequeathed us them both when He rose from the skies.

There are five Latin Hymns on the Transfiguration, given in Daniel's "Thesaurus Hymnologicus," vol. v. pp. 288—290, Nos. 566—570. Of these Nos. 566 and 570 have some merit. In the Breviary for the Feast of the Transfiguration (August 14) is a short Hymn, "Amor Jesu dulcissime." There is also a Hymn of S. Cosmas, translated by Dr. Neale, given in "Hymns used in the Parish Church of Bethnal Green," No. 351. It brings out forcibly one idea of the scene ; but is too much mixed up with the legendary doctrine of the Uncreated Light of Mount Tabor to be suitable for general use.



## PHILOSOPHERS AT PLAY.

NEARLY three years ago I had the good fortune to be present at a large meeting of German naturalists and physicians. Possibly, a sketch of the great dinner which then took place may amuse those who are only acquainted with the more sober festivities of a "British Association."

The "Naturforscher und Aerzte" held their forty-first meeting, from the 18th to the 24th of September, 1867, at Frankfort-on-the-Main, a city rich alike in relics of the past and facts of the present; where dim old gables look down on a turmoil of traffic and commerce; where a few steps take you from the broad "Zeil," with its brilliant shops and plate-glass windows, to the narrow, crooked "Juden-strasse," whose sign-boards are written in Hebrew, and whose grimy dark houses meet overhead.

The year 1867 found gloom in Frankfort. The glory of independence had vanished from the city with the tripartite garrison of Prussians, Austrians, and Bavarians who had once guarded it, more from each other than from the outer world. Frankfort was all Prussian now, its wealth laid under heavy contribution to the expense of the war; and bitter, in these early days of annexation, was the hatred borne to the new rulers. The "Association" shared heartily in the general discontent, and mingled politics with science more than is the English custom.

The meetings of the "Versammlung" were held in a convenient building in the centre of the town. Here, in a large hall, the dinner was given on the first day of meeting, Wednesday, September 18th. It began by daylight, as early as half-past four. There was neither ceremony of evening dress nor elegance in the preparations for the feast. Four long narrow tables ran down the room, with flags placed on them inscribed "Botanik," "Chemie," "Zoologie," &c., so that the guests, no

less than four hundred in number, might group themselves according to their several sciences. A shorter table crossed the upper end of the hall. Here, in the centre, was the chair of the president, the well-known Dr. Spiess of Frankfort, whom many English have to thank for good advice in the choice of baths suited to their needs. Behind the president's seat was a high desk with a rostrum, from which all speeches had to be made. At the lower end of the hall a strong orchestra and chorus were posted. In another point of difference from English custom, I venture to ascribe "sweetness and light," greater than our own, to the Germans. It was, as a distinguished American visitor put it, "not a stag dinner." Certainly men were in a very large majority, but the fifteen or twenty ladies present were guests honoured at the table, and not spectators relegated to a gallery. An English lady indeed was seated next the president. All arrangements struck one as of homely style, prepared only for good fellowship and easy enjoyment. No fastidious tastes were to be gratified with snowy linen, jewel-like glass, and delicate flowers; but of good company there was no lack, for the tables were lined with the earnest, clever faces of the men of science, natural and comfortable in their morning dress. We were made to notice that the *cartes* of the dinner were in German, without a word of French. The result was an unintelligible bill of fare; and the "Versammlung" might better have shown its contempt for France in the usual way, by using French words for all the technicalities of cookery, fashions, and dancing.

To every guest at the dinner was given a song-book, compiled for the occasion by Dr. Hoffmann-Donner, who is well esteemed among men of science for his care of a large asylum for the insane, near Frankfort, and popular

among children as the author of "Struwel Peter." This "Liederbuch" of his contains about a hundred scientific songs, ranged under various heads, as "Songs for our Forty-first Meeting," "Medicine," "Anatomy and Physiology," "Anthropology, Zoology, Mineralogy," &c., &c. A few songs are taken from Goethe, Kotzebue, and others; a few are in rhyming Latin verses; the most part are written by Hoffmann-Donner and other German savants. The most amusing among them combine science of the Darwin school with a curious extravagance of fun. The technical terms of each science are accurately used, and, indeed, some anatomical songs are too "professional" in detail for translation here.

What earthly good a song-book could be to so intellectual an assembly perplexed us visitors greatly. However, light soon dawned, for the proceedings of the dinner began, after a short speech from the president, with a song of Hoffmann-Donner's, curious in metre and earnestly German in idea, as one verse will sufficiently show:—

In mighty conflict ye may wield your  
weapons

All ye who differ, for in sooth  
Each man should struggle freely and with  
honour

For that which lives to him, his truth;  
But at our feast, bound in fellowship's hands,  
Foes shall clasp gladly their reconciled hands.

The tune for this was played through first by the orchestra, then sung by the chorus; but in the last two lines of each verse, to the confusion of our English ideas, the distinguished company lifted up their voices and sang, as if it were the most natural thing in the world for them to do. The song was followed by loud applause, and by the soup. Then Dr. Spiess rose and spoke: "Meine Damen und Herren, if it pleases you we will now sing 'The Gorilla's Lament,' on page eleven of our song-book." No need for the chorus-singers this time. The orchestra played a good old tune, and the Association sang; and be it recorded that we English visitors sang also, between our soup and our second course, all sang, with a fine

swing, and shouting with laughter here and there; while any hit which seemed specially to touch any philosopher present was emphasized by the merriment and pointing fingers of his neighbours.

All bright in the moonlight it gleams,  
The placid Nyanza Sea;  
By the bank, on a stone with thick moss  
overgrown,

A gorilla reclines mournfully.  
So deeply he sighs and he lashes his breast,  
And nightly rends he his hair,  
His lament now he drones, interrupted with  
groans,

Right out on the dull midnight air.  
"Ah! woe is me! what have I learnt!  
In childhood by ignorance blest,  
I believed, but in vain, that the prize I should  
gain,

The monarch of monkeys confest.  
Now, urged by the cursed desire to be wise,  
I've gained the rebuke of my vanity;  
My development ceased, and has left me a  
beast,

An unfinished piece of humanity.  
"Oh! what might I not have become—  
A poet, an author renowned;  
A professor of note, with a star-spangled coat,  
Midst Hofraths and councillors found.  
Admitting no peer in diplomacy's wiles  
Had I once had a fair opportunity,  
At Frankfurt I ween, in the Band I had been  
The champion of Fatherland's unity.

"Or else, on the resonant keys,  
With thundering quadrumanous chords,  
I had stormed in grand fashion, like Liszt in  
his passion,

While an audience enraptured applauds.  
As athlete, how would I with muscles of steel  
Each foe have confounded and scorned,  
Till the crowd shouted round, and my victory  
crowned,

And with oak-leaves my forehead adorned.  
"Du Chaillu, you first of the gang!  
You Darwin, just look out for squalls!  
Carl Vogt, through your preaching and wide-  
spreading teaching

On me all this misery falls.  
Well, let me but catch you, knights-errant of  
truth,

All three of you hear what shall hap—  
Your fine skulls I'll dash into splinters, and  
smash

Your developed brains into a pap!  
"One thought alone comforts me still,  
And breathes a sweet peace on my woe,  
From agonized raving, insatiate craving,  
The path of contentment to show.

No ape to humanity ever attained,  
I endure it as well as I may;  
Not a murmur escapes, for, while men become  
apes,  
A quiet gorilla I'll stay."

This ended, the fish was brought round. Such was the plan of the dinner. Between fish and meat, between meat and *entrées*, between every two courses, came a song in chorus or a speech, often indeed both. One novel result was that we had time to get hungry between the courses, and hailed with joy the appearance of every dish. Another consequence, which perhaps only Germans would regularly submit to, was that after four or five hours we had not got so far as the dessert. Can any one imagine a large company of Englishmen delaying the progress of their dinner thus, or singing convivial songs before the first glass of wine was finished?

All the toasts of the evening were given, not, as here, by the president, but by the more distinguished guests, probably in some pre-arranged order. Every orator spoke from the rostrum; and any gesticulation was made dangerous by the need of holding steady in one hand the glass of wine, which, his speech ended and his toast given, the speaker raised on high and emptied. This was the signal for enthusiastic applause, and a long clash, as each one present clinked glasses with both his neighbours, then stretched across the table to strike the glass of any friend within reach. One significant omission showed the political feelings of the *Versammlung*. The King's health was not proposed, but in its place the "Stadt Frankfurt" was drunk.

An illustrious visitor was Professor Virchow, eminent as a physiologist and as a bitter opponent of Bismarck in the Prussian Diet. He made us a fine speech, expressing the hope that our children might enjoy a truer liberty than we, a sentiment which caused great excitement and some expressions of disapprobation. Dr. Hoffmann-Donner also mounted the tribune, and was received with enormous enthusiasm. At the end of his speech a crowd gathered round to clink their glasses against his, and cheer him again and again.

Thus the dinner went on, interlarded with choruses and speeches, growing gradually towards an uproar of enjoyment.

It was a wonderful sight to see those grave, middle-aged gentlemen, those intellectual thinkers, behaving like veritable boys in their most rampant moods; singing, shouting chaff at each other, rolling in their seats for very merriment; eating, smoking, and drinking, as if no more serious pursuits had ever troubled their existence. Perhaps only Germans have this power of going back at will to the feelings of student days; remaining boys to the end of their useful and active lives.

But, if German enthusiasm seems beyond his reach, will the reader consent to emulate German patience, and suffer the progress of the dinner to be interrupted by more songs?

BIBAMUS.

Behold us assembled, while joy fills each breast,  
Then up with you, comrades, bibamus!  
The pens and the lancets and knives lie at rest,

Then up with you, comrades, bibamus!  
What good that a man should torment himself still,

Why this one is well, and why that one is ill;  
Though truth may lie hid from our knowledge and skill,

Yet up with you, comrades, bibamus!

The cobbler as well as his shoes must decay,

Then up with you, comrades, bibamus!

The doctors and patients must both pass away,

Then up with you, comrades, bibamus!

If you quietly live or in merry carouse,

All ends in one fashion, as each man allows;

There waits for us all the same small wooden house,

So up with you, comrades, bibamus!

If you drive but one horse, if you sit behind two,

Well, up with you, comrades, bibamus!

Whether honour or knowledge or riches you

woo,

Still, up with you, comrades, bibamus!

If in tweed, or in cloth trimmed with rich Astracan,

If by nature a sad or a light-hearted man,

Keep ever the heart of the boy while you can:

Then up with you, comrades, bibamus!

LINNEÆUS-LIED.

Why should the pretty flowers

All mute and silent be?

Why can no song be won from them,

No simple melody?

I asked the first of teachers,

'To Martins' self I went;

He said, "In such research I've heard

Of no experiment."



Then ventured I, "'Twould surely  
Be otherwise, I think,  
If, 'stead of endless water showers,  
You gave 'em wine to drink.

"That looses tongues right often,  
And wakes the power of song ;  
But, mind you 'custom them to drink,  
The test may else go wrong."

"What!" cried the sage, "my cellar  
For such a purpose lent ?  
No, sir, there must a limit be  
To all experiment.

"Ourselves drink wine, and often  
Scarce round the jug will go ;  
There's quite enough of singing, and  
Of chattering, here below."

So spoke a mighty master.  
Students, good reason why,  
Will not their wine on flowers pour ;  
Experiments to try.

Geologists and others  
Alike decline the test ;  
So, ever mute the flowers grow,  
Unsing their "Thennas" rest.

Soon after nine the hall began slightly to thin. Men had left their first places and gathered in little friendly groups to talk and drink together. More pipes and cigars were lighted; every man was enjoying himself to the uttermost, noisily or quietly, as seemed good to him; but the dessert stage had not even yet been reached. Unfortunately I could stay no later, and can give no evidence how much longer the festivities lasted. It looked rather as if some few would smoke on there till the "sections" met the next morning.

I venture to offer one more translation from the "Liederbuch," begging leave to make a sincere apology for the inadequate way in which all my English versions represent the ease and simplicity of the German originals.

#### THE DISTRIBUTION OF PRACTICE.

"Take ye the sick world," Esculapius cried  
To mortals, "I to mighty Jove ascend ;  
Let your God-given talents now be tried,  
Great nature's secrets learn to comprehend."

Practice brings gold—they listen with a will,  
Then to the work all hasten, young and old,  
A hundred baths are praised to cure each ill,  
And many a spring of water, hot and cold.

The homœopath divides his atoms rare ;  
Hoff cures more manfully with hops and  
malt ;  
Trudel with lifting up of hands and prayer ;  
While others heal with brandy and with  
salt.

The life-awakening essences abound ;  
Friend Holloway speaks scorn of every ill,  
Goldberger's bands electric gird some round,  
And all the world is cured with Morrison's  
pill.

\* \* \* \* \*  
Rheumatics, medicated cottons cure,  
'Gainst pine-tree wool consumption strives  
in vain,  
A hundred remedies relief procure  
For toothache, cramp, and every mortal pain.

But who shall tell the masters and their claims,  
The cures miraculous of every ill ?  
Or who shall count specifics and their names,  
Ointment and draught, tincture, and salve,  
and pill ?

Long had the distribution thus been done,  
When very late arrived the true M.D.  
But the sick folk were doctored every one  
Already—each would say, "I need not thee."

"Shall all have something then, and only I  
Be quite neglected, I, thy faithful son ?"  
Thus poured he forth a loud complaining cry,  
And flung himself before the Olympian  
throne.

"Why didst thou silence keep so long ? thou  
roamer,  
Where hast thou loitered ?" asked the god  
irate.

"Under examination for diploma  
Long was I kept ; professors judged my fate,

"Testing my knowledge of the human frame,  
Of long-stored wisdom learnt through passing  
ages ;

Life's deepest springs they made me tell by  
name,  
And weigh the theories of departed sages.

"Knowledge of nature's powers to make my  
own  
I've diligently sought, this weary while.  
Pardon me, striving thus for science alone,  
Forgetting, as it seems, the mercantile."

"What can I do ?" asked Esculapius ; "facts  
Accomplished must be borne with : and be-  
sides

No god could silence all that crowd of quacks ;  
So let them boast on while the earth abides.

"Gladly I would advise thee to resign  
The earth, and come up here ; but man needs  
thee ;

Thou the certificates of death must sign,  
And for the sins of all the scape-goat be."

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## Contributors to this Volume.

A. P. S.

BADEAU, GENERAL.

BRADLEY, REV. G. G.

EATON, F. A.

ELLIS, ROBINSON.

F.

FARRAR, REV. F. W.

FREEMAN, EDWARD A.

FYFE, J. F.

HAMILTON, JOHN.

HARRISON, AGNES T.

HUGHES, THOMAS, M.P.

HULLAH, JOHN.

JEBB, R. C.

J. P.

"JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN," AUTHOR OF.  
LAMBETH LIBRARIAN, THE HON.

LATHAM, H., M.A.

MACMILLAN, REV. HUGH.

"MARY POWELL," AUTHOR OF.

MYERS, F. W. H.

PRESBYTER ACADEMICUS.

PROWSE, W. J.

PRUDHOMME, SULLY.

R. S.

ROWSSELL, F. W.

SEELEY, PROFESSOR.

SEWELL, MISS.

SMILES, SAMUEL.

SOLICITOR-GENERAL, THE.

STRACHEY, SIR EDWARD, BART.

TUCKER, MARWOOD.

W.

W. P.

WARD, T. H.

WATSON, C. KNIGHT, F.S.A.

WESTCOTT, CANON.

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## ORIENTALISM IN EUROPEAN INDUSTRY.

BY SIR M. DIGBY WYATT, M.A. ETC.

As steam and railways, and the type of man that steam and railways engender, push themselves further and further ahead into those profundities of Oriental life, which, but for such intrusion, might,—so far as we can judge,—have remained unchanged for centuries to come, the quickening life of Western activity and enterprise shakes to their very vitals the constitutions of the Eastern races.

That rude intrusion of European energy which took originally the form of trade, and which, ere long, assumed that of conquest, must have rudely broken in upon the uninterrupted tide of despotic rule which had for many centuries held unlimited sway in India, in China, and Japan.

While such intrusions served to introduce European life and energy—and too often European passions and vices—to the peoples of the East, they served also to rend aside that thick veil which had hidden almost entirely from Europe arts and industries of almost unparalleled originality and beauty. The result of continued intercourse has been to effect a peculiar interchange of mutual respect.

By a principle, as it were, of convection, the colder temperature of Europe has warmed under the Eastern sun into admiration for arts which it at first deemed magnificent, but uncultured. Those, on the other hand, who were originally tolerated as but little less than savages by the Celestials, have so far made good their footing as to command unlimited respect, for the power of their arms and the cheapness of their cottons. Their steam and their cannon have forced an entry, not only into the country but into the intelligences of the rulers of China and Japan, as they had previously done into those of the continent of India.

History has always shown us that such

counterchanges of national characteristics have been intensely slow in their commencement, and very rapid in the later stages of assimilation; and hence we may observe that, for centuries after the original opening up of the East by European countries, the influence of the abundant products brought to us from India scarcely in any wise affected the corresponding industries of Europe.

As traveller after traveller, and ship after ship, brought to Portugal, to Holland, and to England beautiful specimens of the textile fabrics of India, and of the ceramic products of China and Japan, gradually and slowly an inclination arose to imitate those classes of products. The desire to rival the shawls of Cashmere has helped to create and develop much of the trade of Norwich, of Glasgow, and of Paisley.

Under Napoleon I. in France, the great house of Ternaux embarked with success in the same class of industry; while admiration for the beautiful porcelain of China and Japan encouraged the Dutch to imitate those products in the best samples of the Delft ware, and the Saxons in the earliest products of Meissen and of Dresden. The French, in their earliest porcelain manufacture, limited their imitation to the desire to equal or excel the body of the Oriental china rather than its appearance or ornamentation. We, in England—probably from a more popular appreciation of the excellences of the ordinary porcelain brought to us by the East India Company's trade—in some of our earliest Staffordshire, and especially in our early Worcester, china, manufactured imitations of Chinese production which it is sometimes very difficult to distinguish from the original they imitated. Still, these reproductions were to a great extent mechanical, and we were loth to admit the beauty while we commended



the utility of the object imitated. Whilst admiration was reserved for reproductions of ornament based upon the antique, and upon the best remains of the period of the renaissance of the antique, every one remained all but blind to the value of the East as a source of inspiration for industrial designers.

The first step to renewed activity and greater liberality in the theory of industrial design is, I think, to be recognised through the archaeological movement in favour of a recognition of the value of the Mediaeval system of dealing with form. As that Mediaeval system had unquestionably derived much inspiration during the period of the Crusades, and indeed during the greater part of the Middle Ages, from contact with the products of the East, which stood out with conspicuous excellence during the dark ages of European Mediævalism, so the profound study of that system carried back the attention of students to those original sources of inspiration.

The *prestige* of classical tradition and the French supremacy in matters of taste once broken down, prejudices were removed which had previously limited the range of industrial art; and men arose, like Owen Jones and Pugin in this country, and Texier, Coste, Clergét, Girault de Prangey, and Flandrin in France. By such men the public of both countries were made acquainted with sources of beauty, and theories for the creation of beauty, which greatly extended the range of facilities with which it was their privilege to arm the designer to enrich industrial art with new and beautiful forms, based and systematized upon their interpretation of Oriental tradition.

The influence of these and other pioneers in the good work first manifested itself emphatically in the face of Europe at the Great Exhibition of 1851. The collection of Indian manufactures contributed from every part of India took the world of European manufacture by storm, and excited a general and previously unknown admiration for all the products of the East. The comments made by Owen Jones upon those

products tended much to a codification of the principles upon which their beauty mainly depended; while the technical and historical details concerning them, furnished by the late Dr. Royle, provided us with the fullest information as to the means by which, and the circumstances under which, the most beautiful of the objects exhibited had been manufactured.

After the close of the Exhibition of 1851, the best of the products specially forwarded from India for that Exhibition were reserved to supplement the small collection previously deposited in certain apartments of the old India House in Leadenhall-street.

The excitement caused throughout India by the admiration which the products forwarded from that country received at the Exhibition of 1851 culminated in the contribution to the Exhibition held in Paris in 1855 of an even more complete and extensive series of illustrations of Indian manufacture than that forwarded to Europe in anticipation of 1851.

The Indian portion of the Exhibition of 1855, which I had the good fortune to be employed by Colonel Sykes, the then chairman of the East India Company, to arrange with the late Dr. Royle, excited the greatest enthusiasm amongst the principal designers for French industry. Artists were continually sketching and drawing in the Indian department, and the writers who principally chronicled the *memorabilia* of that Exhibition dwelt with the utmost fervour upon the beauty of the Indian patterns.

In France, it was especially upon the tissues of Lyons that the Indian department of the Exhibition of 1855 exercised the most potent influence.

After the close of that Exhibition, as on the occasion of the previous Exhibition, the best of the Indian goods were selected to be added to the India House Collection, which having at that date considerably outgrown the space available for its display, induced the Directors to turn their attention to the conversion of certain additional rooms into a tolerably satisfactory museum. In this instance, again, I was

employed by the Company to effect the requisite enlargement and refitment of their old museum galleries. The work was a difficult one, as a number of old offices and a couple of dwelling-houses afforded by no means satisfactory elements out of which to contrive an industrial museum. The whole was however so completed as to admit of a tolerable classification, and the exhibition of an extensive series of samples of all the leading manufactures of India, under fair conditions of lighting and accessibility for the purpose of study and comparison. On the completion of the new museum, it was visited by thousands of persons, and amongst them, numbers of students and practical manufacturers, who began to incorporate into our current system of production imitations, especially in textile fabrics, carpets, &c., of the best Indian goods exhibited by the Court of Directors of the East India Company.

The necessity for the abandonment of the old East India House and the removal of its contents to the west end of London, coupled with the death of Dr. Royle, caused some interruption in the work of usefulness effected by the permanent exhibition in London of these beautiful products. The intelligence and activity however of Dr. Forbes Watson (Dr. Royle's successor), and the growing importance to our country of affording to its manufacturers the means of becoming practically acquainted with the arts of India, soon remedied the ill effect of the temporary interruption to the progress of appreciation of Indian designs in English industrial art, caused by the removal above alluded to.

Having received the necessary authority from the then Secretary of State for India in Council, I was permitted to fit up Fife House, Whitehall, as a temporary museum, in which, on Dr. Watson's completion of the arrangement of the magnificent collection of products belonging to the Secretary of State in Council, a still greater concourse of inquiring visitors flocked to the museum established in that building than had previously visited the old museum at the India House.

I am not aware that in this country much direct reproduction or imitation of Oriental arts has taken place; but I am certain that their influence upon surface decoration has been of the very utmost importance. Their especial value has, I think, consisted in the admirable illustrations they furnish of the possibility of obtaining repose and quiet beauty by the right employment of the most brilliant colouring when broken up into minute and properly contrasted forms, and arranged for flat surfaces upon what is technically known as a "flat" system of design.

It is the especial reasonableness of the Eastern treatment by Arabians, Indians, Chinese, or Japanese alike—of every material pressed into the service of industrial art, which has specially tended to correct the vagaries of industrial artists. Until it had been shown to them by the unquestionable merits and success of Oriental products, that beauty in manufacture might be effected without involving any misapplication to it of the fine arts, their only idea of raising the character of design of any piece of manufacture appears to have been limited to the addition to it of an introduction of pictorial elements which disfigured more than they adorned.

The Exhibition of 1851 overflowed with illustrations of this tendency, and sculpture was no less abused in its forced association with ceramic art and furniture than painting was in textiles.

Who does not remember the Newfoundland-dog carpets and rugs, the portraits of the Queen and Prince Albert worked into every class of fabric, and the fox, and dog, and ballet-girl shirts in the well-known Chamber of Horrors at Marlborough House?

From the productions of Oriental taste all such anomalies were banished, and in them the artists preserved the utmost gorgeousness of decoration, which was never rendered obtrusive, and was always effected by means harmonizing with the class of product to which they were applied, or into which they were incorporated.

As serious thought became applied to the elaboration of a judicious system of

teaching, upon which the Schools of Design throughout the country required to be organized, the common-sense system of the East grew in our estimation, and became established and adopted in our practice. We work now in almost all departments of production, especially in carpets, rugs, tiles, floor-cloth, mural decoration, paper-hangings, shawls, and to some extent in jewellery and mosaics, in the spirit if not in the forms of Oriental art. Its influence is a growing and, as I believe, a highly beneficial one.

It was about the year 1855 that the practice of collecting, which has now grown to so extraordinary a mania in France, acquired a sudden and very extensive development. Under the old *régime* in that country, collections had been formed by many distinguished connoisseurs, who had exhibited a very high appreciation of the value and rarity of beautiful specimens of Indian and other Oriental produce. Of such collections many catalogues are still extant, and some of them contain items which cannot but excite the utmost envy and cupidity of the collectors of the present day. The finest and oldest porcelains and lac of China and Japan were especially appreciated, and the jades and precious stones of India, the enamels of Persia, and much beautiful wood and ivory carving from the East, generally figure in the foremost line.

Such collections were, however, rudely broken up and dispersed during the great French Revolution, and the spirit of refined admiration for beautiful manufacture, which certainly existed in a very strong form during the reign of Louis XVI., entirely died out,—to be revived only of recent years, and through the influences to which allusion has been made.

The opening-up of China and Japan, and the greater facilities for travel in India and Asia Minor, and indeed in the East generally, brought new material of a most interesting kind into the market, and the collectors of the nineteenth century have been in no wise slow to appreciate the value of the precious spoils, the new types of form,

and new processes of manufacture illustrated by the rarest and most beautiful of the curiosities brought to Europe, as cultivated travellers returned from long and adventurous wanderings.

Again in 1862 in this country, and lastly in 1867 at Paris, the artists who had been foremost in renovating industrial art have enjoyed ample opportunities of becoming acquainted with the most precious samples of Oriental industries; and a general appreciation of the value of such products has gradually grown into a most prominent position.

While I believe that the influence exercised by these exhibitions of Oriental manufactures has been similar and about equal upon the artists and most cultivated classes of the two countries, their effect upon the working classes has been very dissimilar.

On the workman in England, owing, I fear, to his lower intellectual organization and development, they seem scarcely to have acted at all; while in France they have succeeded in causing an imitation and, as it were, re-creation of technical processes of manufacture destined to have a most important influence upon national production. At the present time, in France, there is no process of Oriental damascening or enamelling which has not been perfectly revived by the Parisian workman. Those curious specimens of Japanese metal work which, in small objects—such as brooches, clasps, chains, &c.—show the Japanese to possess powers of combining and inlaying various metals by methods unknown to, or at least unpractised by European artists, have been perfectly imitated; and MM. Barbedienne and Christofle have shown us damascening and enamelling, both on the *champ-lève* and *cloisonnée* principles, of as perfect elegance and beauty as the finest specimens from Scinde, from Yeddo, or Peking.

So sensible have the French been of the great progress made by this country in industrial art in recent years, and of the value and influence of the teachings to be derived from institutions such as that of South Kensington and the Crystal Palace, and from the formation



of museums (such as those of the Department of Science and Art and of the Secretary of State in Council of India), that their foremost writers have lost no opportunity of stimulating their Government to the steady provision of similar facilities for the training of industrial designers and art-workmen.

Nor have they regarded the action of Government as sufficient for effecting all their requirements. Acting upon the principles of the old adage,

He who by the plough would thrive,  
Himself must either hold or drive,

the leading manufacturers and artists of France, with the co-operation of many of the most distinguished connoisseurs of that country, have formed themselves into an association, which they have called "The Central Union of Fine Arts applied to Industry."

The seat of this society in Paris is in one of the fine old houses of the Place Royale, where may be found a museum and library open gratuitously to workers every day from ten o'clock in the morning to ten o'clock at night. The system of this institution comprises special courses of lectures and discussions on various branches of the subject of the application of art to industry. Its principal public manifestation of activity takes the shape of periodical exhibitions including three classes of objects, viz. the premiated productions of the principal schools of design in Paris and the Departments; special museums consisting of works of art borrowed from private collections; and current articles of manufacture representing the most interesting applications of art to industry. In short, as the programme of the society states, its aim is to seek to raise by every possible means the level of industrial art in France, and to counterbalance, by an activity independent of the State and springing from the individual initiation of those most practically interested in the success of art manufacture, the influence of great establishments founded with the same ends and at vast cost in other countries.

The previous exhibitions of this society have been most interesting; but

their last, held during the autumn of last year, displayed a feature especially interesting, as exhibiting the intense appreciation which the French have recently manifested for Oriental art. In eight great galleries the council of this society inaugurated an Oriental museum of the utmost importance and beauty, the contents of which sufficed to show the zeal and energy with which collectors have during the last twenty or thirty years been steadily accumulating in France the rarest and most magnificent illustrations of the arts and industries of the East. Of these eight apartments, three were devoted to Chinese and Japanese art, one to that of India, a fifth to Persian art and that of Asia Minor and the Greek archipelago—or rather, so much of the art of the two last-named districts as denotes an influence independent of that usually found in those countries, viz. one derived from classic sources.

The limits of this notice do not permit me to dwell upon the beauty and value of the articles contained in these galleries, and I may be permitted possibly in a future special notice to repair this omission; but I desire now to note the fact that these objects were contributed by the most enlightened connoisseurs of France. Such men really constitute the leaders and chief patrons of the most advanced current industry—a circumstance which gives exceptional importance to their thus manifesting their earnest appreciation of the value and beauty of such masterpieces of industrial art.

That which was to the practical man perhaps the most interesting feature of this exhibition was his being able to pass from this portion of it to the main area of the building, in which the contemporary goods of the best Parisian manufacturers were displayed, and to observe in them the active reproduction of the best features of the same art as that which formed the staple of the Oriental Museum. In the latter, for instance, were displayed some of the most beautiful of the ancient lamps of the Caliphate, enamelled upon transparent glass—objects of the greatest

rarity and beauty. In the former, at the stall of M. Brocard, lamps of original design and of equal beauty in all respects were to be seen, and to be bought at reasonable prices. In the museum, the Faience of Persia, with its hand-work processes of decoration, was to be met with in every variety of beauty; while, in the exhibition, at half-a-dozen stalls at least, objects of a corresponding nature were displayed for sale. In this branch of industry the productions of M.M. Bouvier, Deck, and Collinot were alike excellent in originality, freshness of form and design, and perfect success in manufacture. In all of these any stereotyped reproduction seemed to be avoided as fatal to beauty. Every object was specially designed, and, generally speaking, actually executed by the designer; being, on that account, instinct with a life and vivacity converting the object of industrial manufacture into one of fine art.

The Burlington Fine Arts Club of London have just organized a corresponding museum, on a small scale, to that in the Champs Elysées, and this will be opened in a short time at the rooms of the club in Piccadilly. It will be hard to excel the beauty and rarity of the objects contributed on loan to the French collection, and unfortunately the limits of space and light in the apartments of the Burlington Fine Arts Club will restrict their selection from the abundant materials available. Possibly some day the voice of an intelligent public opinion both at home and in India will demand from the Indian Government in this country the establishment of a museum far exceeding in extent and importance that which has just been so well arranged by Dr. Forbes Watson in the upper story of the new India Office.

Meanwhile the policy of the Secretary of State in Council of India has been to provide, for the use of the great centres of industry in this country, selections

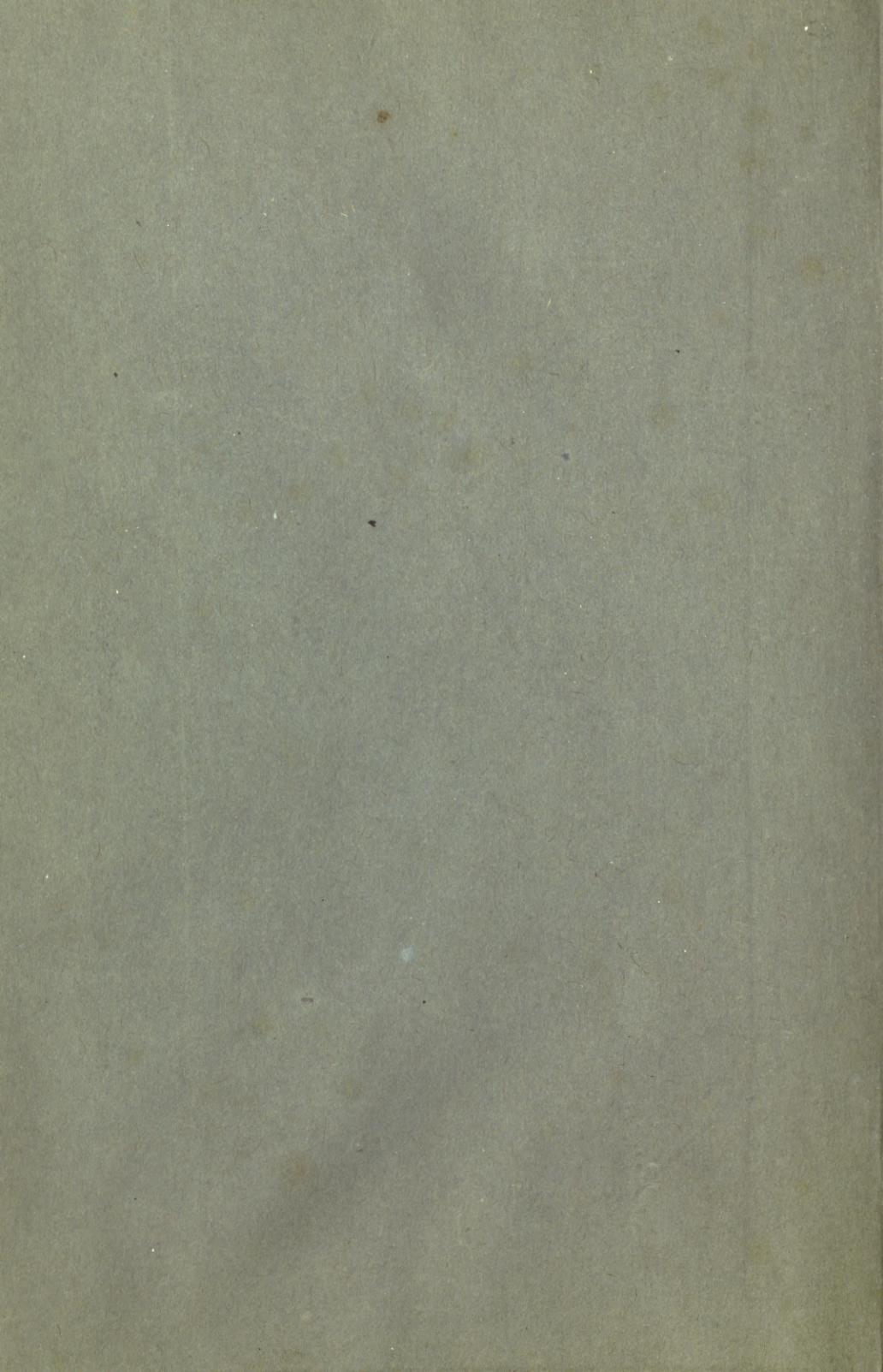
of those Indian art manufactures which are likely to be found most useful in each locality. Such a collection formed one of the greatest attractions at Manchester, and again at Leeds; and, more recently, there has been lent to the town of Birmingham a series of illustrations of Indian art which has proved of the utmost utility and popularity. I observe from an interesting statement, drawn up by Mr. W. C. Aitken (a well-known and most active promoter of the best interests of industrial art at Birmingham), that, during the three months from November 11, 1869, to February 12, 1870, the average number of daily visits of artisans and others to the Corporation Free Art Gallery, in which the Indian goods are now placed, and which, before the earliest of those dates had amounted only to 143, has been raised to 324; and after its three months' exhibition the collection is found to excite an even greater amount of curiosity and attention than it did when it was first opened.

Mr. Aitken has drawn up an exceedingly able popular catalogue of this exhibition, pointing out, with special reference to the cotemporary art industry of Birmingham, those features of a technical nature, and as elements of design, which in the objects shown are most likely to be useful to the Birmingham artisan.

In this collection, and indeed in all that I have ever seen of Oriental products, the predominant characteristic is unquestionably that which was so well urged by Mr. Owen Jones, with reference to the Indian collection of the Paris Exhibition of 1867. In that display he observed: "We find no "struggle after effect; every ornament "arises quietly and naturally from the "object decorated, inspired by some "true feeling, or embellishing some "real want."







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